



BV 4225 .F76 1883  
Foster, Elon.  
Cyclopaedia of poetry









CYCLOPÆDIA OF SACRED POETRY;

*COMPRISING*

POEMS ON THE SCENES, INCIDENTS,  
PERSONS, AND PLACES

OF

THE BIBLE.

# FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

---

CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, . . . . .	Vol. I.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS, . . . . .	Vol. II.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, . . . . .	Vol. I.
CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND INDEXES, . . . . .	Vol. II.



# CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

SECOND SERIES.

EMBRACING POEMS DESCRIPTIVE

OF THE

SCENES, INCIDENTS, PERSONS AND PLACES

OF

THE BIBLE.

ALSO

## INDEXES

TO

## FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

BY REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

Poetry is in itself a thing of God ;  
He made His prophets poets, and the more  
We feel of poesy do we become  
Like God in love and power.

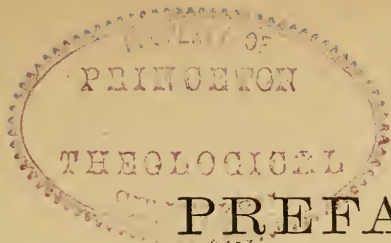
PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

SECOND THOUSAND.

NEW YORK :  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.,  
13 ASTOR PLACE.  
1883.

COPYRIGHT, 1881,  
BY ELON FOSTER.

*All rights reserved.*



## PREFACE.

---

The Christian poets of all ages have delighted amid Bible scenes and personages, and have derived their highest inspirations from them. They sing of Abel, Abraham, Cain, Daniel, Elijah, Judas, Moses, Paul, Peter, and the great host of Bible worthies and sometimes unworthies. They gaze into Eden and into the New Jerusalem, walk about Jericho and about Zion, and tune David's harp anew. They portray Pharaoh's overthrow, Nebuchadnezzar's doom, and Babylon's downfall. The scenes of the Old and the incidents of the New Testament have alike "strung and tuned their lyres." Scarcely a scene, character, event, or place of the Bible but has been the theme of song.

This volume is a *CYCLOPEDIA OF SACRED POETRY*, limited to the scenes, incidents, persons, and places of the Bible. Its object is to bring to the focus of an alphabet all the desirable material in this department of poetic literature. It is intended to be comprehensive, and as nearly exhaustive as could be desired in such a work.

The editor has made a special study of the whole field from which appropriate material could be drawn. Rare volumes have furnished their quota. Nearly all the standard poets are represented here. The magazines of a hundred years have yielded their stores. The "Lyra" books and the "Lays of Bible Lands" have been searched through. Some whose works are out of print, as Rev. William Knox and George Croly, LL.D., will be found here as in no other available volume. Many original contributions have been made to this volume that are not unworthy of a place among the masterpieces of poesy. Hymns have been generally excluded. The poems are given without abridgment or amendment.

The method of the volume is alphabetical, and its subjects may be as readily found as words in a dictionary. The superiority of the arrangement is shown by the fact that all the great Cyclopædias adopt it.

This book will be an appropriate companion of the Bible, in the pastor's library or on the center-table of the family. From the scenes in that immortal book it will ever be a pleasure to turn to their poetical representations in this.

Thanks are due, for special favors, to Rev. Dwight Williams, Rev. Homer N. Dunning, Oliver Crane, D.D., George Lansing Taylor, D.D., S. D. Phelps,

D.D., Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and many other helpers. Attention is also called to the preface of the first volume of Poetical Illustrations.

*A personal word.* About twenty years ago a railroad accident disabled the author of these works from regular pastoral service. One Sunday afternoon, while waiting with empty hands, the seed-thought which developed into these four volumes was dropped into his mind. Some years after, a clerical friend wrote: "I thank God for your injury, for without it, I suppose, we should not have had your eminently helpful books."

With thanks to many friends for the kind reception extended to his former volumes, and with the hope that this may add to their usefulness, the present work is respectfully submitted.

ELON FOSTER.

123 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# INDEXES.

---

Thirty-four thousand volumes of the *Cyclopædias of Prose and Poetical Illustrations* in the hands of clergymen and other teachers, has created a demand for elaborate indexes, which it is here sought to supply.

THE ANALYTICAL INDEX brings to the focus of a single alphabet all the subjects and divisions of subjects illustrated in any of the volumes. A similar index of equal copiousness is not elsewhere to be found.

THE AUTHOR'S INDEXES give the date and nationality of the writer, then the numbers referring to his writings. The poets and prose writers are in separate indexes. These make it possible to find all articles of any author or class of writers, and converts the work into an available treasury of the best authors both prose and poetical.

THE GENERAL INDEX, embracing anecdotes of persons and titles of poems, is combined with the Analytical Index. Around the great names of history much of literature clusters. Under Alexander the Great there are sixty-four references; under Lord Byron nine. By this Index history and biography are fairly covered. If it is desired to find a series of classic illustrations or anecdotes of any person, turn to Aristotle, Diogenes, Plutarch, Socrates or other classic names or authors. So, if any other class of illustrations or authors is required.

THE TEXTUAL INDEX connects about fifteen thousand illustrations to pertinent scripture-texts, thus converting the work into a novel and interesting commentary. This will be found a great help to Bible readings, and the illustration of any Text or Sunday-school lesson. Incidents connected with particular texts can here be found, and their history shown.

THE TOPICAL INDEXES are intended to enable any one to make more exhaustive search through synonymous and related subjects. Names of poems are found in alphabetical order in the general index. First lines of poems have their separate indexes.

Indexes are not for ornament but for use. They are very convenient working tools. It is hoped that these indexes, making more than one hundred thousand references, may be found to meet every demand and add greatly to the value of the CYCLOPÆDIAS OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
GENERAL AND ANALYTICAL INDEX, . . . . .	509
INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF FIRST POETICAL, . . . . .	726
INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF SECOND POETICAL, . . . . .	503
INDEX OF POETICAL AUTHORS, . . . . .	613
INDEX OF PROSE AUTHORS, . . . . .	623
INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS, . . . . .	643
TOPICAL INDEX OF FIRST PROSE, . . . . .	690
TOPICAL INDEX OF SECOND PROSE, . . . . .	702
TOPICAL INDEX OF FIRST POETICAL, . . . . .	720
POEMS, . . . . .	9-500

PROPERTY OF  
PRINCETON  
THEOLOGICAL

# CYCLOPÆDIA OF POEMS

OF THE

## SCENES, INCIDENTS, PERSONS AND PLACES

OF

### THE BIBLE.

---

**3072. AARON, Death of.**

Numbers xx: 23-29.

They have left the camp, with its tents out-  
spreading,

Like a garden of lilies on Edom's plain;  
They are climbing the mountain, in silence  
treading

A path which *one* shall not tread again.  
Two aged brothers the way are leading,  
There follows a youth in the solemn train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been bend-  
ing;

The desert prophetess sleeps hard by:  
With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,  
With Judah's mountains before her eye,  
The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan blending,  
She has calmly turned her aside to die!

They come, not to gaze on the matchless  
glory,

On grandeur the like of which earth has  
A billowy ocean of mountains hoary, [not;  
A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot;  
A vision like that in some old-world story,  
Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert-rainbow that gleams before ye,  
But leaves your solitude doubly bleak;  
The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er ye;  
Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on peak.  
O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,  
What lip of man can your grandeur speak!

Splintered and blasted and thunder-smitten,  
Not a smile above, nor a hope below;  
Shivered and scorched and hunger-bitten,  
No earthly lightning has seamed your  
brow;

On each stone the Avenger's pen has written,  
Horror and ruin, and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on unspeaking,  
The desert-priest and the desert-king;  
'Tis a grave, a mountain-grave they are seek-  
Fit end of a great life-wandering! [ing,  
And here, till the day of the glory-streaking,  
This desert-eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly bound  
him,

This bold sharp steep he can bravely  
breast;

With his six-score wondrous years around  
him,

He climbs like youth to the mountain's  
crest,

The mortal moment at last has found him,  
Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving,

As he looks his last on yon desert-sun?

Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,

As he lays his ephod in silence down?

'Twas a passing mist, to his sky still cleav-  
ing;—

But the sky has brightened,—the cloud is  
gone!

In his shroud of rock they have gently wound  
him,

'Tis a Bethel-pillow that love has given;

I see no gloom of the grave around him,

The death-bed fetters have all been riven;

'Tis the angel of life, not of death, that has  
found him,

And this is to him the gate of heaven.

He has seen the tombs of old Mizraim's won-  
der,

Where the haughty Pharaohs embalmed  
recline;

But no pyramid-tomb, with its costly gran-  
deur,

Can once be compared with this mountain-  
shrine;

No monarch of Memphis is swathed in splen-  
dor,

High Priest of the desert, like this of thine!

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,

Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;

Yet with Edom's vultures around thee flying,  
Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be;—

Oh who would not covet so calm a dying,

And who would not rest by the side of  
thee?

Not with thy fathers thy slumber tasting;  
From sister and brother thou seem'st to  
flee.

Not in Shechem's plain are thy ashes wast-  
ing,

Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be;  
In the land of the stranger thy dust is rest-  
ing,—

Yet who would not sleep by the side of  
thee?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping  
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious morn,  
They have laid thee down for thy lonely  
sleeping,

Way-sore and weary and labor-worn;  
While faintly the sound of a nation's weeping  
From the vale beneath thee is upward  
borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,  
With a dirge-like wailing the wind goes  
And echo lovingly seems to borrow [by;  
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,  
Which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow,  
Leaving nought for thee but the stranger's  
sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping  
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,  
They have laid thee down for the blessed  
sleeping,

The quiet rest which His dear ones see;—  
And why o'er thee should we weep the weep-  
ing,

For who would not rest by the side of  
thee?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile-palms under,  
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's  
plain;

Three desert-graves must these dear ones  
sunder;

Three sorrowful links of a broken chain;  
Kadesh and Hor, and Nebo yonder,—

Three way-marks now for the pilgrim-  
train.

Are these my way-marks, these tombs of ages?  
Are these my guides to the land of rest?

Are these grim rock-tombs the stony pages  
Which show how to follow the holy blest?

And bid me rise, 'bove each storm that rages,  
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?

Is the desert my path to the Eden-plain?  
Are these lone links, that are round me lying,  
To be gathered, and all reknit again?

And is there beyond this land of sighing  
A refuge forever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is dying  
Behind yon majestic mountain-wall,

I stand;—not a cloudlet above me flying,—  
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call;—

A traveler lonely, a stranger, trying  
To muse o'er this wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand, till the faint stars cover  
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we  
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover

About this cave where thy dust may be!  
Great Priest of the desert, thy toil is over,  
And who would not rest by the side of  
thee?

And night, the wan night is bending over  
The twilight couch of the dying day,  
With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,  
That doats on the beauty that will not  
stay,

And sighs that the mould so soon must cover  
Each golden smile of the well-loved clay.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us;  
Four thousand autumns have well nigh  
fled,

Love watches still the old tomb before us  
Of sainted dust, in its mountain-bed;

Till the longed-for trump shall awake the  
chorus,

From desert and field, of the blessed dead.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

### 3073. AARON, Imitation of.

Numbers xx : 28.

Happy, forever happy I,  
If called, like him, the mount to ascend;

Thine all-sufficient grace supply,  
And bless me, Saviour, with his end:

O that without a lingering groan  
I might the welcome word receive,

My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!

*J. & C. Wesley.*

### 3074. ABEL, Blood of.

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye  
Did first against a murderer cry;

Whose streams, still vocal, still complain  
Of bloody Cain,

And now at evening are as red  
As in the morning when first shed.

If single thou,  
Though single voices are but low,

Couldst such a shrill and long cry rear  
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,

What thunders shall those men arraign  
Who cannot count those they have slain,

Who bathe not in a shallow flood,  
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?

A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep,  
But deep still calleth upon deep:

Whose urgent sound, like unto that  
Of many waters, beateath at

The everlasting doors above,  
Where souls behind the altar move,

And with one strong, incessant cry  
Inquire "How long?" of the most High?

Almighty Judge!

*Henry Vaughan.*



**3075. ABEL** in Heaven.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung  
Loud anthems round the throne,  
When lo! a solitary tongue  
Took up a song unknown;  
A song unknown to angel ears,  
A song that spoke of vanished fears,  
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host  
Could those high notes attain,  
But spirits from a distant coast  
United in the strain,  
Till he who first began the song,  
To sing alone not suffered long,  
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as years are fleeting by,  
The angels ever bear  
Some newly ransomed soul on high,  
To swell the chorus there;  
And still the song shall louder grow,  
Till all redeem'd from sin and woe,  
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh give me, Lord, a golden harp,  
And tune my broken voice,  
That I may sing of troubles sharp  
Exchanged for endless joys!  
The song that ne'er was heard before  
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,  
But now shall sound for evermore!  
*Irish Presbyterian.*

**3076. ABEL**, The Sacrifice of.

An altar rude of turf meek Abel piled,  
And laid a spotless lamb on the cleft wood,  
And sprinkled round the typifying blood;  
While on that shadow God looked down and  
smiled.

Then Cain arose, with envious anger wild,  
That swept along like an unbridled flood,  
Drowning all fear of God and thought of  
good,

And with a brother's blood his hands defiled.  
Earth shuddered when the cruel deed was  
done,

Heaven heard that righteous blood in silence  
crying;

By that first death a martyr's crown was  
won.

He died—but like a vapor upward flying,  
Caught the slant beams of our Unrisen Sun,  
And he being dead, yet speaks of Jesus dying.  
*R. Wilton.*

**3077. ABRAHAM.**

The better portion didst thou choose, Great  
Heart,

Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gen-  
tile-grace;

Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face  
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves  
depart;

Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,  
He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,  
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,

Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,  
Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.  
O happy in their soul's high solitude,  
Who commune thus with God and not with  
earth!

Amid the scuffings of the wealth-enslaved,  
A ready prey, as though in absent mood  
They calmly move, nor hear the unmanly  
mirth.

*John H. Newman.*

**3078. ABRAHAM AND MELCHIZEDEK.**

Hebrew vii : 2.

When conquering Abram Salem sought,  
To God's high priest his tithes he brought,  
His thankfulness to mark :  
Melchizedek an offering made  
Of bread and wine on altar laid,  
And blessed the patriarch.

A victory nobler far we gain,  
A nobler sacrifice is slain,  
A better blessing shed :  
Our great high priest in heaven stands,  
Who gives Himself with His own hands  
In mystic wine and bread.  
*Edwin L. Blenkinsopp.*

**3079. ABRAHAM**, Conversion of.

At night, upon the silent plain,  
Knelt Abraham and watched the sky;  
When the bright evening star arose  
He lifted up a joyful cry :  
"This is the Lord! This light shall shine  
To mark the path for me and mine."  
But suddenly the star's fair face  
Sank down and left its darkened place.  
Then Abraham cried, in sore dismay,  
"The Lord is not discovered yet;  
I cannot worship gods which set."

Then rose the moon, full orb'd and clear,  
And flooded all the plain with light,  
And Abraham's heart again with joy  
O'erflowed at the transcendent sight.  
"This surely is the Lord," he cried;  
"That other light was pale beside  
This glorious one." But, like the star,  
The moon in the horizon far  
Sank low and vanished. Then again  
Said Abraham : "This cannot be  
My Lord. I am but lost, astray,  
Unless one changeless guideth me."

Then came, unheralded, the dawn,  
Rosy and swift from east to west;  
High rode the great triumphant sun,  
And Abraham cried, "O last and best  
And sovereign light! Now I believe  
This Lord will change not, nor deceive."  
Each moment robbed the day's fair grace;  
The reddening sun went down apace;  
And Abraham, left in rayless night,  
Cried, "O my people, let us turn  
And worship now the God who rules  
These lesser lights, and bids them burn!"  
*Helen Hunt.*

**3080. ABRAHAM, Legend of.**

Fond heart, when learnest thou to say,  
 I love not pomps that fade away,  
 Nor glories that decay and wane,  
 Nor lights that rise to set again?  
 When wilt thou turn where Abraham turned,  
 And learn the lesson Abraham learned?  
 Beyond the river while he dwelt,  
 He with his kin to idols knelt,  
 And nightly gazing on the sky,  
 Worshipped the starry host on high.  
 But when he saw their splendors fail,  
 And that bright multitude grow pale,  
 He left them, and adored the moon;  
 But she too wanly waned soon.  
 Baffled, he knelt unto the sun;  
 But when *his* race of light was done,  
 He cried, "To such no vows I bring—  
 I worship not the perishing!"  
 And turned him to the God whose hand  
 Made sun, and moon, and starry band—  
 An everlasting Light, in whom  
 Decrease and shadow find no room.

*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

**3081. ABRAHAM, Memorial of.**

Only a tomb, no more!  
 A rock-hewn sepulchre,  
 And this, and this is all that's thine,  
 Fair Canaan's mighty heir!  
 Only a tomb, no more!  
 A future resting-place,  
 When God shall lay thee down, and bid  
 All thy long wanderings cease.  
 This cave and field,—no more,—  
 Canst thou thy dwelling call;  
 That land of thine,—plains, hills, woods,  
 The stranger has it all! [streams,—  
 Thy altar and thy tent  
 Are all that thou hast here;  
 With these content thou passest on,  
 A homeless wanderer.  
 Thy life unrest and toil;  
 Thy course a pilgrimage;  
 Only in death thou goest down,  
 To claim thy heritage;—  
 A heritage which death  
 Shall seal to thee for aye—  
 A resurrection heritage  
 When all things pass away.  
 A heritage of life,  
 Beyond this guarded gloom,  
 A kingdom, not a field or cave;  
 A city, not a tomb.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3082. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.**

Genesis xxii : 1-15.

The morning's sun rose bright and clear,  
 On Abraham's tent it gayly shone;  
 And all was bright and cheerful there,  
 All save the patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,  
 It forced into his eye the tear;  
 For though his soul was all resigned,  
 Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,  
 And Sarah at the banquet smiled;  
 Joy o'er her face its lustre shed,  
 For near her sat her only child.

The charms that pleased a monarch's eye  
 Upon *her* cheek had left their trace;  
 His highly augured destiny  
 Was written in his heavenly face.

The groaning father turned away,  
 And walked the inner tent apart—  
 He felt his fortitude decay  
 While Nature whispered in his heart:

"O! must this son to whom was given  
 The promise of a better land,  
 Heir to the choicest gifts of heaven,  
 Be slain by a fond parent's hand?"

"This son, for whom my eldest born  
 Was sent an outcast from his home,  
 And in some wilderness forlorn  
 A savage exile doomed to roam?"

"But shall a feeble worm rebel,  
 And murmur at a father's rod?  
 Shall he be backward to fulfil  
 The known and certain will of God?"

"Arise, my son! the cruet fill,  
 And store the scrip with due supplies;  
 For we must seek Moriah's hill,  
 And offer there a sacrifice!"

The mother raised a speaking eye,  
 And all a mother's soul was there—  
 "She feared the desert drear and dry!  
 She feared the savage lurking there!"

Abraham beheld, and made reply:  
 "On Him, from whom our blessings flow,  
 My sister, we with faith rely;  
 'Tis He commands, and we must go!"

The duteous son in haste obeyed,  
 The scrip was filled, the mules prepared,  
 And with the third day's twilight shade  
 Moriah's lofty hill appeared.

The menials then at distance wait—  
 Alone ascend the son and sire;  
 The wood on Isaac's shoulders laid,  
 The wood—to build his funeral pyre!

No passion swayed the father's mind;  
 He felt a calm, a death-like chill;  
 His soul, all chastened, all resigned,  
 Bowed meekly, though he shuddered still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,  
 With smiling wonder Isaac cries,  
 "My father, lo! the fire and wood—  
 But where's the lamb for sacrifice?"

The Holy Spirit stayed his mind,  
While Abraham answered low, aside,  
With steady voice, and look resigned,  
"God will Himself a lamb provide!"

But let no pen profane like mine,  
On holiest themes too rashly dare—  
Turn to the Book of Books Divine,  
And read the blessed promise there.

Ages on ages rolled away—  
At length the hour appointed came;  
And on the mount of Calvary  
God did himself provide a Lamb!

### 3083. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

Genesis xxii : 1-15.

Morn breaketh in the east. The purple  
clouds  
Are putting on their gold and violet,  
To look the meeter for the sun's bright  
coming.  
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;  
And Nature, from the wavy forest-leaf  
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet  
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,  
And the clear dew is on the blushing  
bosoms  
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.

How hallowed is the hour of morning!  
meet—

Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure prayer.  
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,  
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his  
wont

To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient;  
And at that hour the awful majesty  
Of man who talketh often with his God,  
Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow  
As at his fourscore's strength. But now, he  
seemeth

To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,  
And boweth to his staff as at the hour  
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright  
sun—

He looketh at its pencilled messengers,  
Coming in golden raiment, as if all  
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.  
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in  
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah  
stands

Watching the steps of Abraham and her  
child

Along the dewy sides of the far hills,  
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.  
Would she have watched their path so  
silently,

If she had known that he was going up,  
E'en in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain  
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod  
Together onward, patriarch and child—  
The bright sun throwing back the old man's  
shade

In straight and fair proportions, as of one  
Whose years were freshly numbered. He  
stood up,

Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a  
tree

Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.

His thin white hairs had yielded to the  
wind,

And left his brow uncovered; and his face,  
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief  
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth  
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.

But the young boy—he of the laughing eye  
And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him.  
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and  
And the aroma of the spicy trees, [dew,

And all that giveth the delicious East  
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light  
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts  
With love and beauty. Everything he met,  
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing  
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye

Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;  
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,  
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung  
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,  
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree  
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;  
And he would crouch till the old man came  
by,

Then bound before him with his childish  
laugh,

Stealing a look behind him playfully,  
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up  
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and  
heat

Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,  
And bent them with the blossoms to their  
dreams. [step,

Still trod the patriarch on, with that same  
Firm and unflinching; turning not aside  
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips  
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,  
Whose gush hath so much music. Weari-  
ness

Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot  
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,  
And spring for the fresh flowers and light  
wings

As in the early morning; but he kept  
Close by his father's side, and bent his head  
Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,  
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal  
A look up to the face whose sternness awed  
His childishness to silence.

It was noon,—  
And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,  
And buried up his face, and prayed for  
strength.

He could not look upon his son and pray;  
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls  
Of the fair kneeling boy, he prayed that God  
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh, man  
was made

For the stern conflict. In a mother's love  
There is more tenderness; the thousand  
chords,

Woven with every fibre of her heart,  
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a  
breath;

But love in man is one deep principle,  
Which like a root grown in a rifted rock  
Abides the tempest.

He rose up and laid  
The wood upon the altar. All was done.  
He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flash  
Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he  
nerv'd

His spirit with a bitter strength and spoke:  
"Isaac! my only son!"—The boy looked up:  
"Where is the lamb, my father?" Oh the  
tones,

The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—  
What would its music seem at such an hour!  
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held  
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,  
And lifted up his arms and called on God—  
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell  
Upon his face and wept.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

**3084.** ABSALOM, David's Grief for.

2 Samuel xviii : 24-33.

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see  
In the Chamber of the Gate  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son, who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late,  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
The voice comes like a blast  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town,  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet

Of messengers that bear  
The tidings of despair,  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs;  
The light goes out in our hearts;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief;  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross;  
And forever the cry will be,  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son!"

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

**3085.** ABSALOM, Mourning for.

David the king is mad with grief,  
His heart is harrowed with pain;  
His son is slain in the battle-fight,  
His Absalom is slain.  
He covers his head with his mantle wide,  
And mounts his highest tower;  
While tears that flow from his eyes of woe  
Wash his gray tresses o'er;  
And his trembling lips those words repeat  
This lamentation sore:  
"O Absalom, my son, my son,  
O Absalom, my son!  
Where is thy dazzling beauty now  
Thy charms, by song untold,  
Those locks like sunbeams in the air,  
Shining like rays of gold?  
Thy azure eyes that shone as fair  
As hyacinths on Zion's hill;  
O hands that wrought this cruel ill,  
Careless of woe—Zeruah's son,  
To thee what had he done?  
Had he deserved it, cruel man?  
And was he not my son?  
He was my joy and light—  
And they who planned his fall  
Have doubled all my love for him:—  
Was he rebellious?—All—  
All—all would I forgive him now;  
And had I been obeyed,  
He were a prisoner, not a corpse!  
Mother, thy child is dead!  
Who will console thee?—let thy heart  
Burst, and thy soul be sad.  
Father and mother—let us weep  
O'er our devoted lad;  
O Absalom, my son, my son!  
O Absalom, my son!"

*Tr. from Spanish.*

**3086.** ABSALOM, Tomb of.

Is this thy tomb, amid the mournful shades  
Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,  
Thou son of David? Kedron's gentle brook  
Is murmuring near, as if it fain would tell

Thy varied history. Methinks I see  
 Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy sparkling  
 eye,  
 The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,  
 And that bright, eloquent lip, whose cunning  
 stole  
 The hearts of all the people. Didst thou  
 waste  
 The untold treasures of integrity,  
 The gold of conscience, for their light  
 applause,  
 Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou  
 When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet  
 A sorrowing train went up! Dark frowning  
 seers,  
 Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,  
 Passed sadly on; and next a crownless king  
 Walking in sad and humbled majesty,  
 While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow  
 Indignant looks of tearful sympathy.  
 What caused the weeping there?

Thou heardest it not,  
 For thou within the city's walls didst hold  
 Thy revel brief and base. So thou couldst  
 set

The embattled host against thy father's life,  
 The king of Israel, and the loved of God!  
 He mid the evils of his changeful lot,  
 Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,  
 His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,  
 Found naught so bitter as the rankling thorn  
 Set by thy madness of ingratitude  
 Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts  
 When in the mesh of thy own tresses snared  
 Amid the oak whose quiet verdure mocked  
 Thy misery, forsook by all who shared  
 Thy meteor-greatness and constrained to  
 learn

There in that solitude of agony,  
 A traitor hath no friends!—what were thy  
 thoughts

When death careering on the triple dart  
 Of vengeful Joab found thee? To thy God  
 Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer  
 For that unmeasured mercy which can  
 cleanse

Unbounded guilt? Or turned thy stricken  
 heart  
 Toward him who o'er thy infant graces  
 watched

With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth  
 In blindfold fondness pardoned? All thy  
 crimes

Were cancelled in that plenitude of love  
 Which laves with fresh and everlasting tide  
 A parent's heart.

I see that form which awed  
 The foes of Israel with its victor-might  
 Bowed low in grief, and hear upon the  
 breeze  
 That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem,

The wild continuous wail, "O Absalom!  
 My son! My son!"

We turn us from thy tomb,  
 Usurping prince! Thy beauty and thy grace  
 Have perished with thee, but thy fame sur-  
 vives—

The ingrate son that pierced a father's heart.

*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

### 3087. ACELDAMA.

Matthew xxvii : 8.

Bare ridge, that frownest over Hinnom's vale,  
 Fronting the gray and melancholy slopes  
 Of Zion, where yon Moslem minaret  
 Proclaims the sepulchre of Judah's King!  
 Tomb, rock, and precipice, with grassy shelf,  
 Where the rare olive finds a scanty soil,  
 Flinging its thin and flickering shadow o'er  
 The crimson of the meek anemone,  
 Or meeker "Star of Bethlehem," which  
 haunts

These barren steeps, and sparkles in the glow  
 Of yon gay sun of dawn that now lights up  
 Jerusalem, and flings its orient joy  
 O'er this sad field of silent sepulchres;  
 This old Aceldama, this field of blood!

### 3088. ADAM, Death of.

One morn I tracked him on his lonely way,  
 Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day;  
 With feeble steps he climb'd yon craggy  
 height,

Thence fixed on distant Paradise his sight;  
 He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,  
 Then, falling prostrate on the dewy ground,  
 He poured his spirit in a flood of prayer,  
 Bewailed his ancient crime with self-despair,  
 And claimed the pledge of reconciling grace,  
 The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.  
 Wrestling with God, as nature's vigor failed  
 His faith grew stronger and his plea pre-  
 vailed.

The prayer from agony to rapture rose,  
 And sweet as angel accents fell the close.  
 I stood to greet him: when he raised his  
 head,

Divine expression o'er his visage spread;  
 His presence was so saintly to behold,  
 He seemed in sinless Paradise grown old.

"This day," said he, "in time's star-lighted  
 round,

Renews the anguish of that mortal wound  
 On me inflicted, when the serpent's tongue  
 My spouse with his beguiling falsehood  
 stung.

Though years of grace through centuries  
 have passed

Since my transgression, this may be my last;  
 Infirmities without, and fears within,  
 Foretell the consummating stroke of sin;  
 The hour, the place, the form to me un-  
 known,

But God, who lent me life, will claim his  
 own;

Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,  
As quickened into being by his breath,  
Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary  
pace,

And but once more to view my native place,  
To bid yon garden of delight farewell,  
The earthly paradise from which I fell.  
This mantle, Enoch, which I yearly wear  
To mark the day of penitence and prayer;  
These skins the covering of my first offence,  
When, conscious of departed innocence,  
Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,  
A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread:—  
Enoch, this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,  
At my dismissal I bequeath to thee;  
Wear it in sad memorial on this day,  
And yearly at mine earliest altar slay  
A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt  
In sign of wrath removed and cancelled guilt:  
So be the sins of all my race confessed,  
So on their heads may peace and pardon  
rest.”

Thus spake our sire, and down the steep  
descent  
With strengthened heart and fearless foot-  
steps went.

“Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found  
Our father laboring in his harvest ground  
(For yet he tilled a little plot of soil,  
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil);  
But oh! how changed from him whose morn-  
ing eye

Outshone the star that told the sun was nigh!  
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;  
I marked the ghastly colour of his look,  
And ran to help him; but his latest strength  
Failed: prone upon his sheaves he fell at  
length;

I strove to raise him; sight and sense were  
fled,  
Nerveless his limbs, and backward swayed  
his head.

Seth passed; I called him, and we bore our  
sire

To neighboring shades, from noon's afflic-  
tive fire:

Ere long he woke to feeling, with a sigh,  
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;  
Strangely and timidly he peered around,  
Like one in dreams, whom sudden lights  
confound:

—‘Is this a new creation?—Have I passed  
The bitterness of death?’—He looked aghast,  
Then sorrowful!—‘No; men and trees ap-  
pear;

’Tis not a new creation—pain is here:  
From sin's dominion is there no release?  
Lord, let thy servant *now* depart in peace.’  
—Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his  
soul,

He knew us; tears of consternation stole  
Down his pale cheeks:—Seth!—Enoch!—  
Where is Eve?

How could the spouse her dying consort  
leave?

“Eve looked that moment from their cottage  
door

In quest of Adam, where he toiled before;  
He was not there; she called him by his  
name;

Sweet to his ear the well-known accents  
came;

—‘Here am I,’ answered he, in tone so weak,  
That we who heard him scarcely heard him  
speak;

But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain  
He struggled till he swooned away with pain.  
Eve called again, and turning towards the  
shade,

Helpless as infancy beheld him laid;  
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,  
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground  
At Adam's feet; half rising in despair,  
Him from our arms she wildly strove to  
tear;

Repelled by gentle violence, she pressed  
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,  
And kneeling, bending o'er him full of fears  
Warm on his bosom showered her silent  
tears.

Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,  
They opened on her in a transient flame;  
—‘And art thou here, my life! my love!’  
he cried,

‘Faithful in death to this congenial side?  
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,  
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.’

—‘Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;  
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,’

She said; and yielding to his faint embrace,  
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his  
Alarming recollection soon returned. [face.  
His fevered frame with growing anguish  
burned:

Ah! then, as nature's tenderest impulse  
wrought,

With fond solicitude of love she sought  
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,  
And make the pillow easy to his head.

She wiped his reeking temples with her hair:  
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;  
Moistened his lips with kisses: with her  
breath

Vainly essayed to quell the fire of death,  
That ran and revelled through his swollen  
veins

With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

“The sun, in summer majesty on high,  
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;  
Yet dimmed and blunted were the dazzling  
rays.

His orb expanded through a dreary haze,  
And, circled with a red portentous zone,  
He looked in sickly horror from his throne:  
The vital air was still; the torrid heat  
Oppressed our hearts, that labored hard to  
beat.

When higher noon had shrunk the lessening  
shade,

Thence to his home our father we conveyed,

And stretched him, pillowed with his latest sheaves,

On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.

Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,

We chose to watch his dying bed alone,  
Eve, Seth, and I. In vain he sighed for rest,  
And oft his meek complainings thus expressed:

'Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! Oh, bring

Delicious water from the deepest spring;  
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,  
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.

Cheer me, my friends, with looks of kindness cheer;

Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;  
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;

This silence is the silence of the tomb.  
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;  
Oh, sing to soothe me, and to strengthen, pray!'

We sang to soothe him—hopeless was the song;

We prayed to strengthen him—he grew not strong.

In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,

Of cordial sweetness or of healing power,  
We pressed the virtue; no terrestrial balm  
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.

Thus as the day declined, the fell disease  
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:  
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resigned,

More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind;  
Patient of heart, though racked at every pore,

The righteous penalty of sin he bore;  
Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,  
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.

'Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say:  
'Yet wherefore hath He turned His face away?

I see Him not; I hear Him not; I call;  
My God! my God! support me or I fall!'

"The sun went down amidst an angry glare  
Of flushing clouds that crimsoned all the air;  
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,

And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;  
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;

The florid evening vanished into night:  
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,  
In peals of thunder and thick-volleyed hail;  
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelmed the land,

Our cot amidst a river seemed to stand;  
Around its base, the foamy crested streams  
Flashed through the darkness to the lightning's gleams,

With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,

The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;

Never since Nature into being came [frame;  
Had such mysterious motion shook her  
We thought, ingulfed in floods, or wrapt in fire,

The world itself would perish with our sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within  
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,  
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,  
Breathing the slow remains of life away.  
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose  
Beneath the pressure of collected woes:  
But now his spirit wavered, went and came,  
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,  
Till at the point, when comfort seemed to die

Forever in his fixed unclosing eye,  
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,  
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:

'Oh, ye that shudder at this awful strife,  
This wrestling agony of death and life,  
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,  
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;

Nature's infirmity alone you see;  
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;  
Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,  
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.

Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the hour  
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;  
The tempter plies me with his direst art,  
I feel the serpent coiling round my heart;  
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,  
Instils the deadening poison of despair,  
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,  
And bids me curse my Maker to His face.  
I will not curse Him, though His grace delay;

I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay;  
Full on His promised mercy I rely,  
For God hath spoken—God, who cannot lie.

Thou, of my faith the author and the end,  
Mine early, late, and everlasting friend;  
The joy that once Thy presence gave, restore  
Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no more:  
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,  
Receive my spirit, Lord, from Whom it came;

Rebuke the tempter, show Thy power to save,

O, let Thy glory light me to the grave,  
That these, who witness my departing breath,

May learn to triumph in the grasp of death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,  
And seemed to rest in silent prayer awhile:  
Around his couch with filial awe we kneeled,  
When suddenly a light from heaven revealed

A spirit, that stood within the unopened door;  
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;  
His countenance was lightning, and his vest  
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;  
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,  
His presence stilled the fury of the storm;  
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;  
His look was love, his salutation 'Peace.'

"Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,  
But terror grew to transport while she gazed:  
"Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who  
drove

Our banished feet from Eden's happy grove;  
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!' she  
cried;

'Return to paradise; behold thy guide!  
O, let me follow in this dear embrace.'  
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.  
Adam looked up; his visage changed its hue,  
Transformed into an angel's at the view:  
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph  
fired,

And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.  
The light was vanished and the vision fled;  
We stood alone the living with the dead;  
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the  
room,  
Displayed the corpse amidst the solemn  
gloom;

But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,  
The gate of heaven had opened there, and  
closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasped her lifeless  
spouse;

Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;  
She gave no answer; motionless and cold,  
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;  
Alarmed, I lifted up the locks of gray  
That hid her cheek; her soul had passed  
away:

A beauteous corse she graced her partner's  
side,

Love bound their lives and death could not  
divide." *James Montgomery.*

### 3089. ADAM, Enoch's Description of.

With him his noblest sons might not com-  
pare,

In godlike feature and majestic air;  
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,  
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;  
And as in form excelling, so in mind  
The sire of men transcended all mankind;  
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech  
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;  
For oft of old to him the evening breeze  
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;  
Angels were wont their songs with his to  
blend,

And talk with him as their familiar friend.  
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,  
Whose dire contagion through clapsing time

Diffused the curse of death beyond control,  
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,  
That he whose honors were approached by  
none,

Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.  
From sin, as from the serpent that betrayed  
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;  
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,  
He seemed to bring an instant judgment  
down;

Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would  
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart!

The guilt of all his race became his own,  
He suffered as if he had sinned alone.

Within our glen to filial love endeared,  
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice feared,  
He walked so humbly in the sight of all,  
The vilest ne'er reproached him with his fall.  
Children were his delight: they ran to meet  
His soothing hand, and clasp his honored  
feet;

While 'midst their fearless sports supremely  
He grew in heart a child among the rest:

Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky  
Touched him so quickly as an infant's eye:  
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;  
Its flash of rage sent horror through his  
thought:

His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,  
As if he fell from innocence again.

*James Montgomery.*

### 3090. ADAM, The Awakening of.

What was 't awakened first the untuned ear  
Of that sole man who was all human kind?  
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,  
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sear?  
The four mellifluous streams which flowed  
so near,

Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?  
The note of bird unnamed? The startled  
hind

Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,  
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground  
Send forth mysterious melody to greet  
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?  
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,  
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?  
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

*Hartley Coleridge.*

### 3091. ADAM, The Transgression of.

*James i : 15.*

Lament, lament; look, look what thou hast  
done;

Lament the world's, lament thine own  
estate;

Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;  
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of  
state:

Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone.  
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too  
late,

O thou that wert so many men, nay, all  
Abridged in one, how has thy desperate fall  
Destroyed thy unborn seed, destroyed thy-  
self withal?



Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made  
Equal to angels that excel in power,  
What hast thou done. Oh, why hast thou  
obeyed

Thine own destruction? like a new  
cropped flower,

How does the glory of thy beauty fade!

How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!  
How art thou cowed that hast the power  
to quell

The spite of new-fallen angels, baffle hell,  
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish  
those that fell.

See how the world (whose chaste and preg-  
nant womb

Of late conceived, and brought forth  
nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become

A base adulteress, whose false births do fill  
The earth with monsters, monsters that do  
roam

And rage about, and make a trade to kill!  
Now gluttony paunches; lust begins to  
spawn;

Wrath takes revenge and avarice a pawn;  
Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth be-  
gins to yawn.

The air that whispered now begins to roar;  
And blustering Boreas blows the boiling  
tide;

The white-mouthed water now usurps the  
shore,

And scorns the power of her tridental guide  
The fire now burns that did but warm before,  
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:  
Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were  
made

To be subdued, see how they now invade!  
They rule whom once they served, command  
where once obeyed.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewrayed

Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy  
wonder;

Behold, those trees whose various fruits were  
made

For food, now turned a shade to shroud  
thee under,

Behold, that voice (which thou hast dis-  
obeyed)

That late was music, now affrights like  
thunder.

Poor man! are not thy joints grown faint  
with shaking

To view the effect of thy bold undertaking,  
That in one hour didst mar what Heaven six  
days was making.

*Francis Quarles.*

**3092.** ADAM, Where art thou?

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?

It is thy Maker calls;

What means that look of wild despair?

What anguish now enthralls?

Why in the wood's embowering shade

Dost thou attempt to hide

From Him whose hand thy kingdom made,

And all thy wants supplied?

Go hide again, thou fallen one!

The crown has left thy brow,

Thy robe of purity is gone,

And thou art naked now.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?

Assert thy high command;

Call forth the tiger from his lair,

To lick thy kingly hand;

Control the air, control the earth,

Control the foaming sea:

They own no more thy heavenly birth,

Or heaven-stamped royalty;

The brutes no longer will caress,

But share with thee thy reign;

For the sceptre of thy righteousness

Thy hands have snapped in twain.

Adam, where art thou? monarch, where?

Thou wondrous thing of clay;

Ah! let the earth-worm now declare,

Who claims thee as his prey.

Thy mother, O thou mighty one,

For thee re-opes her womb;

Thou to the narrow house art gone,

Thy kingdom is thy tomb.

The truth from Godhead's lips that came,

There in thy darkness learn—

Of dust was formed thy beauteous frame,

And shall to dust return.

Adam, where art thou? where, ah, where?

Behold him raised above,

An everlasting life to share,

In the bright world of love.

The hand he once 'gainst heaven could raise

Another sceptre holds;

His brows, where new-born glories blaze,

Another crown enfolds.

Another robe's flung over him,

More fair than was his own,

And with the fire-tongued seraphim

He dwells before the throne.

But whence could such a change proceed?

What power could raise him there?

So late by God's own voice decreed

Transgression's curse to bear.

Hark, hark! he tells—a harp well strung

His grateful arms embrace:

Salvation is his deathless song,

And grace, abounding grace;

And sounds through all the upper sky

A strain with wonders rife,

That Life hath given itself to die,

To bring death back to life.

*Thomas Ragg.*

**3093.** ADAM AND EVE, Doom of.

Alas! how changed from bowers of Paradise

That desolate region, overgrown with

thorn

And thistle-rank—a trackless waste forlorn,

Unblessed by God, o'erarched by sullen  
skies,

There stand that guilty pair, now sadly wise,  
Their hearts with grief, their feet with  
briers torn,

Vainly their faded innocence they mourn,  
And toward the gates of Eden turn their eyes.  
No more to see the beauty and the bloom

Of that blest garden was to sinners given;  
To weep and labor wearily their doom,

Out of God's holy, blissful presence driven,  
Till through life's sorrows, and death's dust  
and gloom,

By woman's promised seed they enter  
heaven. *R. Wilton.*

**3094. ADAM AND EVE,** Golden Age of.

Adam all day 'mid odorous garden bowers  
Had lightly toiled, while many a tender  
word,

With murmurs of the brook and song of bird,  
Fell on Eve's ear at work amongst her flowers;  
When lo! where grove of pine and cedar  
towers,

As with a gentle breeze the leaves are  
stirred,

And walking in the garden God is heard,  
With voice of love charming those evening  
hours.

With conscious innocence, and hand in hand,  
That goodly pair approach their awful  
Friend,

Like children with beloved father stand;  
Then at His feet in adoration bend.  
O golden age! O days of heaven on earth!  
When life was piety and labor mirth.

*R. Wilton.*

**3095. ADULLAM,** Cave of.

2 Samuel xxiii : 15-17.

David and his three captains bold  
Kept ambush once within a hold.

It was in Adullam's cave,  
Nigh which no water they could have,  
Nor spring nor running brook was near

To quench the thirst that parched them there.  
Then David, King of Israel,

Straight bethought him of a well,  
Which stood beside the city gate,  
At Bethlem; where, before his state

Of kingly dignity, he had  
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad;

But now his fierce Philistine foe  
Encamped before it he does know.

Yet ne'er the less, with heat oppressed,  
Those three bold captains he addressed;

And wished that one to him would bring  
Some water from his native spring.

His valiant captains instantly  
To execute his will did fly.

The mighty Three the ranks broke through  
Of armed foes, and water drew

For David, their beloved king,  
At his own sweet native spring.

Back through their armed foes they haste,  
With the hard-earned treasure graced.

But when the good King David found  
What they had done, he on the ground  
The water poured. "Because," said he,  
"That it was at the jeopardy  
Of your three lives this thing ye did,  
That I should drink it, God forbid."

*Charles Lamb.*

**3096. ADULTERESS,** Forgiveness of the.  
John viii : 1-11.

A still dark joy! A sudden face!  
Cold daylight, footsteps, cries!  
The temple's naked, shining space,  
Aglare with judging eyes!

All in abandoned guilty hair,  
With terror-pallid lips,  
To vulgar scorn her honor bare,  
To vulgar taunts and quips,

Her eyes she fixes on the ground,  
Her shrinking soul to hide;  
Lest, at uncurtained windows found,  
Its shame be clear descried.

All-idle hang her listless hands,  
And tingle with her shame;  
She sees not who beside her stands,  
She is so bowed with blame.

He stoops, He writes upon the ground,  
Regards nor priests nor wife;  
An awful silence spreads around,  
And wakes an inward strife.

Is it a voice that speaks for thee?  
Almost she hears agast:  
"Let him who from this sin is free,  
At her the first stone cast."

Astonished, waking, growing sad,  
Her eyes bewildered rose;  
She saw the one true friend she had,  
Who loves her though He knows.

Upon her deathlike, ashy face,  
The blushes rise and spread:  
No greater wonder sure had place  
When Lazarus left the dead!

He stoops. In every charnel breast  
Dead conscience rises slow:  
They, dumb before that awful guest,  
Turn, one by one, and go.

Alone with Him! Yet no new dread  
Invades the silence round;  
False pride, false shame, all false is dead;  
She has the Master found.

Who else had spoken on her side,  
Those cruel men withstood?  
From Him even shame she would not hide;  
For Him she will be good.

He rises—sees the temple bare;  
They two are left alone.  
He turns and asks her, "Woman, where  
Are thine accusers gone?"

“Hath none condemned thee?”—“Master,  
no,”

She answers, trembling sore.  
“Neither do I condemn thee. Go,  
And sin not any more.”

She turned and went. To hope and grieve?  
Be what she had not been?  
We are not told; but I believe  
His kindness made her clean.

*George Macdonald.*

### 3097. ADULTERESS, The.

St. John viii : 1-11.

Without the city walls, the Son of man  
Had watched all night upon the stony ridge  
Beyond the brook of Kedron, which o'erlooks  
The fatal town, and Moriah's mount sublime,  
Crowned by the temple of the living God,  
And Siloa's stream oracular, and the vale  
Named of Jehosaphat, where soon shall stand  
The Abomination making desolate—  
There with His Father, till the stars were  
pale,  
In holiest commune on that lonely steep,  
The Mount of Olives.

Now the sun arose,  
And through the stillness of the early morn  
Volumed and white up soared the savory  
smoke  
Of morning sacrifice, and pealed aloft  
The silver trumpets their sonorous praise  
O'er Zion.

Then He ceased from prayer, and came  
Again unto the temple, and went in,  
And all the people gathered to His words,  
Breathless and mute with awe, the while He  
sate  
Teaching.

But while the sweet and solemn sound,  
The words of Him who spake as never man  
Spake, or shall speak, filled every listening  
soul  
With wisdom that is life, a throng of Scribes  
And Pharisees came hasting through the  
doors,  
And haling a fair woman towards His place,  
Set her before Him in the midst.

She was  
Indeed most fair, and young, and innocent  
To look upon. Alas! that such as she  
So should have fallen!

Pale she stood, and mute,  
Her large, soft eyes, that wont to swim in  
light,  
Burning with tearless torture; cheek and  
brow

Whiter than ashes, or the snow that dwells  
On Sinai. Thus she stood, a little space,  
Gazing around with a bewildered glare  
That had no speculation in't—

Then sank  
In her disordered robes, a shapeless heap,  
At a tall pillar's base, her face concealed  
In the coarse muffings of her woollen gown,

And the redundance of her golden hair  
Part fairly braided, part in wavy flow  
Dishevelled, over her bare shoulders spread,  
Purer than alabaster—nought beside  
Exposed, save one round arm the bashful face  
With slinderest fingers hiding, while the  
drops

Oozed through them slow and silent—she  
wept now,

When none beheld her!—and one rosy foot,  
Unsandalled, peering from the ruffled hem  
Of her white garb—all else a drifted mass  
Of draperies heaving like the ocean's swell,  
To that unspoken agony within,  
Which rent her bosom, unsuspect of man,  
But seen of the All-seeing.

Up they spake—  
“Master, this woman in the act was ta'en  
Sinning. Now Moses taught us in the law,  
That whoso doeth thus shall surely die,  
Stoned by the people—But what sayest thou?”  
Thus said they, tempting Him, that they  
might have

Of sin to accuse the sinless.

Jesus stooped,  
Silent, and with His finger on the ground  
Traced characters, as though He heard them  
not;

But when they asked again importunate,  
He raised Himself in perfect majesty,  
Calm, and inscrutable, reading their souls  
With that deep eye to which all hearts are  
known,

From which no secrets can be hidden.

Then,  
“He that is here, among you, without sin,”  
He said, “let him first cast a stone at her.”  
Then stooped He again, and on the ground  
Wrote as before.

A mighty terror fell  
On those which heard it, in their secret souls  
Convicted. One by one they slunk away,  
The eldest first, as guiltiest, to the last,  
Till none were left, but Jesus in the midst  
Standing alone, and at the column's base,  
The woman grovelling like a trampled worm:  
They two were in the temple—but they two,  
Of all the crowd that thronged it even now—  
The sinful mortal, and her sinless God.

When Jesus had arisen, and beheld  
That none were left of all, save she alone;  
“Woman,” He said unto her, “Woman,  
where

Be now those thine accusers? Hath no man  
Condemned thee?”

And she answered, “No man, Lord.”  
“Neither do I”—Jesus replied to her—  
“Condemn thee. Go, and sin no more.”

And she  
Arose, and went her way in sadness; and  
The grace of Him, to whom the power is  
given

To pardon sins, sank down into her soul,  
Like gentle dew upon the drooping herb,  
That under that good influence blooms again,  
And sent its odors heavenward—

And perchance  
 There was great joy above, in those bright  
 hosts  
 Who more rejoice o'er one that was a slave  
 To sin and hath repented, than o'er ten  
 So just that they have nothing to repent.  
*Henry W. Herbert.*

**3098. ADVENT, Approaching.**  
 Revelations xxii : 20.

He is coming; and the tidings  
 Are rolling wide and far;  
 As light flows out in gladness,  
 From yon fair morning-star.

He is coming; and the tidings  
 Sweep through the willing air,  
 With hope that ends forever  
 Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber  
 Wakes up and says, Amen;  
 Land and ocean bid Him welcome,  
 Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains  
 Of Judea ring again;  
 Jerusalem awakens,  
 And shouts her glad Amen.

He is coming; wastes of Horeb,  
 Awaken and rejoice!  
 Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,  
 Lift the long silent voice!

He is coming, sea of Sodom,  
 To heal thy leprous brine,  
 To give back palm and myrtle,  
 The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,  
 To restore thy olive bowers.  
 He is coming, faded Sharon,  
 To give thee back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,  
 Awake, behold, He comes!  
 Landless and kingless exiles,  
 Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys  
 Which your fathers loved so well,  
 In their now crumbled cities  
 Let their children's children dwell.

Drink the last drop of wormwood  
 From your nation's bitter cup;  
 The bitterest, but the latest,  
 Make haste and drink it up.

For He thy true Messiah,  
 Thine own anointed King,  
 He comes, in love and glory,  
 Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He thy King is coming  
 To end thy woes and wrongs,  
 To give thee joy for mourning,  
 To turn thy sighs to songs;

To dry the tears of ages,  
 To give thee, as of old,  
 The diadem of beauty,  
 The crown of purest gold;

To lift thee from thy sadness,  
 To set thee on the throne,  
 Messiah's chosen nation,  
 His best-beloved one.

The stain and dust of exile  
 To wipe from thy weary feet;  
 With songs of glorious triumph  
 Thy glad return to greet.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3099. ADVENT, Prayer for the.**  
 Revelations xxii : 20.

The Church has waited long,  
 Her absent Lord to see;  
 And still in loneliness she waits,  
 A friendless stranger she.  
 Age after age has gone,  
 Sun after sun has set,  
 And still, in weeds of widowhood,  
 She weeps, a mourner yet.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!  
 Saint after saint on earth  
 Has lived and loved and died;  
 And, as they left us one by one,  
 We laid them side by side.  
 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn;  
 We laid them but to ripen there,  
 Till the last glorious morn.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,  
 The powers of hell grow bold,  
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
 And love is waxing cold.  
 How long, O Lord our God!  
 Holy and true and good, [Church,  
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering  
 Her sighs and tears and blood?  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 To share Thy crown and glory then,  
 As now we share Thy grace.  
 Should not the loving bride  
 Her absent bridegroom mourn?  
 Should she not wear the signs of grief  
 Until her Lord return?  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,  
 And waits to hear that voice,  
 That shall restore her comeliness,  
 And make her wastes rejoice.  
 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain,  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3100. ADVENT, Suddenness of the.**

Matthew xxiv : 37-39.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,  
 O earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,  
 That second coming of the Son of man.  
 When all the cherub-throning clouds shall  
 shine,  
 Irradiate with His bright advancing sign:  
 When that Great Husbandman shall wave  
 His fan,  
 Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp  
 away:  
 Still to the noontide of that nightless day,  
 Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course  
 maintain.  
 Along the busy mart and crowded street,  
 The buyer and the seller still shall meet,  
 And marriage feasts begin their jocund  
 strain:  
 Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;  
 Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,  
 And mountains molten by His burning feet,  
 And heaven, His presence own, all red with  
 furnace heat.

The hundred-gated, cities, then,  
 The towers and temples, named of men,  
 Eternal, and the thrones of kings;  
 The gilded summer palaces,  
 The courtly bowers of love and ease,  
 Where still the bird of pleasure sings:  
 Ask ye the destiny of them?  
 Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!  
 Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,  
 'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is  
 unfurled,  
 The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,  
 And the vast common doom ensepulchres  
 the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?  
 Oh! who shall stand and live?  
 When all that hath been is no more:  
 When for the round earth hung in air,  
 With all its constellations fair,  
 In the sky's azure canopy:  
 When for the breathing earth, and spark-  
 ling sea,  
 Is but a fiery deluge without shore,  
 Heaving along the abyss profound and  
 dark,  
 A fiery deluge, and without an ark.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there  
 alone  
 On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,  
 That in its high meridian noon  
 Needs not the perished sun nor moon:  
 When Thou art there in Thy presiding  
 state,  
 Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of  
 doom:  
 When from the sea depths, from earth's  
 darkest womb,  
 The dead of all the ages round Thee wait:

And when the tribes of wickedness are  
 strewn

Like forest leaves in the autumn of Thine  
 ire:  
 Faithful and true Thou still wilt save Thine  
 own!  
 The saints shall dwell within th' unhar-  
 ming fire,  
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every  
 palm.  
 Even safe as we, by this still fountain's  
 side,  
 So shall the church, Thy bright and mystic  
 bride,  
 Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.  
 Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,  
 O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines,  
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,  
 Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem!  
*H. H. Milman.*

**3101. ADVENT, The First.**

Luke ii: 8-14.

Of old at midnight's starry prime  
 When rose the guiding Light of time,  
 The angels from their twilight clime  
 Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

On Bethlehem's haunted fields divine  
 The shepherds saw the glory shine,  
 And heard their voices, clear and fine,  
 Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Sing, angels! greet the listening ear  
 With strains so heavenly sweet to hear,  
 And usher in the golden year  
 Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Welcome! glad time of jubilee!  
 Thou prosperous reign of charity!  
 A happier place this world will be,  
 With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then words of gall, and looks of hate,  
 And stormy wrath, and fierce debate,  
 A genial warmth shall dissipate,  
 With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And men shall leave their fields of blood,  
 And children cease to pine for food,  
 When all in holiest brotherhood  
 Have "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The simplest word the soul can speak  
 To ease a heart about to break,  
 Will spoken be for His dear sake [men.]  
 Who giveth "Peace . . . good-will to

A light shall shine in sorrow's eyes,  
 Like radiance of the morning skies;  
 And heart with heart shall sympathize,  
 With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Our words and deeds on hearts of gloom  
 Shall fall like flowers of sweet perfume;  
 And Eden's bowers again shall bloom,  
 'Mid "Peace on earth, good-will to men."  
*Arthur John Lockhart.*

**3102. ADVENT, Waiting for the Second.**

Isaiah xxi : 11.

The Advent morn shines cold and clear,  
 These Advent nights are long;  
 Our lamps have burned year after year,  
 And still their flame is strong.  
 Watchman, what of the night? we cry,  
 Heartsick with hope deferred:  
 No speaking signs are in the sky,  
 Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,  
 The servants watch within;  
 The watch is long betimes, and late,  
 The prize is slow to win:  
 Watchman, what of the night? But still  
 His answer sounds the same;  
 No daybreak tops the utmost hill,  
 Nor pale our lamps of flame.

One to another, hear them speak,  
 The patient virgins wise:  
 Surely He is not far to seek,  
 All night we watch and rise;  
 The days are evil looking back,  
 The coming days are dim;  
 Yet count we not His promise slack,  
 But watch and wait for Him.

One with another, soul with soul,  
 They kindle fire from fire;  
 Friends watch us who have touched the goal;  
 They urge us, Come up higher!  
 With them shall rest our way-sore feet,  
 With them is built our home,  
 With Christ—they sweet, but He most sweet,  
 Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain;  
 The distant ones brought near;  
 The lost so long are found again—  
 Long lost, but longer dear:  
 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
 Nor heart conceived, that rest:  
 With them, our good things long deferred;  
 With Jesus Christ, our best.

We weep, because the night is long;  
 We laugh, for day shall rise;  
 We sing a slow contented song,  
 And knock at Paradise;  
 Weeping, we hold Him fast, who wept  
 For us; we hold Him fast,  
 And will not let Him go except  
 He bless us first or last.

Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night;  
 We will not let Him go,  
 Till daybreak smite our wearied sight,  
 And summer smite the snow.  
 Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove  
 Shall coo the livelong day;  
 Then He shall say, Arise, my love!  
 My fair one, come away!

*Christina G. Rossetti.***3103. ADVENT, Waiting for the Second.**

What of the night, watchman, what of the  
 night?

The wintry gale sweeps by, [call  
 The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's  
 Sounds mournfully through the sky.

The night is dark, it is long and drear,  
 But who, while others sleep,  
 Is that little band, who together stand,  
 And their patient vigils keep?

All awake is the strained eye,  
 And awake the listening ear: [gate  
 For their Lord they wait, and watch at the  
 His chariot-wheels to hear.

Long have they waited—that little band,  
 And ever and anon  
 To fancy's eye the dawn seemed nigh,  
 The night seemed almost gone.

And often, through the midnight gale,  
 They thought they heard at last [again,  
 The sound of His train, and they listened  
 And the sound died away on the blast.

Agès have rolled, and one by one  
 Those watchers have passed away;  
 They heard the call on their glad ear fall,  
 And they hastened to obey.

And in their place their children stand,  
 And still their vigils keep,  
 They watch and pray for the dawn of day,  
 For this is no time for sleep.

What of the night, watchman, what of the  
 night?

Though the wintry gales sweep by,  
 When the darkest hour begins to lower  
 We know that the dawn is nigh.

Courage, ye servants of the Lord,  
 The night is almost o'er;  
 Your Master will come and call you home,  
 To weep and to watch no more.

**3104. ADVENT, Watching for the.**

Matthew xxiv: 42.

Rejoice, rejoice, believers!  
 And let your lights appear;  
 The evening is advancing,  
 The darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is arising,  
 And soon will He draw nigh:  
 Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
 At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;  
 Replenish them with oil;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
 Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
 With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wise and holy virgins,  
 Now raise your voices higher  
 Till in your jubilations,  
 Ye meet the angel-choir.  
 The marriage-feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand,  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory,  
 The Bridegroom is at hand!

Our hope and expectation  
 O Jesus, now appear:  
 Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere!  
 With hearts and hands uplifted  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of our redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee!

### 3105. ADVENTS, Two.

He came not with His heavenly crown, His  
 sceptre clad with power:  
 His coming was in feebleness, the infant of  
 an hour;  
 An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's  
 holy birth,  
 And lowing herds companioned there the  
 Lord of heaven and earth.

He came not in His robe of wrath, with arm  
 outstretch'd to slay,  
 But on the darkling paths of earth to pour  
 celestial day;  
 To guide in peace the wandering feet, the  
 broken heart to bind;  
 And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins  
 of human kind.

Yet once again Thy sign shall be upon the  
 heavens displayed,  
 And earth and its inhabitants be terribly  
 afraid;  
 For not in weakness clad Thou com'st our  
 woes, our sins, to bear,  
 But girt with all Thy Father's might, His  
 vengeance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, oh! who  
 shall understand?  
 Or who abide when Thou in wrath shalt  
 lift Thy holy hand?  
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
 the sun in heaven grow pale,  
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
 Thy faithful will not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour! so to pass our time  
 in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven Thy  
 glory shall appear,  
 Uplifting high our joyful heads in triumph  
 we may rise,  
 And enter, with Thine angel train, Thy  
 temple, in the skies!

*Bishop Doane.*

### 3106. AFFLICTION, Solace in.

Thou sweet hand of God that woundst my  
 heart,  
 Thou makest me smile while Thou makest  
 me smart;  
 It seems as if God were at ball-play—and I,  
 The harder He strikes me, the higher I fly.

I own it: He bruises, He pierces me sore.  
 The hammer and chisel affect me no more.  
 Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see  
 The Sculptor will carve out an angel from me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful  
 soe'er,  
 When once I can feel that my God's hand is  
 there;  
 For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow,  
 When the smith with his hammer deals  
 blow after blow.

God presses me hard, but He gives patience  
 too,  
 And I say to myself, "'Tis no more than  
 my due;"  
 And no tone from the organ can swell on the  
 breeze  
 Till the organist's fingers press down on the  
 keys.

So come, then, and welcome, the blow and  
 the pain;  
 Without them no mortal can heaven attain;  
 For what can the sheaves on the barn floor  
 avail  
 Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff  
 with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain,  
 Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;  
 Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall  
 lay,  
 Be dumb; but when tempted to murmur,  
 then pray. *From the German.*

### 3107. AGONY, The.

*Luke xxii: 44.*

O soul of Jesus, sick to death!  
 Thy blood and prayer together plead;  
 My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,  
 As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight, and still the oppressive load  
 Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;  
 Still the abhorred procession winds  
 Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!  
 All darkly on Thy human soul;  
 And clouds of supernatural gloom  
 Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath  
 Drives over Thee with pressure dread;  
 And, forced upon the olive roots,  
 In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;  
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;  
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,  
And the pores open—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord!  
Even to the limit of Thy strength,  
While hours, whose minutes were as years,  
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,  
And shrunk with an astonished fear,  
As if Thou couldst not bear to see  
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger! they  
Have made Thy lower nature faint;  
All save the love within Thy heart,  
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! My God! and can it be  
That I should sin so lightly now,  
And think no more of evil thoughts,  
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin, and heaven and earth go round  
As if no dreadful deed were done,  
As if Christ's blood had never flowed  
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
Do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?  
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me  
The grace Thy passion merited,  
Hatred of self and love of Thee.

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,  
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised.  
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,  
As though no other sins there were,  
That was to Him who bears the world  
A load that He could scarcely bear!

*F. W. Faber.*

### 3108. AGRIPPA, Indecision of.

Acts xxvi : 28.

"Almost persuaded" now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;  
Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way;  
Some more convenient day  
On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:  
O wanderer! come.

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
"Almost" cannot avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost—but lost!"  
*P. P. Bliss.*

### 3109. AGRIPPA, Paul and.

"Believest thou the prophets?"—Acts xxxvi : 27, 28.

Who believes the prophets true  
Will he not Paul believe?  
Will he not his Saviour too  
Into his heart receive?  
Faith which leads us to the skies  
In faith historical begins;  
Faith Divine the blood applies  
That blots out all our sins.

Jesus' messenger at last  
Brings home the pointed word,  
Seizes, holds the sinner fast  
A captive for his Lord;  
See, the vanquished monarch see!  
He bows to a superior power,  
Sinks as one who must agree,  
And can resist no more.

Poor Agrippa! but almost  
Persuaded to embrace  
Him who saves the sinner lost,  
And offers all His grace!  
Grace and Christ almost to gain  
Is quite to miss the deathless prize;  
Take another step—and then  
Thy soul's in paradise.

Partner of the heavenly hope,  
In the good work begun  
Do not with Agrippa stop,  
But now with Paul go on;  
Full consent to Jesus yield,  
With all thy heart to Jesus given,  
His, entirely His, and filled  
With the pure light of heaven.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3110. AGRIPPA, Paul before.

The son of Herod sate in regal state  
Fast by his sister-queen, and 'mid the throng  
Of supple courtiers and of Roman guards  
Gave solemn audience. Summoned to his bar,  
A prisoner came, who, with no flattering tone,  
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye  
Questioned his brow, with scowling eager-  
ness,  
As there he stood in bonds. But when he  
spoke  
With such majestic earnestness, such grace  
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal  
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,  
The ardor of his heaven-taught eloquence  
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse  
Responsive trembled with the new-born hope  
"Almost to be a Christian."



So he rose,  
 And with the courtly train swept forth in  
 pomp.  
 "Almost!"—and was this all, thou Jewish  
 prince?  
 Thou listener to the ambassador of Heaven—  
 "Almost persuaded!" Ah! hadst thou ex-  
 changed  
 Thy trappings and thy purple for his bonds  
 Who stood before thee; hadst thou drawn his  
 hope  
 Into thy bosom even with the spear  
 Of martyrdom—how great had been thy gain!

And ye, who linger while the call of God  
 Bears witness with your conscience, and  
 would faint  
 Like King Agrippa follow, yet draw back  
 Awhile into the vortex of the world,  
 Perchance to swell the hoard which Death  
 shall sweep  
 Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger  
 hands—  
 Perchance by pleasure's deadening opiate  
 lulled  
 To false security, or by the fear  
 Of man constrained, or moved to give your  
 sins  
 A little longer scope—beware! beware!  
 Lest that dread "almost" shut you out  
 from heaven.

*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

### 3111. AHAB, Death of.

By robe or plume or equipage of king  
 All undistinguished, he eludes the eyes  
 Of captains bent to o'erpower him or sur-  
 prise;  
 When lo! an arrow from an unknown string  
 Drawn at a venture, on swift, silent wing  
 Right to a crevice in his armor flies.  
 God's word of doom had fallen, and no dis-  
 guise,  
 No power or wisdom could a respite bring.  
 So in life's battle-field for each and all,  
 Or soon or late, the cloud of doom will lower,  
 But not at random will God's arrows fall:  
 What though concealed from man the place  
 and hour,  
 Enough that all has been arranged by Him  
 Whose eyes for us with mortal mists were  
 dim.

*R. Wilton.*

### 3112. AHAB, Death of.

1 Kings xxxii : 34, 35.

Bowman in the ranks of battle,  
 Deem not thine a bootless post,  
 Though thou, 'mid the din and rattle,  
 Art but one amid a host;  
 For an arrow from thy quiver  
 May be destined for an end,  
 Which shall serried squadrons shiver,  
 And the hearts of heroes rend.

Draw thy bow in earnest, bowman,  
 As an archer for the prize;

Yonder, as a private foeman,  
 Rides a monarch in disguise:  
 Fill thy bow with arrow gleaming,  
 Polished with a master's art,  
 For thy barb, howe'er unseemingly,  
 May transfix that monarch's heart.

Draw thy bow, then, though at venture,  
 As a hero in the van;  
 Waver not through fear of censure,  
 Draw it boldly like a man;  
 For a shaft with will projected,  
 Stealing stealthily in the dark,  
 May as sure as shaft directed  
 Go unerring to its mark.

Draw thy bow, but not behind thee,  
 Though it be a random shot;  
 Firmly at the post assigned thee,  
 Face the foe and falter not:  
 Send the leaping arrow singing  
 Through the dim and dusty air,  
 Nothing doubting but its winging  
 May a fated message bear.

Draw thy bow, but ere the arrow  
 Feels the string's impulsive force,  
 Up to Him who guides the sparrow  
 On her viewless, airy course,  
 Lift in silence a petition,  
 That the shaft at venture sent,  
 May not on its random mission  
 Be in fruitless effort spent.

Draw thy bow in comprehension  
 Of the issues that may hinge;  
 Draw it to its utmost tension,  
 Till the bow and barb impinge;  
 For thine arrow's fateful sending  
 May the tide of battle turn,  
 And a kingdom's fate be pending  
 On the glory it may earn.

*Oliver Crane.*

### 3113. AMORITES, The Fall of the.

Joshua x : 6-14.

"Rise from thy sleep! rise from thy sleep!"  
 Through Israel rang the words of fear;  
 "The Amorites round Gibeon sweep;  
 Rise, Joshua! master of the spear!"

The chieftain from his slumber sprang,  
 He heard the panting herald's tale;  
 The trumpet through the mountain rang,  
 'Twas answered by the clash of mail!

On moved the tribes, like ocean's wave,  
 A rapid, dark, resistless tide;  
 No torch its guiding lustre gave,  
 No shout disclosed their march of pride.

Down through the flowery vale they rushed,  
 Up through the thunder-shattered hill;  
 Till on the night red splendor gushed,  
 And wailed the hostile war-horns shrill.

Ten thousand camp-fires lit the plain;  
There lay the city of despair;  
And there the foe, bold, bloody, vain,  
An unfeshed lion in his lair.

Morn dawned; the boundless plain below  
Teemed with the fiery charioteer,  
The iron mace, the twanging bow,  
A harvest of the shield and spear.

Still on the mount, a dazzling cloud,  
Hung Israel, till the sign was given;  
There the mailed head and banner bowed,  
There rose the mighty hymn to heaven.

Twas done—the pagan taunt replied;  
Then from the hill the trumpet pealed,  
Burst the deep column down its side,  
Swept king and vassal, crown and shield.

All day round the leaguered wall  
Whirled Israel the unwearied sword;  
Triumphed and slew, till twilight's pall  
Fell on the flying heathen horde.

Then Joshua turned: a prophet's might  
Was in the chief's dilated eye;  
His form was clothed in sudden light;  
He gazed upon the darkening sky.

“Sun, stand thou still!” The orb stood still:  
New glory burned around his throne:  
“And stand, thou moon, upon thy hill!”  
In silvery pomp shone Ajalon.

Night was like day! Through Gibeon's band  
No longer shall those horsemen ride;  
Their blood is on its farthest strand,  
So die the heathen homicide. *Pollio.*

### 3114. ANDREW.

Mark xiii : 3.

Oh that, ere death shall close my eyes in  
sleep,  
I might behold that Galilean deep,  
Sun-gilded waves, and hill-embosomed  
strand,  
Where Andrew dwelt with his fraternal  
band!

Andrew, who saw and heard the Living  
Word,  
And came, and then brought Peter to the  
Lord:

Andrew, next added to that favored three,  
Schooled in Christ's lore upon their native  
sea.

Blest sight! to see those heights which round  
them closed,

When holy eyes on their dark shapes reposed;  
To watch those gales which came upon the  
deep,

When in that hold their Lord was laid asleep;  
To see those rocks where dwelt their  
thoughts of home,

And 'neath that glowing firmament to roam,  
Move on the sea they moved, and there behold  
The moon and stars which they beheld of old!

But ah, far more, when death has closed my  
eyes,  
Might I but see, beyond those eastern skies,  
By Andrew led, where, round our Saviour's  
feet,  
The holy twelve in sweet communion meet  
In their last haven, on that stable shore,  
Beside that crystal sea for evermore!

*Isaac Williams.*

### 3115. ANDREW AND HIS CROSS.

O holy cross, on thee to hang  
At Jesus' side and feel the sweet,  
And taste aright each healing pang, [meet?  
What saint, what virgin martyr e'er was

Two only of His own found grace  
The very death He died to die.  
Joyful they rushed to thine embrace,  
And angel choirs, half-envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed; but how is this?  
Why doubt they yet, in Jesus' power  
To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss?  
Well have ye fought; why faint in victo-  
ry's hour?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first  
Who shone as stars in Jesus' band,  
For thee in prayer and fasting nursed,  
And bearing the dread cross! from land to  
land.

And now, in wondrous sympathy,  
When thou art nearer, fain to draw  
These who had yearned so long for thee,  
Shrink from thy touch, and hide their  
eyes for awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale  
With forward step thy holy stair.  
Best for his giddy heart and frail, [there.  
In humblest penance to hang downward

And he that saintly elder meek,  
Wont, of old time, to find and bring  
Brother or friend with Christ to speak,  
As worthier to behold the heart-searching  
King:

Ah! little brooked his lowly heart  
Such glorious crown should him reward.  
He sought the way with duteous art,  
To change his cross, yet suffer with his  
Lord.

He sought and found; and now, where'er  
St. Andrew's holy cross we see,  
In royal banner blazoned fair,  
Or in dread cipher, Holiest Name of Thee,

A martyred form we may discern, [meet  
There bound, there preaching: Image  
Of One uplifted high, to turn  
And draw to Him all hearts in bondage  
sweet.

And as we gaze, may He impart  
The grace to bear what He shall send;  
Yet stay the rash, self-pleasing heart,  
Too forward with His cross our penal woe  
to blend. *John Keble.*

**3116. ANGELS,** Defended by,  
2 Kings xvi : 13-18.

Swords of fire around us play,  
Shafts of flame around us fly;  
Though no lightnings glare by day,  
Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon  
There is war amid the calm;  
In the loveliest beaming moon,  
Adverse spirits working harm.

Fallen man to slay in soul  
Is the prize for which they fought;  
Counter warrior charges roll,  
Demons dark with angels bright.

The swift artillery of heaven  
Passes round us every hour,  
Though to man it be not given  
While on earth to see its power.

Yet the prophet's servant saw,  
When the Syrian host assailed,  
Every heavenly warrior  
And bright encampment all unveiled.

So from yonder distant sky  
All the conflict we shall view;  
Turn and see the dangers fly,  
And praise the God that led us  
through. *James Edmeston.*

**3117. ANGELS,** Song of the.

Hark! hark! with harps of gold  
What anthem do they sing?  
The radiant clouds have backward  
And angels smite the string. [rolled,  
"Glory to God!"—bright wings  
Spread glistening and afar,  
And on the hallowed rapture rings  
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat  
The glad earth and the sea;  
And every wind and billow fleet  
Bears on the jubilee.  
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,  
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,  
Each holy spot has found a tongue:  
"Let glory be to God."

Soft swells the music now  
Along that shining choir,  
And every seraph bends his brow  
And breathes above his lyre.  
What word of heavenly birth  
Thrill deep our hearts again,  
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?  
"Peace and good-will to men."

Soft! yet the soul is bound  
With rapture like a chain:  
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,  
And heaven repeats the strain.  
Sound, harps, and hail the morn  
With every golden string;  
For unto us this day is born  
A Saviour and a King!

*E. H. Chapin.*

**3118. ANGELS,** The Ministry of.  
Hebrews i : 14.

Which of the petty kings of earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers?  
Myriads of bright cherubic bands,  
Sent by the King of kings,  
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,  
And shade us with their wings.

With them we march securely on,  
Throughout Immanuel's ground,  
And not an uncommissioned stone,  
Our sacred feet shall wound;  
No enemy shall our souls ensnare,  
No casual evil grieve,  
Nor can we lose a single hair  
Without our Father's leave.

Angels, where'er we go, attend  
Our steps, whate'er betide;  
With watchful care their charge defend,  
And evil turn aside.  
A sudden thought to escape the blow,  
A ready help we find;  
And to their secret presence owe  
The presence of our mind.

Their instrumental aid unknown  
They day and night supply;  
And free from fear we lay us down;  
Though Satan's hosts be nigh.  
Our lives the holy angels keep  
From every hostile power;  
And unconcerned we sweetly sleep,  
As Adam in his bower.

Jehovah's charioteers surround,  
The ministerial choir  
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,  
And form our wall of fire:  
Ten thousand offices unseen  
For us they gladly do,  
Deliver in the lion's den  
And safe escort us through.

But thronging round with busiest love,  
They guard the dying breast;  
The lurking fiends far off remove,  
And sing our souls to rest.  
And when our spirits we resign,  
On outstretched wings they bear,  
And lodge us in the arms divine,  
And leave forever there.

*Chas. Wesley.*

**3119. ANGELS, The Service of.**  
Daniel 9 : 21.

Like an arrow through the air,  
Or the fountain flow of light,  
Ministering angels fair  
Cleave the deep of night:  
Quick as thought's electric glow,  
Down into earth's chambers dark,  
Fire-wheels running to and fro,  
Like the eye of God, they dart;  
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,  
Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,  
Sitting, sitting, by thy side,  
Like your shadow, all unwearied,  
Angel legions guard and guide—  
Mantle, with their wing, your heart,  
As a mother folds her child;  
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,  
Shielding from the tempest wild;  
Silent as the moonlight creeping,  
Viewless as the ether breath,  
Round the weary head when weeping,  
Soothing with the peace of death.  
Star-like shoots each holy one  
With sword of temper bright,  
Casting the Almighty shield  
Round the heir of light.

*Miss M. P. Aird.***3120. APOSTLES, Commission of the.**

Mark xvi : 15, etc. Matthew xxv.1 : 18, etc.

"Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;  
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;  
He shall be saved that trusts My word;  
He shall be damned that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove My gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
Go cast out devils in My name;  
Nor let My prophets be afraid [pheme.  
Though Greeks reproach and Jews blas-

"Teach all the nations My commands;  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in My hands;  
I can destroy, and I defend."

He spake, and light shone round His head;  
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode:  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

*Isaac Watts.***3121. APOSTLES, Triumphs of the.**

Acts v : 12-15.

The twelve holy men are gathered in prayer,  
The psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends;  
A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,  
A power from The Highest in thought and  
word blends.

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean;  
How glorious the train that streams to and  
fro!

The blind, dumb, halt, withered by hun-  
dreds are seen;  
The prisoners of Satan lie chained where  
they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall  
Of Christ's awful saint, to prayer as he  
speeds;

The mighty love-token all fiends shall appall;  
A gale breath from Edom assuaging all  
needs.

Or bring where they lie, Paul's girdle or vest:  
One touch and one word; the pain fleets  
away,

The dark hour of frenzy is charmed into  
rest:  
The hem of Christ's garment all creatures  
obey.

Christ is in His saints: from Godhead made  
man

The virtue goes out the whole world to  
bless;

O'er lands parched and weary that shadow  
began

To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall  
grow less. *John Keble.*

**3122. ARK, Capture of the.**

1 Samuel iv . 1-11; v : 1-10.

"Mourn, for the land is desolate,  
The glory hath departed;  
Mourn, for the Holiest hath left  
His chosen broken-hearted!"

So sung the melancholy train  
Of Judah's fairest daughters,  
When Hophni and his brother fell  
By Jordan's rolling waters!

'Twas there the star of Eli set:  
• The holiest of the holy,  
By hands profane, polluted stood;  
How mad their impious folly!

Borne from its sacred resting-place,  
The Ark of Mercy, guarded  
With reeking blades—for palms of peace,  
The doom of death awarded.

Yes! round the rocky coasts and vales  
Of Palestine, a wailing  
Was heard throughout the gloomy night,  
Life's purple fountain's failing.

The sun went down in splendor there,  
And left no trace of sorrow;  
How wan he rose above the flood  
Upon that fearful morrow!

The beaming eye low-quenched in death,  
The brow of beauty shaded;  
The lip, whence Love his music flung,  
Cold silence now pervaded.

The temple where the idol stands,  
 With ghastly shapes surrounded;  
 The temple reels—its thousand priests  
 Lie low, abashed, confounded.

High from his shaken pedestal  
 The impious god is falling,  
 His plague-struck ministrants, alas!  
 In vain for mercy calling.

*David Mallock.*

### 3123. ARMAGEDDON.

Revelation xvi : 16.

The day of God's great battle  
 Is breaking on the world;  
 The day when right shall conquer might,  
 And wrong to hell be hurled.  
 The storms that shook earth's midnight  
 Lower, though their reign is done,  
 And ghastly clouds, in blood-red shrouds,  
 Are struggling with the sun.

The voice of God Almighty,  
 A trumpet-blast sublime,  
 Peals out on high through all the sky,  
 And startles every clime;  
 And lo! through all the nations,  
 Where'er the watchword flies,  
 O'er hill, and plain, and ocean main,  
 The mustering millions rise!

I see the mighty gathering  
 Of uncomputed bands;  
 Prophet and sage, from every age,  
 The living of all lands;  
 And glorious hosts of martyrs,  
 For God and Freedom slain,  
 From dust revive, start up alive,  
 And mingle on the plain!

The great and good, the heroes  
 Who toil and die for man,  
 From every land illustrious stand,  
 And tower along the van;  
 Not all in earth's high places,  
 Not all the sons of fame,  
 But all well known before God's throne,  
 And called by Christ's own name.

No arms have all these millions,  
 No sword, nor spear, nor shield;  
 But mightier far the weapons are  
 With which they win the field;  
 For Truth, and Love, and Labor  
 Are more than shield or sword;  
 And they shall stand at God's right hand  
 Who conquer by His Word.

But see! another army  
 Is mustering for the fight,  
 And earth and hell its numbers swell  
 In dark and wrathful might;  
 The hosts of Gog and Magog,  
 And armies of the air,  
 Demons, and ghouls, and damnèd souls  
 That rave in fierce despair.

Kings of the earth, old despots  
 Who long have bruised mankind,  
 And long withstood with chains and blood  
 The chainless march of mind;  
 And dire, gigantic systems  
 Of error blind and hoar,  
 On Christian land new-marshalled stand,  
 And threaten the world once more.

And oh, woe! woe! to mortals!  
 For Satan, in great wrath,  
 From war in heaven by Michael driven,  
 Descends in lightning seath;  
 And all his dragon-angels,  
 A vengeful cloud and vast,  
 In fury fly through all the sky,  
 And swell the blackening blast.

But short shall be his triumph,  
 For lo! heaven's gates unfold,  
 And hosts of light, on steeds of white,  
 March down the streets of gold;  
 And at their head, o'ercircled  
 By million arching wings  
 Flaming all sides, majestic rides  
 The conquering "King of kings!"

And lo! the great archangels,  
 With cohorts bright and fair  
 Of cherubim and seraphim,  
 Come marching down the air!  
 And far o'er plain and mountain,  
 O'er many a field and flood,  
 Wide o'er the world now floats unfurled  
 The banner stained with blood.

Up! up! ye saints of Jesus,  
 And make your vestments white;  
 And girt with flame, in God's great name,  
 Urge on earth's final fight!  
 That ensign o'er you flying  
 Must never, never fall,  
 Till Christ shall reign o'er earth and main,  
 Saviour and Lord of all.

O blissful age! It hastens!  
 It looms in light afar,  
 And darts a ray of heavenly day  
 O'er wrong, and woe, and war.  
 O joy! O martyred brothers,  
 Your great reward appears!  
 Up! live! and reign with Christ again  
 A thousand golden years!

*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3124. ARMAGEDDON, The Day After.

Ezekiel vii : 14.

'Tis the summons to battle!  
 But the cry is unheard;  
 The trumpet has spoken,  
 Not a warrior has stirred.

Hark, the summons to battle!  
 It has sounded again;  
 Still louder and keener:  
 It has sounded in vain.

Yet a third time and shriller  
That war-note has blown;  
But the answer that cometh  
Is the echo alone.

'Tis the silence of silence!  
Tower, tent, vale, and hill,  
Field, forest, and highway,  
All soundless and still!

No challenge is lifted,  
No signal unfurled;  
'Tis man's dark hour of terror,  
The awe of the world.

For the arm of Jehovah  
Has been bared in its might,  
And the sword of His vengeance  
Has been burnished to smite.

Through the ridges of battle  
His ploughshare has sped;  
And the tents of the living  
Are the tombs of the dead.

The rude roar of millions  
Is hushed in an hour;  
The array of the mighty  
Is crushed in its power.

'Twas man's proudest muster  
Of sinew and steel:  
His army of armies,  
Mail-clad to the heel.

No sun had e'er dawned on  
So fearful a day,  
No trumpet had marshalled  
So dread an array.

As if earth, in her frenzy,  
From each region afar  
Had poured forth her nations  
For the shock of that war.

In the flush of their manhood,  
In the bud of their prime,  
In veteran ripeness,  
The men of each clime

Came thronging and rushing,  
Like rivers in flood,  
Defying the terrors  
And vengeance of God.

For the ruler of darkness,  
The God of this world,  
Had summoned his armies,  
His banner unfurled.

As the storm-cloud it gathered,  
As the lightning it sped,  
As the mist it has vanished—  
All is still as the dead.

Like the desert at midnight,  
Not a breath nor a beam;  
'Tis the silence of silence,  
The dream of a dream.

Now, chains for the spoiler!  
Dark and swift be his doom!  
Thou hast trodden the nations,  
Thy treading is come!

Earth, cease now thy wailing,  
Thy wounds bleed no more;  
Lo, the curse is departing,  
Thy sorrows are o'er!

Rise, daughter of Judah;  
Awake now and sing;  
It has come, the glad kingdom,  
He has come, the great King.

Thy long night is ending  
Of sorrow and wrong;  
For shame there is glory,  
For weeping a song.

The new morn is dawning,  
Bursts forth the new sun;  
The new verdure is smiling,  
The new age is begun.

*Horatius Bonar.*

### 3125. ASCENSION, Christ's.

Acts i : 9.

He is gone—we heard Him say,  
"Good that I should go away:"  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone His present grace;  
Though Himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be—  
No! His Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal  
World and church must onward roll;  
Far behind we leave the past;  
Forward are our glances cast:  
Still His words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change:  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead  
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before,  
In the heaven of heavens the same  
As on earth He went and came.  
In the many mansions there,  
Place for us He will prepare:  
In that world, unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,  
Wait until He comes again:  
He is risen, He is not here;  
Far above this earthly sphere:  
Evermore in heart and mind,  
Where our peace in Him we find,  
To our own Eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend.

*A. P. Stanley.*

**3126. ASCENSION, Glory of the.**

A holiday in heaven!—glad jubilee  
 Was held by festal throngs, and joyously  
 The grand outringing chorals of the skies  
 Were bursting with ten thousand harmonies.  
 The massy gates of light were open thrown,  
 In welcome, to a lofty, conquering One.  
 Down the long arches of the skies, on wing,  
 The glittering angels silent poised, to bring  
 The tidings of His first approach, and hail  
 Him welcome to the skies, and bear the tale  
 To myriads, round the throne on high,  
 Expectant of returning Deity.  
 There had been royal days in heaven of old,  
 When sweet-voiced angels with their lyres of  
 gold  
 Ascribed new honors to the kingly One,  
 As world on world was added to His throne;  
 But never scene like this, with joy elate,  
 Did angel host in concourse celebrate.

On thrones, within the throne, that gorgeous  
 rise,  
 O'erhung with radiant golden canopies,  
 High seraphs wait, with royal honors due,  
 When they shall hail the coming retinue.  
 But hark! the glad exalting tidings break  
 The silence; boundless seas of song awake.  
 "He comes! He comes!! The King of glory  
 comes!!!"  
 Peals through the lofty arches, and high  
 domes  
 Of heaven. Now loudly bursts the joyful  
 cry,  
 "Lift up, ye gates!" a welcome to the sky;  
 "Enter for aye! the King of glory in,  
 The mighty in battle, and strong to win!  
 Be lifted up! ye everlasting doors!  
 Welcome His feet, ye bright and crystal  
 floors!"  
 The mighty Victor enters with His train,  
 And brings the trophies of His blood and  
 pain;  
 He beareth jewels, from the sands of Time,  
 And brilliants, rescued from the seas of crime.  
 He leads captivity a captive in,  
 And holds the keys of death and hell and sin.  
 Within His hands are dark and mournful  
 scars,  
 But on His brow are radiant, flashing stars.  
 He reascends the throne, and far and wide  
 Resound the honors of the "Crucified."  
 His native heaven is jubilant with song,  
 And choral hosts tell of His triumphs long;  
 The Embassy of love a world hath won,  
 And Christ is King; His royal reign begun  
 Shall be the joy of endless years.

*Dwight Williams.*

**3127. ASCENSION, Hymn of the.**

A hymn of glory let us sing;  
 New songs throughout the world shall ring;  
 By a new way none ever trod,  
 Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand—  
 The mystic mount, in Holy Land;  
 They, with the Virgin-mother, see  
 Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven:  
 "Why stand ye gazing into heaven?  
 This is the Saviour—this is He!  
 Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!"

They said the Lord should come again,  
 As these beheld Him rising then,  
 Calm soaring through the radiant sky,  
 Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,  
 And thither constantly ascend,  
 Where, seated on the Father's throne,  
 Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be Thou our present joy, O Lord!  
 Who wilt be ever our reward;  
 And, as the countless ages flee,  
 May all our glory be in Thee!  
*Joseph of the Studium, tr. by J. M. Neale.*

**3128. ASCENSION, The.**

Ps. xxiv : 7-10.

Our Lord is risen from the dead:  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The powers of hell are captive led,  
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphant chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
 He claims those mansions as His right—  
 Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory—who?  
 The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory—who?  
 The Lord of glorious power possessed,  
 The King of saints and angels, too,  
 God over all, forever blessed.

*Charles Wesley.*

**3129. ASCENSION, Triumph of the.**

Hosanna to the Prince of light,  
 Who clothed Himself in clay;  
 Entered the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our Immanuel rose;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And conquered all our foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
 And to His Father flies!  
 With scars of honor in His flesh,  
 And triumph in His eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And scatters blessings down  
 From the right hand of Majesty,  
 On the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
 To reach this blest abode;  
 Sweet be the accents of your songs  
 To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
 Your sweetest voices raise!  
 Let heaven, and all created things,  
 Sound our Immanuel's praise!

*Isaac Watts.*

**3130. ATHENS,** Paul Preaching in.  
 Acts xvii : 16-22.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,  
 A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill;  
 Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations  
 round

Wake with convulsive thrill.  
 Athenians! gather there; he brings you words  
 Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One  
 Above Olympian Jove; One in whose light  
 Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.  
 On your bewildered night, [dream,  
 That unknown God, of whom ye darkly  
 In all His burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise  
 From your dark worship at that idol shrine;  
 He points to Him who reared your starry  
 And bade your Phœbus shine. [skies,  
 Lift up your souls, from where in dust you  
 bow;  
 That God of gods commands your homage  
 now.

But brighter tidings still!  
 He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt  
 In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,  
 A ransom for your guilt; [chain;  
 Who triumphed o'er the grave and broke its  
 Who conquered death and hell, and rose  
 again.

Sages of Greece! come near—  
 Spirits of daring thought and giant mould.  
 Ye questioners of time and nature, hear  
 Mysteries before untold!  
 Immortal life revealed! light for which ye  
 Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause [One,  
 'Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to  
 Where all your vaunted reason, lost, must  
 And faint to think upon— [pause,  
 That was from everlasting, that shall be  
 To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him  
 Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!  
 Your fancies fade, your master's dreams grow  
 To this reality. [dim  
 Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that  
 sound!  
 Sceptic! dispel those doubts, the Truth is  
 found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls  
 Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,  
 And through thy temples and thy pillared  
 Immortal poets sung, [halls  
 No sounds like these have rent your startled  
 air;  
 They open realms of light, and bid you enter  
 there. *Anne C. Lynch.*

**3131. ATONEMENT COMPLETED.**

John xix . 30.

"It is finished!" All is done  
 As the Eternal Father willed;  
 Now His well-beloved Son  
 Hath His generous word fulfilled;  
 Even he who runs may read  
 Here accomplished what was said,  
 That the woman's promised seed  
 Yet should bruise the serpent's head!

"It is finished!" Needs no more  
 Blood of heifer, goat, or ram;  
 Typical, in days of yore,  
 Of the one incarnate Lamb!  
 Lamb of God! for sinners slain,  
 Thou the curse of sin hast braved;  
 Braved and born it—not in vain:  
 Thou hast died—and man is saved.

"It is finished!" Wrath of man  
 Here hath wrought and done its worst;  
 Still subservient to His plan,  
 Greatest, Wisest, Last, and First!  
 God shall magnify His praise  
 By that very act of shame;  
 And through hatred's hellish ways,  
 He shall glorify His name.

"It is finished!" From the tree  
 Where the Lord of Life hath died,  
 His attendant mourners, see,  
 Gently lower The Crucified!  
 With a sister's tender care,  
 With a more than brother's love,  
 Manhood, womanhood are there,  
 Truth's devotedness to prove.

"It is finished!" By the veil  
 Of the temple, rent in twain;  
 By the yet more fearful tale  
 Of the dead uprisen again;



By that dense and darkened sky,  
By each rent and rifted rock,  
By that last expiring cry,  
Heard amid the earthquake's shock!

"It is finished!" Bear away  
To the garden-tomb its dead:  
Boast not, Death! thy transient prey;  
Watchers! vain your nightly tread;  
"Shining ones" are there who wait  
Till their Lord shall burst His prison,  
To ascend in glorious state:

"IT IS FINISHED!" CHRIST HATH RISEN.  
*Bernard Barton.*

### 3132. BAAL, Prophets of.

1 Kings xviii : 17-40.

"Ye prophets of Baal! let an offering be laid  
On the altar which you to your idol have  
made;

Let an offering be laid on the altar I rear  
To the Lord that I worship, the Lord that  
I fear.

Pray ye to your god, while to my God I pray  
For the fire of His power to consume it  
away,

And let Him, the Omnipotent, who hath  
bestowed

The boon we request, be acknowledged as  
God."

When Elijah had spoken, an offering was  
laid

On the altar which they to their idol had  
made;

And the prophets of Baal to devotion were  
given

From the morn till the noon, from the noon  
till the even;

But the voice of their prayer passed like  
winds of the sky

That blow o'er the desert, and bring no  
reply;

And they smote them with lancets, and  
leaped in despair,

But the god of their worship was deaf to  
their prayer.

"Ye prophets of Baal! cry aloud, cry aloud!  
Perhaps he is wrapt in his thoughts like a  
cloud!

Cry aloud, cry aloud with your voices of  
woe,

Perhaps he is now in pursuit of his foe!

Cry aloud, cry aloud, like a trumpet of war,  
Perhaps he is gone on some journey afar!

Cry aloud, cry aloud, in your agony deep,  
Perhaps he is laid on his pillow of sleep!"

When Elijah had spoken, an altar was reared  
To the Lord that he worshipped, the Lord  
that he feared;

And he bowed him in prayer, and the fire  
was bestowed,

And the God of his sires was acknowledged  
as God.

And the prophets of Baal, who had offered  
in vain,

Were led to the banks of the Kishon and  
slain;

For the God of their worship appeared not  
to save

The blood of the heathen that crimsoned  
the wave. *Wm. Knorr.*

### 3133. BABEL AND PENTECOST.

Genesis xi : 7: Acts ii : 11.

Stately on Shinar's ancient plain

Upruse a mighty thought in stone;

The thinkers scoffed in pure disdain

Of forces mightier than their own.

Full many a moon had waxed and waned,

Full many a brain and hand had striven,

To pile a tower, which, unrestrained

By bound or bar, should smite the heaven.

For Thought had brooded calm and long,

And grew of its own offspring proud;

And Labor brought his sinews strong,

And Art her children cunning-browed;

And deathless Will and deathless Pride

Bade scorn the earth and brave the sky,

Till they, who all their peers outvied,

Should now with their Creator vie.

Then came the injured Godhead down,

And cursed them with an alien speech;

And from the thunder of His frown

Afar they wandered, each from each.

But in the curse a blessing lurked:

From baffled language nations grew,

And thus the wrath of Heaven hath worked

The purpose of its mercy too.

Years rolled away. Three empires vast

Had queened and faded, one by one;

A fourth had reached its prime, and cast

The purple of its setting sun;

When, as a whirlwind from the north

Awes the bowed forest in its ire,

Twelve chosen men came boldly forth,

With hearts of faith and "tongues of fire."

No haughty Cæsars from their thrones

With cohort fierce and lictor's rod;

These have no weapons, save the tones

Of voices strong with words of God.

But to men's hearts those voices leap,

And pierce through all their guarded lies,

Till, like a world aroused from sleep,

They feel the baptism of the skies.

They come from far—from sunny shores,

Which o'er the proud Ægean smile;

From regions where th' Orontes pours

Through the rich plain for many a mile;

A motley crowd of diverse name!

But on each startled listener rung,

Impetuous from the lips of flame,

God's wonders in his native tongue.

Thus Love can every doom reverse,  
 Restore the good long mourned as lost,  
 E'en as the ancient Babel's curse  
 Died at the breath of Pentecost.  
 And teeming brain and lissom hand,  
 By breath of heavenly grace controlled,  
 May work and win at God's command,  
 More than the builders dreamt of old.

O for the lambent fire to fall,  
 To purge the vile, the weak to nerve!  
 So when the clarion-voices call  
 We shall be meet to build or serve.  
 Come, Holy Ghost! with cleansing power,  
 When thou from pride our hearts hast  
 shriven,  
 Then, blameless, we may rear the tower,  
 Whose topmost stone shall reach to  
 heaven. *W. Morley Punshon.*

**3134. BABEL, Ruins of.**  
 Genesis xi : 8.

Since all that is not heaven must fade,  
 Light be the hand of ruin laid  
 Upon the home I love;  
 With lulling spell let soft decay  
 Steal on, and spare the giant sway,  
 The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep  
 In their own quiet glade should sleep  
 The relics dear to thought,  
 And wild-flower wreaths from side to side  
 Their waving tracery hang, to hide  
 What ruthless Time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet,  
 That o'er the wistful fancy fleet  
 In Asia's sea-like plain;  
 Where slowly, round his isles of sand,  
 Euphrates through the lonely land  
 Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;  
 There her forlorn and weary nest  
 The famished hawk has found,  
 The wild dog howls at fall of night,  
 The serpent's rustling coils affright  
 The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,  
 Half seen against the evening sky,  
 Seems like a ghost to glide  
 And watch, from Babel's crumbling heap,  
 Where in her shadow, fast asleep,  
 Is fallen imperial Pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there  
 Lies basking in his noontide lair,  
 Or prowls in twilight gloom.  
 The golden city's king he seems,  
 Such as in old prophetic dreams  
 Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,  
 That sheltered erst a thousand kings,

Hiding the glorious sky  
 From half the nations, till they own  
 No holier name, no mightier throne?  
 That vision is gone by.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,  
 The breath of Heaven has blown away  
 What toiling earth had piled,  
 Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,  
 As breezes strew on ocean's sand  
 The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age,  
 Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,  
 And hoarse and jarring all  
 Mount up their heaven-assailing cries  
 To thy bright watchmen in the skies  
 From Babel's shattered wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might  
 The nations on that haughty height  
 Have met to scale the heaven;  
 Thrice only might a seraph's look  
 A moment's shade of sadness brook—  
 Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce bear and leopard keen  
 Are perished as they ne'er had been;  
 Oblivion is their home.  
 Ambition's boldest dream and last  
 Must melt before the clarion blast  
 That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and kings, obey the charm,  
 Withdraw the proud, high-reaching arm;  
 There is an oath on high,  
 That ne'er on brow of mortal birth  
 Shall blend again the crowns of earth,  
 Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own  
 One tyrant lord, one idol throne;  
 But to His triumph soon  
 He shall descend, who rules above,  
 And the pure language of His love  
 All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let Ambition heartless mourn;  
 When Babel's very ruins burn,  
 Her high desires may breathe;  
 O'ercome thyself, and thou mayst share  
 With Christ His Father's throne, and wear  
 The world's imperial wreath.

*John Keble.*

**3135. BABEL, The Tower of.**  
 Gen. xi : 4.

Far in the Eastern wild, begirt by sands,  
 A rugged pile, like some grim giant, stands:  
 Rude stones, that once, perchance, with  
 beaming grace,  
 Had glowed in statues, strew its circling  
 base;  
 Though crushed the halls that Time's dread  
 secrets keep,  
 Still, stage on stage, the crumbling plat-  
 forms sweep:

High on its brow a dark mass rears its form,  
 Defying ages, mocking fire and storm:  
 Struck by a thousand lightnings, still 'tis  
 there,  
 As proud in ruin, haughty in despair.  
 O oldest fabric reared by hands of man!  
 Built ere Art's dawn on Europe's shores  
 began!  
 Rome's mouldering shrines, and Tadmor's  
 columns gray,  
 Beside yon mass, seem things of yesterday!  
 In breathless awe, in musing reverence, bow,  
 'Tis hoary Babel glooms before you now;  
 The tower at which the Almighty's shaft  
 was hurled,  
 The mystery, fear, and wonder of the world!

*Nicholas Michell.*

**3136. BABYLON, Belshazzar's Feast in.**

'Twas here, beneath this dark and silent  
 mound,  
 Where ages heap their nameless wrecks  
 around,  
 That he, the last great king, before his fall,  
 Spread his famed feast, and lit his gorgeous  
 hall.  
 Oh, ne'er in Babylon did blaze a sight  
 More richly grand, magnificently bright!  
 Bearing his crown, and dressed in robe of  
 state,  
 High on his throne of gold Belshazzar sate.  
 In shining robes, and stretching far away,  
 Like billows quivering 'neath the sunset  
 ray,  
 Chiefs, nobles stood, the red lamps flashing  
 o'er  
 The golden chains and purple robes they  
 wore;  
 In gilded galleries damsels, too, were seen,  
 Like night thickset with stars, their jewels'  
 sheen,  
 With rose-crowned locks, white hands, and  
 radiant eyes,  
 Too fair for earth, too earthly for the skies.

The banquet speeds; the harp and psaltery  
 sound,  
 And all is splendor, joy, enchantment round.  
 Wreathed with rich flowers, and crowned  
 with rosy wine,  
 The golden cups from Salem's temple shine.  
 Joined by his chiefs, the exulting monarch  
 drinks,  
 Nor at thy voice, condemning conscience!  
 shrinks,  
 But mocks the Hebrews' God, and, with  
 vain boast,  
 Extols their Bel, and Heaven's unnumbered  
 host.  
 'Twas then, while pleasure held each heart  
 in thrall,  
 A sudden light illumed the pillared hall;  
 No lamp, no earthly fire, could pour such  
 beams—  
 From sun or comet no such splendor streams.

Up sprang the king, and backward swayed  
 the crowd;  
 Mute was the harp, and hushed their laugh-  
 ter loud.  
 See! where in flame, yet dazzling, strong  
 and clear,  
 That shadowy hand doth trace its words of  
 fear!  
 It writes!—the king still stands with lips  
 apart,  
 While terror's thrill runs shivering to his  
 heart;  
 It writes!—and all veil there, in dread  
 amaze,  
 Their dazzled eyes from that portentous  
 blaze!

No sage was found to read those words of  
 flame,  
 Till he, the exile, Salem's prophet, came.  
 He stood before them all, with noble mien,  
 Bold as unshrinking, lofty as serene.  
 Age marked his brow, but in his deep clear  
 eye  
 Still burned the fire of glorious days gone by.  
 So hushed each voice, that hall appeared a  
 tomb,  
 He stretched his hand, and spoke the mon-  
 arch's doom!  
 Yes, on that night the foe, whose hosts in  
 vain  
 Had fought so long those stately towers to  
 gain,  
 Bowed deep Euphrates from his wonted  
 course,  
 Poured to the city's heart with whirlwind  
 force,  
 Slew the last king; Assyria's rule was o'er!  
 And Babylon, the mighty, was no more!

*Nicholas Michell.*

**3137. BABYLON, By the Waters of.**

*Psalms cxxxvii : 1.*

But on before me swept the moonlit stream  
 That had entranced me with his memories,  
 A thousand battles, and one burst of psalms,  
 Rolling his waters to the Indian sea  
 Beyond Balsara, and Elana far,  
 Nigh to two thousand miles from Ararat,  
 And his full music took a finer tone,  
 And sang me something of a gentler stream  
 That rolls forever to another shore,  
 Whereof our God Himself is the sole sea,  
 And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the tide,  
 And His sweet Spirit is the breathing wind.  
 Something it chanted, too, of exiled men,  
 On the sad bank of that strange river, Life,  
 Hanging the harp of their deep heart-desires  
 To rest upon the willow of the Cross,  
 And longing for the everlasting hills,  
 Mount Zion, and Jerusalem of God.  
 And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling  
 heard  
 Nothing—save only the long wash of waves,  
 And one sweet psalm that sobbed forever—  
 more.

*William Alexander.*

**3138. BABYLON, Desolate.**

Isaiah xlii : 20.

Where, oh! where is Babylon?  
The crown is off her brow,  
And the queen that ruled o'er many lands  
Is untiarad now!

Say where is haughty Babylon,  
The home of golden towers?  
The serpent hisses in her halls,  
The dragon in her bowers!

Where is the proud destroyer now?  
All desolate and lorn,  
A mouldering monument she stands,  
To sate the eye of scorn!

Where is the sceptred city, where?  
The bittern's hollow cry  
Re-echoes round the reedy marsh  
Where broken columns lie!

Where, where is haughty Babylon?  
The deep pool mantles o'er,  
With silent wave, her gorgeous domes;  
Babylon is no more!

*David Mallock.***3139. BABYLON, Doom of.**

Jeremiah i : 23.

How trembled prostrate Babylon  
That dread war-ery to hear,  
When foeman's hands her rampart won,  
And mocked each dreaming seer!  
Mysterious writing had unrolled  
The downfall of her throne;  
The doom of other lands he told:  
He could not read his own.

Fallen are her halls, her palaces,  
The chambers of her kings;  
And left a howling wilderness,  
Where the night demon sings.  
Here lies, to desolation given,  
All that was bright and fair;  
The tower "whose top should reach to  
Its relics moulder there. [heaven,"

From "age to age her stream hath kept"  
Its joyous course along;  
Its banks, as when the Hebrews wept,  
Are echoless to song:  
And he who asked the captive's lay  
Of old by Babel's stream,  
Is now as desolate as they,  
His land, like theirs, a dream.

For lo! Heaven's cleaving curse, fore-  
Hath swept the peopled land; [shown,  
Chaldea's pride and Salem's throne  
Have felt an equal hand.  
But Judah! yet shall happier days  
Break on that night of thine;  
And brighter than the noontide blaze,  
Thy evening star shall shine.

But o'er that city of the day  
The hope of morning never  
Shall dawn; a home for beasts of prey,  
Forever and forever:  
Never to hear man's busy hum,  
Or echo to his tread;  
While Desolation walks the dumb,  
Drear city of the dead.

Here, where in pride the monarch dwelt,  
Where slaves their homage paid,  
While to the sun the Magian knelt,  
And the Chaldean prayed;  
Alike the sunshine and the cloud,  
The calm, the tempest's sweep;  
No ray so bright, no voice so loud  
To break that iron sleep. *H. W. J.*

**3140. BABYLON, Fallen.**

Jeremiah li : 37-43.

Fallen is stately Babylon,  
Her mansions from the earth are gone;  
Forever quenched, no more her beam  
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.  
Her mirth is hushed, her music fled,  
All save her very name is dead;  
And the lone river rolls his flood  
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East! afar  
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning-star!  
Till God, by righteous anger driven,  
Expelled thee from thy place in heaven.  
For false and treacherous was thy ray,  
Like swampy lights that lead astray;  
And o'er the splendor of thy name  
Rolled many a cloud of sin and shame.

Forever fled thy princely shrines,  
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;  
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone  
From the deserted altar-stone.  
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,  
And vanished their imperial state;  
E'en as the pageant of a dream  
That floats unheard on memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er  
The silence of her hidden shore,  
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,  
Hath mystery waved his awful wings.  
Concealed from eyes of mortal men,  
Of angels' more pervading ken,  
The ruined city lies o'erthrown,  
Her site to all but God unknown.

**3141. BABYLON, Prophecy of.**

Revelation xviii.

Then came from heaven a mighty angel  
down;  
The sky was kindled, and the dusky earth  
Grew bright as at the rising of the sun.  
And with a strong voice mightily he cried,  
"Great Babylon is fallen, is fallen—is fallen!

And is the hold of unclean spirits become;  
The habitation of the things of hell!

All nations of her wickedness have drunk,  
And been defiled. Come, my people, forth  
From out of her, that ye share not of her  
sins,

And that ye burn not with her plagues.  
For, lo!

Her wickedness hath reached unto heaven;  
God hath remembered her iniquities.

Therefore, in one day shall her plagues be  
sent—

Famine, and death, and mourning; and with  
fires

Shall she be burnt out utterly. And the kings  
That have partaken of her wickedness,  
Standing far off, shall look upon her smoke,  
Bewailing, and lamenting her, and cry,  
'Great Babylon! alas! great Babylon!  
Alas! that mighty city, Babylon!

For in one hour thy judgment is come down!'  
"The merchants of the earth shall weep  
and mourn,

Standing far off for terror of her torment,  
And cry, 'Alas! alas! great Babylon!  
Thou mighty city, in fine linen clothed,  
Purple, and scarlet; decked with gold and  
pearls,

And precious stones! for in one hour thy  
wealth

Is come to nought! what city was like thee,  
Thou mighty city!' Then upon their heads  
Shall they cast dust, and weep, and wail,  
and cry,

'Alas for that great city! whereby all  
That traded on the sea in ships grew rich,  
By reason of her costliness! Alas!  
For in one hour is she made desolate!'"

Then, wrathfully, a mighty angel grasped  
A rock, and lifted it, and to the sea  
Cast it far out. The waters dashed the clouds,  
And the deep sea was bared. And as he  
threw,

Thus, with a terrible voice, cried he, and  
said,

"Even so with violence shall great Babylon  
Be to the earth thrown down, and found no  
more!

The sound of harpers and of trumpeters,  
Of pipers and of singers, shall no more  
Be heard in thee at all. The craftsman's  
hand

Shall toil in thee no more; the chariot-  
wheel,

The snorting steed, shall shake thy streets  
no more.

Thy walls no more shall echo to the laugh  
Of drunken revellers; no more, no more,  
Thy kings shall come from conquest of thy  
foes;

The voice of bridegrooms and of brides  
shall be

Heard never more at all within thy gates.

In thee th' Arabian shall not pitch his tent,  
Nor shall the shepherd make in thee his  
fold,

But wild beasts of the desert shall he in  
thee;

Thy houses shall be full of doleful things;  
Owls in thy temples, serpents in thy halls,  
And dragons in thy pleasant palaces.

For by thy sorceries was the earth deceived,  
And in thee was the blood of prophets found,  
Of saints, and all that on the earth were  
slain!"

*Edwin Atherstone.*

### 3142. BABYLON, Ruins of.

Isaiah xlii : 21.

The many-colored domes

Yet wore one dusky hue;

The cranes upon the mosque

Kept their night-clatter still,

When through the gate the early traveller  
passed.

And when, at evening, o'er the swampy  
plain

The bittern's boom came far,

Distinct in darkness seen

Above the low horizon's lingering light,  
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the charioteer  
Looked down on swarming myriads; once  
she flung

Her arches o'er Euphrates's conquered tide,  
And through her brazen portals when she  
poured

Her armies forth, the distant nations  
looked

As men who watch the thunder-cloud in  
fear,

Lest it should burst above them. She was  
fallen!

The queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen!  
Low lay her bulwarks; the black scorpion  
basked

In the palace-courts; within the sanctuary  
The she-wolf hid her whelps.

Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what  
once

Hath been the ærial gardens, height on  
height

Rising like Media's mountains crowned with  
wood,

Work of imperial dotage? Where the  
fame

Of Belus? Where the golden image now,  
Which at the sound of dulcimer and  
lute,

Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,  
The Assyrian slaves adored?

A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon

Spreads o'er the blasted plain;

The wandering Arab never sets his tent  
Within her walls; the shepherd eyes afar

Her evil towers, and devious drives his  
flock.

Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,  
Euphrates rolls along,

Eternal nature's work.

*Robt. t. Southey.*

**3143. BABYLON, Story of.**

Many a perilous age hath gone  
 Since the walls of Babylon  
 Chained the broad Euphrates' tide,  
 Which the great king in his pride  
 Turned, and drained its channel bare;  
 Since the towers of Belus square,  
 Where the solid gates were hung  
 That on brazen hinges swung,  
 Mountain-sized, arose so high  
 That their daring shocked the sky.

Famous city of the earth,  
 What magician gave thee birth?  
 What great prince of sky or air  
 Built thy floating gardens fair?  
 Thee the mighty hunter founded;  
 Thee the star-wise king surrounded  
 With thy mural girdle thick  
 Of the black bitumen brick—  
 Belus, who was Jove, the god:  
 He who each bright evening trod  
 On thy marble streets, and came  
 Downwards like a glancing flame,  
 Love-allured, as fables tell.  
 But the last who loved thee well  
 Was the king whose amorous pride  
 (All to please his Median bride)  
 Fenced thee round and round so fast,  
 That, while the crumbling earth should last,  
 Thou, he thought, shouldst be, and Time  
 Should not spoil thy look sublime.

He is gone, whose spirit spoke  
 To him in a golden dream:  
 He who saw the future gleam  
 On the present, and awoke  
 Troubled in his princely mind,  
 And bade his magicians blind  
 From their eyelids strip the scale,  
 And translate his hidden tale:  
 He is gone; but ere he died  
 He was tumbled from his pride,  
 From his Babylonian throne,  
 And cast out to feed alone,  
 Like the wild ox and the ass,  
 Seven years on the sprinkled grass.  
 He is dead: his impious deeds  
 Are on the brass; but who succeeds?

Over Babylon's sandy plains  
 Belshazzar the Assyrian reigns.  
 A thousand lords at his kingly call  
 Have met to feast in a spacious hall,  
 And all the imperial boards are spread  
 With dainties whereon the monarch fed.  
 Rich cates and floods of the purple grape:  
 And many a dancer's serpent shape  
 Steals slowly upon their amorous sights,  
 Or glances beneath the flaunting lights:  
 And fountains throw up their silver spray,  
 And cymbals clash, and the trumpets braze  
 Till the sounds in the arched roof are hung;  
 And words from the winding horn are flung:  
 And still the carved cups go round,  
 And revel and mirth and wine abound.

But night has o'ertaken the fading day;  
 And Music has ragged her soul away:  
 The light in the bacchanal's eye is dim;  
 And faint is the Georgian's wild love-hymn.  
 "Bring forth" (on a sudden spoke the king,  
 And hushed were the lords, loud-rioting)—  
 "Bring forth the vessels of silver and gold,  
 Which Nebuchadnezzar, my sire, of old  
 Ravished from proud Jerusalem;  
 And we and our queens will drink from them.  
 And the vessels are brought, of silver and  
 Of stone, and of brass, and of iron old, [gold,  
 And of wood, whose sides like a bright gem  
 shine,  
 And their mouths are all filled with the  
 sparkling wine.  
 Hark! the king has proclaimed with a stately  
 nod, [god,"  
 "Let a health be drunk out unto Baal, the  
 They shout and they drink: but the music  
 moans,  
 And hushed are the reveller's loudest tones:  
 For a hand comes forth, and 'tis seen by all  
 To write strange words on the plastered wall!  
 The mirth is over; the soft Greek flute  
 And the voices of women are low, are mute;  
 The bacchanals' eyes are all staring wide;  
 And where's the Assyrian's pomp of pride?—  
 That night the monarch was stung to pain:  
 That night Belshazzar, the king, was slain!

Many a silent age the prow  
 Of untiring Time, dividing  
 Years and days, and ever gliding  
 Onwards, has passed by: and now,  
 Where's thy wealth of streets and towers?  
 Where thy gay and dazling hours?  
 Where thy crowds of slaves, and things  
 That fed on the rich breath of kings?  
 Where thy laughter-crownèd times?  
 Thou art—what?—a breath, a fame,  
 In the shadow of thy name  
 Dwelling, like a ghost unseen;  
 Grandeur than if laurels green  
 Or the massy gold were spread,  
 Crown-like, upon thy great head:  
 Mighty in thy own undoing,  
 Drawing a fresh life from ruin  
 And eternal prophecy:  
 Thou art gone, but cannot die.  
 Like a splendor from the sky  
 Through the silent æther flung,  
 Like a hoar tradition hung  
 Glittering in the ear of Time,  
 Thou art, like a lamp sublime,  
 Telling from thy wave-worn tower  
 Where the raging floods have power,  
 How ruin lives, and how time flies,  
 And all that on the dial lies.

*Bryan Waller Procter.*

**3144. BABYLON, The Fall of.**

But louder yet the heavens shall ring,  
 And brighter gleam each scraph's wing,  
 When doomed of old by every prophet's lyre,  
 Theme of the saints' appealing cry,

While underneath the shrine they lie—  
Proud Babel in her hour sinks in her sea of  
fire.

While worldlings from afar bemoan  
The shattered antichristian throne,  
The golden idol bruised to summer dust—  
“Where are her gems? her spices, where?  
Tower, dome, and arch, so proud and fair:  
Confusion is their name—the name of all  
earth’s trust.”

The while for joy and victory  
Seers and apostles sing on high,  
Chief the bright pair who rest in Roman  
earth:

Fallen Babel well their lays may earn,  
Whose triumph is when souls return,  
Who o’er relenting pride take part in angels’  
mirth. *John Keble.*

**3145. BABYLON, War against.**  
Jeremiah 1: 11-27.

“War against Babylon!” shout we around,  
Be our banners through earth unfurled;  
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound:  
“War against Babylon!” shout through the  
world.

O thou that dwellest on many waters,  
Thy day of pride is ended now,  
And the dark curse of Israel’s daughters  
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!  
War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the  
shields,

Set the standard of God on high;  
Swarm we, like locusts, o’er all her fields,  
“Zion” our watchword, and “vengeance”  
our cry!

Woe! woe! the time of thy visitation  
Is come, proud land; thy doom is cast,  
And the black surge of desolation  
Sweeps o’er thy guilty head at last!  
War, war, war against Babylon!  
*Thomas Moore.*

**3146. BABYLON, Weeping by the Rivers of.**

We sate down and wept by the waters  
Of Babel, and thought of the day  
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
Made Salem’s high places his prey;  
And ye, O her desolate daughters,  
Were scattered, all weeping, away.

While sadly we gazed on the river  
Which rolled on in freedom below,  
They demanded the song; but, oh never  
That triumph the stranger shall know!  
May this right hand be withered forever  
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
O Salem! its sound should be free;  
And the hour when thy glories were ended  
But left me that token of thee:

And ne’er shall its soft tones be blended  
With the voice of the spoiler by me!  
*Lord Byron.*

**3147. BABYLON, Woe upon.**  
Isaiah xlii: 1-22.

O lift ye the banner on high o’er the moun-  
tain,  
Let the trumpet be loud and the scimitar  
keen;  
For Babel shall fall as a drop from the  
fountain,  
And leave not a trace where her glories  
have been.

The prince from his hall and the serf from  
his labor  
Shall gird on their mail, and wave high  
the war sword;  
But the hand shall relax from its grasp of  
the sabre,  
And the heart shall grow faint in the  
wrath of the Lord

The moon in her light and the sun in his  
splendor  
Shall hide their pure ray from the proud  
city’s fall;  
While thick clouds of mist and of darkness  
attend her,  
And night wraps her streets like a funeral  
pall.

For the Medes from the north like a whirl-  
wind shall gather,  
And Babylon yield to the might of the  
brave;  
While the young blooming bride and the  
gray-headed father  
Shall lay their heads low in the dust of  
the grave.

Her halls shall be still, and their pavements  
be gory,  
Not a sound heard of mirth or of revel-  
ling there;  
But the pride of the Chaldees, the boast of  
their glory,  
Extinguished like Sodom, be blasted and  
bare.

On the spot where thou raisest thy front,  
mighty nation,  
Shall the owl have his nest, and the wild  
beast his den;  
Thy courts shall be desert, thy name Deso-  
lation,  
Now the tyrant of cities, the jest of them  
then!  
*G. Woods.*

**3148. BALAK AND BALAAM.**  
Numbers xxii 41; xxiii 1-12.

Upon the hill the prophet stood,  
King Balak, in the rocky vale;  
Around him, like a fiery flood,  
Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

'Tis morn—'twas noon—the sacrifice  
Still rolled its sheeted flame to heaven,  
Still on the prophet turned their eyes;  
Nor yet the fearful curse was given.

'Twas eve—the flame was feeble now,  
Was dried the victim's burning blood.  
The sun was sinking broad and low.  
King Balak by the prophet stood.

"Now, curse, or die!" The echoing roar  
Around him like a tempest came;  
Again the altar streamed with gore,  
And flushed again the sky with flame.

The prophet was in prayer; he rose,  
His mantle from his face was flung;  
He listened, where the mighty foes  
To heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like sunset clouds,  
Mixed with the desert's distant blue;  
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds,  
Heard the high strain their trumpets blew.

"Young lion of the desert sand,"  
Burst from his lips the prophet-cry,  
"What strength before thy strength shall  
stand?  
What hunter meet thee, but to fly?"

"Come, heaven-crowned lord of Palestine,  
Lord of her plain, her mountain throne;  
Lord of her olive and her vine:  
Come, king of nations, claim Thine own.

"Be Israel cursed!" was in his soul,  
But on his lip the wild words died;  
He paused, till night on Israel stole;  
Still was the fearful curse untried.

Now wilder on his startled ear,  
From Moab's hills and valleys dim,  
Rose the fierce clash of shield and spear,  
Rose the mad yells of Baalim.

"How shall I curse whom God hath blest?  
With whom He dwells, with whom shall  
dwell?"  
He clasped his pale hands on his breast;  
"Then be thou blest, O Israel!"

A whirlwind from the desert rushed,  
Deep thunders echoed round the hill.  
King, prophet, multitude, were hushed!  
The thunders sank, the blast was still.

Broad on the east, a newborn Star,  
On cloud, vale, desert, poured its blaze.  
The prophet knew the Sign afar,  
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

"I shall behold Him—but not now;  
I shall behold Him—but not nigh.  
He comes, beneath the Cross to bow,  
To toil, to triumph, and to die.

"All power is in His hand; the world  
Is dust beneath His trampling heel.  
The thunder from His lips is hurled,  
The heavens beneath His presence reel.

"He comes a stranger to His own;  
With the wild bird and fox He lies.  
The King, who makes the stars His throne,  
A wanderer lives, an outcast dies!

"Lost Israel! on thy diadem  
What blood shall for His blood be poured?  
Torn from the earth, thy royal stem,  
Victim of famine, chain, and sword."

The prophet paused in awe; the Star  
Rose broader on the boundless plain,  
Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,  
On mighty Israel's farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed,  
From harps of more than mortals given,  
Till in the central cope it glowed,  
Then vanished in the heights of heaven!  
*George Croly.*

**3149. BARNABAS, Consecration of.**  
Acts iv : 36, 37.

See here an apostolic priest,  
Commissioned from the sky,  
Who dares of all himself divest,  
The needy to supply!  
A primitive example rare  
Of gospel poverty,  
To feed the flock his only care,  
And like his Lord to be.

Jesus, to us apostles raise,  
Like-minded pastors give  
Who, freely may dispense Thy grace  
As freely they receive;  
Who, disengaged from all below,  
May earthly things despise,  
And every creature good forego  
For treasure in the skies.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3150. BARNABAS, The Apostle.**  
Acts iv : 36.

The world's a room of sickness, where each  
heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,  
Is his who skills of comfort best;  
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone  
Enfeebled spirits own,  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him  
fleeing by:

Feel only—for in silence gently gliding  
Fain would he shun both ear and sight,  
'Twixt prayer and watchful love his heart  
dividing,  
A nursing father day and night. [lay,  
Such were the tender arms where cradled  
In her sweet natal day,



The Church of Jesus; such the love  
He to His chosen taught for His dear  
widowed Dove.

Warmed underneath the Comforter's safe  
wing,

They spread the endearing warmth around  
Mourners, speed here your broken hearts to  
bring,

Here healing dews and balms abound;  
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,  
By trial taught your pain;  
Here loving hearts that daily know [stow.  
The heavenly consolations they on you be-

Sweet thoughts are theirs, that breathe se-  
renest calms,

Of holy offerings timely paid,  
Of fire from heaven to bless their votive alms  
And passions on God's altar laid. [shine  
The world to them is closed, and now they  
With rays of love divine,  
Through darkest nooks of this dull earth  
Pouring, in showery times, their glow of  
"quiet mirth."

New hearts before their Saviour's feet to lay,  
This is their first, their dearest joy:  
Their next, from heart to heart to clear the  
For mutual love without alloy: [way  
Never so blest as when in Jesus' roll  
They write some hero-soul;  
More pleased upon his brightening road  
To wait, than if their own with all his ra-  
diance glowed.

O happy spirits, marked by God and man  
Their messages of love to bear,  
What though long since in heaven your  
brows began

The genial amaranth wreath to wear,  
And in the eternal leisure of calm love  
Ye banquet there above,  
Yet in your sympathetic heart [a part.  
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope

Comfort, true sons! amid the thoughts of  
That strew your pillow of repose, [down  
Sure 'tis one joy to muse how ye unknown  
By sweet remembrance soothe our woes,  
And how the spark ye lit of heavenly cheer  
Lives in our embers here,  
Where'er the Cross is borne with smiles,  
Or lightened secretly by love's endearing  
wiles.

Where'er the Levite in the temple keeps  
The watch-fire of his midnight prayer,  
Or issuing thence, the eyes of mourners steep  
In heavenly balm, fresh gathered there;  
Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's rude  
Only win double life: [strife,  
They have but left our weary ways  
To live in memory here, in heaven by love  
and praise. *John Keble.*

**3151. BARNABAS, The Apostle.**

Acts xi : 22-26.

Of him the sacred record saith  
He was a good man, full of faith,  
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,  
Rejoiced to see the Gospel spread :

Spread by the saints where'er they went  
From martyrdom to banishment;  
The Cross through every region bore,  
And more oppressed, prevailed the more.

From doomed Jerusalem cast forth,  
Eastward and westward, south and north,  
On fertile field and barren clod  
They sowed the seed, the Word of God.

To heathen Antioch, when they came,  
And first received their Master's name,  
They gloried in it, and bequeathed  
The inheritance to all that breathed :

To all that breathed by second birth,  
Children of God, though sons of earth;  
For "Christians," Christians such shall be  
Till time becomes eternity.

Well then might Barnabas rejoice,  
And aid the work with heart and voice;  
For though by earth and hell assailed,  
The truth grew mighty and prevailed.  
*James Montgomery.*

**3152. BARABBAS.**

John xviii : 40.

Barabbas, in his prison cell,  
Gazed on the heavens fair,  
And saw the paschal moon ascend  
In night's empurpled air.  
The hours crept on; with awe and dread  
He waited for the morn;  
He heard at last the soldier's tread,  
And saw the bolt withdrawn.

"Barabbas," so the soldier spake,  
I bring thee news of grace,  
For Christ, the man of Nazareth,  
To-day shall take thy place.  
Without the gate shall Jesus bear  
The cross prepared for thee,  
Go thou to the atoning feast!"  
The man of crime went free.

Barabbas saw the darkened earth  
When came the hour of noon,  
And slept in peace when Jesus wept  
Beneath the paschal moon.  
O man of sin! in thee I see  
Myself redeemed by grace;  
The blood-stained cross that rose for thee  
Took every sinner's place.

*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

## 3153. BARTIMEUS.

Luke xviii : 35-40.

Then Jesus called  
His twelve disciples unto Him, and said, [be  
"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, [be  
Where all that prophets have foretold shall  
Fulfilled." None knew whereof He spake,  
for it  
Was hid from them; but simply trusting Him  
For all things that should be, they followed  
Him.

I think all nature must have worn a smile  
Of gladness on that day; the smallest bird  
Have carolled forth its heaven-taught song  
of joy;

With quiet, folded arms the trees have bowed  
In adoration as the Lord passed by.  
And everywhere came weary souls for whom  
No rest had ever come, and empty hands  
Stretched out towards Him who never turned  
From lowliest prayers. [away

But in the midst of all  
This harmony, beside the way there sat  
A beggar, blind. No hint of beauteous  
things  
E'er reached his sightless eyes; no ray of  
light

Had ever rent the deep, black veil that  
wrapped

Its dusky folds about his life and made  
His day as dark as starless night.

But from  
Afar the sound of coming feet was borne  
To him, and set his heart a-quivering  
For fear, the while he asks, "What means  
the crowd?"

Oh, is there danger near?" Then one replied,  
"Jesus of Nazareth is passing by."  
Amid the throng none saw the look of joy  
That flashed across his face, none knew the  
throb

Of hope that leaped within his breast, for  
each

Intent upon his own designing plans  
Paid little heed. They heard his cry, "O  
Christ

Hear Thou my prayer!" And one, the fore-  
most of  
Them all, rebuked the man and bade him hold  
His peace.

But sooner might the wildwood flower  
Refuse to blossom when the spring-time  
comes,

Or singing bird forget its song, than that  
These darkened years should fail to find  
their voice.

And all the stifled moaning of his life,  
The longing and the waiting for a joy  
That never came, burst forth in that one  
long

And pleading cry, "O Son of David, have  
Thou mercy now on me!"

Above the noise  
And tumult of the multitude, the prayer  
Reached Jesus' ears. And suddenly a hush  
Fell over the crowd, and even Nature held

Her breath as Jesus said, "Bring him to  
Me!"

Obedient to His call, with trembling steps  
He came, and at the Saviour's feet bowed low.  
Could he have seen the smile that shone upon  
Christ's face, and known 'twas meant for  
him, it would

Have struck within his heart so grand a  
chord

As would have filled his darkest day with  
glad,

Sweet joy. He heard the low, clear voice  
demand,

"What wilt thou I should do?" And all his  
fear

Departed then, and he replied, "O Lord,  
If but I may receive my sight!"

On his drooping head lay the Master's hand,  
Through the dusk of his life-long night,  
E'en as sunlight scatters the mist away,  
Shone the welcome "Receive thy sight!"

As the rosy door of the morn swings wide  
At the touch of the king of day,  
So the shrouded eyes felt the hand divine,  
And the shadows were rolled away.

Then the soul's barred windows were open  
thrown,

And the light from the Saviour's face  
Such a glorious gleam through the darkness  
As no sorrow could ever efface. [sent,  
*Clara Bemis.*

## 3154. BARTIMEUS, Blind.

Mark x : 51.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits:  
He hears the crowd—he hears a breath  
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
'*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησον με!*

The thronging multitudes increase;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;  
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"  
*Θάρσει, ἔγχειραι, φωνεῖ σε!*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, "What wilt thou at My hands?"  
And he replies, "Oh give me light!  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"  
And Jesus answers, "*Ἰταγε:*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου βέβαιή σε!*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησον με!*  
*Θάρσει, ἔγχειραι, ὕπαγε!*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου βέβαιή σε!*

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**3155. BARTIMEUS, Call of.**

Luke xviii : 40.

How wondrous are the ways and means, O  
 Lord,  
 For bringing sinners to Thy sacred feet;  
 By grace, and by Thy Spirit and Thy Word,  
 Saviour and sinner meet.

Blind Bartimeus craved Thy mighty power,  
 And Thou didst hear his anxious, earnest  
 cry;  
 Didst stand in that supreme, expectant hour,  
 And call the blind man nigh.

Yet not Thy voice alone, for Thou didst  
 please  
 That other voices should repeat Thy word;  
 Thou didst "command him to be called"  
 Co-workers with Thee, Lord. [by these

And many voices, now uplifted, say,  
 "Take courage, for He calleth thee; arise?"  
 These voices were the heralds of new day  
 To those dark, sightless eyes.

Not yet, alas! can those blind eyeballs see;  
 Apart from Jesus still the blind man  
 stands,  
 Thou didst "command him to be brought"  
 By kindly helping hands. [to thee,

How great the blessedness, how dear the  
 thought:  
 Not only He himself calls sinners nigh,  
 But He commands them "to be called" and  
 By brethren standing by. ["brought"]

"Co-workers" still—in heart and voice and  
 hand,  
 To call them, lead them, to the Saviour's  
 feet;  
 Thus by Thy word, or ours at Thy command,  
 Saviour and sinner meet.

*Robert Maguire.***3156. BARTIMEUS, Cry of.**

As Jesus went into Jericho town,  
 'Twas darkness all, from toe to crown,  
 About blind Bartimeus.  
 He said, "When eyes are so very dim,  
 They are no use for seeing Him;  
 No matter—He can see us."

"Cry out, cry out, blind brother, cry;  
 Let not salvation dear go by.  
 Have mercy, Son of David."  
 Though they were blind, they both could  
 hear;  
 They heard, and cried, and He drew near;  
 And so the blind were savèd.

O Jesus Christ, I am very blind;  
 Nothing comes through into my mind;  
 'Tis well I am not dumb:  
 Although I see Thee not, nor hear,  
 I cry because Thou mayst be near:  
 O Son of Mary, come.

I hear it through the all things blind:  
 Is it Thy voice, so gentle and kind,  
 "Poor eyes, no more be dim?"  
 A hand is laid upon mine eyes;  
 I hear and hearken, see and rise:  
 'Tis He: I follow Him.

*George Macdonald.***3157. BARTIMEUS, Prayer of.**

Mark x : 46-52.

A sinner blind and poor,  
 A helpless beggar I,  
 The pardoning grace implore,  
 Of Him that passes by:  
 He passes now: His name I hear,  
 And long to see my Saviour near.

Jesus, for this I wait,  
 Thy Deity to know;  
 Pity my dark estate,  
 On me Thy mercy show;  
 Thou Son and Lord of David, be  
 A Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

The world rebuke in vain,  
 And would my clamors still,  
 Till mercy I obtain  
 I must cry on, and will.  
 Mercy, thou Son of David, show  
 And give me eyes Thyself to know.

Stopped by a sinner's prayer,  
 Thou canst no farther move,  
 Thou canst no more forbear  
 To manifest Thy love.  
 Thou waitest now to show Thy grace,  
 And callest me to seek Thy face.

I now Thy call obey,  
 Put off my sordid dress,  
 And cast the rags away  
 Of my own righteousness.  
 Naked, and indigent, and blind,  
 I run the pardoning God to find.

By Thy own mercy brought,  
 Before Thy face I stand;  
 Yet still I see Thee not  
 Till Thou put forth Thy hand.  
 And by Thy word create the light,  
 And by Thy touch restore my sight.

In pity to my cries  
 And heartfelt poverty,  
 Open the beggar's eyes,  
 That I my way may see:  
 My pure and living way pursue,  
 Till Thee I in Thy glory view.

I would my sight receive  
 And keep my Lord in view,  
 Thy faithful follower live,  
 Thy steps in death pursue,  
 And joyful lay my body down,  
 The cross exchanging for the crown.

Faith to be healed I have,  
The faith Thou didst impart;  
But now the sinner save,  
And cure the blind of heart.  
This instant, Lord, my sight restore,  
And following Thee I sin no more.

Yes, O my suffering God,  
Henceforth I follow Thee,  
The narrow rugged road  
Which leads to Calvary;  
And there I on the cross ascend  
To heavenly joys that never end.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3158. BARTIMEUS, Story of.**

My Saviour, what Thou didst of old,  
When Thou wast dwelling here,  
Thou doest yet for them who, bold  
In faith, to Thee draw near.

Mourning I sat beside the way,  
In sightless gloom apart,  
And sadness heavy on me lay,  
And longing gnawed my heart:

I heard the music of the psalms  
Thy people sung to Thee;  
I felt the waving of their palms;  
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,  
Too keen my grief became;  
Then I took heart in my despair  
To call upon Thy name:

“O Son of David! save and heal,  
As Thou so oft hast done:  
O heavenly Saviour, let me feel  
My load of darkness gone.”

And ever weeping, as I spoke,  
With bitter prayers and sighs,  
My stony heart grew soft and broke,  
More earnest yet my cries.

A sudden answer stilled my fear;  
For it was said to me,  
“O poor blind man! be of good cheer;  
Arise, He calleth thee.”

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodst still;  
Groping, Thy feet I sought;  
From off me fell my old self-will,  
A change came o'er my thought.

Thou saidst, “What is it thou wouldst have?”  
“Lord, that I might have sight;  
To see Thy countenance I crave.”  
“So be it: have thou light.”

And words of Thine can never fail,  
My fears are past and o'er;  
My soul is glad with light, the veil  
Is on my heart no more.

*Fouqué, tr. by Miss Winkworth.*

**3159. BARTIMEUS, Testimony of.**

Whence Jesus came I cannot tell,  
Nor why He came to me;  
One thing I know and know it well,  
Though I was blind, I see!  
I once was blind, but now I see!  
And that is news enough for me.

When all was dark, One touched my eyes,  
And that is all I know;  
For light came down from paradise  
And set my soul aglow;  
I once was blind, but now I see!  
And that is light enough for me.

How it was done I cannot say  
Nor even think, nor dream;  
Nor why a touch of moistened clay  
Should make things what they seem.  
I once was blind, but now I see!  
And that is truth enough for me.

It is the Son of God! His grace  
Makes trembling weakness strong;  
Wipes tears away from sorrow's face  
And teaches grief a song.  
I once was blind, but now I see!  
And that is joy enough for me.

The law of sight I may not guess,  
Nor reason out my views;  
For faith itself is meaningless  
To Pharisees and Jews.  
I once was blind but now I see!  
And that is faith enough for me.

**3160. BARZILLAI.**

*2 Samuel xix: 34-37*

Son of Jesse! let me go—  
Why should princely honors stay me?—  
Where the streams of Gilead flow,  
Where the light first met mine eye,  
Thither would I turn and die;  
Where my parents' ashes lie,  
King of Israel, bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,  
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,  
Who early taught my soul with awe  
To heed the prophets and the law,  
And to my infant heart appeared  
Majestic as a god:

Oh! when this sacred dust  
The cements of the tomb shall burst,  
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise  
To yonder blissful skies,  
Where angel hosts resplendent shine.  
Jehovah, Lord of hosts, the glory shall be  
Thine.

Cold age upon my breast  
Hath shed a frost like death,  
The wine cup hath no zest,  
The rose no fragrant breath;  
Music from my ear hath fled,  
Yet still one sweet tone lingereth there,  
The blessing that my mother shed  
Upon my evening prayer.

Dim is my wasted eye  
 To all that beauty brings,  
 The brow of grace, the form of symmetry,  
 Are half forgotten things;  
 Yet one bright hue is vivid still,  
 A mother's holy smile that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor tread,  
 Methinks doth steal away  
 Treasures that the mind had laid  
 Up for a wintry day.  
 Images of sacred power,  
 Cherished deep in passion's hour,  
 Faintly now my bosom stir,  
 Good and evil like a dream  
 Half obscured and shadowy seem,  
 Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,  
 Yea, it remembereth her:  
 Close by her blessed side make ye my sepulchre.  
*Mrs. L. II. Sigourney.*

**3161.** BEGGAR, The Lame.  
 Acts iii : 3-11.

In this emblem see  
 My own unhappy case,  
 My nature's poverty  
 And utter helplessness;  
 So impotent to good I am,  
 Who from the womb a cripple came.

Here at the temple's gate  
 (The real temple), I,  
 A feeble beggar, wait,  
 And for His mercy cry,  
 Who only can my wants relieve,  
 And power and peace and pardon give.

Day after day distressed  
 On Jesus I attend,  
 And urging my request  
 Besiege the sinner's Friend;  
 In patient prayer expect a cure,  
 Till He pronounce my pardon sure.

Master, Thy pitying eye  
 Is fastened now on me,  
 Thou bidst my soul rely,  
 And look for help to Thee:  
 To Thee I steadfastly give heed  
 For all the good Thou knowst I need.

I every moment hope  
 To hear Thy pardoning word;  
 Mine eyes are lifted up,  
 Are ever to the Lord;  
 On Thee my fixed regard I turn,  
 And for the consolation mourn.

Thou seest my helplessness,  
 Thou hearest my sad complaint,  
 The riches of Thy grace,  
 And nothing else, I want;  
 Those riches which the world despise  
 Are all I wish, and all I prize.

The blessing I implore  
 Kindly vouchsafe to give,  
 Or through Thy servants poor,  
 Or by Thyself relieve.  
 Raise by Thine own immediate word,  
 And speak my soul to health restored.

Thyself lay hold on me,  
 And lifted up by grace,  
 And apprehending Thee,  
 I walk in all Thy ways.  
 More active as I further go,  
 And swifter than a bounding roe.

A sinner poor and lame,  
 At Thy command I rise;  
 Thine efficacious name  
 With springing life supplies.  
 Thy name, the moment I believe,  
 Doth strength and perfect soundness give.

Jesus, through faith alone  
 I answer to Thy call;  
 I stand, and walk, and run,  
 A leap o'er every wall;  
 Enter with joy the hallowed place,  
 And loudly sing my Saviour's praise.

Both strength and righteousness  
 In Thee I surely have,  
 Gladly I Thee confess  
 Omnipotent to save;  
 My helpless unbelief to heal,  
 And pardon on my conscience seal.

Who our weaknesses have known  
 Should our conversion see,  
 While with joyful lips we own  
 The name that sets us free;  
 By our walk the change sincere,  
 By holiness of life we prove,  
 While we humbly persevere  
 In gratitude and love.

Stranger far the miracle  
 Which doth a soul convert,  
 When our Lord vouchsafes to heal  
 Our impotence of heart:  
 Outward miracles are done  
 That we the Invisible may see,  
 God, who all His power makes known  
 In man's infirmity.

Through the ministry of man  
 Whoe'er their cure receive,  
 Fondly they at first detain,  
 And to the preacher cleave:  
 Father, taught by grace Divine,  
 The Author of all good they own,  
 Every instrument resign,  
 And cleave to Christ alone.

Lord, in these Thy Spirit's days  
 Thou dost Thy work renew,  
 Daily miracles of grace  
 On helpless sinners show:

Oh, might all the thoughtless crowd,  
 With wonder struck my change to see,  
 Flock into the courts of God,  
 And run for faith to Thee!

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3162. BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

Hebrews iii : 12.

The tree that yields our care and grief  
 Is from a root of unbelief!  
 The pricking thorns, the arrows fierce,  
 Our spirit and our flesh to pierce—  
 The grafts that spoil our vineyard's fruit,  
 Are from that bitter evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes,  
 The flagstaff of the prince of foes,  
 The tares that mar our golden sheaf,  
 All, all spring up from unbelief:  
 And Hope, the victim of Despair,  
 Points, dying, to the poison there.

But in belief we've joy and peace,  
 Of faith and power a sweet increase;  
 From burning skies a cool retreat,  
 A shelter safe when tempests beat—  
 Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief—  
 For every wound a healing leaf.

Belief smooths down our thorny cares,  
 With shooting grain uproots the tares,  
 Our harp from off the willow takes  
 And every chord to music wakes,  
 Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,  
 Springs up with life and beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear, and damp,  
 Belief will feed and screen our lamp,  
 Upon our feet her sandals bind,  
 About our waist her girdle wind,  
 Then lend a staff, and lead the way,  
 'Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When all the fountains of the deep  
 Seem broken up o'er earth to sweep;  
 While billowy mountains toss our bark,  
 Belief's the dove, from out the ark,  
 Across the flood to stretch her wing,  
 And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,  
 As on the cloud to cast their light,  
 'Till fair and glorious hues shall form  
 From drops and shades that robed the storm,  
 Bent o'er our world in peace, to show  
 God's covenant sign, His unstrung bow

When through a dry and thirsty land  
 The pilgrim treads the desert sand,  
 Belief brings distant prospect near,  
 With fruit, and bowers, and fountains clear,  
 Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be  
 An heir of immortality.

While unbelief would ever bring  
 A chain about our spirit's wing,

Belief will plume it o'er the grave—  
 Above the swell of Jordan's wave—  
 To fly, nor droop, 'till gently furled  
 In that sweet home, the spirit world.

*Hannah F. Gould.*

### 3163. BELSHAZZAR.

Daniel v : 1-30.

On the rushing, mighty river,  
 On the wide, night-covered plain,  
 Sounds the rattling of the quiver,  
 Sounds the tramp, then dies again.  
 There, in numbers without number,  
 Persia's hordes are pouring on.  
 Thou hast slept thy final slumber,  
 God-defying Babylon!

On the city's thousand towers  
 Blaze a thousand festal fires!  
 Squandering his hour of hours,  
 Guilty son of guilty sires,  
 There Belshazzar, with his lords,  
 To the timbrel's silvery chime,  
 Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,  
 Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,  
 Asia's treasures round thee blaze,  
 Princes proud, and sages hoary,  
 Like a god upon thee gaze:  
 Harmonies around thee winging;  
 Beauty in her brightest bloom  
 To thy golden footstool clinging.  
 Yet that throne shall be thy tomb!

Hark! what sudden burst of thunder  
 Shakes the hall, and heaves the ground!  
 All are hushed in fear and wonder;  
 There is judgment in the sound!  
 Conscience-struck, the crowned blasphemer,  
 Wild and wilder quaffs the wine:  
 "Shall I turn a coward dreamer,  
 When the living world is mine!

"Bring the golden cups!" he cries,  
 "Purchased by my father's sword.  
 High to Baal fill the prize,  
 Spite of Israel and his Lord!"  
 Still, with mortal anguish saddening,  
 Pledged he round his nobles all.  
 Ha! but are his senses maddening?  
 Clouds have filled the mighty hall!

Tyrant! now is run thy sand!  
 Tyrant! now is wove thy shroud!  
 Sees he now a giant hand,  
 Darting from a fiery cloud;  
 Through the midnight, murky air,  
 Flashing ghastly on the throne,  
 Like a comet's blasting glare,  
 Mene, Tekel, Perez, shone.

Now is heard his cry of terror:  
 "Bring the priest, and bring the seer!"  
 Crowding came, with magic mirror,  
 Ciphered scroll, and mystic sphere,

All the sons of sorcery!  
With the idol in their van;  
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,  
Rushing on with shout and ban.

Now the human victims lie,  
Embers in the altar's blaze;  
Now, the priests of blasphemy,  
Whirling, dance in mystic maze.  
Vain the dance, the blood, the spell!  
Still, upon the burning stone  
Glares the fearful oracle,  
Still untold, unread, unknown!

"Let the foul impostors die!"  
Swells the roar from prince and slave.  
But before their startled eye,  
Like a vision from the grave,  
Comes the man of Israel.  
Still the fetters round him cling,  
Yet his words, like arrows fell—  
Woe to people, woe to king!

"Number, number, weight, and measure!  
Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.  
Life and empire, blood and treasure,  
All are lost, and all are won."  
Instant on the dazzling wall  
Stooped the cloud's supernal gloom,  
Instant on the mighty hall  
Sat the darkness of the tomb!

Then the thunder pealed again,  
But came, mingled with its roar,  
Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.  
From Euphrates' hollow shore  
Comes the rushing charioteer;  
Showers the torch on shrine and throne.  
Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there!  
Persia tramples Babylon.

*George Croly.*

### 3164. BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis night: the proud mansions, gloom-  
covered, they lie.

And closed in repose is the lewd-lighted eye.

Hark! thro' the lone streets a herald doth fly  
On a high-crested steed, and this is his cry:

"Awaken! awaken! ye young and ye old!  
Belshazzar the king his wassail would hold."

And the palace of gold like the sun it doth  
glare,  
And Babylon's sons and her maidens are  
there.

In his lofty, high-pillared, banqueting-hall,  
Belshazzar doth hold his great festival.

The beakers are filled, his minions loud scoff,  
And they jeer, and they mock, and they boisterously  
laugh.

Belshazzar is pleased—his goblet he breaks—  
He curses Jehovah, and his clinched hand  
shakes!

Twelve slaves the gold vessels of the temple  
bring,  
Reft from the place of Jehovah. The king

Seizes a cup, stolen from the shrine,  
And fillst to the brim with o'erflowing wine.

He drinketh and crieth in ribald glee,  
While foameth his mouth, "I curse thee!"  
cries he.

"I curse thee, Jehovah! I tell to thee now,  
I'm Babylon's ruler, and greater than thou!"

But lo! while he speaks a hand doth appear  
On the wall, and the king doth tremble in  
fear.

On the wall a hand—and writeth alway  
In letters of fire—and fadeth away.

And stilled is the noise—with riveted eye  
Each reveller gazeth, naught else can espy.

The magians enter—oh, full-wise are they!  
But they gaze, and they tremble, and nothing  
can say.

Then loud laughs the king, but that laugh is  
in fear:

"Expound me! what meaneth this mockery  
here?"

The seers of Chaldea—oh, full wise are they!  
But they gaze, and they tremble, and nothing  
can say.

A captive, a boy, he readeth the hand:  
"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin! Thy death is at  
hand!

"Thy pride, it is broken; thy kingdom is  
flown;  
The Persian is here, and his is thy throne!"

The morning arrives: Belshazzar lies dead,  
And Babylon's splendor forever is fled!

*Thomas E. Sears.*

### 3165. BELSHAZZAR, Boast of.

*Belshazzar.* O ye, assembled Babylon! fair  
youths

And hoary elders, warriors, counsellors,  
And bright-eyed women, down my festal  
board

Reclining! O ye thousand living men,  
Do ye not hold your chartered breath from  
me?

And I can plunge your souls in wine and joy;  
Or by a word, a look, dismiss you all  
To darkness and to shame; yet are ye not  
Proud of the slavery that thus enthralis you?  
What king, what ruler over subject man  
Or was, or is, or shall be like Belshazzar!  
I summon from their graves the sceptred  
dead

Of elder days, to see their shame. I cry  
 Unto the cloudy past, Unfold the thrones  
 That glorified the younger world. I call  
 To the dim future, Lift thy veil and show  
 The destined lords of human kind. They rise,  
 They bow their veiled heads to the dust, and  
 own

The throne whereon Chaldea's monarch sits,  
 The height and pinnacle of human glory.

O ancient cities, o'er whose streets the grass  
 Is green, whose name hath withered from  
 the face

Of earth! O ye by rich o'erflowing Nile,  
 Memphis, and hundred-gated Thebes, and  
 thou,

Assyrian Nineveh, and ye golden towers  
 That redden o'er the Indian streams, what  
 are ye

To Babylon, eternal Babylon!

That's girt with bulwarks strong as adamant,  
 O'er whom Euphrates' restless waves keep  
 watch,

That, like the high and everlasting heavens,  
 Grows old, yet not less glorious? Yes, to you  
 I turn, O azure-curtained palaces!

Whose lamps are stars, whose music the  
 sweet motion

Of your own spheres, in whom the ban-  
 queters

Are gods, nor fear my Babylonian halls  
 Even with your splendors to compare.

Bring wine!

I see your souls as jocund as mine own:

Pour in you vessels of the Hebrews' God  
 Belshazzar's beverage—pour it high. Hear,  
 earth!

Hear, heaven! my proud defiance! Oh,  
 what a man,

What God—

*Many Voices.* The king! the king! look to  
 the king!

*Arioch.* Where? I can see nor king nor  
 people—nothing

But a bewildering, red, and gloom-like light  
 That swallows up the fiery canopy  
 Of lamps.

*Sabaris.* Hath blindness smitten thee?

*Arioch.*

I know not;

But all things swim around me in darkness  
 That dazzles—

*Sabaris.* See, his shuddering joints are  
 loosened,

And his knees smite each other; such a face  
 Is seen in tombs: what means it?

*Arioch.*

Seest not thou,

That tauntedst me but now, upon the wall—  
 There—there—it moves—

*Belshazzar.* O dark and bodiless hand,  
 What art thou, thus upon my palace wall  
 Gliding in shadowy, slow, gigantic black-  
 ness?

Lo! fiery letters, where it moves, break out:  
 'Tis there, 'tis gone: 'tis there again—no,  
 nought

[burn

But those strange characters of flame, that

Upon the unkindled wall: I cannot read  
 them—  
 Can ye?

I see your quivering lips that speak not—  
 Sabaris—Arioch—captains—elders—all  
 As pale and horror-stricken as myself!  
 Are there no wiser? Call ye forth the  
 dreamers,

And those that read the stars, and every  
 priest,

And he that shall interpret best shall wear  
 The scarlet robe and chain of gold, and sit  
 Third ruler of my realm. Away! No, leave  
 me not

To gaze alone, alone, on those pale signs  
 Of destiny, the inextinguishable,  
 The indelible. Strew, strew my couch where  
 best

I may behold what sears my burning eye-  
 balls

To gaze on, and the cold blood round my  
 heart

To stand, like snow. No, ache mine eyes  
 and quiver

My palsied limbs; I cannot turn away;

Here am I bound as by thrice-linked brass,

Here, till the burthen of mine ignorance

Be from my loaded soul taken off, in silence

Deep as the midnight round a place of tombs.

*H. H. Milman.*

### 3166. BELSHAZZAR, Daniel before.

*Belshazzar.* Art thou that Daniel of the He-  
 brew race,

In whom the excellence of wisdom dwells

As in the gods? I have heard thy fame;  
 behold

Yon mystic letters flaming on the wall,  
 That in the darkness of their fateful import

Baffle the wisest of Chaldea's sages!

Read and interpret; and the satrap robe

Of scarlet shall invest thy limbs, the chain

Of gold adorn thy neck, and all the world

Own thee third ruler of Chaldea's realm!

*Daniel.* Belshazzar, be thy gifts unto thy-  
 self,

And thy rewards to others. I, the servant  
 Of God, will read God's writing to the king.

The Lord of hosts to thy great ancestor,  
 To Nabonassar, gave the all-ruling sceptre

O'er all the nations, kingdoms, languages;

Lord paramount of life and death, he slew  
 Where'er he willed, and v. here he willed men

lived;

His word exalted, and his word debased;  
 And so his heart swelled up, and in its pride

Arose to heaven! But then the lord of earth  
 Became an outcast from the sons of men,

Companion of the browsing beasts! The dews  
 Of night fell cold upon his crownless brow,

And the wild asses of the desert fed

Round their unenvied peer! And so he knew  
 That God is Sovereign o'er earth's sceptred

lords.

But thou, his son, unwarned, untaught, un-  
 tamed,



Belshazzar, hast arisen against the Lord,  
And in the vessels of His house hast quaffed  
Profane libations, mid thy slaves and women,  
To gods of gold, and stone, and wood; and  
laughed

The King of kings, the God of gods, to scorn.  
Now hear the words, and hear their secret  
meaning:

“Numbered!” Twice “Numbered!”  
Weighed! Divided!” King,

Thy reign is numbered, and thyself art  
weighed,

And wanting in the balance, and thy realm  
Severed, and to the conquering Persian given!

*Belshazzar.* Go, lead the Hebrew forth,  
arrayed

In the proud robe; let all thee hail,  
The honored of Belshazzar.

*Henry II. Milman.*

**3167. BELSHAZZAR, Fate of.**

Joy holds her court in great Belshazzar's hall,  
Where his proud lords attend their mon-  
arch's call,

The rarest dainties of the teeming East  
Provoke the revel and adorn the feast.

And now the monarch rises. “Pour,” he  
cries,

“To the great gods, the Assyrian deities!

Pour forth libations of the rosy wine

To Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine!

Those golden vessels crown, which erewhile  
stood

Fast by the oracle of Judah's God,  
Till that accursed race—”

But why, O king!

Why dost thou start, with livid cheek? why  
fling

The untasted goblet from thy trembling  
hand?

Why shake thy joints, thy feet forget to  
stand?

Why roams thine eye, which seems in wild  
amaze

To shun some object, yet return to gaze  
Then shrinks again appalled, as if the tomb  
Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom?

Awful the horror, when Belshazzar raised  
His arm, and pointed where the vision blazed!

For see, enrobed in flame, a mystic shade,

As of a hand, a red right-hand, displayed!

And slowly moving o'er the wall, appear

Letters of fate and characters of fear.  
In death-like silence grouped, the revellers  
all

Fix their glazed eyeballs on the illumined  
wall.

See! now the vision brightens; now 'tis gone,  
Like meteor flash, like heaven's own light-  
ning flown!

But, though the hand hath vanished, what  
is writ

Is ineffaced. Who will interpret it?

In vain the sages try their utmost skill;

The mystic letters are unconstrued still.

“Quick, bring the prophet! let his tongue  
proclaim

The mystery of that visionary flame.”

The holy prophet came, and stood upright,

With brow serene, before Belshazzar's sight.

The monarch pointed, trembling, to the wall:

“Behold the portents that our heart appall!

Interpret them, O prophet! thou shalt know

What gifts Assyria's monarch can bestow.”

Unutterably awful was the eye

Which met the monarch's; and the stern  
reply

Fell heavy on his soul: “Thy gifts withhold,

Nor tempt the Spirit of the Lord with gold.

Belshazzar, hear what these dread words

reveal!

That lot on which the Eternal sets His seal.

Thy kingdom numbered, and thy glory flown,

The Mede and Persian revel on thy throne.

Weighed in the balance, thou hast kicked  
the beam.

See to yon western sun the lances gleam,

Which, ere his orient rays adorn the sky,

Thy blood shall sully with a crimson dye.”

In the dire carnage of that night's dread hour,

Crushed 'mid the ruins of his crumbling  
power,

Belshazzar fell beneath an unknown blow,

His kingdom wasted, and its pride laid low!

*T. S. Hughes.*

**3168. BELSHAZZAR, Sacrilege of.**

Midnight came slowly sweeping on;

In silent rest lay Babylon.

But in the royal castle high

Red torches gleam and courtiers cry.

Belshazzar there in kingly hall

Is holding kingly festival.

The vassals sat in glittering line,

And emptied the goblets with glowing wine.

The goblets rattle, the choruses swell,

And it pleased the stiff-necked monarch well.

In the monarch's cheeks a wild fire glowed,

And the wine awoke his daring mood.

And onward still by his madness spurred,

He blasphemeth the Lord with a sinful word;

And he brazenly boasts, blaspheming wild,

While the servile courtiers cheered and  
smiled.

Quick the king spoke, while his proud glance  
burned,

Quickly the servant went and returned.

He bore on his head the vessels of gold,

Of Jehovah's temple the plunder bold.

With daring hand, in his frenzy grim,

The king seized a beaker and filled to the  
brim,

And drained to the dregs the sacred cup,  
And foaming he cried, as he drank it up,

“Jehovah, eternal scorn I own  
To Thee. I am monarch of Babylon.”

Scarce had the terrible blasphemy rolled  
From his lips, ere the monarch at heart was  
cold.

The yelling laughter was hushed, and all  
Was still as death in the royal hall.

And see! and see! on the white wall high  
The form of a hand went slowly by,

And wrote, and wrote, on the broad wall  
white,  
Letters of fire, and vanished in night.

Pale as death, with a steady stare,  
And with trembling knees, the king sat there;

The horde of slaves sat shuddering chill,  
No word they spoke, but were deathlike still.

The magians came, but of them all,  
None could read the flame-scrip on the wall.

But that same night, in all his pride,  
By the hand of his servants Belshazzar died.  
*Heinrich Heine, tr. by C. G. Leland.*

### 3169. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Daniel v : 5.

What hand is this that, half revealed  
And half in shadowy folds concealed,  
Passeth the palace wall along,  
Portentous, o'er the festal throng:  
'Tis gone, and lo! a line appears  
Of dark mysterious characters.  
A spell, as strong and deep as death,  
Chains the mute tongue and holds the breath;  
No more in long and loud acclaim  
The demon idol's shouted name  
Is heard in oft-repeated call,  
Loud as the mountain torrent's fall;  
No more in clarion's martial blast  
Defiance to the foe is cast;  
No more the sweet lute breathes its sigh  
Of soft voluptuous melody;  
Untasted glows the rosy food,  
The offering of the idol god,  
The sacred vessels all remain  
Untouched by hand or lip profane.  
But hark! a voice the silence breaks—  
'Tis he; the trembling monarch speaks;  
He calls his sages to divine  
The import of the mystic line:  
A scene so dread may well impart  
A tremor to thy conscious heart,  
Can memory's faded eye detect  
No spot in life's long retrospect  
Where thou hast bade an altar rise  
To this world's lying deities,  
And there hast seen, with tearless eye,  
Ambition's quivering victims lie?

To ermined pride and sceptred power,  
The pageants of the passing hour,  
Hast poured the fragrant incense cloud,  
And low an abject suppliant bowed?  
Hast knelt at pleasure's flowery shrine  
And called the phantom goddess thine;  
To all addressed thine impious prayer,  
And raised a dark pantheon there  
Of gods unnumbered and unknown;  
The God of heaven forgot alone,  
Or what is infinitely worse,  
And branded with the blackest curse,  
His brightest glories turned to shame,  
And cast dishonor on His name;  
His Spirit's gentle power withstood,  
And trampled on a Saviour's blood.  
That hand, that sceptre hand that wrote,  
In lines no hell-breathed cloud could blot,  
The proud Chaldean's sudden doom  
And hurled him to a midnight tomb,  
Has written—Fate's dread book receives  
On its imperishable leaves,  
A destiny thy soul must hear,  
Of heavier wrath, with darker fear;  
A transcript of that fearful page,  
That asks no aid of Hebrew sage  
To tell its import, is impressed  
On the dark tablet of thy breast;  
But ere with ready hands Despair  
Fix her eternal signet there,  
May Hope, fair seraph, point to one  
Unknown in heathen Babylon—  
To Bethlem, Calv'ry, to Heaven—  
And say, “Believe, and be forgiven.”

### 3170. BELSHAZZAR, The Feast of.

A thousand lords before Belshazzar met,  
At the rich palace of Assyria's king:  
Imperial dainties and rich wines were set  
Before the guests, for mirth and wassailing.  
And woman's smiles were there, and eyes of  
jet, [ring;  
Flung passion-glances thro' the glittering  
And many a brimming cup that eve was  
crowned,  
To the fair dames as went the revel round.  
Belshazzar's brain was fired, he could not  
hold  
The pride that rose beneath his diadem:  
“Bring forth the cups of silver and of gold,  
That from the temple of Jerusalem,  
The king, my conquering father, brought of  
old;  
We and our princes shall drink out of them!”  
Thus spoke the monarch, and the cups were  
brought,  
With precious gems and curious carvings  
wrought.  
Out of these cups they drank, and vainly  
praised,  
Their idol-gods, as went the red wine round;  
And music lent her charms, and beauty  
blazed:  
Within that banquet could a sigh be found?

Light joy and jocund mirth were soothly  
raised

In every breast, and there might well abound,  
For on that eve all things were brightly blent,  
To make the gorgeous feast magnificent.

Rich sculpture there had raised his skilful  
hand,

Waking almost to life the Parian bust;  
And painting had depicted all that land  
Or sea or sky contained of breathing dust;  
Magnificence had waved her magic wand  
Above that scene of proud Belshazzar's lust:  
And night was treading on the steps of day,  
Where, at that feast, sat down the proud  
array

Of all Assyria's lords before her king!  
There, too, fair beauty sat in state and  
smiled—

Sweet smiles; for ye what varied worships  
spring!

And speaking looks all silently beguiled  
The hours, as love's imagining  
Flushed her white cheek; and beautifully  
wild,

Waved back the tendrils of her raven hair,  
Which seemed in such a scene like banners  
in the air.

So free they wantoned with the vassal breeze  
That sported on light wings thro' the gay  
hall,

Giving the very flowers mute ecstasies—  
Dashing white spray from the cool waterfall  
Which shown before a grove of fragrant  
trees,

Stirring the ivy of the coronal  
Which, on that evening, on the hot brow  
shone

Of proud Belshazzar, king of Babylon!

And there was thrilling sound from lyre and  
lute,

There were rich clusters of the purple grape;  
There were sweet breathings from the soft  
Greek flute,

And many a dancer's half-aërial shape.  
Ha! wherefore are the lips of music mute?  
Why, half-uprisen, doth Belshazzar gape?  
He sees a hand, and it is seen by all,  
Tracing strange words upon the palace-wall!

His countenance was changed, his thoughts  
were pain,

His limbs grew moveless, and his heart grew  
cold;

Then sank he down upon his throne again,  
And summoned all his men of wisdom old,  
Chaldeans and astrologers: 'twas in vain,  
None could the marvel of the words unfold;  
The king was troubled, all his joyance fled,  
He bowed his head, and sat as one astonished,

Till Daniel came, and in his words were  
shown

The prophet power that filled his glowing  
breast,

For unto him the Lord had given alone  
That knowledge which His will denied the  
rest.

His vision saw the streets with murders  
strewn,

The Medes and Persians in the rich spoils  
drest.

Belshazzar heard the warning; but in vain  
He smiled, and turned him to his feast again.

That night Darius and his armies came,  
In countless numbers rushed the Persians on.  
Soon was Belshazzar's palace robed in flame,  
He called upon his lords, but they had flown,  
Shouted aloud his idol Baal's name,  
And cursed him in his ire; when Babylon,  
Scene of his lusts, beheld him call in vain;—  
That night Belshazzar lay among the slain!

*R. Shelton Mackenzie.*

### 3171. BELSHAZZAR, Vision of.

Daniel v : 1.

The king was on his throne,  
The satraps thronged the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine,  
Jehovah's vessels, hold  
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall  
And wrote as if on sand;  
The fingers of a man;  
A solitary hand,  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
"Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night—  
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away;  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone:  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!"

*Lord Byron.*

**3172. BETHANY,** Christ at.

Luke x : 38-42.

*Martha.* She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,  
And troubles not herself with household cares.

'Tis the old story. When a guest arrives  
She gives up all to be with him; while I  
Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in order,  
And see that naught is wanting in the house.  
She shows her love by words, and I by works.

*Mary.* O Master! when Thou comest, it is always

A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work;  
I must sit at Thy feet; must see Thee, hear Thee!

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,  
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,  
Striving for something that it cannot reach,  
Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry;

And only when I hear Thee am I happy,  
And only when I see Thee am at peace!  
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far better  
In every manner, is my sister Martha:

Thou seest how well she orders everything  
To make thee welcome; how she comes and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with much serving,

While I but welcome Thee with foolish words!

Whene'er Thou speakest to me, I am happy;  
When Thou art silent, I am satisfied.

Thy presence is enough. I ask no more.  
Only to be with Thee, only to see Thee,  
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.

I wonder I am worthy of so much.

*Martha.* Lord, dost Thou care not that my sister Mary

Hath left me thus to wait on Thee alone?  
I pray Thee, bid her help me.

*Christ.* Martha, Martha,  
Careful and troubled about many things

Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful!  
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part,  
Which never shall be taken away from her!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

**3173. BETHEL.**

Genesis xxxv : 15.

Holy be this, as was the place  
To him of Padan-aram known,  
When Abraham's God revealed His face,  
And caught the pilgrim to the throne.

Oh! how transporting was the glow  
That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,  
"Lo! the Eternal walks below—  
The Highest tabernacles here!"

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,  
The glories that the patriarch saw;  
And when we faint, may we, like him,  
Fresh vigor from the vision draw.  
Heaven's lightning hovered o'er his head,  
And flashed new splendors on his view;  
Break forth, thou Sun! and freely shed  
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'Tis ours to sojourn in a waste  
Barren and cold as Shinar's ground;  
No fruits of Eshcol charm the taste,  
No streams of Meribah are found;  
But Thou canst bid the desert bud  
With more than Sharon's rich display,  
And Thou canst bid the cooling flood  
Gush from the Rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path Thy people trod,  
Alternate sunshine, bitter tears;  
Go Thou before, and with Thy rod  
Divide the Jordan of our fears.  
Be ours the song of triumph given,—  
Angelic themes to lips of clay,—  
And ours the holy harp of heaven,  
Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

*William B. Tappan.*

**3174. BETHEL,** Dream at.

Genesis .xxviii : 12.

Calmly resting from thy toil  
On this lonely spot;  
Sleeping, dreaming, happy saint,  
Earth and time forgot;  
On this rocky waste thou liest,  
Thine the blessed lot!  
Soaring dreamer, on thee shine  
Rays of love and joy divine,  
What a dream-land now is thine!

Who would not sleep on such a bed,  
With stony pillow for his head,  
If they might dream with thee,  
Whose glad dreaming is no seeming,  
Nor whose sleeping ends in weeping,  
And whose waking is no breaking  
Of the bright reality.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3175. BETHESDA.**

John v : 2-9.

I saw again the spirits on a day, [lay;  
Where on the earth in mournful case they  
Five porches were there, and a pool, and  
round,  
Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the  
ground,  
Tied up and bandaged, weary, sore, and  
spent,  
The maimed and halt, diseased and impo-  
tent.

For a great angel came, 'twas said, and stirred  
 The pool at certain seasons, and the word  
 Was, with this people of the sick, that they  
 Who in the waters here their limbs should lay  
 Before the motion on the surface ceased,  
 Should of their torment straightway be released.

So with shrunk bodies, and with heads  
 down-dropped,  
 Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars  
 propped,  
 Watching by day and listening through the  
 night,  
 They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor  
 He too, that spoke of duty once before,  
 No otherwise than others here to-day,  
 Foregone and sick and sadly muttering lay.  
 "I know not, I will do—what is it I would  
 say?"

What was that word which once sufficed  
 alone for all,  
 Which now I seek in vain, and never can  
 recall?  
 I know not, I will do the work the Lord  
 requires,  
 Asking no reason why, but serving its de-  
 sires;  
 Will do for daily bread, for wealth, respect,  
 good name,  
 The business of the day—alas! is that the  
 same?"

And then, as weary of in vain renewing  
 His question, thus his mournful thought  
 pursuing,  
 I know not, I must do as other men are do-  
 ing.

But what the waters of that pool might be,  
 Of Lethe were they or philosophy;  
 And whether he, long waiting, did attain  
 Deliverance from the burden of his pain  
 There with the rest; or whether, yet before,  
 Some more diviner stranger passed the door  
 With his small company into that sad place,  
 And, breathing hope into the sick man's face,  
 Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,  
 What the end were, and whether it were so,  
 Further than this I saw not, neither know.

*Arthur H. Clough.*

**3176. BETHESDA, Christ our.**

John v : 2.

Jesu, take my sins away,  
 And make me know Thy name;  
 Thou art now as yesterday,  
 And evermore the same:  
 Thou my true Bethesda be;  
 I know within Thy arms is room,  
 All the world may unto Thee,  
 Their house of mercy, come.

See the porches open wide,  
 Thy mercy all may prove;  
 All the world is justified  
 By universal love.  
 Halt and withered when they lie,  
 And sick, and impotent, and blind,  
 Sinners may in Thee espy  
 The Saviour of mankind.

See me lying at the pool,  
 And waiting for Thy grace;  
 Oh, come down into my soul,  
 Disclose Thy angel-face!  
 If to me Thy bowels move,  
 If now Thou dost my sickness feel,  
 Let the spirit of Thy love  
 The helpless sinner heal.

Sick of anger, pride, and lust,  
 And unbelief I am;  
 Yet in Thee for health I trust,  
 In Jesu's sovereign name.  
 Were I taken into Thee,  
 Could I but step into the pool,  
 I from every malady  
 Should be at once made whole.

Persons Thou dost not respect;  
 Whoe'er for mercy call  
 Thou in no wise wilt reject:  
 Thy mercy is for all.  
 Thou wouldst freely all restore  
 (Would all the gracious season find),  
 Fill with goodness, love, and power,  
 And with a healthful mind.

Mercy, then, there is for me,  
 (Away my doubts and fears!)  
 Plagued with an infirmity  
 For more than thirty years;  
 Jesu, cast a pitying eye;  
 Thou long hast known my desperate case;  
 Poor and helpless here I lie,  
 And wait Thy healing grace.

Long hath Thy good Spirit strove  
 With my distemper'd soul,  
 But I still refused Thy love  
 And would not be made whole:  
 Hardly now at last I yield,  
 I yield with all my sins to part;  
 Let my soul be fully healed,  
 And throughly cleansed my heart.

Sin is now my sore disease;  
 But though I would be free,  
 When the water troubled is  
 There is no help for me.  
 Others find a cure, not I;  
 In Thee they wash away their sin;  
 I, alas! have no man nigh  
 To put my weakness in.

Pain and sickness at Thy word  
 And sin and sorrow flies;  
 Speak to me, Almighty Lord,  
 And bid my spirit rise;

Bid me take my burden up,  
The bed on which Thyself didst lie,  
When on Calvary's steep top  
My Jesus deigned to die.

Bid me bear the hallowed cross  
Which Thou hast borne before;  
Walk in Thy righteous laws,  
And go and sin no more,  
Lest the heaviest curse of all,  
The vile apostate's curse, I prove:  
To the hottest hell they fall  
Who fall from pardoning love.

But Thou canst preserve from sin,  
And stablish me with grace,  
Keep my helpless soul within  
Thy arms through all my days:  
Jesu, I on Thee alone  
For preserving grace depend;  
Love me freely, love Thine own,  
And love me to the end.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3177. BETHESDA, Healed at.**

John v : 8, 9.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,  
From dewy morn to silent glowing eve;  
While round thee play the freshening breezes  
cool,

Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly  
tread

Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,  
O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread;  
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach once more the troubled wave  
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone;  
Once more called forth its boasted power  
to save,

Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirits feel a deeper grief  
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;  
His wasted limbs experience no relief,  
No help he knows!

Healing and strength and cure for all his woe  
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;  
Yet all unable he one step to go;  
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there whose anxious  
love

For him prompt access to the pool can win,  
Soon as the angel did the waters move,  
Others stepped in!

O ye who idly pass unheeding by!  
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,  
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,  
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,  
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;  
Or shipwrecked watch, as we all helpless lie,  
Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far to him who reads aright  
The story of our being's end and aim,  
The spirit darkened 'mid surrounding light,  
By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,  
Round which the sunbeams pour their light  
in vain;  
The dead soul fettered by the films of vice,  
Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,  
Bathed in that living fount which maketh  
pure,  
Oh! aid thy brother ere he helpless sink,  
To work his cure!

Hopeless and helpless, vainly did he turn  
For help or pity to the busy throng;  
Yet found them both in One, whose heart  
did burn

With love, how strong!  
*Bernard Barton.*

**3178. BETHESDA, The Pool of.**

Around Bethesda's healing wave,  
Waiting to hear the rustling wing  
Which spoke the angel nigh who gave  
Its virtue to that holy spring,  
With patience, and with hope endued,  
Were seen the gathered multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye  
Had often seen the waters stirred;  
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,  
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;  
Beholding, while he suffered on,  
The healing virtue given—and gone!

No power had he; no friendly aid  
To him its timely succor brought;  
But, while his coming he delayed,  
Another won the boon he sought;  
Until the Saviour's love was shown,  
Which healed him by a word alone!

Had they who watched and waited there  
Been conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing, anxious care  
Would they have sought His pitying eye;  
And craved, with fervency of soul,  
His power divine to make them whole!

But habit and tradition swayed  
Their minds to trust to sense alone;  
They only hoped the angel's aid;  
While in their presence stood, unknown,  
A greater, mightier far than he,  
With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!  
No angel by his glad descent  
Dispenses that diviner dower  
Which with its healing waters went;  
But He whose word surpassed its wave  
Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found  
 Religion's outward forms remain;  
 With living virtue only crowned,  
 While their first freshness they retain;  
 Only replete with power to cure  
 When spirit-stirred, their source is pure.

Yet are there who this truth confess  
 Who know how little forms avail;  
 But whose protracted helplessness  
 Confirms the impotent's sad tale;  
 Who day by day and year by year  
 As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love  
 Which tell the visitant is nigh;  
 They see the troubled waters move,  
 Whose touch alone might health supply;  
 But weak of faith, infirm of will,  
 Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

Saviour! Thy love is still the same  
 As when that healing word was spoke;  
 Still in Thine all-redeeming name  
 Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!  
 Oh! be that power, that love displayed,  
 Help those whom Thou alone canst aid!  
*Bernard Barton.*

**3179. BETHLEHEM.**

Matthew ii : 6.

They speak to me of princely Tyre,  
 That old Phœnician gem,  
 Great Sidon's daughter of the north;  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon—  
 What can compare with them?  
 So let them praise their pride and pomp;  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem,

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,  
 Old Mizraim's diadem,  
 The city of the sand-first Nile,  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,  
 Her hill of Mars, her Academe;  
 Haunts of old wisdom and far art,  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,  
 Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem.  
 Where Jacob's star first shone; of thee  
 I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3180. BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY.**

With pilgrim staff and hat I went  
 Afar through Orient lands to roam.  
 My years of pilgrimage are spent  
 And this the word I bring you home:  
 The pilgrim's staff you need not crave  
 To find Christ's cradle or His grave;  
 But seek within you; there shall be  
 His Bethlehem and His Calvary!

O heart, what helps it to adore  
 His cradle where the sunshine glows?  
 Or what avail to kneel before  
 The grave where long ago He rose?  
 That He should find in thee a birth,  
 That thou shouldst seek to die to earth  
 And live to Him: this, this must be  
 Thy Bethlehem and thy Calvary.  
*Friedrich Rückert.*

**3181. BETHLEHEM AND GOLGOTHA.**

In Bethlehem He first arose  
 From whom we draw our true life's breath;  
 And Golgotha at last He chose,  
 Where His cross broke the power of death.  
 I wandered from the western strand,  
 Through strange scenes of the morning land;  
 But naught so great did I survey  
 As Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The ancient wonders of the world  
 Here rose aloft—the mighty seven;  
 How was their transient glory hurled  
 To earth before the might of Heaven!  
 In passing, I could see and tell  
 How all their pride to ruin fell;  
 There stood in quiet Gloria  
 But Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Cease, pyramids of Egypt, cease!  
 The toil that built you never gave  
 The faintest thought of death's great peace:  
 'Twas but the darkness of a grave.  
 Ye sphinxes, in colossal stone!  
 The riddle life an unread one  
 Ye left; the answer found its way  
 Through Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Rocknabad, earth's Paradise,  
 Of all Shiraz the sweetest flower!  
 Ye Indian sea-coasts, breathing spice,  
 Where groves of palms in beauty tower;  
 I see o'er all your sunny plains  
 The step of Death leave sable stains.  
 Look up! There comes a deathless ray  
 From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Cāāba! black stone of the waste,  
 At which the feet of half our line  
 Yet stumble. Stand, now, proudly braced  
 Beneath thy crescent's waning shine!  
 The moon before the sun grows dim;  
 Thou art shattered by the sign of Him,  
 The conquering Prince. "Victoria!"  
 Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou, who in a shepherd-stable  
 An infant willingly hast lain,  
 And through the cross's pain wert able  
 To give the victory over pain!  
 To pride the manger seems disgrace;  
 The cross a vile, unworthy place;  
 But what shall bring this pride down? Say?  
 'Tis Bethlehem and Golgotha.

The Magi kings went forth to see  
The Shepherd Stock, the Paschal Lamb;  
And to the cross on Calvary  
The pilgrimage of nations came.  
Amidst the battle's stormy toss,  
All flew to splinters—but the Cross;  
As east and west encamping lay  
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Oh, march we not in martial band,  
But with the Spirit's flag unfurled!  
Let us subdue the Holy Land  
As Christ Himself subdued the world.  
Let beams of light on every side  
Fly, like apostles, far and wide,  
Till all men catch the beams that play  
O'er Bethlehem and Golgotha.

With pilgrim staff and scallop-shell  
Through Eastern climes I sought to roam;  
This counsel have I found to tell,  
Brought from my travels to my home:  
With staff and scallop do not crave  
To see Christ's cradle and His grave.  
Turn inward! there in clearest day  
View Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart! what helps it that the knee  
Upon His natal spot is bended?  
What helps it, reverently to see  
The grave from which He soon ascended?  
Let Him within thee find His birth;  
And do thou die to things of earth,  
And live Him; let this be for aye  
Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.  
*Friedrich Rückert, tr. by N. L. Frothingham.*

### 3182. BETHLEHEM, Invitation to.

St. Luke ii : 15.

Come, let us with speed to Bethlehem go,  
The house of that bread which God doth  
bestow:

To all He hath given and sent from above  
The banquet of heaven, the Son of His love.  
By faith we shall see Him promised of old,  
And know it is He of whom we were told;  
That heavenly Stranger fall prostrate before,  
And God in a manger with angels adore.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3183. BETHLEHEM, The Babe of.

Matthew ii : 1.

Far back in the past when the shadows lay  
Like a curtain o'er the wide, wide earth,  
There were men who told of a coming day  
When a babe should be born in a lowly way,  
But his coming should gladden the earth.

And the prophets looked, and the sages  
For the rising of that bright sun; [longed  
In palace and hovel the story was told  
Of a prince who should sprinkle the earth  
with gold,  
And join all the nations in one:

Of a king at whose throne all peoples should  
kneel, [heal,  
Physician whose touch should all maladies  
A brother whose heart full of sympathy true  
Should dry up our tears, as the sun dries the  
dew.

But the ages came like the beating tides  
That thunder against the rocky shore,  
Nor heeded the cry of the saddened breast  
That had looked and longed for a holy rest  
Through the years which had gone before;  
And the ages went like the rolling stream  
Whose waters to ocean ceaseless pour;  
The war trumpet sounded from ocean to main,  
And fields were all strewn with mangled and  
slain, [drowned  
And the cry of the perishing heart was  
'Mid the angry battle roar.

But prophet and sage stand with lifted brow,  
Feeling hope in their hearts growing strong,  
While a voice speaks with a tender word,  
And a message comes which ear has not  
heard;

In Bethlehem near where the temple crowns  
Old Zion's lofty, hallowed grounds,  
The Babe in a manger is born;  
A sceptreless Prince in swaddling bands,  
A crownless King on His mother's breast,  
A sovereign Ruler of all the lands,  
A Saviour to give His people rest;  
Lowly He lies with the common horde,  
Babe, man, and brother, King and Lord.

The birth of the Babe sent a thrill o'er the  
world: [corse;  
'Twas the beat of a heart in the breast of a  
'Twas the gift of sight to the eye of the  
blind; [dead;  
'Twas the throb of a pulse in an arm that was  
'Twas the quiver of nerve whence life had  
fled; [despair;  
'Twas the bursting of hope o'er the reign of  
And seraph and cherub their anthems sing,  
As they fly to the manger to crown Him King;  
And the angels of God, a joyful throng,  
Proclaim to the shepherds that Christ is born;  
And the stars shot smiles from their lofty  
height  
O'er the nations that groped in deepest night,  
While prophet and sage that had waited long  
Answered with psalm the angels' song.

O Christ of the manger, the garden, the cross,  
We bring our poor hearts as an offering to  
Thee;

In Thy birth we have hope,  
In Thy death we have life;  
O touch us and cause us Thy beauty to see.  
We will join with the angels on Bethlehem's  
plains, [strains,  
Our hearts sing responsive to heavenly  
Glad tidings of joy to the world we proclaim,  
Salvation to all in the one hallowed name.



Evermore may Thy light be our guide  
through the gloom,  
Until "ashes to ashes" we sleep in the tomb.  
Then, washed in Thy blood and redeemed  
by Thy grace,  
May we dwell, blessed Lord, in the smile of  
Thy face. *J. H. McCarty.*

**3184. BETHLEHEM, The Fountain of.**  
Chronicles xi : 16-19.

High on the summit of a cliff that beetled  
o'er the plain,  
The warrior stood, his fiery eye full-flashing  
in disdain;  
For in the breakings of the morn, beneath,  
in myriads lay  
The wild, beleaguering hosts that swept his  
brightest hopes away;  
Thick as the pest o'er Mizraim's land the  
rolling thousands came,  
And Judah felt round all her coasts the de-  
vastating flame.  
And as he gazed, deep thoughts of wrath  
his inmost bosom stirred,  
As floating on the rising breeze their impious  
songs he heard.  
From lips unholy—awful thought!—like  
pestilence there came,  
In horrid mirth, in muttered sounds, the  
Unutterable Name.  
Dark grew his brow; his nervous arm up-  
raised his shining spear,  
Strong in his might, his conscious heart  
'mong thousands knew not fear.  
Lo! buried thoughts, a glittering train, rose  
o'er his troubled mind,  
Like painted clouds before the breath of the  
soft summer wind;  
He thought of hours of victory, when, borne  
in blushing pride,  
The wave of beauty rolled along and glit-  
tered by his side;  
When rosy lips, in silver sounds, responded  
o'er the plain:  
"Saul has his thousands—David has his tens  
of thousands slain!"  
Dark grew the terrors of his brow, when  
gleaming from afar,  
Through its tall palms, sweet Beth'lem's fount  
showed like a radiant star.  
Pure fountain! thoughts of deepest love  
came on that glance of thine;  
The warrior's tear, his nerveless arm, pro-  
claim the potent sign:  
Yes! peaceful thoughts of other days, when  
round thy shaded brink,  
He watched his bleating flocks, and bore his  
weakling lambs to drink!  
And 'neath thy sheltering palms he raised the  
consecrated strain,  
And sung the glories of the heavens—the  
wonders of the main;  
And in the moments of rapt thought, with  
more than seraph's fire,  
Transcendent bard! he swept the strings,  
and struck the golden lyre.

Celestial thoughts were his; he cried, "All  
hail, pellucid spring!  
Who from thy fountain's lucent wave one  
cooling draught may bring?  
Without the gate I see thee gleam: 'twould  
ease this burning brow  
To know, as oft in other years, thy limpid  
waters now.  
Oh that some valiant arm might gain thine  
ever-living spring,  
And through the godless hosts even now  
one cooling draught would bring!"  
He spoke, and swifter than the bird that  
loves the mountain crest,  
His warriors through the embattled lines on  
to the fountain prest.  
Exulting, to their leader they in conscious  
pride return,  
Bearing aloft in blood-stained hands the  
overflowing urn!  
He gazed, the sacred vessel took, and o'er  
the flowery sod  
Libations poured, in pious joy, to Israel's  
chosen God:  
"Unhallowed wish! Lord of my life! I con-  
secrate to Thee  
The perilled draught. Forgive my sin, and  
still my Guardian be."  
Lord! like the glorious Prototype, we still  
would cast our eyes  
To the red source whence Zion's wave and  
cleansing waters rise;  
We, 'mid the shades of changing life, in  
sunshine, and in storm,  
Would gaze on that most tranquil depth  
which nothing can deform;  
And from its holy calmness we, through life's  
most checkered years,  
Would find a balm for agony, an antidote  
for tears.  
Yes! we would cast our cherished hopes,  
our earth-born thoughts away,  
And, as an offering at Thy shrine, our bright-  
est trophies lay.  
Accept, forgive, this erring heart! Oh con-  
secrate our strain,  
And from Thy temple in the skies, smile,  
smile on us again!

*David Mallock.*

**3185. BETHLEHEM, The Well of.**  
2 Samuel xxiii : 15-17.

There is sound of war in Judah, and over  
Ephrath's plain,  
Though the fields are ripe for harvest, no  
Hebrew reaps the grain;  
For the armies of the heathen have come  
with flame and sword  
To waste the pleasant dwellings of the peo-  
ple of the Lord.  
In the Valley of the Giants Philistine tents  
are spread  
And their warriors are marshalled within the  
House of Bread.

No chief goes forth against them, and no  
champion comes to save,  
For Israel's hope, an exile, is pent within a  
cave.

Around him still are gathered a chosen faith-  
ful few,  
Tried in full many a battle, and to his ban-  
ner true.

Upon the cliffs of limestone rock the autumn  
sunbeams beat,  
And glare upon the hunted band with all  
their parching heat.

Till David, faint and thirsty, in his longing  
speaks to them,  
Would that I had but water from the well of  
Bethlehem!

Then up arose three chieftains from the  
places where they sate,  
To bring their master water from the fount  
beside the gate.

They reckon not of the thousand swords which  
fain would bar their way,  
But calm in strength and valor straight ad-  
dress them to the fray.

Three men against an army vast, they have  
no thought of flight,  
For each against a host of men hath stood  
alone in fight.

Too well Philistine widows have learnt those  
three names in woe;  
Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerless  
Adino.

Those mighty men have broken through all  
that opposing ring,  
And have borne the cooling water in triumph  
to their king.

But David hath the chalice out before Jeho-  
vah poured,  
Saying, "This is blood, not water; I may not  
drink it, Lord!

O type of future story! O most deep and  
mystic sign  
Of the longing of the nations for Him of  
David's line!

There is sound of war in all lands, and  
through its cruel bane,  
Though the souls are ripe for harvest, no  
reaper stores the grain;

For the hosts of evil spirits make war with  
flame and sword  
Against the Gentile watchers who are wait-  
ing for the Lord.

Afar in every country their countless legions  
spread,  
To turn the poor and hungry from the blessed  
House of Bread.

And the scorching rays of sorrow on mourn-  
ers ever beat,  
No Rock is in the weary lands to shadow from  
the heat.

There is nothing to bring cooling, and naught  
may comfort them,  
Save the Well of Living Water that springs  
in Bethlehem.

But three go forth to seek that fount, in faith  
and valor strong;  
Three who reckon not of hindrances, nor of  
that travail long.

They go o'er hills and deserts with the guid-  
ing star before,  
Wise Caspar, true Baltasar, and the faithful  
Melchior.

In vain the hosts of Satan would beset their  
wandering,  
For the mighty men break through them to  
reach their new-born King.

They haste in eager worship to that long-  
expected sight,  
To the Well of Life whose glory gives all be-  
lievers light,

To the Chief Who comes to vanquish, the  
Champion strong to save,  
To Israel's Hope, an infant, now laid within  
a cave.

And where the Babe is cradled, Whom the  
three in awe behold,  
They lay their three rich offerings, myrrh,  
frankincense, and gold.

Then they turn them back in triumph, once  
more afar to roam,  
Till they bear those living waters to thirst-  
ing hearts at home.

And that chalice of Thy passion, unto the  
Father poured,  
Although it is blood, not water, yet we may  
drink it, Lord!

O pledge of future glory! O most deep and  
mystic sign  
Of the healing of the nations by Him of  
David's line!

*Richard Frederick Littledale.*

### 3186. BETHLEHEM, Towers of.

Above, the towers of Bethlehem  
Fade on the night that falls on them;  
Yet hold in guard the rocky steep,  
Which Rehoboam bade them keep.

They overlook the lengthening vale,  
That stretches to the Dead Sea pale,  
And far beyond to Eastern plains,  
Where Amnon now no longer reigns.

O city small! 'mid Judah's host,  
Now growing to her crown and boast,  
How high at morn thy head shall be,  
For earth shall bow to hallow thee.

*R. E. A. Townsend.*

**3187. BEULAH,** Land of.

Isaiah 62: 4.

I've reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine;  
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore.  
My heaven, my home for evermore!

The Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me with His hand,  
For this is heaven's border-land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,  
And flowers that never-fading grow  
Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels, with the white-robed throng,  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

**3188. BIBLE,** The Picture.

Thou folio dusk and olden,  
My friend in early days,  
When loving hands oft opened  
Thy secrets to my gaze,  
Oft o'er thy pictures bending,  
Delighted I would stand,  
My sports forgot, while dreaming  
About the Orient land.

Thou openest the portals  
Of distant zones to me;  
In thee, as in a mirror,  
Their glittering stores I see.  
Thanks, for through thee are glimpses  
Of strange, far regions sent,  
Of camels, palms, and deserts,  
The shepherd and his tent.

More near to view thou bringest  
The hero and the sage,  
By gifted seers depicted  
Upon thy priceless page;  
The fair and bride-like maidens,  
As well their words portray,  
Of each a living semblance  
Thy figured leaves display.

The patriarchal ages,  
What simple times were they,  
When men on every journey  
Met angels by the way.

Their wells and herds of cattle,  
How often have I seen,  
While on thy pages gazing  
With quiet, thoughtful mien.

Again thou seemst, as lying  
Upon the stool, of yore,  
While I, intently musing,  
Upon thy pages pore,  
As if the old impressions,  
So oft with rapture viewed,  
In fresh and brilliant colors  
Before me stood renewed.

As if, more bright than ever,  
Again before me placed,  
I saw the quaint devices  
Around thy borders traced;  
Branches and fruit combining,  
Round every picture wrought,  
Each to some picture suited,  
And all with meaning fraught;

As if, in days departed,  
My eager steps I bent,  
To ask my gentle mother  
What every picture meant;  
As if some song or story,  
I learned of each to tell,  
While beaming mildly on us,  
My father's glances fell.

O time now fled forever!  
Thou seemst a tale gone by;  
The picture-Bible's treasures,  
The bright, believing eye,  
The glad delighted parents,  
The calm, contented mien,  
The joy and mirth of boyhood,  
All, all, alas! have been.

*Ferdinand Freiligrath.*

**3189. BIRDS,** Support of the.

Matthew x: 31.

No storehouse nor barn have we,  
And winter so close at hand,  
With the chilling shadow of want  
Cast darkly over the land;  
And cometh with morning light  
A deeper and darker dread,  
That harder and fiercer will be  
The struggle for daily bread.

No storehouse nor barn have we,  
The fluttering birds of the air;  
No voice to make known our wants,  
With hunger our only prayer.  
Yet God feedeth us day by day  
As the light of the morn comes round,  
And never without His leave  
Shall one of us fall to the ground.

O Saviour! I hear Thy voice  
In these happy birds of the air,  
Who sow not, gather, nor reap,  
Yet lack not a Father's care.

They trust to a guiding Hand,  
Which feedeth them day by day;  
What want they with storehouse or barn?  
And are we not better than they?  
*Hollis Freeman.*

**3190. BIRDS, Voices of the.**

Luke xii : 6.

A little sparrow twittered near my door,  
And to my ear  
The meaning clearer came than e'er before,  
And brought me cheer.

“Not one of us without our Father's care  
Falls to the earth;  
Why doubt His fonder care for you, who are  
Of far more worth?”

A soaring eagle in his lofty flight  
Gave me a thought,  
Which to my weak and faltering soul a  
Fresh courage brought. [bright,

“Know ye not, they that wait upon the Lord  
Strength shall renew?  
Shall mount on wings as eagles? This His  
Has promised you.” [Word

Thus humble sparrow and the prouder bird  
Sweet comfort give;  
And I, reminded of God's faithful Word,  
More trusting live.

And throughout nature's varied forms of life,  
Where'er I look,  
I find them all with references rife  
To that dear Book;

As though this earth companion volume were  
To sacred page,  
Where man beholds the illustration fair  
From age to age.

*Annie E. Poulsson.***3191. BLEST, Land of the.**

The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,  
And bright is the last look of day in the  
west,

And broadly the beams of its parting glance  
sweep,  
Like the path that conducts to the land of  
the blest;

All golden and green is the sea as it flows  
In billows just heaving its tide to the shore:  
And crimson and blue is the sky as it glows  
With the colors that tell us that daylight  
is o'er.

I sit on a rock that hangs over the wave,  
And the surf heaves and tosses its snow-  
wreaths below,  
And the flakes, gilt with sunbeams, the flow-  
ing tide pave,  
Like the gems that in gardens of sorcery  
grow:

I sit on the rock, and I watch the light fade,  
Still fainter and fainter away in the west,  
And I dream I can catch, through the mantle  
of shade,  
A glimpse of the dim distant land of the  
blest.

And I long for a home in that land of the soul,  
Where hearts always warm glow with  
friendship and love,  
And days ever cloudless still cheerily roll,  
Like the age of eternity blazing above:  
There with friendships unbroken, and loves  
ever true,  
Life flows on, one gay dream of pleasure  
and rest,  
And green is the fresh turf, the sky purely  
blue,  
That mantle and arch o'er the land of the  
blest.

The last line of light now is crossing the sea,  
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the  
sky;

It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,  
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness  
to fly:

“Far over the wave is a green sunny isle,  
Where the last cloud of evening now shines  
in the west;

'Tis the island that Spring ever woos with  
her smiles;

Oh! seek it—the bright happy land of the  
blest.” *James Gates Percival.*

**3192. BLIND MAN'S TESTIMONY.**

John ix : 25.

He stood before the Sauhedrim;  
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;  
He recked not of their praise or blame;  
There was no fear, there was no shame,  
For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
The whole world poured its vast surprise;  
The open heaven was far too near,  
His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
To let him waste his new-gained ken  
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?  
What hast thou been? What art thou now?  
Thou art not he who yesterday  
Sat here and begged beside the way;  
For he was blind.

—And I am he,  
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;  
It was his full heart's only lore;  
A prophet on the Sabbath-day  
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,  
And made him see who had been blind.  
Their words passed by him like the wind  
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock  
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;  
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,  
Their sneers at Jesus and His band,  
Nameless and homeless in the land,  
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,  
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,  
Sinner or saint; but as for me  
One thing I know, that I am he  
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,  
The great men of a famous town, [wise  
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and  
Beneath their wide phylacteries;  
The wisdom of the East was theirs,  
And honor crowned their silver hairs.  
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn  
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;  
But he knew better far than they,  
What came to him that Sabbath-day;  
And what the Christ had done for him  
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

*Harper's Magazine.*

### 3193. BLIND MEN HEALED, Two.

Matthew x : 27-34.

When from that home, with rapture wild,  
That hailed from death a rescued child,  
The mighty Rescuer homeward hied,  
Lo! on His way two blind men cried:

"Ho! Son of David! Prince benign!  
Lend us Thy sovereign aid divine!  
Oh end our dismal, doleful night!  
Have mercy on us! Grant us sight!"

He heard their piteous pleading loud,  
But paused not in the jostling crowd;  
Their faith by deeds He fain would prove,  
And seeming coldness veiled His love.

Homeward to Simon's house He sped;  
But soon the blind ones, thither led,  
His long-sought presence gained once more,  
With plea more piteous than before.

Once more he asked: "Believe ye, both,  
That I can do this?" Nothing loth,  
Already light in faith's clear ray,  
Instant they answered, "Yea, Lord, yea!"

"Be it according to your faith,"  
In tenderest tones the Saviour saith,  
And touched their eyes. Lo! day's full light  
Burst glorious on their perfect sight!

Then straight, with emphasis severe,  
He charged them, "See that no man hear  
Or know who wrought this:" vain com-  
mand—

They sound His fame through all the land.

But, as they hasted forth, they found  
A man whose tongue a fiend had bound,

Till, robbed of man's distinguished boast,  
The godlike gift of speech was lost.

To Him whose power themselves had blessed  
They brought their brother, worse distressed,  
And when the devil was cast out,  
They heard the dumb man sing and shout.

The multitude with wonder tell—  
" 'Twas ne'er so seen in Israel!"  
But maddened Pharisees still said,  
"He casts out demons through their head."

O Saviour, we are blind and dumb,  
To thee for sight and speech we come;  
Touch Thou our eyes with truth's bright rays,  
Teach Thou our lips to sing Thy praise.

Help us to feel our mournful night,  
And seek, through all things, for Thy light,  
Till the glad sentence we receive,  
"Be it to you as you believe."

Then swift the dumb to Thee we'll bring,  
Till all Thy grace shall see, and sing;  
Or, at Thy word, through doubt and hate,  
For ampler revelations wait.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3194. BLIND, Sight Restored to the.

John ix : 11.

When the great master spoke,  
He touched his withered eyes,  
And at one gleam upon him broke  
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,  
And kings' and prophets' tomb,  
And mighty arches, and vaulted halls,  
And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood,  
And the flash of mountain rills,  
And the gentle waves of the palms that stood  
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw on heights and plains  
Creatures of every race:  
But a mighty thrill went through his veins  
When he met the human face;

And his virgin sight beheld  
The ruddy glow of even,  
And the thousand shining orbs that filled  
The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before  
Had cheered his gloomy night,  
But to see the angel form she wore  
Made deeper the delight;

And his heart at daylight's close  
For the bright world where he trod,  
And when the yellow morn arose,  
Gave speechless thanks to God.

*John II. Bryant.*

**3195. BLOOD, Protecting,**

Exodus xii : 7-14.

Christ, our Passover, is slain,  
To set His people free;  
Free from sin's Egyptian chain  
And Pharaoh's tyranny.  
Lord, that we may now depart,  
And truly serve our pardoning God,  
Sprinkle every house and heart  
With Thine atoning blood.

Let the angel of the Lord  
His awful charge fulfil;  
Let His pestilential sword  
The first-born victims kill.  
Safe in snares and death we dwell  
Protected by that crimson sign  
From the rage of earth and hell,  
And from the wrath Divine.

Wilt thou not a difference make  
Betwixt Thy friend and foe?  
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,  
And grace to Israel show?  
Knowst Thou not, most righteous God,  
We on the paschal Lamb rely?  
See us covered with the blood,  
And pass Thy people by.

*J. and C. Wesley.***3196. BLOOD OF CHRIST, The.**

Hebrews ix : 22.

Blood is the price of heaven;  
All sin that price exceeds;  
Oh, come to be forgiven—  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Under the olive boughs,  
Falling like ruby beads  
The blood drops from His brows—  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

While the fierce scourges fall  
The precious blood still pleads;  
In front of Pilate's hall  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Beneath the thorny crown  
The crimson fountain speeds;  
See how it trickles down—  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Bearing the fatal wood  
His band of saints He leads,  
Marking the way with blood;  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

On Calvary His shame  
With blood still intercedes;  
His open wounds proclaim  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

He hangs upon the tree,  
Hangs there for my misdeeds;  
He sheds His blood for me;  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

Ah, me! His soul is fled;  
Yet still for my great needs  
He bleeds when He is dead;  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

His blood is flowing still;  
My thirsty soul it feeds;  
He lets me drink my fill;  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

O sweet, O precious blood!  
What love, what love it breeds!  
Ransom, reward, and food—  
He bleeds! my Saviour bleeds!

*F. W. Faber.***3197. BORDER LANDS.**

Father, into Thy loving hands  
My feeble spirit I commit,  
While wandering in these border lands,  
Until Thy voice shall summon it.  
Father, I would not dare to choose  
A longer life, an earlier death;  
I know not what my soul might lose  
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,  
And solemn are their silent shades;  
And my heart welcomes them, until  
The light of life's long evening fades.  
I heard them spoken of with dread,  
As fearful and unquiet places;  
Shades, where the living and the dead  
Look sadly in each other's faces;

But since Thy hand hath led me here,  
And I have seen the border land,  
Seen the dark river flowing near,  
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,  
There has been nothing to alarm  
My trembling soul; how could I fear  
While thus encircled with Thine arm?  
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appall me in a place  
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?  
Where I may almost see Thy face,—  
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.  
They say the waves are dark and deep,  
That faith has perished in the river;  
They speak of death with fear, and weep;  
Shall my soul perish? never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave  
The soul that trembles while it clings  
To Thee; I know thou wilt achieve  
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.  
And since I first was brought so near  
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,  
I think that it has grown more clear  
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate  
Unfolding yet to welcome me;  
I cannot yet anticipate  
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,  
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice,  
 Calling my happy soul away,  
 To see His glory and rejoice.

**3198. BOZRAH, Vision of.**

Is. xxxiv : 6, and lxiii : 1.

On Carmel's brow the wreathy vine  
 Had all its honors shed,  
 And o'er the vales of Palestine  
 A sickly paleness spread;  
 When the old seer by vision led,  
 And energy sublime,  
 Into that shadowy region sped,  
 To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,  
 But sight of joy was none;  
 He looked o'er many a mountain side,  
 But silence reigned alone,  
 Save that a boding voice sung on,  
 By wave and waterfall,  
 As still, in harsh and heavy tone,  
 Deep unto deep did call.

On Kison's strand and Ephratah  
 The hamlets thick did lie;  
 No wayfarer between he saw,  
 No Asherite passed by:  
 No maiden at her task did ply,  
 No sportive child was seen;  
 The lonely dog barked wearily  
 Where dwellers once had been.

Oh! baiteous were the palaces  
 On Jordan wont to be,  
 And still they glimmered to the breeze,  
 Like stars beneath the sea!  
 But vultures held their jubilee  
 Where harp and cymbal rung,  
 And there as if in mockery  
 The baleful satyr sung.

But who had seen that prophet's eye  
 On Carmel that reclined!  
 It looked not on the times gone by,  
 But those that were behind:  
 His gray hair streamed upon the wind,  
 His hands were raised on high,  
 As mirrored on his mystic mind  
 Arose futurity.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread  
 Prepared in ancient day;  
 Eastward, away the eagle sped,  
 And all the birds of prey.  
 "Who's this," he cried, "comes by the way  
 Of Edom, all divine,  
 Travelling in splendor, whose array  
 Is red, but not with wine?"

Blest be the herald of our King  
 That comes to set us free!  
 The dwellers of the rock shall sing,  
 And utter praise to Thee!

Tabor and Hermon yet shall see  
 Their glories glow again,  
 And blossoms spring on field and tree,  
 That ever shall remain.

"The happy child in dragon's way  
 Shall frolic with delight;  
 The lamb shall round the leopard play,  
 And all in love unite;  
 The dove on Zion's hill shall light,  
 That all the world must see.  
 Hail to the journeyer, in his might,  
 That comes to set us free!"

*James Hogg.*

**3199. BOUND WOMAN HEALED.**

Luke xiii : 11-13.

For eighteen years, she, patient soul,  
 Her eyes hath graveward sent;  
 All vain for her the starry pole,  
 She is so bowed and bent.

What mighty words! Who can be near?  
 What tenderness of hands!  
 Oh! is it strength, or fancy mere?  
 New hope, or breaking bands?

The pent life rushes swift along  
 Channels it used to know;  
 And up, amidst the wondering throng,  
 She rises firm and slow.

To bend again in grateful awe,  
 Will power no more at strife,  
 In homage to the living Law  
 Who gives her back her life.

Uplifter of the drooping head!  
 Unbinder of the bound!  
 Thou seest us sore-burdened  
 Bend hopeless to the ground.

What if they see Thee not, nor cry,  
 Thou watchest for the hour,  
 To raise the forward beaming eye,  
 To wake the slumbering power.

I see Thee wipe the stains of time  
 From off the withered face;  
 Lift up thy bowed old men, in prime  
 Of youthful manhood's grace.

Like summer days from winter's tomb,  
 Arise thy women fair;  
 Old age a shadow, not a doom,  
 Lo! is not anywhere.

All ills of life shall melt away  
 As melts a cureless woe,  
 When, by the dawning of the day  
 Surprised, the dream must go.

I think thou, Lord, wilt heal me too,  
 Whate'er the needful cure;  
 The great best only thou wilt do,  
 And hoping I endure.

*George Macdonald.*

**3200. BREAD, Blessing the.**Matthew *xxvi* : 26-28.

Onward it speeds, the awful hour from man's  
first fall decreed,  
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise  
the woman's spotless seed;  
The foe He met—the desert path trium-  
phantly He trod,  
And now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the  
Son of God.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom in-  
volve the conscious Heaven,  
While in Jehovah's mystic fane the inmost  
veil is riven!  
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid  
mountains rend;  
The yawning grave shall yield their dead, the  
buried saints ascend!

And yet, amidst his little flock, still Jesus  
stands, serene,  
Unawed by sufferings yet to be, unchanged  
by what hath been;  
Still beams the light of love undimmed in  
that benignant eye,  
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught  
speaks him soon to die!

He pours within the votive cup the rich  
blood of the vine,  
And "Drink ye all the hallowed draught,"  
he cries, "this blood is mine."  
He breaks the bread: then clasps His hands,  
and lifts His eyes in prayer,  
"Receive ye this, and view by faith My body  
symbolled there!

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, My  
blood shall soon be shed;  
My body broken on the cross, as now I break  
the bread:  
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for  
you the hand divine  
Bares the red sword, although the heart that  
meets the blows be mine;

"And oft your willing steps renew around  
the sacred board,  
And break the bread and pour the wine in  
memory of your Lord:  
To drink with me the grape's fresh juice to  
you shall yet be given,  
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in  
blest abodes of heaven!"

*Thomas Dale.***3201. BREAD, Our Daily.**Matthew *vi* : 11.

"Give us this day our daily bread;"  
Hear Thou, O Lord, our prayer,  
Lone children of Thy care;  
It is a desert land we journey through;  
Each day anew, [dew.  
We need for food Thy bread, for drink Thy

"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
We dare not ask for more;  
Enough is ample store;  
But should Thy hand a larger gift impart,  
Keep Thou our heart,  
Lest we be puffed with vain and selfish art.

"Give us this day our daily bread;"  
Thy bread is strength indeed,  
And in our deepest need  
It is enough, upon life's dusty road,  
To find our load [stowed.  
Sustained by grace, and help each day be-

"Give us this day our daily bread."  
Oh may we be content  
With blessings daily sent;  
We cannot eat to-morrow's bread to-day,  
We need not prey  
Upon the ills the future hides away.

"Give us this day our daily bread."  
This answered prayer shall bring  
Each cherished, needful thing; [peace  
For sorrow, joy; for weakness, strength and  
As storms increase;  
Our never-failing good till life shall cease.  
*Dwight Williams.*

**3202. BRIDE, The Three Songs of the.***Expectans Expectavi.*

A maiden, clothed in purple,  
Sat on a fenced hill;  
Her face, I saw, was hidden,  
And her fettered hands were still.  
She sat beneath a palm-tree,  
With a veil upon her head;  
While a voice came forth from Horeb,  
As the deserts round her spread.

A rock stood up beside her,  
Amidst those thirsty sands;  
She sat beneath its shadow,  
With her head upon her hands.  
Then I listened to her singing—  
Her voice was low and faint;  
And thus towards the morning  
I heard her make her plaint:

"I am waiting for my Loved One,  
As the long dark years go by;  
I am waiting for my Loved One,  
Till His star is in the sky.  
My sight is always failing,  
My eyes with tears are dim;  
And my heart is faint with waiting,  
But I only wait for Him.

"I am waiting for my Loved One,  
But His step I cannot hear;  
And I ask the stars above me  
To tell me He is near.  
I look upon the mountains,  
But His feet I cannot see,  
Nor the promised light which telleth  
That my Love doth come to me.



“My heart is cold and empty,  
Which He alone can fill;  
Once I thought I heard Him coming  
By the lightning-girdled hll.  
There only came the thunder,  
And His written words on stone;  
Then passed away the glory,  
And I was left alone.

“I waited 'midst the coverings  
Of scarlet, white, and blue;  
And when upward the great Temple  
In its noiseless beauty grew,  
Then a symbol of His presence  
In that Temple made a home;  
Now I wait before the curtain,  
But my Loved One doth not come.

“So I sit beneath this palm-tree,  
And my eyes are dim with tears,  
As I look out for His coming,  
Through the twilight of the years.  
And I turn from every other,  
For He alone can be  
The golden-girdled Husband,  
Whom God hath given to me.”

Thus she waited for her Loved One,  
Thus she veiled herself for Him;  
The day-spring had not risen,  
And she sat in twilight dim.  
I stood beside the palm-tree,  
I heard the north wind blow,  
As she sorrowed for her Loved One,  
And her voice was faint and low.

In widow's weeds a maiden  
Sat waiting for her Love;  
Above her grew an apple-tree,  
And in it sat a dove!  
The villages were round her,  
The vineyards of the King;  
Through the dark-green olive-gardens  
The birds were on the wing.

She was waiting for her Loved One;  
All her love grew more and more,  
As her wistful gaze was fastened  
On the cedar-boarded door.  
She was clothed in white and purple,  
With a presence full of grace;  
Her veil was off her forehead,  
Still I could not see her face.

Then I wondered how this maiden,  
With her bright and yellow hair,  
Could be sitting in her sorrow,  
In widow's mourning there.  
So I listened to her singing,  
Where the vines and palm-trees meet;  
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,  
And her voice was low and sweet:

“I am waiting for my Loved One,  
I am waiting for His day;

He came to me at midnight,  
He came, but went away.  
He came, and once He called me.  
With His hand upon the door;  
I only saw Him pass me  
On the thorn-strewn purple-floor.

“My Loved One came: one moment  
His light upon me shone:  
I rose to see His beauty,  
He had turned, and He was gone.  
He came, and went away again,  
He went, but doth not stay;  
He will come again to find me  
In the brightness of the day.

“I cried about the city,  
'O watchmen, can ye tell  
The footsteps of my Loved One,  
Or the place where He doth dwell?’  
The watchmen answered roughly,  
And took my veil from me:  
So I wandered late and early,  
But my Love I could not see.

“I am waiting for my Loved One.  
O weary hours, go by!  
I am waiting for His coming,  
Till His cross is in the sky.  
He will not leave me always,  
He will come again at last;  
I am waiting for His coming,  
Till the winter all be past.

“He hung upon the apple-tree,  
When His eyes with blood were dim,  
To drag me from the darkness,  
So I keep myself for Him.  
For when He hung uplifted,  
And the thorns were round His head,  
He brought me to the bridal,  
And I to Him was wed.

“He stayed but for a moment  
I looked, and He was gone:  
But I love Him more than ever,  
Though He left me thus alone.  
For though He hastened from me,  
Yet He also came to stay;  
Now He dwells upon His altar,  
And He doth not go away.

“I am waiting for my Loved One,  
For He hath gone afar;  
I have promised to expect Him,  
Till the rising of His star.  
Yet He always is beside me  
In the shadows of this night;  
I am waiting for my Loved One,  
In His beauty and His light.”

Thus, sorrow-crowned, she waited,  
With her heart all full of love;  
A virgin-wife and widow,  
Whilst above her moaned the dove.

As she sat beneath the apple-tree,  
I heard the south wind blow;  
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,  
And her voice was sweet and low.

In heavenly light, a maiden  
Sat at her Loved One's side;  
While He gazed with love upon her  
In a glory deep and wide.  
I looked—her robes were ruddy;  
I looked—and they were white;  
Then they burned in mingled beauty,  
With a blaze of golden light.

I had wandered through the deserts,  
With footsteps upward turned;  
When this glory flashed upon me,  
When this fiery splendor burned.  
The sea of glass, fire-mingled,  
In its quivering brightness shone;  
There the crystal stream was flowing,  
And there stood the sapphire throne

The gates of pearl were open;  
The lily-beds were fair;  
And the bride, in burning raiment,  
Sat with her Loved One there.  
Through my soul astonished, fainting,  
Through my senses dull and dim,  
I saw the King in all His beauty,  
And His sister crowned with Him.

There dark nights and days of anguish,  
Grief, and death could come no more:  
Shade of sorrow dims no faces  
On that radiant, deathless shore.  
Faithful she had been in Egypt,  
Then the loneliness was past;  
From her plaintive, patient waiting,  
He had brought her home at last.

She had waited for her Loved One  
Till He called her, till He came;  
Till He set upon her forehead  
Her turret-crown of flame.  
I looked upon the Bridegroom,  
On the ransomed gleaming throng,  
As she sang and praised her Loved One,  
And her voice was sweet and strong:

“He hath brought me from the darkness,  
He hath bought me with His blood;  
For me He made a pathway  
Through the dark and stormy flood.  
He won me by His dying,  
He gave for me His life;  
He brought me up from Egypt,  
To be His virgin-wife.

“He hath given me all my graces—  
I have nothing of my own;  
He hath made me as His sister;  
He hath set me on His throne.  
I stood beside the Red Sea,  
I saw its waters part,

Now His arms are ever round me,  
Now my head is on His heart.

“I waited for my Loved One  
Through the long and dreary days;  
When my prayers could scarcely find Him,  
And I knew not how to praise.  
I waited for my only One  
By the manger and the tree,  
And by His holy sepulchre,  
Till He rose and made me free.

“I waited for my Loved One  
In the black and pitchy night;  
When the sable veil was round me,  
And I could not see the light.  
I waited for my only One,  
In the deep heart-breaking gloom;  
Through the lonely darkened valley,  
Through the shadows of the tomb.

“I waited for my Loved One,  
Till this promised day had come;  
I waited by His altar,  
Where He dwelt as in His home.  
There the tabernacle's glory  
Was a glory from above,  
With the beauty of my Loved One,  
In the knowledge of His love.

“I saw Him come from Bozrah,  
With raiment dyed in blood;  
In the morning, on the mountain,  
In His loveliness He stood.  
In His dying and His rising,  
My Love was still the same;  
But His blood-stained, seamless raiment  
Shone like a burning flame.

“In the wine-press, at the vintage,  
He was still Eternal God;  
Though thorns were strewn around Him  
In the way on which He trod.  
He turned not back, nor faltered  
Till the vintage all was gleaned;  
I loved Him through that sorrow,  
And upon his heart I leaned.

“He went down to the harvest,  
With His sickle sharp and bright;  
And I watched Him in His reaping,  
In His weakness and His might.  
Now all His wheat is garnered  
Beneath this starry dome;  
And He makes for all a banquet  
In this ceaseless harvest-home.

“My eyes were dim with watching,  
When I waited in the night;  
Now they are dim with gazing  
On the brightness of His light.  
On this beauty of my Loved One  
Now I gaze for evermore;  
And with all my heart upon Him,  
Ever as I gaze, adore.

"I drink in all His beauty,  
As on His heart I lie;  
As there burneth in my memory  
The day when He did die—  
When He did die to save me,  
And bring me home to this;  
This fulness of His presence  
In this thrillingness of bliss.

"I drink in all His beauty,  
All my heart to Him is bowed;  
All my heart is faint with loving,  
With the love that once I vowed.  
I knew not when I vowed it,  
What one day it would be;  
In this bridal never-ceasing,  
In this fire of charity.

"I drink in all His beauty,  
As on His heart I lie;  
One thrilling joy is with me—  
That He is ever nigh.  
In His heart a torrent floweth;  
All my love is perfect now,  
As I gaze upon my Loved One,  
With His crowns upon His brow.

"As I lie amidst these splendors,  
His strong arms round me fold;  
He gives me all His treasures,  
All His silver and His gold.  
But purer, stronger, brighter  
Than this fiery crystal sea,  
Is the love with which He loves me—  
Is the love He gives to me.

"Thus for Him I ever waited,  
Till He made me all His own;  
Then at last He brought me to Him,  
Then He set me on His throne.  
Now He kisses me and loves me,  
My God, and spouse divine;  
He has married me forever,  
I am His and He is mine."

Thus she sang her heavenly anthem,  
Sitting at her Loved One's side;  
Rapturous, fainting, crowned, exulting,  
Sceptred as His sister-bride;  
On His heart, and in His kingdom,  
Where old things are passed away—  
Where the eternal hills are lighted  
By the everlasting day.

Ever drinking in His beauty,  
Thus she sang of love and grace;  
Sang of triumph, sang of glory,  
Looking in her Loved One's face.  
There her song kept ever rising,  
By the pierced hands and feet;  
All the Bridegroom's love was round her,  
And her voice was strong and sweet.  
*H. A. Ravces.*

## 3203. BROIDERY-WORK.

Exodus xxxvi. 1.

Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun,  
And from their tent-doors, all their service  
done,  
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master, who had rare  
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare,  
Greater than old Mizraim's greatest ware,

Had bidden them approach at his command,  
As on a goat-skin spread upon the sand,  
He sat, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell,  
He spake and said: "Daughters of Israel,  
I bring a word; I pray ye, hearken well.

"God's tabernacle, by His pattern made,  
Shall fail in finish, though in order laid,  
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

A murmur ran the crouched assembly  
through,  
As each her veil about her closer drew:  
"We are but women! What can women  
do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man  
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,  
Can do the thing that just ye women can!"

"The gold and broidered work about the  
hem [stem—  
Of the priest's robes—pomegranate, knop and  
Man's clumsy fingers cannot compass them.

"The sanctuary curtains that must wreathen  
be,  
And bossed with cherubim, the colors three,  
Blue, purple, scarlet, who can twine but ye?"

"Yours is the very skill for which I call;  
So bring your cunning needlework, though  
small  
Your gifts may seem: the Lord hath need of  
all!"

O Christian women! for the temple set  
Throughout earth's desert lands, do you for-  
get  
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery  
yet? *Margaret J. Preston.*

## 3204. BUILDER, The Foolish.

Matthew vii : 26, 27.

Upon the loose, unstable sands  
He built his home unblest:  
"And this," he cried, "my bulwark stands,  
And here shall be my rest."

The deep floods rose, the wild winds blew,  
The rain and tempest came;  
The wind, and storm, and flood o'erthrew  
His home, and hope, and name.

It fell, nor left a longer trace  
Than those dark clouds that lowered;  
For founded on a faithless base  
The mighty fabric towered!

He knew not of a rock that stood  
Secure 'mid storm and rain,  
Where warning wind and swelling flood  
Had risen and raged in vain.

Oh! had his home been founded there,  
Amid the tempest's shock  
Had risen secure that fabric fair,  
On that eternal Rock! *H. W. J.*

### 3205. BUSH, A Modern Burning.

In the tangled, dim old garden,  
Where the frost had traced its name,  
I saw one autumn morning  
A sumac bush aflame;  
All its leaves like burning falchions  
Leaped up in a glowing blaze,  
And I thought, the old-time marvel  
Is wrought in latter days.

Not a fibre curled or shrivelled,  
No tissue scorched or lost,  
Yet it flamed like the fiery pillar  
That led old Israel's host.  
And a voice like perfume stealing,  
Spake soft, but made no sound;  
And I knew that God was saying,  
"This ground is holy ground;

"There's no backward glancing needed  
To teach thee what to do;  
For the bush that burned for Moses  
Glowed bright to-day for you;  
And the voice that thrilled the prophet  
To deeds before unwrought,  
Is the same that now interprets  
Jehovah's mighty thought;

"O'er the busy present's pathway  
Still 'signs and wonders' move,  
And the miracles of Nature  
Her laws unchanging prove;  
Ye have need to walk with reverence,  
Bare-browed and feet unshod,  
Lest ye fail to see the glory  
And hear the Word of God."  
*Chicago Unity.*

### 3206. BUSH, The Burning.

Exodus iii : 1-5.

The historic Muse, from age to age,  
Through many a waste heart-sickening page  
Hath traced the works of man:  
But a celestial call to-day  
Stays her, like Moses, on her way,  
The works of God to scan.

Far seen across the sandy wild,  
Where, like a solitary child,  
He thoughtless roamed and free,  
One towering thorn was wrapt in flame,  
Bright without blaze it went and came;  
Who would not turn and see?

Along the mountain ledges green  
The scattered sheep at will may glean  
The desert's spicy stores:  
The while, with undivided heart,  
The shepherd talks with God apart,  
And, as he talks, adores.

Ye too, who tend Christ's wildering flock,  
Well may ye gather round the rock  
That once was Sion's hill:  
To watch the fire upon the mount  
Still blazing, like the solar fount,  
Yet unconsuming still.

Caught from that blaze by wrath divine,  
Lost branches of the once-loved vine,  
Now withered, spent, and sere,  
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,  
Tossed wildly o'er a thousand lands  
For twice a thousand year.

God will not quench nor slay them quite,  
But lifts them like a beacon light  
The apostate church to scare;  
Or like pale ghosts that darkling roam,  
Hovering around their ancient home,  
But find no refuge there.

Ye blessed angels! if of you  
There be, who love the ways to view  
Of kings and kingdoms here  
(And sure 'tis worth an angel's gaze  
To see, throughout the dreary maze,  
God teaching love and fear):

Oh say, in all the bleak expanse,  
Is there a spot to win your glance,  
So bright, so dark as this?  
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,  
Yet seeking the most holy place,  
And owning the true bliss!

*John Keble.*

### 3207. BUSH, The Burning.

Exodus iii : 2-5.

It was a lonely desert spot, and near,  
Outlined against the clear blue atmosphere,  
A mountain rose, in bold and towering form;  
In sunshine calm, majestic in the storm;  
And Moses hither led his peaceful flock;  
Or paused for rest, by tall o'erhanging rock;  
Or still among the mountain dells pursued  
For pasturage his way of solitude;  
When, lo! a sudden flame burst on his sight,  
An awful brightness of unearthly light;  
And Moses marvelled at its flashing hue.  
Still wondering, he near and nearer drew,  
Until he saw a bush, with wild amaze,  
Still unconsumed within the fiery blaze;

And then he heard with dread a voice that came,

And broke the silence of the scene of flame;  
The voice was in the fire; the mighty one,  
The angel spoke, and Moses heard alone:  
"Take off thy shoes; the place is holy ground."

And Moses hid his face in fear profound.  
And then in gentler strain the voice returned,  
Still from the bush, within the fire unburned;  
And God with Moses spake, and gave command,

With promise of deliverance by His hand,  
To all His people, still in bondage sore,  
When He should open wide their prison door.

*Dwight Williams.*

### 3208. CAIN.

Genesis iv : 8-15.

He fled! Ah! whither bends the assassin's path

Whose hand is crimsoned with a brother's blood?

He fled, wild-howling from the avenging wrath,

That branded the fell murderer as he stood:  
On his dark brow the Almighty seal is set,  
That all who see may fear, and fearing shun;  
O Cain! thy punishment is deeper yet  
To think on that thine own red arm hath done!

To live, and think on the dead Abel's love,  
His gentle bearing, and his causeless wrong?  
Alas! what demon could thy fury move  
To slay the bright, the innocent, the young—  
He who upon the same fond bosom hung,  
Nurtured by one fond mother's hand, and taught

To hush twin prayers with thee, in infant tongue?

Oh! canst thou pray who hast this ruin wrought?

Thou canst not, fratricide! a voice pursues  
Thy trembling step; a cry is in thine ear  
That freezes breath; the feeling that bedews  
Sorrow's wan cheek yields not one softening tear

To thy despair: the tempest is within;  
The quenchless fire, the never-dying worm!  
O wretched man of horror and of sin,  
Where wilt thou hide thee from life's coming storm?

Where wilt thou hide thee, whom no smiling home

Again shall cheer and woo to balmy rest?  
'Tis thine a wretched fugitive to roam  
O'er trackless wastes that foot hath never prest!

'Tis thine to till the earth, for thee accurst;  
To win thy bread in sorrow and in pain;  
To rear a cruel race; and oh! yet worse,  
To ask of Heaven the death thou gavest—  
in vain!

Thou canst not pray, nor could thy prayers atone

The past, or give that peace thou ne'er shalt know;

Oh! vain to still thy Abel's dying groan,  
Or stanch the bubbling life-streams as they flow!

The shaft is sped—the foul unhallowed deed  
That glares, that flashes on thy shrinking eye!

Again thine arm is raised, thou seest him bleed—

Smile on his murderer; look to heaven—  
and die!

Hark! 'tis thy mother's voice! She comes to seek

Her wandering sons, to chide, to weep, to bless.

Hark! where thy father Adam tries to speak  
The peace he feels not; fearful visions press  
On his rapt soul; and thy fair sister one,  
Whose thrilling accents on the night breeze flow

In liquid music. Oh! if aught atone  
For guilty deed, thy heart atoneth now.

They reach the spot—breaks forth one bitter cry:

"My son, my Abel! wake thee; let my breath  
Breathe life into thy lifeless form! Oh, why  
Still dost thou sleep? Great God! can this  
be death?

It is, it is! yet who this deed hath done?  
Who could thy precious blood inhuman shed?"

And Adam faintly whispered, "Cain, our son."

The murderer shuddering heard, and shrieking fled.

He fled, not unpursued! Oh! woman's love  
Endures through all—want, woe, abasement,  
guilt.

Her fears are earthward, but her hope above.  
She knelt for pardon on the life-blood spilt—  
Knelt first to Heaven, then to the weeping pair

That sorrow for the living and the dead—  
Kissed her pale sister-form of lone despair,  
"I go to Cain," and unrepining fled.

And forth they went; for oh! he dares not meet

A father's eye, nor brook a mother's tears;  
And forth they went, to press with toilsome feet

Unpractised wastes, through long and lonely years;

Fruit of his deadly crime: yet pitying Heaven,

That e'en in chastening still delights to save,  
To life's dark pilgrimage through time hath given

A beacon-light, a hope beyond the grave!

*John Bird.*

**3209. CAIN**, Brother of.

Genesis iv : 9.

Here it found me: "Where is thy brother?"

Out of the very heavens it fell,  
Sharp as a peal of rattling thunder;  
Then the echo leapt up from hell.

He—Jehovah—"Where is thy brother?"

I knew, He knew; the devil laughed,  
He that gave me the staff to fell him.  
So the archer reviled the shaft!

O my brother, my brother, my brother!  
Thy blood panted and throbbed in me;  
We were children of one mother,  
Little children upon her knee.

O my brother, my brother, my brother!  
Sad-eyed, tender, good, and true;  
Never more on hill or valley,  
Never tracked through morning dew.

I held up the staff before me,  
Down it crashed on the gentle head;  
One live look of wondering sorrow,  
One sharp quiver—that was dead.

Thou! Thou gavest me a brother—  
Gave me a life to cast away.  
Hast Thou in heaven such another?  
Hast Thou in heaven a sword to slay?

Hasten Thou: "Where is thy brother?"  
Voice my curst lips dare not name,  
Hasten! write with thy fiery finger  
On my forehead the murderer's shame.

I am doomed—alone forever.  
Yet, so long as the slow years part,  
Thou shalt brand new Cains with curses,  
Not on the forehead, but in the heart!  
*Rose Terry Cooke.*

**3210. CAIN**, Curse of.

Said Enoch: "On this spot began  
The fatal curse: man perished here by man;  
The earliest death a son of Adam died  
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!  
Here Abel fell a corse along this shore;  
Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reeked with  
gore;

Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his  
knees;

He heard a voice; he hid among the trees.  
'Where is thy brother?' From the whirl-  
wind came

The voice of God amidst enfolding flame:  
'Am I my brother's keeper?' hoarse and  
low,

Cain muttered from the copse, 'that I should  
know.'

Lo! from the dust the blood of Abel cries:  
'Curst from the earth that drank his blood,  
with toil

Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren  
soil;

An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be;  
A brother's eye shall never look on thee.'

"The shuddering culprit answered in de-  
spair:

'Greater the punishment than flesh can  
bear.'

'Yet thou shalt bear it; on thy brow revealed  
Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard  
sealed!'

Silently, swiftly as the lightning blast,  
A hand of fire athwart his temples passed;  
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,  
To quench his burning anguish in the  
stream;

But, bending o'er the brink, the swelling  
wave

Back to the eye his branded visage gave.  
As soon on murdered Abel durst he look,  
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook;  
There, turned to stone for his presumptuous  
crime,

A monument of wrath to latest time,  
Might Cain have stood; but Mercy raised  
his head

In prayer for help; his strength returned—  
he fled.

That mound of myrtles o'er their favorite  
child

Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled;  
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,  
His altar once with Abel's offering blazed,  
When God, well pleased, beheld the flame  
arise,

And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."  
*James Montgomery.*

**3211. CALVARY.**

Luke xxiii : 33.

Mount of horrors! Calvary!  
Where, on the accursed tree,  
Christ His life a ransom gave,  
Man's rebellious race to save.  
Mount of horrors! thee I sing,  
Wafted on contrition's wing  
To thy summit, thence to view  
What our guilt had rendered due.

Yonder rugged, flinty way,  
First, my mournful soul, survey.  
Lo! where the delirious throng  
Urge the Man of woes along,  
Overburdened, bruised, and faint,  
Who the cruel scene may paint!  
See him sink, as up the steep  
He strains! Weep, Salem's daughters, weep!  
Not alone for Him you see  
On His road to Calvary,  
Weep, but for yourselves; for you  
And your babes the deed shall rue!

Onward still, Thou Man Divine,  
Lies that thorny track of Thine;  
More indignity and pain,  
Ere the destined spot Thou gain,

Doomed to suffer. Why that pause?  
 How the scene my spirit awes!  
 Is the final crime begun?  
 Is that bruised, that mangled one  
 To the cross supinely bound?  
 See, His hands and feet they wound!  
 Was it thus Messiah died?  
 Hide the spectacle, oh! hide.

Ah! 'tis done! Upon the rood,  
 Crimsoned with His sacred blood,  
 There he hangs the thieves between.  
 He of meek, majestic mien,  
 He, His Father's image pure,  
 Sin's demerit to endure!

And is no kind soother near?  
 None to succor, none to cheer?  
 Where is he who vowed to shed  
 His life's blood for Him? he has fled.  
 Where is he who on His breast,  
 Much-favored youth, was wont to rest?  
 Gone, e'en that beloved one—gone!  
 He treads the wine-press all alone,  
 With no refuge but the grave,  
 Of all deserted, all to save!  
 By God above, and men below,  
 By earth and heaven forsaken now.  
 See Him languish! hear Him groan!  
 Mortals, have ye hearts of stone?  
 Is not hatred yet appeased?  
 Has not yet your malice ceased?  
 Still the Jew's blaspheming leer;  
 Still the Roman's callous jeer;  
 Still those dying sons of crime  
 Railing out their fleeting time!  
 All conspire the dregs to pour  
 Of wrath's full cup on that dread hour.

Hark! with the voice of God He cries,  
 " 'Tis finished!" Scorn turns pale—He dies!  
 For so Redeeming Mercy willed.  
 All is now at length fulfilled;  
 Christ has bowed His sacred head,  
 And seeks the regions of the dead.  
 As I contemplate the sight,  
 Shrinks my spirit with affright;  
 Trembles all the man within,  
 Conscious of that blackest sin!  
 Well might heaven its light withdraw!  
 Well might earth recoil with awe!  
 Well the temple's veil might rend!  
 Well the wondering dead ascend,  
 Startled by the daring deed  
 Which doomed the Lord of life to bleed!

Whom on Calvary thus I view,  
 Oh 'twas I, 'twas I that slew!  
 I transpierced him, mocked him, spurned;  
 I such love with hate returned!  
 Spirit, that canst bid them flow,  
 Touch the springs of holy woe;  
 Let mine eyes as fountains be,  
 Pouring tears incessantly,  
 Like a deluge, down my cheek;  
 Break this flinty heart, oh! break.

Mount of wonders! Calvary!  
 When I fix my gaze on thee,  
 Adoration sways my soul;  
 Mysteries round thy summit roll.  
 Angel's ken can never pierce,  
 Nor archangel's power disperse.

Who, with garments dyed in blood,  
 Victor in that conflict stood,  
 Which the power of Satan broke,  
 And released us from his yoke?  
 Who was thus for sinners slain?  
 Who this ignominious pain  
 Freely, gladly underwent?  
 God, the Lord Omnipotent:  
 He who glory's middle throne  
 Fills—the unbegotten Son;  
 In the plenitude of bliss,  
 Forming, ruling all that is.  
 He the guiltless, He the God,  
 Thus endured His Father's rod;  
 Whom we chiefly might expect  
 To renounce us, and reject;  
 Whose just vengeance might have rushed  
 Forth on our guilty heads, and crushed.  
 We against Him had rebelled,  
 We His goodness had repelled;  
 We His word had disbelieved,  
 And His Holy Spirit grieved:  
 Yet for us His throne He left,  
 Of His royalties bereft,  
 And in fashion as a man,  
 Perfected redemption's plan,  
 Humbled by His creatures so,  
 Burdened with such matchless woe!

Oh the patience! Oh the love!  
 All our loftiest thoughts above,  
 Which could thus with sinners bear!  
 Which could hold them still so dear!  
 Which could such a ransom give,  
 That our ruined race might live!  
 Mount of wonders! 'tis on thee  
 Mercy can with Truth agree;  
 Righteousness and Peace can kiss;  
 Man recover strength and bliss.  
 Angels view thee with amaze,  
 Wondering more the more they gaze;  
 Deeper, wishing, still to pry  
 Into that boundless mystery.  
 I with angels would adore,  
 And with them still more and more  
 Into things desire to look  
 Thou recordest in thy book,—  
 Fount of grace, which thou hast given,  
 To reveal the will of Heaven!  
 On me pour increasing light,  
 That the length, the breadth, the height,  
 And the depth, my soul may know—  
 All Thy saints can reach below—  
 Of that vast, stupendous love,  
 Human knowledge far above!

Mount of triumph! Calvary!  
 What effulgence beams from thee!  
 How my night is turned to day,  
 How my fears are chased away,

How my fainting heart grows bold  
When thy glories I behold!

Yes, redemption is complete!  
Trampled 'neath Messial's feet  
Sin and death forever lie;  
He hath won the victory.  
And the captor's captive led—  
He hath bruised the serpent's head.  
Hope, welcome visitant, appears,  
Points to Thee, and dries my tears;  
Faith her station at my side  
Takes, from my prison-house to guide;  
And Clarity, supremely fair,  
Enters my breast, and nestles there;  
Moulding to Thy image, Lord,  
The heart with holiness abhorred,  
And creating all anew,  
When thy wondrous grace I view.

Mount of triumph! what shall now  
My firm expectance overthrow?  
Is it life, or is it death,  
Aught around, above, beneath?  
Who shall my accuser be,  
Lord, if I am found in Thee?  
Who condemneth? Thou hast died,  
Through Thy Godhead crucified;  
As the warrior backward steps,  
Who on his foe resistless leaps;  
That Thou from the ravening grave  
Mightst be omnipotent to save,  
And from that roaring lion's power  
Who ever seeketh to devour.  
What shall harm me, while I lean  
On the cross in spirit seen?  
Nought! Thy strength can never fail,  
Never shall my foes prevail:  
Though in tenfold might they rise,  
My soul their utmost rage defies.  
When to Calvary I turn,  
There I my privilege discern,  
And in thy redemption strong,  
March triumphantly along:  
March rejoicing, for I feel  
Thy kind hand my bruises heal,  
And a taste at times bestow  
Of heaven's enjoyments here below.  
Upward looking, I behold  
Paradise its gates unfold;  
Where a mansion waits for me,  
Where of life's unfading tree  
I the blessed fruit shall share,  
And to those living founts repair,  
Which, gushing forth at God's right hand,  
Flow copious through Immanuel's land.  
Till the hour when over death  
Exulting with my latest breath,  
Prompt me with this mortal tongue  
To thy praise to pour my song,  
Captain of my salvation! Thou  
From whom each perfect gift must flow,  
Thou who all this bliss for me  
Purchasedst on Cavalry!

*T. Greenwood.*

3212. CALVARY, Scenes of.

Sing, trembling Muse, how on the awful  
brow

Of Calvary, veiled in unearthly shadows  
As on a darkened theatre, was wrought  
The tragedy that moved the universe,  
And moulded all its destinies anew!

The mist of years hath melted. Where am I?  
Without thy walls, templ'd Jerusalem!  
Amid the throng of thy tumultuous people,  
Upon the hill of death. Three crosses rise  
From yonder rocky bed. Three forms of men  
Are quivering on them! Are they all alike—  
Felons upon whose dark, atrocious deeds,  
Stern justice hath affixed her burning brand?  
Speak, ye invisible spirits! who attend  
On injured innocence; is there not One,  
Pronounced unblamed by Rome's proud  
procurator,  
Even in the solemn, public judgment-hall?  
Ah! ye are silent. Some dread mystery  
Hangs o'er this scene, ye cannot pierce as yet!  
Spirit of prophecy! unveil thy light,  
And to my trembling heart the truth dis-  
close.

The veil of heaven is rent; and through the  
gloom

I see, I see, upon that midmost cross,  
In fashion as a man, and humbled low  
(Oh, awful "mystery of godliness!"  
Awful, and yet engaging; dear, though  
dread),

My Lord! my God! God manifest in flesh!  
And "numbered with transgressors!" It is  
He!

Bear witness, blessed spirits! ye who bowed  
Around His throne on high: bear witness  
now

To His eternal glory. On that throne [left  
Man's misery touched His heart: for man He  
That glory; touch'd aside the form of God,  
Assumed a servant's state, and to the world  
Came, gentle as a man to sympathize,  
Yet able as the Omnipotent to save!  
The world beheld Him, but it knew Him not:  
Blind to the beauty of His holiness, [all  
It turned from Him in scorn. In vain were  
His miracles of mercy, and His words  
Fraught with celestial wisdom. One betrayed  
And others crucified Him! Tell it not  
In hell, lest demons triumph; nor in heaven,  
Lest angels tremble.

He had come to die!  
He saw the storm of ruin that o'erhung  
Man's whole horizon. Was there none could  
save?

He threw Himself upon the lifted cross,  
'Twixt earth and heaven. The bolt of ven-  
geance fell,  
That would have shivered and consumed  
the world,  
But fell on Him. He, self-devoted, caught  
The wrath in His own bosom, and quenched  
it there!



Stupendous sacrifice! I see Thee now,  
 Incarnate Love! I see Thee on that tree  
 Of agony and execration hung;  
 Girt round with scornful men. Oh! they  
 have wreathed  
 Thy throbbing temples with the pointed  
 thorn,

In bitter mockery of Thy regal claims;  
 Illustrious victim! Prince of life! I see  
 The crimson current draining drop by drop,  
 Through every wound with anguish; yet the  
 look

Of bland and suffering meekness changes not!  
 Methinks that silent meekness doth upbraid  
 Thy murderers, methinks expostulates  
 With me. Hark! Didst Thou speak, my  
 dying Lord?

“O man of many sins! behold the price  
 Of thy redemption. Look, and sin no more!”  
 I hear Thee, lover of my soul! I hear,  
 And my whole heart is moved. Oh let me die  
 To sin with Thee! I would not leave Thy  
 view.

I feel a sweet and secret sympathy  
 Grow a; I gaze upon Thee. I would share,  
 My suffering Saviour! every pang of Thine,  
 Each throb, each pulse, each thought!

So shall I know  
 The bitterness of sin: so shall I feel  
 What dread desert of death was mine, what  
 love  
 Unbounded Thine! my Life! my Hope! my  
 Joy!

My Triumph, and my Song!  
 But 'tis the hour  
 Of Thy soul's travail. Mysterious hour!  
 How like a mountain doth our guilt oppress  
 That wrung, and crushed, and quivering  
 heart! I see

The fainting head sink on that throbbing  
 breast,  
 The languid eye pour its last look of love,  
 Then darken into death.

There was a sound  
 Of agony, and prayer, and triumph came  
 From those expiring lips! My heart shall  
 drink

The spirit of His words, and life forever!  
 “'Tis finished!” Heaven hath caught the  
 rising cry,  
 And echoed back to earth. But who can tell  
 The fulness of its meaning? Yet a while,  
 And He who uttered will Himself explain,  
 And pour the brightness of eternity  
 Where rested time's dark shadow!

Calvary!  
 Thy name to me is balm. My thoughts repose  
 On thee the livelong day; and when at night  
 Deep sleep descends on men, my thoughts  
 awake,

And muse upon thy wonders. Round the  
 cross

Twine my eternal hopes, and flourish there!

*John Newton.*

**3213. CALVARY, Shrine of.**

Luke xxiv : 46.

Oh close the book, and seal the seal,  
 And let the veil drop over all;  
 Would that oblivion could conceal  
 What memory shudders to recall!

'Twas here, on this accursed hill,  
 “Without the gate,” the deed was done,  
 Which made the vexed earth's heart to thrill,  
 And darkened the indignant sun.

Here rose the taunts of cruel scorn,  
 Here hung the felons by His side;  
 Less vile than they who wove the thorn  
 And reared the cross on which He died.

Well might the night o'erspread the day,  
 As darkness ruled ere time began,  
 When He, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
 “Was made a curse” for sinful man.

“Was made a curse;” but never yet  
 Did cause such fruit of blessing bear;  
 For all our sin, and doom, and debt,  
 By costliest price were cancelled there.

Hence more than other, Calvary slopes  
 Invite the pilgrim feet to stray,  
 As some fair shrine, where buried hopes  
 Love has embalmed to cheat decay.

The full heart here, all shrines above,  
 Its wealthier adoration pours;  
 In sight of that all-suffering love,  
 The eyes may weep, the faith adores.

'Tis not the life, divinely pure,  
 And even more, divinely kind;  
 'Tis not the power all ills to cure,  
 Nor flash earth's beauty on the blind:

'Tis not that leaves to banquets grew  
 Whene'er He willed the thousands fed;  
 Nor, at His word, that life anew  
 Quickened the swathed or buried dead:

'Tis not His teaching, though He spake  
 The wisest words to human thought;  
 Words, which the proud ones oft mistake,  
 But sweetly to the child-heart taught:

Life, healing, teaching! in all these  
 Some purpose and some lesson lie;  
 But faith the deeper mystery sees,  
 “That it behoved” the “Christ to die.”

To die, not in oblation vain,  
 The seal to all His words to give;  
 Not in the martyr's scorn of pain;  
 To die that all the world might live!

Oh for the heart this truth to learn,  
 Erewhile too darkly understood!  
 We for the living Saviour yearn;  
 Our trust is in the sprinkled blood.

And while by faith we humbly cling  
To Christ the crucified alone,  
Each to His cross our sins would bring,  
Eager to crucify our own.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**3214. CALVARY, The Highway to.**

John xviii : 33.

Repair to Pilat's hall,  
Which place, when thou hast found,  
Then shall thou see a pillar stand,  
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be known  
To anie Christian eye;  
The bloudie whips doe point it out  
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe  
Of purple, and a reed  
Which Pilat's servants used t' abuse  
In sinne's deriding deed;

When they pronounced "All hail!  
God save thee!" with a breath,  
And by the same eride presently,  
"Let Christ be done to death."

His person had in scorne,  
His doctrine made a iest,  
Their mockeries were a martirdome;  
No wrongs but Him opprest.

What courage less than His  
Would have endured like shame,  
But would with griefs of such contempt  
Have dide t' indure the same!

A little from that place,  
Upon the left hand side,  
There is a curious portlie dore  
Right beautifull and wide.

Leave that in anie wise,  
Forbid thy foot goe thether;  
For out thereat did Judas goe—  
Despaire and he together.

But to the right hand turn,  
Where is a narrow gate;  
Forth which St. Peter went to weepe  
His poor distrest estate.

Doe immitate the lke,  
Goe out at sorrowe's dore;  
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,  
That wept to sinne no more.

Keep wide of Cayphus' house,  
Though courtous thoughts infence:  
There bribery haunts, despaire was hatcht;  
False Judas came from thence.

But go on forward still,  
Where Pilat's pallace stands;  
There, where he first did false condemne,  
There washed his guiltie hands,

Confessed he found no cause,  
And yet condemned to die,  
Fearing an earthly Ceaser more  
Than God that rules on he.

By this direction then  
The way is vnderstood;  
No porch, no dore, nor hal to passe,  
Vnsprinkled with Christ's blood.

So shall no errour put  
Misguiding steppes betweene;  
For every drop sweet Jesus shed  
Is freshly to be seene.

A crowne of piercing thornes  
There lies imbrued in gore;  
The garland that thy Sauioour's head  
For thy offences wore.

Which, when thou shalt behold,  
Thinke what His loue hath binne,  
Whose head was loaden with those briars  
'T vnlade thee of thy sinne.

Whose sacred flesh was torne,  
Whose holie skinne was rent;  
Whose tortures and extreamest paines  
Thy pains in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon  
Did turne, when they, past cure,  
Refused help whome He would heale,  
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierusalem  
The soule's Phisition goes,  
When they forsook His sauing health  
And vowed themselves His foes.

Goe with Him, happy soule,  
From that forsaken towne,  
Vpon whose wals lies not a stone  
But run must throw downe.

Follow His feet that goes  
For to redeeme thy losse,  
And carries alle our sinnes with Him  
To cancel on His crosse.

Behold what multitudes  
Doe guard thy God about,  
Who, bleeding, beares His dying tree  
Amidst the Jewish rout!

Look on with liquid eies,  
And sigh from sorrowing mind,  
To see the death's-man goe before,  
The murdering troopes behind.

Centurion hard at hand,  
The thieues upon the side,  
The exclamations, shouts, and cries,  
The shame He doth abide.

Then presse amongst the throng,  
Thyselfe with sorrowes weed;  
Get very neare to Christ, and see  
What teares the women shed

Teares that did turne Him backe  
They were of such a force—  
Teares that did purchase daughters' names  
Of Father's kind remorse.

To whom He said: "Weepe not;  
For me drop not a teare;  
Bewaile your offspring and yourselues  
Griefe's cause vnseen is neare."

Follow their steppes in teares,  
And with these women mourn;  
But not for Christ; weepe for thyselfe,  
And Christ will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands  
He yeilded no replie;  
Although the iudge importuned much,  
Yet silence did denie.

Vnto his manie words  
No answer Christ would make;  
Yet to those women did He speake  
For teares' and weepings' sake.

Thinke on their force by tears—  
Teares that obtained love;  
Where words too weak could not persuade,  
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke towards Jesus' load,  
More than He could indure;  
And how for helpe to beare the same,  
A hireling they procure.

Joine thou vnto the crosse;  
Beare it of loue's desire;  
Doe not as Cyrenæus did,  
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deede,  
If willing vndersta'ne;  
But if compulsion set aworke,  
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death  
That Christ did die for thee,  
Gives life to none but such as ioy  
Crosse-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluarie,  
If thou desire to goe,  
Then take thy crosse and followe Christ,  
Thou canst not miss it so.

When there thou art arriued,  
His glorious wounds to see,  
Say but as faithful as the thiefe:  
"O Lord, remember me!"

Assure thyselfe to haue  
A gift all gifts excellling;  
Once sold by sinne, once bought by Christ,  
For saints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam, Paradise  
Was sinne's polluted shade;  
By Christ, the dunghill Golgotha,  
A paradise was made.

*Samuel Rowlands.*

**3215. CALVARY, The Star of.**

It is the same infrequent star,  
The all-mysterious light,  
That like a watcher, gazing on  
The changes of the night,  
Toward the hill of Bethlem took  
Its solitary flight.

It is the same infrequent star,  
Its sameness startleth me;  
Although the disk is red a blood  
And downward, silently,  
It looketh on another hill,  
The hill of Calvary!

Nor noon, nor night; for to the west  
The heavy sun doth glow;  
And like a ship, the lazy mist  
Is sailing on below;  
Between the broad sun and the earth  
It tacketh to and fro.

There is no living wind astir;  
The bat's unholy wing  
Threads through the noiseless olive-trees,  
Like some unquiet thing  
Which playeth in the darkness when  
The leaves are whispering.

Mount Calvary! Mount Calvary,  
All sorrowfully still,  
That mournful tread, it rends the heart  
With an unwelcome thrill;  
The mournful tread of them that crowd  
Thy melancholy hill!

There is a cross, not one alone,  
'Tis even three I count,  
Like columns on the mossy marge  
Of some old Grecian fount;  
So pale they stand, so drearily,  
On that mysterious Mount.

Behold, O Israel! behold,  
It is no human One  
That ye have dared to crucify.  
What evil hath He done?  
It is your King, O Israel?  
The God-begotten Son!

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns!  
Why have ye crowned Him so?  
That brow is bathed in agony,  
'Tis veiled in every woe;  
Ye saw not the immortal trace  
Of Deity below.

It is the foremost of the Three;  
 Resignedly they fall,  
 Those death-like, drooping features,  
 Unbending, blighted all:  
 The Man of Sorrows, how He bears  
 The agonizing thrall!

'Tis fixed on thee, O Israel!  
 His gaze! how strange to brook;  
 But that there's mercy blended deep  
 In each reproachful look,  
 'Twould search thee, till the very heart  
 Its withered home forsook.

To God! to God! how eloquent  
 The cry, as if it grew  
 By those cold lips unuttered, yet  
 All heartfelt rising through,  
 "Father in heaven! forgive them, for  
 They know not what they do!"  
*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

### 3216. CANA, Christ in.

John ii : 1-11.

Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,  
 Whose gracious word benign  
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,  
 Change water into wine.

Come, visit us! and when dull work  
 Grows weary, line on line,  
 Revive our souls and let us see  
 Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,  
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,  
 When Jesus visits us to make  
 Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,  
 The homely household shrine,  
 Grow bright with angel visits when  
 The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,  
 Not knowing mine nor thine,  
 The miracle again is wrought,  
 And water turned to wine.

*J. F. Clarke.*

### 3217. CANA, The Marriage at.

John ii · 1.

They stand amid their earnest friends, joy-  
 ful yet awed and still,  
 As priestly hands the rite of old by God or-  
 dained fulfil;  
 The few and simple words they breathe,  
 though scarce they meet the ear,  
 Pledge heart to heart, and life to life  
 through many a coming year.

As meet their hands with tender grasp, each  
 heart renounces there  
 Whatever thought of earthly bliss the other  
 may not share.

Henceforth together do they pass, in joy and  
 sorrow one,  
 Nor that mysterious union ends, till life  
 itself be done.

And now with blushes and with smiles, the  
 young bride meets her friends;  
 With voice of trembling earnestness, a father  
 o'er her bends,  
 A sister's tear is on her cheek, a mother's  
 heart o'erflows,  
 As hope and fear their visions to her anxious  
 eyes disclose.

That trusting one, whose deepest love is  
 yielded to his claim,  
 Who now by smiling friends addressed, first  
 hears her matron name!  
 To her he vows himself anew, before that  
 secret shrine  
 Where conscience to the heart reveals the  
 majesty divine.

Blest Saviour! though no bridal wreath en-  
 twine Thy awful brow,  
 Not void of sympathy for aught of blame-  
 less joy wast Thou.  
 And walking in Thy gospel's light, Thy true  
 disciples prove  
 The purity of wedded bliss, the holiness of  
 love. *S. G. Bulfinch.*

### 3218. CANAAN, From Egypt to.

My God, while journeying to Canaan's land,  
 For peace I do not pray;  
 Nor seek beneath Thy sheltering sweetness,  
 To rest each circling day; [Lord,  
 I cry to Thee for strength to struggle on,  
 But do not ask that smooth the way may be;  
 Sufficient for Thy servant 'tis to know [Thee.  
 That earth's bleak desert ends at last with

I do not ask of Thee that loving friends  
 Should wander by my side,  
 Or that my hand should feel an angel's touch,  
 A guardian and a guide;  
 But Israel's God, do Thou go on before,  
 An ever-present beacon in the way:  
 A fiery pillar in dark sorrow's night,  
 A cloudy column in my prosperous day.

I do not ask, O Master dear! to lean  
 My head upon Thy breast;  
 Nor seek within Thy circling arms to find  
 An ever-present rest;  
 I beg from Thee that crown of prickly thorns  
 That once Thy sacred forehead rudely tore:  
 And I will press those crimson brambles close  
 To my poor heart and ask from Thee no  
 more.

But when, at length, my scorched and weary  
 Shall reach their journey's end, [feet  
 And I have gained the longed-for promised  
 Where milk and honey blend, [land,

Then give me rest and food and drink, dear  
Lord;

For then another pilgrim will have passed,  
As Thou didst, o'er the wastes of barren sand  
From Egypt into Canaan, safe at last.

**3219.** CANAAN, The Heavenly.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green  
And rivers of delight!

All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**3220.** CANAAN, The Prospect of.

Deuteronomy iii : 27.

Lo! in longing hope I stand,  
To enter, Lord, the goodly land,  
Land of liberty and peace,  
Happy land of righteousness!  
We, who have rebellious been,  
Bring into the rest from sin,  
Into the rest of ripest love,  
Into the rest of saints above.

For Thy people's rest I sigh,  
Ready on Jordan's brink to die;  
Must I, Lord, excluded be,  
Never tread the land I see?  
Oh! for mercy's sake receive,  
Bid me in Thine image live;  
And then in perfect peace depart,  
Holy and just, and pure of heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

**3221.** CANAAN, Woman of.

Matthew xv : 22-28.

Prayer an answer will obtain,  
Though the Lord a while delay;  
None shall seek His face in vain,  
None be empty sent away.

When the woman came from Tyre,  
And for help to Jesus sought,  
Though He granted her desire,  
Yet at first He answered not.

Could she guess at His intent,  
When He to His followers said,  
"I to Israel's sheep am sent,  
Dogs must not have children's bread."

She was not of Israel's seed,  
But of Canaan's wretched race:  
Thought herself a dog indeed?  
Was not this a hopeless case?

Yet although from Canaan sprung,  
Though a dog herself she styled,  
She had Israel's faith and tongue,  
And was owned for Abraham's child.

From His words she draws a plea:  
"Though unworthy children's bread,  
'Tis enough for one like me,  
If with crumbs I may be fed."

Jesus then His heart revealed:  
"Woman, canst thou thus believe?  
I to thy petition yield;  
All that thou canst wish, receive."

'Tis a pattern set for us,  
How we ought to wait and pray;  
None who plead and wrestle thus,  
Shall be empty sent away.

*John Newton.*

**3222.** CANAANITE, Prayer of the.

Matthew xv : 22-28.

Lord, regard my earnest cry,  
A potsherd of the earth;  
A poor guilty worm am I,  
A Canaanite by birth:  
Save me from this tyranny,  
From all the power of Satan save;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of David, have!

To the sheep of Israel's fold  
Thou in Thy flesh wast sent;  
Yet the Gentiles now behold  
In Thee their covenant:  
See me then, with pity see,  
A sinner whom Thou can'st to save;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of David, have!

Still I cannot part with Thee;  
I will not let Thee go;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of David, show!  
Vilest of the sinful race,  
On Thee, importunate, I call,  
Help me, Jesus, show Thy grace;  
Thy grace is free for all.

Nothing am I in Thy sight,  
 Nothing have I to plead;  
 Unto dogs it is not right  
 To cast the children's bread.  
 Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat  
 That from the master's table fall;  
 Let the fragments be my meat;  
 Thy grace is free for all.

Give me, Lord, the victory,  
 My heart's desire fulfil,  
 Let it now be done to me  
 According to my will?  
 Give me living bread to eat,  
 And say, in answer to my call,  
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great,  
 My grace is free for all."

If Thy grace for all is free,  
 Thy call now let me hear,  
 Show this token upon me,  
 And bring salvation near;  
 Now the gracious word repeat,  
 The word of healing to my soul,  
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great!  
 Thy faith has made thee whole."  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3223. CANAANITE, The.

Within the cool quadrangle's welcome shade,  
 Beneath the linen awning, Jesus sought  
 A moment's quiet, while the fountain played  
 Her pleasant interlude to weary thought.

Through the porch gleamed the rose-red  
 sunset snows  
 Of the wild crags of northern Galilee;  
 What awful life is in the God-repose,  
 That with the past and present welds  
 futurity!

Up the benched gateway thrills a woman's  
 cry,  
 As if the swollen torrent of deep care  
 Had torn down silence in its agony  
 To fling grief's secret on the trembling air!

The loneliness of one unuttered woe,  
 The silent tears when every hope had fled,  
 The sacred love, which mothers best may  
 know,  
 When sickness glooms around a first-born's  
 bed.

The weary hours beside her little child,  
 The patient sadness of her darling's eye,  
 As with unselfish love she feebly smiled,  
 All, all, came sobbing on that bitter cry.

"O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me!"  
 So 'mid the wreck, bareheaded, 'gainst the  
 spray,  
 A drowning man might shriek across the sea,  
 When hope of human help had passed away.

O Lord, thou Son of David, pity me!  
 While ghastly doubts stung her sin-laden  
 If for the guilt done by her secretly, [breast,  
 God's curse had fallen on what she loved  
 the best.

He did not answer her one single word,  
 Yet love was speaking in His every look.  
 When earth is silent then may heaven be  
 heard,  
 In sorrow's gloom faith best reads God's  
 own book.

Thinkst thou He hears not, when for many  
 a day  
 Thy knees are worn with fasting and with  
 prayer?

Thinkst thou He turns with any love away,  
 Because thou seest no angel on the air?

Tempter, away! each throb of pain He knows;  
 I will kneel on, and wait His blessed time;  
 Up the steep staircase of life's darksome woes  
 I'll climb and sing, till overhead God's  
 chime

Break with one roar of an eternal sea;  
 And lo! if I have prayed He giveth more;  
 I stagger down, half blind with victory,  
 Whispering the chant from out the open-  
 ing door. *A. Brodrick.*

### 3224. CAPERNAUM.

Matthew xi : 23.

But near where Jordan, rippling, joins the  
 lake,  
 And towering hills a wilder aspect take,  
 Dark groups of ruin draw the traveller's eye,  
 And while they prompt reflection ask a sigh.  
 Frieze, cornice, pillar, lie in mouldering  
 heaps,  
 Where in the sun the listless adder sleeps.  
 With ivies hung by Ruin's mocking hand,  
 A huge black pile o'erlooks the wave-kissed  
 sand;  
 Here frowns a building, pierced with arches  
 gray,  
 Temple or royal palace, who may say?  
 Within those courts their tents wild Arabs  
 spread,  
 Or some fell robber hides his dastard head:  
 Bright pleasure's town, where sorrow shed no  
 tear,  
 'Tis proud Capernaum, all thou seest here!  
*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3225. CAPTIVES, Song of the Jewish.

Psalms cxxxvii : 1-6.

We sat us down by Babel's streams,  
 And dreamed soul-saddening memory's  
 dreams;  
 And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept  
 Of Sion—and we wept, we wept!  
 Our harps upon the willows hung  
 Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung;  
 For they who wrought our pains and wrongs,  
 Asked us for Sion's pleasant songs.

How can we sing Jehovah's praise  
To those who Baal's altars raise?  
How warble Judah's freeborn hymns,  
With Babel's fetters on our limbs?  
How chant thy lays, dear Fatherland,  
To strangers on a foreign strand?  
Ah no! we'll bear grief's keenest sting,  
But dare not Sion's anthems sing.

Place us where Sharon's roses blow;  
Place us where Siloe's waters flow;  
Place us on Lebanon, that waves  
Its cedars o'er our fathers' graves:  
Place us upon that holy mount,  
Where stand the temple, gleams the fount;  
And love and joy shall loose our tongues,  
To warble Sion's pleasant songs.

If I should e'er, earth's fairest gem,  
Forget thee, O Jerusalem!  
May my right hand forget its skill  
To wake the slumbering lyre at will!  
If from my heart, e'en when most gay,  
Thy memory e'er should fade away,  
May my tongue rest within my head  
Mute as the voices of the dead!

Remember, oh! remember, Lord,  
In that day Edom's race abhorred;  
When once again o'er Salem's towers  
The son of joy its radiance pours,  
Forget not them whose hateful cry  
Rose loud and fiend-like to the sky;  
'Be that unholy city crushed,  
Raze, raze it even with the dust!'

Daughter of Babylon, the hour  
Is coming that shall bow thy power,  
The Persian sword shall make thee groan,  
The Mede shall fill Belshazzar's throne;  
Best shall be he who bids thee sip  
The cup thou heldst to Salem's lip,  
And mocks thee, weeping o'er the stones  
Red with thy children's bleeding bones.

*Henry Neile.*

### 3226. CARMEL, Elijah on.

1 Kings xviii: 43.

Where ancient Carmel, vast, abrupt, and steep,  
Lifts its blue summit o'er the midland deep,  
The prophet kneeled, to pray that genial rain  
Might spread fresh verdure o'er the scorched plain:  
For God, to punish Israel's sin had banned  
The clouds of heaven, and drought consumed the land.  
Each spring had failed, and every blade of grass,  
The earth seemed iron, and the heavens brass;  
And three long years the sluices of the sky  
Their influence to a guilty land deny,  
Turning the vales where milk and honey flowed  
To barren wilds, gaunt famine's dread abode.

At length the penal vengeance passed away,  
And melting Mercy heard the prophet pray;  
Inspired the faith that turned aside the rod,  
And touched with tenderness the heart of God.

He bowed, he prayed, but still the sky was clear,  
Nor sound of gust, nor sight of cloud, was near;

Then from the earth on which he leaned his head,

The prophet rose, and to his servant said,  
"Haste to the summit, the horizon sweep,  
And cast thine eye along the distant deep;"  
He went, he gazed upon the sky and main,  
Still there was nothing—not a sign of rain.  
Elijah said, "Go seven times," and bowed  
His face between his knees, and now a cloud  
Small as a human hand at first appeared,  
But quick as thought the mighty column reared

Along the sky—and black and wide it spread,  
While the wind whistled round the mountain's head.

Say, muse, what truth dost thou from this deduce,

Has it a moral, meant for Christian use?  
Yes, pilgrim, listen! there are gems and gold

Beneath the surface of this common mould.  
In all thy trials through this world of woe;  
In all thy ills, and thou hast ills to know,  
Go to thy God, in patience, for redress;  
Go seven times! and each the promise press:  
But leave to Him the mode, the time, the place

To hear thy prayer, and remedy thy case:  
Be not impatient of a quick reply,  
He may delay it but He can't deny!  
Pray, wait and watch—then watch, and wait, and pray,

And do it seven times on every day;  
Thy full deliverance is surely planned,  
Although it come but as a little hand;  
The blessing in some simple medium lurks,  
For not by miracle, but means, He works.

*Joshua Marsden.*

### 3227. CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED, The.

Matthew viii : 5-13.

From that mount where Christ's discourse  
From the lips of seeming man,  
Like a river from its source,  
Deep with wondrous wisdom ran,

Homeward now the Saviour moves,  
Toward Capernaum's gates once more,  
Toward the city that He loves,  
But whose blindness grieves Him sore.

As the favored town He nears,  
Lo, a hastening cavalcade,  
Issuing from its gate appears,  
Sent to beg His instant aid!

Palsy-smitten, moaning lies  
A centurion's servant dear;  
In another hour he dies—  
When the Lord's approach they hear.

In the good centurion's heart  
Hope and fear alternate strive—  
"He can bid disease depart,  
He can bid my servant live.

"But, a Gentile foe, I fear  
My own prayer He will refuse;  
Let me—for He now is near—  
Send the elders of the Jews."

Now they plead with interest bold:  
"Worthy he who asks Thy grace;  
Yonder synagogue behold,  
Reared by Him; He loves our race."

Soon their pompous plea is spent,  
Spent in praise of pride and pelf;  
Ah, how humbler he who sent,  
He who hastens now himself!

"Lord, I am not worthy Thou  
Under my poor roof shouldst stand,  
And, if Thou but speak, I know,  
E'en as at my own command,

"This man comes, another goes,  
Or my servant does my will,  
So, whate'er our mortal woes,  
All obey Thy power and skill.

"If Thou wilt but speak the word,  
Lo, my servant shall be healed."  
Marvelling much, the Saviour heard,  
Nor His wonder long concealed.

"Not in Israel have I found  
Faith like this a Gentile shows!  
Trust so perfect, so profound,  
Faith that failure fears nor knows!"

"Go; and as thou hast believed,  
Be it unto thee and thine!"  
Lo, they find the man relieved,  
Healed and saved by power divine!

Thou who didst the Gentile meet  
In his sad extremity,  
To our inmost souls repeat—  
Faith needs true humility.

And when'er we seek thy face,  
Let us leave our works behind;  
Seek Thee only through Thy grace,  
Seeking thus we can but find.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3228. CHILDREN BLESSED BY CHRIST.

Mark x: 13-16.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came  
From the lone villages and distant hills  
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord,

Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,  
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,  
That He might lay His sin-subduing hand  
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,  
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,  
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,  
A Galilean mother brought her child,  
In its young loveliness, its laughing eyes  
Dancing in dewy light—and kneeling, prayed  
A benediction from those sinless lips  
Upon the cherub beauty of the babe—  
But the disciples with officious zeal  
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke:  
"Why troublest thou the Master?"

Jesus heard,  
And in displeasure turned His radiant eye  
With a reproving glance on him that spake;  
Then in a voice of calm authority,  
With gentle accents briefly thus replied:  
"Suffer these little ones to come to Me,  
Nor let them be forbidden; for of such  
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in His arms,  
And gently with His blessed hand put back  
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;  
And bending o'er it, pressed His holy lips  
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—  
Making the brow of childhood, from that  
hour,  
A thing of holiness—the only shrine  
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"  
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,  
Bowed His anointed head, and with His blood  
Purchased redemption for our fallen race;  
And blessed they who to that holy task  
Devote the energies of their young years,  
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light  
Of infant intellect to know the Lord:  
Thrice blessed they who guide with gentle  
hand  
The timid steps of childhood in that path  
Which, rightly trodden, leads the wanderers  
home,  
Where they shall meet the teachers and the  
taught,  
On that blest Sabbath which shall have no  
end. *C. Huntingdon.*

### 3229. CHILDREN, Christ Blessing,

"The Master has come over Jordan,"  
Said Hannah, the mother, one day:  
"He is healing the people who throng Him,  
With a touch of His finger, they say.  
And now I shall carry the children,  
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;  
I shall carry the baby, Esther,  
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly;  
But he shook his head and smiled:  
"Now, who but a doting mother  
Would think of a thing so wild?"



If the children were tortured by demons,  
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;  
Or had they the taint of the leper,  
Like many in Israel"—

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;  
I feel such a burden of care:  
If I carry it to the Master,  
Perhaps I shall leave it there.  
If He lay His hands on the children,  
My heart will be lighter, I know;  
For a blessing forever and ever  
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,  
Along the vine-rows green,  
With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
And Rachel her brothers between,  
'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,  
Or waited His touch and His word, [ing,  
Through the row of proud Pharisees hasten—  
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"  
Said Peter, "with children like these?  
Seest not how, from morning till evening,  
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"  
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;  
Permit them to come unto Me."  
And He took in His arms little Esther,  
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother  
Was lifted all earth-care above,  
As He laid His hands on the brothers,  
And blessed them with tenderest love;  
As He said of the babes in His bosom,  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"  
And strength for all duty and trial  
That hour to her spirit was given.

*Julia Gill.*

### 3230. CHILDREN, Christ Blessing the.

Matthew xix : 13, 14.

The errand upon earth was well-nigh done;  
A little more, and that dread passer-on,  
Time, that not even at the cross stood still,  
Must come with Calvary's ninth hour. And  
Christ  
Turned toward Jerusalem. Galilee was sweet  
With its fair mount, that was the step of  
heaven  
(Whereon He had but just now stood, and  
through  
The door flung open to the throne of God,  
Drank strength in the transfiguring light),  
and here  
Dwelt Mary, holy mother, and 'twas here  
His childhood had been passed; and here  
the life  
E'en Christ must learn to love, to be "like us,"  
Had been most sweet to Him. But not where  
life  
So gently beautiful is known; oh, not  
Where Nature with her calm rebuke is heard;  
Could the great wrong be done! in Mam-  
mon's mart,

The crowded city, where the small still voice  
Is, like the leaf's low whisper, overborne;  
Where the dark shadow, which before us falls  
When we are turning from the light away,  
Seems at another's feet and not our own;  
Where, 'mid the multitude's bewildering  
shout,

Anguish may moan unheeded and even  
Lama sabacthani go up unheard—  
There only, could the Son of God be slain!  
And when to His disciples Jesus said,  
"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem,"  
Then turned His path from peaceful Galilee;  
Thence to the scourge, the buffet and the  
scorn,  
Gethsemane's last conflict, and the cross—  
The meek first step to Calvary was there!

And Christ passed over Jordan to the coast  
Of populous Judea, and there came  
Multitudes to Him, listening as He taught,  
And wondering at His miracles; for lo!  
His calm word healed all sicknesses; the blind  
Rose up and gazed upon the luminous brow  
Whose glory had shone through their dark-  
ened lids;

The dumb spoke, and the leper became clean,  
And devils were cast out which had defied  
The word of His disciples. With new awe,  
Touched with compassionating love, looked  
these

Upon their Master now; for near at hand  
They felt the shadow of His coming hour,  
And though His face shone with the strength  
new given

By the celestial sacrament of light  
Upon the mount administered, they still  
Trembled as men, for One who as a man,  
Must pass through death—death of such  
agony

As for a world's transgressions might atone—  
Whose bitter cup even the Son of God  
Must shrink from, with a prayer that it might  
pass!

Christ had told o'er His sorrows to the end.  
They knew what must befall. In silence sad  
Listened the twelve, while jeered the Phari-  
see,

And tempted Him the Scribe—for so must He  
To His last victory come; but eager still,  
Looked they where they might minister to  
Him,

Or watchfully, from that dark path of woe,  
Pluck out the needless thorn.

The eventide  
Found Him among His questioners the same,  
Patient and meek as in the morning hour;  
And while the Scribes, with His mild  
answers foiled,

Sat by and reasoned in their hearts, behold  
There was a stir in the close multitude,  
And voices pleaded to come nigh; and  
straight,

The crowd divided, and a mother came,  
Holding her babe before her, and on Christ

Fixing her moist eye steadfastly. He turned,  
Benignant, as she tremblingly came near,  
And the sad earnestness His face had worn  
While He disputed with the crafty Scribes,  
Was touched with the foreshadowing of a  
smile.

And lo! another and another still,  
Led by this sweet encouragement to come,  
Pressed where the first had made her trust-  
ing way,

And soon a fair young company they stood:  
A band who (by a lamp of love, new lit  
And fed by oil of tenderness from heaven,  
By recognition, instinct as the eye  
To know 'mid clouds the twinkle of a star—  
By mother's love) knew what must holiest be,  
And where to bring their children to be blest.  
And as Christ looked upon them where they  
stood,

And each would lay her infant in His arms,  
To see it there and know that He had borne  
Her burden on His bosom, there rose up  
Some of the twelve; and mindful of the night,  
And of the trials of the weary day,  
They came between, and bade them to depart,  
And trouble not the Master. Then did Christ,  
Reproving His disciples, call again  
The mothers they had turned from Him away;  
And leaning gently toward them as they came,  
Tenderly took the babes unto His arms,  
And laid His hand upon their foreheads fair,  
And blessed them, saying: "Suffer them to  
come,

For in My Father's kingdom, such are they.  
Whoso is humble as a little child,  
The same is greatest in the courts of heaven."  
Spotless is infancy, we fondly feel;  
Angels in heaven are like it, He hath said.

Mothers have dreamed the smile upon the lips  
Of slumbering babes to be the memory  
Of a bright world they come from; and that,  
here,

'Mid the temptations of this fallen star,  
They bide the trial for a loftier sphere—  
Ever progressing. Fearfully, if so,  
Give we, to childhood, guidance for high  
heaven!

But be this lofty vision as it may,  
Christ blessed them here. And oh! if in the  
hour

Of His first steps to Calvary, and 'mid  
The tempters, who, He knew, had thus begun  
The wrongs that were to lead Him to the  
cross

If here, 'mid weariness and gathering woe,  
The heart of Christ turned meltingly to them,  
And, for a harsh word to these little ones,  
Though uttered but with sheltering care for  
Him,

He spoke rebukingly to those He loved—  
If babes thus pure and priceless were to  
Christ,

Holy, indeed, the trust to whom they're  
given!

Sacred are they!

*N. P. Willis.*

### 3231. CHILDREN, Christ's Love for.

Matthew xiv : 13, 14.

There is no sweeter story told  
In all the blessed book,  
Than how the Lord within His arms  
The little children took.

We love Him for the tender touch  
That made the leper whole,  
And for the wondrous words that healed  
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to His loving self  
Our human hearts are brought,  
When for the little children's sake  
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes His sorrowing face  
A smile of gladness wore—  
A smile that for His little ones  
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,  
For them grew low and sweet;  
And still for them His gentle lips  
The loving words repeat:

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ!  
We bring them unto Thee,  
And pray that on their heads may rest  
Thy benedictio!

### 3232. CHINNERETH.

St. John xvi : 3-8.

The limpid waters of the sacred lake  
All sparkling lay;  
Each wave an opal, laughed and danced,  
As o'er the emerald hills first glanced  
The new-born day.

A tiny ship all through the night had rocked  
Upon the wave;  
Its owners heeded not the morning wind,  
For baffled hopes had made them, heart and  
No longer brave. [mind,

But lo! as toward the shining, pebbly shore  
Their eyes they turn, [light,  
They see, bathed in the morning's glorious  
A form so fair, their sad hearts at the sight  
Within them burn.

Ah, waters pure! above all waters blest,  
True name is thine, [pressed  
A harp: Chinnereth; and thy strings are  
By sacred feet; thy music lulled to rest  
Manhood divine.

Across the conscious billows came a voice,  
"What will ye gain, [moil?  
My children, from your weary night's tur-  
For without Me even hard and earnest toil  
Must be in vain.

"Cast ye your nets upon the ship's right side,  
And ye shall find."  
Obedient, they met their sure reward;

Their nets were filled. "We knew Thee  
not, O Lord!  
For we were blind."

Across the billows of life's troubled sea  
There comes a voice [tossed,  
To us, who all night long have toiled and  
Almost despairing at our labor lost,  
And we rejoice.

"O thou of little faith! when wilt thou learn  
That without Me [plete?  
Thy heart, thy hopes, thy dreams are incom-  
Cast now thy life on this side, at My feet,  
And thou shalt see

"That He who in the wilderness can feed  
Ten thousand men  
With loaves and fishes, He can surely make  
Of thy poor gift, when offered for His sake,  
E'en talents ten." *A. F. P.*

### 3233. CHRIST, Agony of.

Matthew xxvi : 36-46.

A wreath of glory circles still His head,  
And yet He kneels, and yet He seems to be  
Convulsed with more than human agony;  
On His pale brow the drops are large and red  
As victim's blood on votive altar shed;  
His hands are clasped, His eyes are raised in  
prayer.

Alas! and is there strife He cannot bear  
Who calmed the tempest, and Who raised  
the dead?

There is! there is! for now the powers of hell  
Are struggling for the mastery. 'Tis the hour  
When death exerts his last permitted power;  
When the dread weight of sin since Adam  
fell,

Is visited on Him who deigned to dwell  
A man with men, that He might bear the  
stroke

Of wrath divine, and burst the captive's yoke.  
But oh! of that dread strife what words can  
tell?

Those, only those, which broke with many a  
groan

From His full heart, "O Father, take away  
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day:  
Yet, Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"  
It could not pass away, for He alone  
Was mighty to endure and strong to save;  
Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the grave,  
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.

### 3234. CHRIST, Ascension of.

Luke xxiv : 50, 51.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise  
Into Thy native skies—  
Assume Thy right;  
And when in many a fold  
The clouds are backward rolled,  
Pass through the gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
The radiant train:  
Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,  
Thou Lamb once slain!

Enter incarnate God!  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down:  
Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider your portals throw!  
Saviour, triumphant, go,  
And take Thy crown.

Yet who are these behind,  
In numbers more than mind  
Can count or say;  
Clothed in immortal stoles,  
Illumining the poles  
A galaxy of souls,  
In white array?

And then was heard afar,  
Star answering to star:  
Lo! these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home!

O Lord, ascend Thy throne!  
For Thou shalt rule alone  
Beside Thy sire,  
With the great Paraclete  
The Three in One complete,  
Before whose awful feet  
All foes expire.

*Egerton Brydges.*

### 3235. CHRIST, Ascension of.

John xx : 30, 31.

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,  
See the King in royal state  
Riding on the clouds His chariot  
To His heavenly palace gate;  
Hark! the choirs of angel voices  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted  
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies  
He has gained the victory;  
He who on the cross did suffer,  
He who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He lifts His hands in blessing,  
He is parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;

He who walked with God, and pleased Him,  
 Preaching truth and doom to come,  
 He, our Enoch, is translated  
 To His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,  
 With His blood, within the veil;  
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
 And the kings before Him quail;  
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
 In their promised resting-place,  
 Now our great Elijah offers  
 Double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature  
 In the clouds to God's right hand;  
 There we sit in heavenly places,  
 There with Him in glory stand:  
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
 Man with God is on the throne;  
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension  
 We by faith behold our own.

*Christopher Wordsworth.*

### 3236. CHRIST, Baptism of.

Matthew iii : 13-17.

It was a green spot in the wilderness,  
 Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine  
 Never had dropped its tassels on the moss  
 Tufting the leaning bank; nor on the grass  
 Of the broad circle stretching evenly  
 To the straight larches, had a heavier foot  
 Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in  
 Through a long aisle of willows, dim and  
 cool,

Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,  
 And, hushing as they spread into the light,  
 Circled the edges of the pebbled tank  
 Slowly, then rippled through the woods  
 away.

Hither had come the apostle of the wild,  
 Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the  
 flush

Of eve, and, with a multitude around,  
 Who from the cities had come out to hear,  
 He stood breast-high amid the running  
 stream,

Baptizing as the Spirit gave Him power.  
 His simple raiment was of camel's hair,  
 A leathern girdle close about his loins,  
 His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat  
 The locust and wild honey of the wood;  
 But like the face of Moses on the mount  
 Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye  
 Burned the mild fire of love; and as he spoke  
 The ear leaned to him, and persuasion swift  
 To the chained spirit of the listener stole.  
 Silent upon the green and sloping bank

The people sat, and while the leaves were  
 shook  
 With the birds dropping early to their nests,  
 And the gray eve came on, within their  
 hearts  
 They mused if he were Christ. The rippling  
 stream

Still turned its silver courses from his breast  
 As he divined their thought. "I but bap-  
 tize,"

He said, "with water; but there cometh  
 One,

The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare  
 E'en to unloose. He will baptize with fire  
 And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while  
 yet

The words were on his lips, he raised his  
 eyes,

And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid  
 His raiment off, and with His loins alone  
 Girt with a mantle, and His perfect limbs,  
 In their angelic slighthness, meek and bare,  
 He waited to go in. But John forbade,  
 And hurried to His feet and stayed Him  
 there,

And said, "Nay, Master! I have need of  
 Thine,

Not Thou of mine!" And Jesus, with a smile  
 Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,  
 And answered, "Suffer it to be so now;  
 For thus it doth become Me to fulfil  
 All righteousness." And, leaning to the  
 stream,

He took around Him the apostle's arm,  
 And drew him gently to the midst. The  
 wood

Was thick with the dim twilight as they  
 came

Up from the water. With his clasped hands  
 Laid on his breast, the apostle silently  
 Followed his Master's steps; when lo! a  
 light,

Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,  
 Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,  
 Enveloped them, and from the heavens away  
 Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;

And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,  
 Broke from the midst, "This is My much-  
 loved Son,

In whom I am well pleased," a snow-white  
 dove,

Floating upon its wings, descended through;  
 And, shedding a swift music from its plumes,  
 Circled, and fluttered to the Saviour's breast.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

### 3237. CHRIST, Baptism of.

Luke iii : 21-23.

To be baptized, not cleansed, cometh He,  
 Who is more spotless than that living Light  
 Which gilds the crest of heaven's sublimity;  
 He comes, by being washed, to wash white  
 Baptism itself, that it henceforth from Him  
 And His pure touch, with purity may swim.

As when, amongst a gross ignoble crowd  
 Of flints, and pebbles, and such earth-bred  
 stones,

A heaven-descended diamond strives to  
 Its lus re's brave ejaculations; [shroud  
 A] though it 'scapes the test of vulgar eyes,  
 The wiser jeweller the gem describes:

So most judicious John's discerning eye  
This stranger's shy but noble splendor read;  
Besides, when others to their baptism by  
A penitent confession prefaced,  
He waived that useless circumstance, and so  
Himself concealed, yet intimated too.

See how suspense astounds the Baptist: for  
The promised sign his Master to desery  
Appeared not; this made his just demur  
Dispute the case, and resolutely cry,  
"If Thou art spotless, fitter 'tis for me,  
Who sinful am, to be baptized by Thee."

But when his Lord replied, "For once let  
Prevail, since thus alone we must fulfil [Me  
The sum of righteousness," ambiguous, he  
Felt sacred awe surprise his trembling will:  
He mused, and guessed, and hovered about  
The glimmering truth with many a yielding  
thought;

Which Jesus seeing, He upon him threw  
The urgent yoke of an express injunction;  
Whose virtue forthwith efficacious grew,  
And made the meek saint bow to His high  
function:

Cast but thine eye a little up the stream,  
Wading in crystal there thou seest them.

Old Jordan smiled, receiving such high pay  
For those small pains obedient he had spent,  
Making his waters guard the dried way  
Through wonders when to Canaan Israel  
went;

Nor does he envy now Pactolus' streams  
Or eastern floods, whose paths are paved  
with gems.

The waves came crowding one upon another  
To their fair Lord, their chaste salute to  
give:

Each one did chide and jostle back his  
brother,

And with laborious foaming murmur strive  
To kiss those feet, and so more spotless grow,  
Than from its virgin spring it first did flow.

But those most happy drops the Baptist cast  
On life's pure head, into the joyless sea  
Which borroweth from death its stile, made  
haste,

And soon confuted that sad heraldry:  
The deep that day revived, and clapped his  
hands,

And rolled his smiles about his wondering  
strands.

*James Beaumont.*

### 3238. CHRIST, Birth of.

Luke ii : 1-7.

Blessed night, when first that plain  
Echoed with the joyful strain:  
"Peace has come to earth again."

Blessed hills, that heard the song  
Of the glorious angel-throng,  
Swelling all your slopes along.

Happy shepherds, on whose ear  
Fell the tidings glad and dear,  
"God to man is drawing near."

Happy shepherds, on whose eye  
Shone the glory from on high,  
Of the heavenly Majesty.

Happy, happy Bethlehem,  
Judah's least but brightest gem,  
Where the rod from Jesse's stem,

Scion of a princely race,  
Sprung in Heaven's own perfect grace,  
Yet in feeble lowliness.

This, the woman's promised seed,  
Abram's mighty son indeed;  
Succorer of earth's great need.

This the victor in our war,  
This the glory seen afar,  
This the light of Jacob's star!

Happy Judah, rise and own  
Him, the heir of David's throne,  
David's Lord, and David's Son.

Babe of promise, born at last,  
After weary ages past,  
When our hopes were overcast.

Babe of weakness, can it be  
That earth's last great victory  
Is to be achieved by Thee?

Child of meekness, can it be  
That the proud rebellious knee  
Of this world shall bend to Thee?

Child of poverty, art Thou  
He to whom all Heaven shall bow,  
And all earth shall pay the vow?

Can that feeble head alone  
Bear the weight of such a crown,  
As belongs to David's son?

Can these helpless hands of Thine  
Wield a sceptre so divine,  
As belongs to Jesse's line?

Heir of pain and toil, whom none  
In this evil day will own,  
Art Thou the Eternal One?

Thou, o'er whom the sword and rod  
Wave, in haste to drink Thy blood,  
Art Thou very Son of God?

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,  
Hidden from the great and wise,  
Entering earth in lowly guise;

Entering by this narrow door,  
Laid upon this rocky floor,  
Placed in yonder manger poor.

We adore Thee as our King,  
And to Thee our song we sing;  
Our best offering to Thee bring.

Guarded by the shepherd's rod,  
'Mid their flock Thy poor abode,  
Thus we own Thee, Lamb of God.

Lamb of God, Thy lowly name,  
Kings of kings we Thee proclaim;  
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.

Bearer of our sins' sad load,  
Wielder of the iron rod,  
Judah's Lion, Lamb of God!

Mighty King of righteousness,  
King of Glory, King of Peace,  
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!

Thee, earth's heir and Lord, we own;  
Raise again its fallen throne,  
Take its everlasting crown.

Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,  
Owner of earth's diadem,  
Claim and wear the radiant gem.

Scatter darkness with Thy light,  
End the sorrows of our night,  
Speak the word, and all is bright.

Spoil the spoiler of the earth,  
Bring creation's second birth,  
Promised day of song and mirth.

'Tis Thine Israel's voice that calls,  
Build again Thy Salem's walls,  
Dwell within her holy halls.

'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries,  
Rend these long unrended skies,  
Bridegroom of the Church, arise.

Take to Thee Thy power and reign,  
Purify this earth again;  
Cleanse it from each curse and stain.

Sun of peace, no longer stay,  
Let the shadows flee away,  
And the long night end in day.

Let the dayspring from on high,  
That arose in Judah's sky,  
Cover earth eternally.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,  
Infant of eternity,  
Everlasting glory be.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3239. CHRIST, Birth-Song of.**

Luke ii : 13, 14.

Calm on the listening ear of night  
Come Heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
O'er silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The Day-Spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm;  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From Heaven's eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem:  
The Saviour now is born,  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

*Edmund H. Sears.*

**3240. CHRIST, Barial of.**

Mark xv : 43.

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid  
Deep in Thy darksome bed;  
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone,  
Thy sacred form is gone; [hung,  
Around those lips where power and mercy  
The dew of death have clung.  
The dull earth o'er Thee and thy foes around,  
Thou sleepest a silent corse in funeral fetters  
bound.

Where'er Thou roamst, one happy soul, we  
Seen at Thy side in woe, [know,  
Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the blest  
With him and Thee shall rest.  
Each on his cross, by Thee we hang a while,  
Watching Thy patient smile,  
Till we have learned to say, "'Tis justly  
done;  
Only in glory, Lord, Thy sinful servant own."

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil  
To rest one little hour, [bower  
Till Thine elect are numbered, and the grave  
Call Thee to come and save;  
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend,  
Again with earth to blend,  
Earth all refined with bright supernal fires,  
Tinctured with holy blood, and winged with  
pure desires.

Oh come that day, when in this restless heart  
Earth shall resign her part,  
When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall  
My soul with Thee be blest! [rest,  
But stay, presumptuous—Christ with thee  
In the rock's dreary sides; [abides  
He from the stone will wring celestial dew,  
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found  
and true.

*John Keble.*

**3241. CHRIST, Crucifixion of.**

Matthew xxvii : 35-38.

Ringing out on the air,  
Hear their impious prayer,  
As they shout, in wild rout,  
And Omnipotence dare:  
"On our heads evermore,  
Be the blood which we pour!"—  
Rising high, hear the cry,  
In its murderous roar.

Now mocking, they cry  
"Let the Nazarene die!"  
"Spare Him not!" 'tis the plot  
Of His doom, drawing nigh;  
"Ha! ha! King of the Jews,"  
How they taunt and abuse,  
With their sneers, and their jeers,  
Him they madly accuse.

"Barabbas" they cry;  
"Let Him live, and not die!"  
"Bring Him out!" how they shout,  
"Lift the Nazarene high!"  
See the crown on His brow,  
They are mocking Him now,  
As they smite Him in spite,  
And with insult they bow.

Look at Pilate, afraid,  
As in purple arrayed,  
Jesus waits in the gates,  
Where decision is made;  
Hear him cry as he stands,  
While he washes his hands,  
"Not the blood of the good  
The occasion demands!"

"No fault have I found  
In the man ye have bound;  
Loose the bands from His hands,  
Nor the innocent wound!  
Even Herod hath said,  
Let His blood be not shed;  
Let me rise and chastise  
This your captive, instead.

"Shall I lift Him on high!  
Must the Innocent die!  
Shall I bring out your King,  
At your murderous cry?"  
"None but Cæsar!" they shout,  
With fierce clamor and rout;  
"Let Him hang, till death's pang:  
Bring the Nazarene out!"

How they surge on the street;  
Oh those murderous feet.  
He is led with the tread  
Of a storm in the heat.  
To the mountain of pain,  
Where the blood of the slain  
Shall be poured on the sward,  
As the earth's richest stain.

"Lifted up," as He said,  
On the cross where He bled;

'Tis the hour of His power,  
By the blood which He shed;  
By His grief, by His pain,  
He shall conquer and reign;  
He shall win from its sin,  
Rebel earth with its train.

Agès past, agès yet,  
Are on Calvary met,  
Evermore as before,  
He hath cancelled our debt;  
So He came to this hour,  
From dominion and power;  
Yielding life in the strife  
As a frail tender flower.

By the cross is the crown,  
On past the world's frown;  
Let it smite, in the fight,  
Here we conquer alone.  
From the night of the grave  
Came the mighty to save;  
And He rose o'er His foes,  
With the life which He gave.  
*Dwight Williams.*

**3242. CHRIST FORSAKEN.**

Matthew xxvi : 56.

Fled!—and from whom? The Man of woe  
Who in Gethsemane had felt  
Such pangs as bade the blood-drops flow,  
And the crushed heart with anguish melt?  
They who were gathered round His board,  
Partook His love, beheld His power,  
Saw the sick healed, the dead restored,  
Failed they to watch one fearful hour?

All fled? Yet one there was who laid  
His head upon that sacred breast,  
By friendship's holy ardor made  
A cherished, an illustrious guest;  
One, too, who walked with Christ the wave,  
When the mad sea confessed His sway,  
And strangely sealed her gaping grave—  
Fled these forgetfully away?

Yes: all forsook the Master's side  
When foes and dangers clustered round,  
And when in bitterness He cried,  
'Mid the dread garden's awful bound.  
Yet knew they not how near Him stood  
The host of heaven, a guardian train,  
Deploring man's ingratitude,  
And wondering at his Saviour's pain.

O ye, whose hearts in secret bleed  
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,  
O'er friendship faithless in your need,  
Or love to all its vows untrue;  
Who shrink from persecution's rod,  
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,  
Look meekly to the Son of God,  
And in His griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was He;  
 Reviled?—yet check the vengeful word;  
 Rejected?—should the servant be  
 Exalted o'er His suffering Lord?  
 Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye  
 Is e'er regardless of your lot;  
 Deluded man from God may fly,  
 But when was man by God forgot?  
*L. H. Sigourney.*

### 3243. CHRIST, Infancy of.

Home of the Christ-child at Nazareth,  
 Let my thoughts within thee dwell;  
 There, where, shrouded in man's weakness,  
 Dwelleth Light Ineffable.

Angels circle round adoring,  
 Watchful as the hours go by,  
 As the mystery advanceth  
 Of that wondrous infancy.

Cradled by a human mother,  
 Though with grace divine imprest,  
 Playing with soft aimless touches  
 On her cheek and on her breast.

In the water from the fountain,  
 'Mid the oleanders wild,  
 In the early morn and evening,  
 Mary bathes the unsullied Child.

Joyfully she clothes and feeds Him,  
 And she trains Him day by day,  
 Till the beautiful child Jesus  
 Has been taught to kneel and pray.

Humbly were the small hands folded,  
 Bended was the golden head:  
 But God only, in the heavens,  
 Understood the prayer He said.

For of all the cries and pleadings  
 That have yet ascended there,  
 None has ever come before Him  
 Mighty as that Infant's prayer.

'Twas the highest act of homage  
 That the world had ever shown;  
 And the purest pulse of worship  
 That man's heart had ever known.

Then He learned to be obedient;  
 And with simple, winning grace,  
 In the precincts of that cottage  
 He has filled a child's true place.

And the name at which archangels  
 Bow adoring, and say, "Lord,"  
 In that peasant-home was spoken,  
 As a common household word.

*Caroline M. Noel.*

### 3244. CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Matthew xv : 22-27.

Lo! in the moonless night,  
 In the rough wind's despite,  
 They ply the oar.

Keen gusts smite in their teeth;  
 The hoarse winds chafe beneath  
 With muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,  
 Scarce serve to hold the course  
 Hard-won, half-way,  
 When o'er the tossing tide,  
 Pallid and heavy-eyed,  
 Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,  
 Walking the waters white,  
 A shape draws near,  
 Each soul, in troubled wise,  
 Staring with starting eyes,  
 Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,  
 In helpless, huddled fright  
 Shaken and swayed.  
 And lo! the Master nigh  
 Speaks softly, "It is I;  
 Be not afraid."

E'en so to us, that strain  
 Over life's moaning main,  
 Thou drawest near,  
 And, knowing not Thy guise,  
 We gaze with troubled eyes,  
 And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low,  
 "This joy must thou forego,  
 Thy first and best."  
 A shrouded phantom stands  
 Crossing the best-loved hands  
 For church-yard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall  
 Of that white gleaming pall  
 By snowflakes made,  
 Stilling each startled cry,  
 Thou speakest, "It is I;  
 Be not afraid."

### 3245. CHRIST KNOCKING.

Revelations iii : 20.

Behold, I knock! 'Tis piercing cold abroad  
 This bitter winter-time;  
 The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,  
 The earth is white with rime;  
 O human hearts! are ye all frozen too,  
 That at closed doors I vainly call to you?  
 Is there not one will open to his Lord?  
 Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! The evening shadows lie  
 So peaceful near and far;  
 Earth sleepeth, but in yonder cloudless sky  
 Glimmers the evening star;  
 'Tis in such holy twilight time, that oft  
 Full many a stony heart hath waxed soft,  
 Like Nicodemus, in the dark-drawn night,  
 Behold, I knock!



Behold, I knock! O soul, art thou at home?  
 For thy Belovèd's here;  
 Hast thou made ready flowers ere He should  
 Is thy lamp burning clear? [come?  
 Know'st thou how such a friend received  
 should be?  
 Art thou in bridal garments dressed for Me?  
 Decked with thy jewels as for guests most  
 dear?

Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! Say not, "'Tis zephyr  
 Which rustles the dead leaf." [mild  
 It is thy Saviour, 'tis thy God, my child,  
 Let not thine ear be deaf;  
 If I come now in breezes soft and warm,  
 I may return again upon the storm;  
 'Tis no light fancy—firm be thy belief;  
 Behold, I knock.

Behold, I knock! As yet I am thy guest,  
 Waiting without for thee;  
 The time shall come when, homeless and dis-  
 Thou, soul, shalt knock for Me; [tressed,  
 To those who heard My voice 'ere 'twas too  
 I open in that hour My peaceful gate; [late,  
 To those who scorned, a closed door will  
 it be.

Behold, I knock!

### 3246. CHRIST KNOCKING STILL.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?  
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!  
 'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
 Never such was seen before.  
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,  
 Wilt thou not undo the door?

Knocking, knocking, still He's there,  
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;  
 But the door is hard to open,  
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
 Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking, what! still there?  
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;  
 Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,  
 And beneath the crownèd hair  
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
 Of thy Saviour waiting there.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

### 3247. CHRIST, Loneliness of.

Luke ix : 53.

Birds have their quiet nest,  
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
 All creatures have their rest;  
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,  
 And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep;  
 Eve hath its breath of balm  
 To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,  
 The homeward flocks the shelter of their  
 shed;  
 All have their rest from care,  
 But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give  
 The weary and the heavy-laden rest,  
 To bid the sinner live,  
 And soothe our griefs to slumber on His  
 breast.

What, then, am I, my God,  
 Permitted thus the path of peace to tread,  
 Peace purchased by the blood  
 Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I who once made Him grieve,  
 I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;  
 Whose hand essayed to weave  
 For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.

Oh! why should I have peace?  
 Why? but for that unchanged, undying love  
 Which would not, could not, cease,  
 Until it made me heir of joy above

Yes, but for pardoning grace,  
 I feel I never should in glory see  
 The brightness of that face,  
 That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,  
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
 Come, Saviour, in my breast,  
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take  
 The only rest on earth Thou lovest, within  
 A heart, that for Thy sake  
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

*J. S. Monsell.*

### 3248. CHRIST, Mother of.

Luke ii : 19.

Thy boy was sad, yet fair.  
 The marvels of His birth were strange to  
 hear,  
 And, to regard His gentle face and speak  
 Some fond word of Him to His youthful  
 mother,  
 Seemed kindness to the humble Nazarenes  
 Who stopped at Mary's door; but thought-  
 fully,  
 She listened to their praises of the child—  
 So less than all she knew—and let her heart  
 Look with its answer up to God. And day  
 Followed on day, like any childhood's pass-  
 And silently sat Mary at her wheel, [ing;  
 And watched the boy Messiah as she spun,  
 And—as a human child unto his mother  
 "Subject" the while—He did her low-voiced  
 bidding,  
 Or gently came to lean upon her knee  
 And asked her of the thoughts that in Him  
 stirred  
 Dimly as yet, or with affection sweet,

Tell murmuring of His weariness; and there,  
 All tearful-hearted, as a human mother  
 Unutterably fond, while touched with awe—  
 She paused, or with a tremulous hand spun  
 on,  
 The blessing that her lips instinctive gave,  
 Asked of Him with an instant thought again.

And when they "went up to Jerusalem,  
 After the custom of the feast," and there  
 "Fulfilled the days," and back to Nazareth  
 Went a day's journey, and sought Jesus  
 there,  
 Among their kinsfolk who had gone before,  
 And found Him not—the mother's heart of  
 Mary  
 Well knew, that wheresoever strayed the  
 child,  
 He could not go by angels unattended;  
 But, therefore, was her tenderness un-  
 troubled? No.

Though in her memory lay Gabriel's words,  
 Brought her on wings at God's own throne  
 unfolded;  
 Though in rapt speech, Anna, the prophetess,  
 Had named Him the Redeemer, newly born;  
 And Simeon, forbidden to see death  
 Till he had seen the Christ, had taken Him  
 Into his arms, and prayed that he might now  
 Depart in peace; though of the song they  
 sang

(That host, who, while the glory of the Lord  
 Shone round about, told of His birth by night  
 Unto the shepherds as they watched), she  
 knew

The burden was a work yet unfulfilled—  
 To him the Saviour given, and yet to do.  
 Still was the child she loved gone from her  
 now,  
 And Mary "sought Him sorrowing."

And who  
 "Kept all His sayings in her heart" but Mary?  
 It was not with unnatural brightness beam-  
 ing

From the fair forehead of the boy, nor yet  
 By revelations from His infant lips,  
 Too wondrous to deny, that Jesus first  
 Gave out the dawn of the Messiah morn  
 Breaking within His soul. With wisdom  
 only

Reached by the child's simplicity—so oft  
 Truer than sage's lore—and outward pressed  
 By the divinity half conscious now,  
 He argued in the temple, and amazed  
 The elders, seated in their midst; but none,  
 In these first teachings, saw the Son of God,  
 And He went back to Nazareth, a child,  
 Unsought by the disputing priests again,  
 And His strange words forgotten but by  
 Mary,  
 Who "kept them in her heart."

Oh, not alone  
 In His pure teachings and in Calvary's woe,  
 Lay the blest errand of the Saviour here.  
 His walk through life's dark pathway blessed  
 yet more.

Distant from God so infinitely far  
 Was human weakness, till He came to bear,  
 With us, our weaknesses awhile, that fear  
 Had heard Jehovah's voice, in thunder only,  
 And worshipped trembling. Heaven is nearer  
 now.

At God's right hand sits One who was a  
 child,

Born as the humblest, and who here abode  
 Till of our sorrows He had suffered all.  
 They who now weep remember that He  
 wept.

The tempted, the despised, the sorrowing,  
 feel

That Jesus, too, drank of these cups of woe.  
 And oh! if of our joys He tasted less;  
 If all but one passed from His lips away—  
 That one—a mother's love—by His partak-  
 ing

Is like a thread of heaven spun through our  
 life,

And we, in the untiring watch, the tears,  
 The tenderness and fond trust of a mother,  
 May feel a heavenly closeness unto God—  
 For such, all human in its blest excess,  
 Was Mary's love for Jesus.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

### 3249. CHRIST, My Advocate.

Hebrews ix : 24.

Entered the holy place above,  
 Covered with meritorious scars,  
 The tokens of His dying love  
 Our great High-priest in glory bears;  
 He pleads His passion on the tree,  
 He shows himself to God for me.

Before the throne my Saviour stands,  
 My Friend and Advocate appears;  
 My name is graven on His hands,  
 And Him the Father always hears;  
 While low at Jesus' cross I bow,  
 He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

This instant now I may receive  
 The answer of His powerful prayer:  
 This instant now by Him I live,  
 His prevalence with God declares;  
 And soon my spirit, in His hands,  
 Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

*Wesleyan Hymns.*

### 3250. CHRIST, My Guest.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me;  
 I was sighing wearily!  
 Lamp and fire were out: the rain  
 Wildly beat the window-pane.  
 In the dark we heard a knock;  
 And a hand was on the lock;  
 One in waiting spake to me,  
 Saying sweetly,  
 "I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;  
 "Sorrow!" said I, "trim the lamp;

Light the fire, and cheer thy face;  
Set the guest-chair in its place."  
And again I heard the knock;  
In the dark I found the lock:  
"Enter! I have turned the key!—  
Enter, Stranger!  
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came;  
But I could not speak his name:  
In the guest-chair took his place;  
But I could not see his face!  
When my cheerful fire was beaming,  
When my little lamp was gleaming,  
And the feast was spread for thee,  
Lo! my Master  
Was the Guest that supped with me!  
*Harriet M. Kimball.*

**3251. CHRIST, No Room for.**  
Luke ii : 7.

Footsore and weary, Mary tried  
Some rest to seek, but was denied.  
"There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away,  
No voice entreating her to stay;  
There was no room for God that day.

No room for her round whose tired feet  
Angels are bowed in transport sweet,  
The Mother of their God to greet.

No room for Him in whose small hand  
The troubled sea and mighty land  
Lie cradled like a grain of sand.

No room, O Babe divine! for Thee  
That Christmas night; and even we  
Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading baby cry  
Strikes our deaf souls; we pass Thee by,  
Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God! O Christ! that we  
Should bar our doors, nor ever see  
Our Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors! Dear Christ, turn  
back!  
The ashes on my hearth lie black,  
Of light and warmth a total lack.

How can I bid Thee enter here  
Amid the desolation drear  
Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be  
Than my cold heart's tepidity—  
Chill, wind-tossed, as the winter sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure eye,  
No home to offer Thee have I;  
Yet in Thy mercy pass not by.  
*Catholic World.*

**3252. CHRIST, Passion of.**  
Isaiah liii : 7.

Kneeling on the earth, He prays,  
Man of sorrows, all alone!  
Yet, in depth of agony,  
Still He comforteth His own.  
Pale, the blood-sweat o'er Him flows,  
To the Father's will He bows.

Judas kisses and betrays:  
On they drag Him at their will;  
Smiting with their fists His back,  
His deep cup of woe they fill;  
Stripe on stripe they on Him lay,  
Mixed with bitter mockery.

Innocent, He stands condemned,  
Spite of taunts, serenely meek;  
Questioned, answers not a word,  
Bears the buffet on His cheek;  
Hears unmoved the nation's cry,  
Crucify Him! crucify.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3253. CHRIST, Poverty of.**  
Matthew viii : 20.

O'er the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind;  
And on His low unsheltered head,  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?  
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;  
Christ hath not where to lay His head.

Such was the lot He freely chose,  
To save from woe the human race;  
And from His poverty there flows  
Enriching streams of heavenly grace.  
*Russell.*

**3254. CHRIST, Prophecy of.**  
John iii : 30.

He must grow greater, I grow less and less;  
I like the mist which o'er the mountain flies,  
And in the rising glory vanishes;  
He like the sun in yon fair morning skies;  
Amen, amen! I would not have it otherwise.

His name among the nations shall go forth,  
Above all names that earth has ever known;  
A name for ages, name of matchless worth,  
Enduring when each other name is gone,  
And this poor name of mine to dark oblivion thrown.

His story over earth shall yet be told,  
A story for the universe to hear; [old,  
A wondrous story, which shall ne'er grow  
But fresher yet shall grow, and yet more dear,  
When my brief tale is told of sin and want  
and fear.

His love, the more than sunshine for all things  
And beings, or above or here below,  
Shall fly abroad on everlasting wings,  
Gladdening all space and time with its  
swift flow,  
Till this cold love of mine be lost in its  
bright glow.

His voice, that fills the heaven of heavens  
with bliss,  
The more than music of each listening ear,  
Itself the melody of melodies,  
Swells out o'er space, entrancing sphere on  
sphere,  
Till this frail voice of mine is hushed  
with love and fear.

His throne, before whose majesty so few  
On earth now bow, shall be of thrones the  
throne,  
Its splendor ever bright and ever new;  
While on His head there rests the eternal  
crown,  
When from each brow of earth the glittering  
gold has gone.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3255. CHRIST, Resurrection of.**

Mark xvi: 1.

Morning of the Sabbath day,  
O thou sweetest hour of prime!  
Dart a retrospective ray  
O'er the eastern hills of time;  
Daybreak let my spirit see  
At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is nigh;  
Here the seal upon the stone,  
There the sentinel, with eye,  
Star-like, fixed on that alone;  
All around is calm and clear,  
Life and death keep Sabbath here.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,  
Now, like first created light,  
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,  
Shoot athwart the waning night,  
Till the splendor grows intense,  
Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom,  
Sight, pulsation, thought depart,  
And the stone that closed the tomb,  
Seems to lie upon my heart;  
With that shock the vision flies;  
Christ is risen: and I may rise.

Rise, like Him, as from this trance,  
When the trumpet calls the just  
To the saints' inheritance,  
From their dwellings in the dust;  
By Thy resurrection's power,  
Jesus, save me in that hour.

Sabbath morning, hail to thee,  
O thou sweetest hour of prime!  
From the foot of Calvary,  
Now to Zion's top I climb,  
There my risen Lord to meet,  
In His temple, at His feet.

*James Montgomery.*

**3256. CHRIST, Resurrection of.**

Matthew xxviii: 2-4.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die,  
Vain were the terrors that gathered around  
Him,  
And short the dominion of death and the  
grave;  
He burst from the fetters of darkness that  
bound Him,  
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.  
Loud was the chorus of angels on high:  
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not  
die,"

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;  
The being He gave us death cannot destroy,  
Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-  
row,

If tears were our birthright, and death  
were our end;  
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of  
sorrow,  
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

*H. Ware, Jr.*

**3257. CHRIST RISEN.**

Matthew xii: 44.

The tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it  
full?  
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;  
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,  
To dote on darkness, and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty; He who, three short  
days,  
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,  
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,  
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,  
He who for death gave death, and life for life;  
Our heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and  
blood;

Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,  
While angels went and came from morn till  
even,

Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head;  
This was to Him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to  
whom

The keys of death and of the grave belong,  
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's  
tomb,

To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned; into no tomb like  
this

Had man's fell foe aforesaid found his way;  
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,  
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now His triumph ends; the rock-barred  
door

Is opened wide, and the great prisoner gone;  
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor  
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and  
prison

Is shattered, never to be built again;  
And He, the mighty captive, He is risen,  
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last;  
Who was and is; who liveth and 'was dead;  
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed,  
Of the one glorious church the glorious  
Head. *Horatius Bonar.*

### 3258. CHRIST, Samson and.

Judges xvi : 2, 3.

He laid him down in Gaza town,  
The forceful Nazarite,  
And the heathen guard kept watch and ward  
To slay him at morning-light.

But at midnight he rose from the midst of  
No longer would he stay; [his foes,  
And to Hebron's hill of his own strong will,  
He carried their gates away.

The Nazarene captive whom hell had en-  
snared,  
Around whom the hosts of the evil one glared,  
Hath gone from among them in conquering  
state,

And broken in pieces their bars and their  
gate.

Oh now His rolling chariot wheels  
Lead bound captivity,  
And where His presence He reveals  
His people bow the knee.  
He takes to Him a priestly bride,  
And He Himself is glorified,

And clad in white and gold:  
He sitteth on the royal seat,  
And all the nations at His feet  
Lay tribute manifold.

The riddle erewhile spoken,  
May now be read with ease;  
The slaughtered lion's tokens,  
The honey and the bees.  
To-day in full completeness  
The mystery stands good,  
Since from the strong comes sweetness,  
And from the eater food.

Hearken to Him as He comes in His might,  
Monarch of monarchs, victorious in fight:  
Speaks He in anger, the sinner to blame?  
Speaks He in sorrow, the dastard to shame?

With no reproach for blindness  
He meets His own to-day,  
In perfect loving-kindness  
Thus only will He say.

The winter time away is past, the rain is gone  
and o'er,

The flowerets bloom again at last, the birds  
are heard once more;

And in our land we list afresh the cooing of  
the dove,

The figs and vines are green and lush: oh  
come away, my love!

*R. F. Littledale.*

### 3259. CHRIST, Scourging.

Matthew xxvii : 26-30.

Pilate then, Jesus' spotless life to save,  
Command to soldiers for His scourging gave;  
Within the common hall the armed bands  
Strip Him, and to a pillar tie His hands;  
With knotted cords His tender flesh they  
lashed,

Long gaping furrows in His muscles gashed;  
His blood which gushing ran from every pore,  
Bathed Him a second time in His own gore;  
His head they with a wreath of thorns sur-  
round,

And every thorn gave a peculiar wound;  
His blood afresh in showers came trickling  
down,

From the sharp, numerous gorings of His  
crown;

Mock-purple robes He on His shoulders wore,  
For sceptre, in His hand a reed He bore;  
With bended knee His patience they abuse,  
Spit in His face, and cry, Hail, King of  
Jews. *Bishop Ken.*

### 3260. CHRIST, Seeking.

Matthew xi : 7-9.

What went ye out to see  
O'er the rude sandy lea,  
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,  
Or where Gennesaret's wave  
Delights the flowers to lave, [balm?  
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of

All through the summer night  
 Those blossoms red and bright  
 Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the  
 Like hermits watching still [breeze,  
 Around the sacred hill, [knees.  
 Where erst our Saviour watched upon His

The paschal moon above  
 Seems like a saint to rise,  
 Left shining in the world with Christ alone;  
 Below the lake's still face  
 Sleeps sweetly in the embrace  
 Of mountain terraced high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit and dream  
 Over the heavenly theme,  
 Till to our soul the former days return;  
 Till on the grassy bed,  
 Where thousands once He fed,  
 The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

Oh cross no more the main,  
 Wandering so wild and vain,  
 To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,  
 On listless dalliance bound,  
 Like children gazing round,  
 Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find:

Bask not in courtly bower,  
 Or sun-bright hall of power,  
 Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land;  
 From robes of Tyrian dye  
 Turn with undazzled eye [strand,  
 To Bethlehem's glade or Carmel's ha d

Or choose thee out a cell  
 In Kedron's storied dell,  
 Beside the springs of Love, that never die;  
 Among the olives kneel  
 The chill night-blast to feel,  
 And watch the moon that saw thy Master's  
 agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,  
 And wind thy thoughtful way  
 Where rested once the Temple's stately  
 With due feet tracing round [shade.  
 The city's northern bound,  
 To the other holy garden, where the Lord  
 was laid.

Who thus alternate see  
 His death and victory,  
 Rising and falling as on angel wings,  
 They, while they seem to roam,  
 Draw daily nearer home, [of kings.  
 Their heart untravelled still adores the King

Or if at home they stay,  
 Yet are they, day by day, [land,  
 In spirit journeying through the glorious  
 Not for light fancy's reed,  
 Nor honor's purple meed,  
 Nor gifted prophets' lore, nor science' won-  
 drous wand.

But more than prophet, more  
 Than angels can adore  
 With face unveiled, is He they go to seek:  
 Blessed be God, whose grace  
 Shows Him in every place  
 To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and  
 meek. *John Keble.*

### 3261. CHRIST, Seeking for.

Christ, whose first appearance lighted  
 Gloomy death's obscure domain,  
 Long in Herod's courts benighted  
 Sought I Thee, but sought in vain:  
 All was glitter, pomp and pleasure,  
 Sensuality and pride;  
 But my heart found not its treasure,  
 And remained unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages  
 Seeking Christ I wandered on;  
 But upon their barren pages  
 Jacob's Star had never shone:  
 True, indeed, like men in prison  
 Groping for the light of day,  
 Spake they of the Light new risen,  
 But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided  
 By the altar-fire and lights;  
 But, though all else was provided,  
 Christ was absent from the rites.  
 Then more precious time I wasted  
 In thy streets, Jerusalem;  
 But I sought in vain, and hasted  
 On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wandered slowly,  
 Looking for some trusty guide;  
 All was dark and melancholy,  
 None I met with, far and wide.  
 On a sudden I perceived  
 O'er my head a star to shine;  
 Lo, because I had believèd,  
 And had sought Him, Christ was mine!

Only seek and you will find Him:  
 Never cease to seek the Lord;  
 And should He delay, remind Him  
 Boldly of His plighted word.  
 Follow Him, and He will lead you;  
 Trust Him in the darkest night;  
 Jacob's Star will still precede you,  
 Jacob's Star will give you light.

*Spitta, tr. by R. Massie.*

### 3262. CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

*Mark xi : 9-11.*

From Olivet's sequestered seats,  
 What sounds of transport spread?  
 What concourse moves through Salem's  
 streets,  
 To Zion's holy head?  
 Behold Him there in lowliest guise!  
 The Saviour of mankind:  
 Triumphal shouts before Him rise,  
 And shouts reply behind:

And "strike," they cry, "your loudest string,  
He comes! Hosanna to our King!"

Not those alone, the present train,  
Their present King adored;  
An earlier and a later strain  
Extolled the self-same Lord.  
Obedient to His Father's will,  
He came, He lived, He died;  
And gratulating voices still  
Before and after cried,  
"All hail! the Prince of David's line!  
Hosanna to the Man Divine!"

He came to earth: from eldest years,  
A long and bright array  
Of prophet-bards and patriarch-seers  
Proclaimed the glorious day:  
The light of heaven in every breast,  
Its fire on every lip,  
In tuneful chorus on they pressed,  
A goodly fellowship;  
And still their pealing anthem ran,  
"Hosanna to the Son of Man!"

He came to earth: through life He passed  
A Man of griefs: and, lo!  
A noble army following fast  
His track of pain and woe:  
All decked with palms, and strangely bright,  
That suffering host appears;  
And stainless are their robes of white,  
Though steeped in blood and tears;  
And sweet their martyr-anthem flows  
"Hosanna to the Man of Woes!"

From ages past descends the lay  
To ages yet to be,  
Till far its echoes roll away  
Into eternity.  
But, oh! while saints and angels high,  
Thy final triumph share,  
Amidst Thy followers, Lord, shall I,  
Though last and meanest there,  
Receive a place, and feebly raise  
A faint hosanna to Thy praise.  
*J. W. Cunningham.*

**3263. CHRIST, Silence of.**  
Mark xv : 5.

While for us He undertakes,  
Burdened with our sinful load,  
No defence our proxy makes,  
Speechless at the bar of God;  
Dumb before the Judge supreme,  
All our crimes He owns to Him.

Man will speak accused by man,  
Fearful of disgrace and loss,  
Long his innocence maintain,  
Eagerly defend his cause;  
God with us accepts the shame,  
Yields to death a silent Lamb.

Sealed His lips with wisdom's seal,  
Sealed by meek humility,

Reverence for His Father's will,  
Love for all mankind and me:  
Nothing need the Lamb reply;  
All His business is to die.

But His silence intercedes,  
If their guilt the guilty own,  
For the self-condemned it pleads,  
Powerful at the gracious throne;  
But His blood a voice hath found,  
Life and heaven is in the sound!  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3264. CHRIST, The.**

Monarchs are feasting in their towers;  
E'en through the starry midnight hours,  
The festal radiance streams around.  
O'er the hushed cities, blent the sound  
Of music and luxurious mirth;  
For boundless peace is on the earth.  
Around them famous captains sit;  
Beauty, nobility, and wit:  
Each to his proud heart saith, with glee,  
"I am a king; there's none like me!"  
Ah, foolish pride! Ah, vaunting cheer!  
A King more mighty far is near.  
He walks the desert, and His throne  
Is of the massy mountain-stone:  
He walks the waters, and they spread  
In silent homage to His tread:  
And the wild winds, with playful sweep,  
Herald His path across the deep.  
Heaven's spirits in their glory speed  
To wait, or minister at need.  
Know ye not whence this Monarch springs?  
He is the King of kings!

The world speeds on as it has sped  
Through all the ages that are fled.  
The city streets with sunshine glow;  
The city throng moves to and fro;  
The gay, the gainful, and the grave,  
Mingle like air-drops in the wave;  
Mingle, yet mix not; seen and lost!  
Each with his own sole thoughts engrossed.  
They hope no change, they fear no change;  
They feel at hand no era strange;  
But from the desert scorched and dry  
Comes the wild prophet's warning cry:  
"And by the brooks and shepherd's fold  
There walks One awful to behold;  
And by the borders of the sea,  
Passing, He says, "Come, follow Me!"  
And men rise up, forsaking all,  
Through power of that mysterious call.  
What word is that? The same which spake,  
Made earth, and shall unmake!

In synagogues throughout the land  
The priest and the proud Levite stand,  
Dealing without or stint or flaw  
The terrors of the ancient law;  
Bad to the bad, and to the worse  
A heavier doom, a bitterer curse.  
But there sits One in wilds apart,  
Awful in aspect, meek in heart;

And from His graceful lips descend  
Blessing, and blessing without end.

The eager crowds around Him press;  
His very glance doth heal and bless.  
By desert, mountain, rock, and sea,  
They follow Him continually.  
His form is glorious to behold;  
His words are drops of living gold;  
His face is like a king's, but sad,  
Yet in its light all souls are glad;  
Amaze, and dread, and love devour  
All hearts, new thoughts and words of power.  
Whence brings He joy in such increase?  
He is the Prince of Peace!

The sage, in his most secret cell,  
Ponders each antiquated spell;  
Each prophet-scroll, each starry sign,  
For advent of the Hope Divine.  
O fool! in knowledge lost and drowned,  
They who sought not, the first have found.  
Even now the ignorant and low  
Hear words of wonder overflow;  
Stupendous visions view the dark:  
The dumb is singing like the lark:  
Lameness runs far and wide to tell  
Tidings of many a miracle.  
What heart of seer or sage renowned,  
To tell such hearts whom they have found?  
The very demons shriek with fear:  
The Christ! the Christ is here!

The old man faints upon his bed;  
The young man in his strength is dead;  
In silent chambers tears descend  
Through anguish for the perished friend.  
But at one death, one parting cry,  
Earth trembles, darkness fills the sky.  
The deed is done, the deed of woe!  
The King of kings has been below:  
The Prince of peace has trod the earth;  
The very Christ has had His birth.

No word of old is rendered vain,  
The world's Desire is found and slain,  
Time has not such a guest as He!  
Time never more such scenes shall see!  
But every breath of His shall time  
Bear to remotest age and clime,  
His words that to the winds were sown,  
In heedless ears, and places lone,  
Like rains upon the mountains shed,  
Shall run and fill an ocean-bed; [spring  
Like beams that fall, seemed quenched, yet  
Upward in every living thing; [burn,  
Thus shall they live, spread, breathe, and  
Till Time expire, and Christ return.

*William Howitt.*

### 3265. CHRIST, The Temptation of.

Luke iv: 1-13.

Too weak, alas! too weak is the temptation  
For one whose soul to nobler things aspires  
Than sensual desires!

Ah! could I, by some sudden aberration,  
Lead and delude to suicidal death  
This Christ of Nazareth!

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,  
With its resplendent domes, and manifold  
Bright pinnacles of gold,  
Where they await Thy coming, O Messiah!  
Lo! I have brought thee. Let Thy glory here  
Be manifest and clear.

Reveal Thyself by royal act and gesture,  
Descending with the bright triumphant host  
Of all the highest  
Archangels, and about Thee as a vesture  
The shining clouds, and all Thy splendors  
show  
Unto the world below!

Cast Thyself down, it is the hour appointed;  
And God hath given His angels charge and  
care  
To keep Thee and upbear  
Upon their hands His only Son, the Anointed,  
Lest He should dash His foot against a stone,  
And die, and be unknown.  
*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

### 3266. CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Luke ii: 32.

Light of the Kosmos, Reason, Cause  
Of all that is, below, above,  
Centre and spring of life and love,  
And Lord of love's eternal laws;

One world of Thine we dimly scan,  
And own it full of wrong and woe;  
We know not why it should be so,  
Nor why should sin Thy offspring, man.

We know we sin. Through mind and heart,  
Through soul and sense defilement stains;  
The good in us is bound in chains  
Whose links we will not rend apart.

And darkness, vast and dense and sad  
Hangs o'er us all, a tearful cloud;  
Each heart with aching throbs aloud,  
With none, none, none to make us glad.

What, none? Nay, nay! O Thou divine!  
Thou Light of worlds! We see Thee stand  
'Mid suns abashed on either hand,  
O'erawed we see Thee stand and shine!

Thou shin'st for us! In mortal frame,  
With mortal weakness compassed round  
In Thee, and Thee alone were found  
Love's spotless light and scathless flame!

Thou shin'st in us. Truth's crystal ray  
From Thee, Thyself the truth who art,  
Fills reason's eye and passion's heart,  
And lifts us toward Thy nameless day.



Thou shin'st through us. From man to man,  
From age to age, from race to race,  
Thy broadening beams our darkness chase,  
To crown with light what light began.

As truth and love took human mould  
To touch and teach and save at first,  
So still, from soul to soul, as erst,  
Must goodness win its way, and hold.

Our goodness Thou, our love and light,  
In us set up Thy kingdom soon;  
Shine, shine to boundless, blissful noon,  
To noon that knows nor shade nor night.

Like sunrise lances through a wood,  
So through our hearts, through nations,  
climes,  
Flash, till the clash of heavenly chimes  
Shall hail o'er earth the dawn of good!

Rise, orb'd in glory! Saviour! King!  
Jehovah! Jesus! Truth! Light! Love!  
Lion of Judah! Lamb and Dove!  
Reign Thou, till earth like heaven shall sing!  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3267. CHRIST, The Third Temptation of.

Matthew iv: 8.

The mountain is a blaze of light!  
Who stands upon its topmost height?  
His only robe the lightning,  
His burning crown, his tossing wing;  
Nor spear nor sceptre in his hand,  
But flashing from his eye command!  
There, tempter, towers the haughty frame,  
That not the thunderbolt could tame;  
Nor age on age's dreary flight,  
Nor dungeons of eternal night:  
In pride, in grandeur and despair,  
There stands the princedom of the air.

Who stands upon the mountain's height?  
No form of majesty and might,  
No splendors darting from His robe,  
To startle or to blast the globe;  
But patience in his heavenward eye,  
Like one who came to toil and die.  
The Infant of the Virgin's womb—  
He comes to make the earth His tomb;  
Beneath the pagan scourge to bleed,  
To bear the sceptre of the reed;  
To wear the robe of mockery,  
To meet the scorn, the taunt, the lie;  
To feel the tortures of the slave;  
Victor, yet victim, of the grave!  
With more than mortal anguish wan,  
Stands, on that height, the Son of Man!  
Twice had His holy strength been tried.  
Twice had He smote the Tempter's pride;  
But now along the desert-sand  
Bursts, tempest-like, the wild command:  
"Ye kingdoms, in your glory rise."  
Earth hears it from her farthest skies.

From the chill Tartar's boundless plain,  
From jewelled India's mountain-chain;  
From forest depth, and golden cave,  
Beyond the ocean's western wave;  
The visions of the empires come,  
Circling thy central glory, Rome!

The wild command is heard once more!  
In panoply earth's millions pour;  
As, borne upon the eagle's wings,  
Rise the rich musterings of her kings;  
Helm, turban, golden diadem,  
Pour onward like a fiery stream,  
On horse, on foot, on scythed car;  
The living hurricane of war!  
As rushed they on the tempter's gaze  
Around him shot a broader blaze;  
The flash of triumph in his eye,  
His words, the words of victory; [crown.  
"Man, wouldst thou wear of crowns the  
Worship its lord; the world's thine own."

The grandeur of the God awoke?  
In sounds of death the judgment broke:  
"Satan, avaunt!" Despair, despair,  
Was in his groan, and shrinking glare;  
Prone on his face, the guilt-struck fell!  
The panther bounded at his yell.  
The viper started from the spring,  
The vulture rushed upon the wing,  
The jackal cowered beside the dead,  
The hungry lion howled and fled.  
The vision and the fiend were gone!  
There stood the Conqueror—alone.

But o'er the mountain's pinnacle,  
What splendors upon splendors swell,  
What more than mortal harmonies,  
What clouds of more than incense rise!  
The shout of joy, the holy hymn,  
Are from your lips, ye seraphim;  
Your shout, your song, "for man forgiven,"  
Your King, Messiah, King of heaven!

*George Croly.*

### 3268. CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matthew xiv: 22-36.

The multitudes, miraculously fed,  
Had to their distant homes been sent away;  
Jesus had sought apart the mountain head,  
'Mid Nature's solitude to pray.  
In darkness and in storm had closed the day  
And on the water of Gennesaret  
The bark that held His faithful followers lay,  
Tossed to and fro; their Master comes not yet.  
Can He, who fed the crowd, His chosen few  
forget?

Believe it not; though heaven above be dark,  
And ocean stormy, still His love and might  
Are with the inmates of that little bark;  
And, in the fourth watch of that fearful  
night,  
A heavenly form arrayed in vestments bright,

Treads with unflinching feet, the billowy  
 tide;  
 The moon has risen, and sheds her silvery  
 light  
 Full on that form which toward them seems  
 to glide  
 As if the winds to chain, and all their fears  
 to chide.

Can it be human? One of mortal mould  
 Could walk not thus the waves in majesty.  
 Fear strikes the timid, awe o'ercomes the  
 bold,

As, underneath that shadowy moonlit sky,  
 The glorious vision silently draws nigh,  
 Shining more brightly from surrounding  
 shade;

"It is a spirit" in their fear they cry.  
 Soon does their Master's voice those fears up-  
 braid,  
 "Be of good cheer," He says; "'tis I: be not  
 afraid."

Peter goes forth to meet Him; but the sound  
 E'en of the sinking tempest's lingering  
 breath,  
 The clouds of night yet darkly hovering  
 round

The parting waves his only path beneath,  
 Recall to him but images of death,  
 And fear had sank Him; but with out-  
 stretched hand

His Lord exclaims, "O thou of little faith!  
 Why didst thou doubt?" his hope and faith  
 expand,  
 And by his Master's side he walks as on dry  
 land.

Oh! well might they before whose eyes were  
 trod

The deep's unyielding waves, then worship  
 Thee;

Confess Thee of a truth the Son of God  
 And bend in prayer and praise the reverent  
 knee:

Should theirs alone such rites of homage be?  
 Forbid the thought! unseen of mortal eye,  
 E'en in this day, on life's tempestuous sea,  
 Thou walk'st its waves when stormy winds  
 are high;

Thy people's guide and guard: nor wilt  
 Thou pass them by.

As to Thy loved disciples in their bark  
 Thou showedst Thyself upon the fearful  
 night,

E'en now, when waves are rough and skies  
 are dark,

Dost Thou in condescending love delight  
 To manifest Thy saving arm of might,  
 For such as look to Thee alone for aid;  
 To those who walk by faith and not by sight;  
 Yet visible in sorrow's dreariest shade  
 And heard proclaiming still, "'Tis I, be not  
 afraid;"

Then wind and wave are hushed, and all is  
 calm;

Light from above breaks forth, the clouds  
 are riven,

And for the cry of fear the grateful psalm  
 Of joy and praise is to the spirit given.

No more the bark is tempest-tossed or driven,  
 But as in the delightful, tranquil scene,  
 The parting clouds one vistas into heaven;  
 For fear and doubt spring faith and hope  
 serene,

And holy peace presides where horror late  
 hath been.

Saviour, Redeemer, and Incarnate Word!  
 Since Scripture hath declared that every  
 knee

To Thee shall bow, each tongue confess  
 "Thee" Lord,

In mercy or in judgment grant that we  
 May in the hour of mercy bow to Thee.  
 If not, in judgment, gracious Lord, arise;  
 And on the wave of trial's stormiest sea,  
 Beneath the gloom of sorrow's darkest skies,  
 Come as Thou camest of yore to Thy dis-  
 ciples' eyes. *Bernard Barton.*

### 3269. CHRIST, Weariness of.

St. John iv : 6.

Wearied on the well reclined,  
 Mercy in Thy weariness,  
 Mercy in Thy rest we find;  
 Then Thou stay'st to grant Thy peace  
 Waitest there to seize Thy stray,  
 Rest and pardon to bestow,  
 Wearied with her sinful way  
 That she may her Saviour know.

Welcome weariness and pain!  
 Servant of Thy Church and Thee,  
 Saviour, shall I not sustain  
 That Thou didst sustain for me?

Let my toil advance Thy praise,  
 My repose resemble Thine,  
 Tend to minister Thy grace,  
 Serve the blessed cause divine.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3270. CHRIST, Weep not for.

Luke xxiii : 27, 28.

Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not weep!  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep,  
 For days of sad sighing, deep wailing, and  
 moan;

For the dead and the dying; for cities o'er-  
 thrown.

When you pray that the mountains may fall  
 on your head

Then from those misty fountains salt tears  
 may be shed:

But, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep;

Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When mothers, soul-mourning, curse the day  
 when was pressed  
 The child of long yearning most close to the  
 breast;  
 When those eyes they are blessing which  
 ne'er saw a son,  
 And those arms, which caressing of daughters  
 had none;  
 When the maid, thickly sobbing, her own  
 love shall mourn,  
 And the father's heart, throbbing, breaks  
 o'er his first-born:  
 Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep;  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When the helmeted foeman shall stride o'er  
 the wall,  
 And Titus, the Roman, "No quarter!" shall  
 call;  
 When his horse through your city proud  
 prancing shall steep  
 In blood, shed without pity, his hoof fet-  
 lock deep.  
 When the temple is crashing in horror and  
 flame,  
 And the priests are down dashing in anguish  
 and shame:  
 Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep;  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

Weep for strongholds down battered, for  
 vineyards uptorn,  
 For a nation all scattered, a byword and  
 scorn:  
 Weep for chieftains still meeting, where'er  
 be their track,  
 Vile words of base greeting, gyve, gibbet,  
 and rack;  
 Weep for outrage on woman, for bondage  
 and thrall,  
 For compassion from no man, and spurning  
 from all:  
 So, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep,  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Though, soft-hearted maiden! you now see  
 that I,  
 Deserted, cross-laden, stagger onward to die;  
 The cross I am bearing will yet be the gem  
 For the lofty knight's wearing, the king's  
 diadem.  
 And the words I have spoken shall, over the  
 earth,  
 To the sad and heart-broken of comfort give  
 birth:  
 Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep;  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!

Now is ended My mission: I answer the call,  
 I fulfil the condition, of One slain for all!  
 Though dark seems the story, the moment is  
 near

When, throned in heaven's glory, I beaming  
 appear!  
 From its light ne'er to sunder, till here am I  
 found,  
 Amid lightnings and thunder, when the  
 trumpet shall sound:  
 Then Jerusalem's daughters, for Me do not  
 weep;  
 Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep!  
*Dr. Maginn.*

**3271. CHRIST?** What Think Ye of.  
 Matthew xxvi : 42-46.

I think Him David's Son  
 Whom David Lord doth call;  
 I think Him God and man in one,  
 I think Him all in all.

I think Him the Most High,  
 Sole, self-existing God,  
 Made flesh, a sinful world to buy,  
 And save us through His blood.

I think Him perfect love  
 Who groaned on Calvary;  
 I more than think His bowels move  
 For such a worm as me.

I think Him still the same  
 My Ransomer divine;  
 I think if His through life I am,  
 He is forever mine.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3272. CHRIST,** Wisdom of.

Abashed be all the boast of age,  
 Be hoary learning dumb!  
 Expounder of the mystic page,  
 Behold an infant come!

O wisdom! whose unfading power  
 Beside the Eternal stood,  
 To frame in nature's earliest hour  
 The land, the sky, the flood;

Yet didst Thou not disdain a while  
 An infant's form to wear;  
 To bless Thy mother with a smile,  
 And lisp Thy faltered prayer.

But in Thy Father's own abode,  
 With Israel's elders round,  
 Conversing high with Israel's God,  
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name!  
 And, Saviour, deign to bless  
 With fostering grace the timid flame  
 Of early holiness. *Bishop Heber.*

**3273. CHRIST,** Words of.  
 Luke ii : 47.

The voice of God was mighty, when it brake  
 Through the deep stillness of chaotic night,  
 Uttering the potent words, "Let there be  
 light!"

And light was kindled as th' Eternal spake;  
While hosts seraphic hymned the wondrous  
plan

Which formed heaven, earth, sun, sea, and  
crowned the work with man.

The voice of God was mighty, when it came  
From Sinai's summit wrapped in midnight  
gloom;

When ceaseless thunders told the sinner's  
doom,

And answering lightnings flashed devouring  
flame;

Till prostrate Israel breathed th' imploring  
cry,

"Veil, Lord, Thy terrors; cease Thy thunders,  
or we die!"

The voice of God was mighty, when alone  
Elijah stood on Horeb, and the blast  
Rent the huge mountains as Jehovah passed,  
And the earth quaked beneath the Holy One;  
When ceased the storm, the blast, the light-  
ning glare,

And but the "still small voice" was heard,  
yet God was there.

Yet not alone in thunder or in storm  
The voice of God was mighty, as it came  
From the red mountain, or the car of flame:  
When stooped the Godhead to a mortal form;  
When Jesus came to work His Father's will,  
His was the voice of God, and it was mighty  
still.

He chid the billows, and the heaving sea  
Lay lushed; the warring winds obeyed His  
word;

The conscious demons knew and owned their  
Lord,

And at His bidding set the captive free.  
But is not hatred strong as wave or wind,  
And are the hosts of hell more stubborn  
than mankind?

These, too, He vanquished. When the holy  
law

From His pure lips like mountain honey  
flowed:

Still, as He spake, the haughty heart was  
bowed,

Passion was calmed, and malice crouched in  
awe;

The Scribe, perversely blind, began to see,  
And mute conviction held the humbled  
Pharisee.

"Man never spake like this man," was their  
cry;

And yet He spake, and yet they heard in  
vain:

E'en as their sires to idols turned again  
When Sinai's thunders shook no more the  
sky,

So these went back to bend at Mammon's  
shrine,

And heard that voice no more, yet felt it  
was divine!

*Thomas Dale.*

### 3274. CHRIST, Worthiness of.

Revelations v : 9-13.

Worthy the Lamb to interpret the pages  
Writ with the Trinity's counsels sublime;  
Worthy to open the seals that for ages  
Shrouded the destinies future of time:

Worthy to take the book,

Worthy thereon to look,

Worthy the name He took,

Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb who was slain to redeem us,  
Washing our sins in His pardoning blood;  
Worthy the Lamb who has deigned to  
esteem us,

Making us kings and us priests unto God:

Worthy angelic lays,

Worthy redemption's praise,

Worthy in all His ways,

Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb who from every nation,  
Out of each kindred and people and tongue,  
Gathered and loved us and gave us salvation,  
Worthy the anthem adoringly sung:

Worthy the crown to own,

Worthy of heaven's throne,

Worthy all homage shown,

Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb His dominion possessing,  
Worthy of riches and wisdom and strength;  
Worthy of honor and glory and blessing,  
Worthy the highest hosannas at length:

Worthy the choral strain,

Worthy the new refrain,

Worthy to rule and reign,

Worthy forever the Lamb that was slain.

*Oliver Crane.*

### 3275. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Luke ii : 1-7.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing,  
All abroad their echoes flinging,  
Wider still and wider winging  
On the waste of wintry air;  
On their solemn, swift vibrations,  
Rapture, rapture through the nations;  
Rapture, till their glad pulsations  
Million blissful bosoms share.

Every bell to every hammer  
Answers with a joyous clamor;  
Answers, till from out the glamour  
Of the ages far and dim,  
Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,  
Fair as moonrise, opening slowly,  
Streams of radiance pure and holy  
Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender;  
And from out that far-off splendor,  
Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,  
Lo! the virgin mother mild,  
Pale from guiltless pain unspoken,

Calm in faith's deep trust unbroken,  
Bright with Heaven's unconscious token,  
Bends above her wondrous child.

Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,  
Mingling all their chimes so meely,  
Trancing all my soul completely,  
Till the rosy clouds divide;  
And o'er Bethlehem's mountains hoary  
Bursts a strange celestial glory,  
Swells a sweet seraphic story,  
Trembling o'er the pastures wide.

Glory! glory! God, descending,  
Weds with man in bliss unending,  
Hark! the ecstatic choirs attending  
Smite their lyres with tempest sound.  
Shout! Old Discord's reign is riven.  
Peace on earth! good-will is given.  
Shout the joy through highest heaven;  
Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad wails of woe and wrangling,  
Like wild bells in night-storms jangling,  
Now their jarring tones untangling  
In some deep, harmonious rhyme,  
Touched by Love's own hand supernal,  
Hush their dissonance infernal,  
Catch the rhythmic march eternal,  
Throbbing through the pulse of time.

Lo! the Babe, where, glad, they found Him,  
By the chrismal light that crowned Him;  
See the shaggy shepherds round Him,  
Round His manger kneeling low!  
See the star-led Magi speeding,  
Priest and scribe the record reading,  
Craft and hate each omen heeding,  
Brooding swift the direful blow!

Vain the wrath of kings conspiring;  
Vain the malice demons firing;  
On the nations, long desiring,  
Lo, at last the Day-star shines.  
Earth shall bless the hour that bore Him,  
Unborn erpires fall before Him,  
Unknown climes and tribes adore Him,  
In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

Hark! the Christmas bells resounding,  
Earth's old jargon all confounding!  
Round the world their tumult, bounding,  
Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!  
Million hands their offerings bringing,  
Million hearts around Him clinging,  
Million tongues hosanna singing,  
Swell the honors of His name!

Crown Him, monarchs, seers, and sages  
Crown Him, bards, in deathless pages!  
Crown Him King of all the ages!  
Let the mighty anthem rise.  
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises;  
Hark! the children's thrilling voices,  
Hark! the world in song rejoices,  
Till the chorus shakes the skies!

Living Christ, o'er sin victorious,  
Dying Lamb, all-meritorious,  
Rising God, forever glorious,  
Take our songs and hearts, we pray.  
May we, Thee by faith describing,  
On Thy death for life relying,  
Rise to rapture never dying,  
Rise with Thee in endless day.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3276. CHRISTMAS DAY.

What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
The angelic signal given:  
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry  
choir.

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on forever:  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love, salvation and  
release!"

Yet stay, before thou dare  
To join that festal throng;  
Listen, and mark what gentle air  
First stirred the tide of song:  
'Tis not, "The Saviour born in David's home,  
To whom for power and health obedient  
worlds should come."

'Tis not, "The Christ the Lord:"  
With fixed adoring look  
The choir of angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke: [should be,  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ  
In sudden light they shone, and heavenly  
harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid:  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled;  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept  
the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be;  
Once duly welcomed and adored,  
How should I part with Thee?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon; but Thou  
wilt grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid  
Of a pure virgin mind,  
In quiet ever and in shade  
Shepherd and sage may find; [sway,  
They who have bowed untaught to Nature's  
And they who follow Truth along her star-  
paved way.

The pastoral spirits first  
 Approach Thee, Babe divine:  
 For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,  
 Meet for Thy lowly shrine: [dost dwell,  
 Sooner than they should miss where Thou  
 Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them  
 to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round  
 For Thee to be revealed,  
 By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
 Abiding in the field; [night air  
 All through the wintry heaven and chill  
 In music and in light Thou dawnest on their  
 prayer.

Oh faint not ye for fear!  
 What though your wandering sheep,  
 Reckless of what they see and hear,  
 Lie lost in wilful sleep?  
 High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,  
 Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal  
 joy.

Think on the eternal home  
 The Saviour left for you;  
 Think on the Lord most holy, come  
 To dwell with hearts untrue:  
 So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,  
 And in the darkness sing your carol of high  
 praise. *John Keble.*

### 3277. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was queen of land and sea!  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars;  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—  
 The senator of haughty Rome  
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home!  
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless  
 What recked the Roman what befell [sway;  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor:  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
 Across his path. He passed—for naught  
 Told what was going on within;  
 How keen the stars! his only thought;  
 The air how calm and cold and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

O strange indifference! Low and high  
 Drownd over common joys and cares:  
 The earth was still, but knew not why;  
 The world was listening, unawares!  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world forever!  
 To that still moment none would heed,  
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!  
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!  
 The night that erst no name had worn,  
 To it a happy name is given;  
 For in that stable lay new-born  
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven  
 In the solemn midnight  
 Centuries ago!  
*Alfred Domett.*

### 3278. CHRISTMAS, The First.

#### I.

The magi, skilled in astrologic lore  
 Had scanned for years the starry concave o'er,  
 And looked and gazed in vain;  
 But, on this most memorial night of nights  
 They saw, among the old accustomed lights,  
 A stranger on the plain.

"Behold the Star! Behold! behold the Star!  
 It shines afar," they cry, "it shines afar!"  
 To gladden all the earth. [King!  
 The King! our King! the promised, coming  
 Let all make haste our joyful gifts to bring  
 And celebrate His birth!"

The shepherds left unkept their bleating  
 Alone to pasture on the barren rocks, [flocks  
 To drink from springs run dry.  
 The wise men left unturned their horoscopes,  
 While each one, as in midnight darkness  
 gropes,  
 To see and know the Babe on whom the hopes  
 Of all the future lie.

#### II.

Now, on the outstretched finger of the night,  
 Bright beams a jewel, a clear sparkling gem,  
 That points the world by its prophetic light,  
 Where sweetly sleeps the Babe of Bethlehem.

O tell us, Magi! answer, learned seer!  
 Who long foretold the branch from Jesse's  
 stem;  
 Know ye the time the meteor should appear,  
 That ushers in the Babe of Bethlehem?

What power of divination has been given  
 To serpent wand or wizard diadem,  
 To read the secrets of the front of heaven,  
 And find the Babe just born in Bethlehem?

## III.

Each wise man seized his astrolabe, [wand,  
Each gray-beard wizard stretched his  
To find where breathed the Holy Babe  
That should be King of all the land.

When hark the stillness of the night  
Is broken by triumphant song:  
The plains are bright with heavenly light  
Reflected from that heavenly throng.

And this the burden of their song:  
"To God the highest glory give,  
For right shall triumph over wrong,  
Repentant sinners now may live.  
For lo! the Prince of peace is born,  
Hosannah in the highest sing!  
For you in Bethlehem is born  
The lordliest Lord, the kingliest King!  
This day, within a manger, born  
The Priest who shall good tidings bring.  
Sing ye, the Mighty Conqueror, sing!  
For Christ is born this Christmas morn!"  
*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

**3279. CHRISTMAS, The Nativity.**

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual  
peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high coun-  
cil-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of  
mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred  
vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn  
strain,

To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven by the sun's team  
untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in  
squadrons bright.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:  
Oh run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with hal-  
lowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize;  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She wooes the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes [ties.  
Should look so near upon her foul deformi-

But He her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
She crowned with olive green, came swiftly  
sliding  
Down through the turning sphere  
His ready harbinger, [ing,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-  
And waving with her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea  
and land.

No war, or battle sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord  
was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until the Lord Himself bespake, and bid  
them go.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more should  
need;

He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree  
could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below,  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so  
busy keep.

When such music sweet,  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
The air such pleasure loth to lose  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfill-  
She knew such harmony alone [ing,  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier  
union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced night  
The helmed cherubin [arrayed;  
The sworded seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-  
played,  
Harping in loud and solemn choir  
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-  
born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy  
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our humble ears  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),  
And let your silvery chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ  
And with your ninefold harmony, [blow,  
Make up full concert to the angelic sym-  
phony.

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of  
And speckled Vanity [gold,  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt with earthly  
And Hell itself will pass away, [mould,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down  
And Heaven, as at some festival, [steering,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace  
hall.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both Himself and us to glorify:  
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder  
through the deep.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
The aged earth, aghast, [outbreak;  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake:  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall  
spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day,  
Th' old Dragon underground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum [ceiving.  
Runs through the arched roof in words de-  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine, [leaving.  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his pro-  
phetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,  
From haunted spring and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;



With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight  
In urns and altars round [plaint,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his  
wonted seat.

Peor and Baälím  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
Thammus mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread,  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshowered grass with low-  
Nor can he be at rest [ings loud;  
Within his sacred chest,  
Naught but profoundest hell can be his  
shroud;  
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark,  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt  
ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infants' hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the  
damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,  
And the yellow-skirted Fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their  
moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest,  
Hath laid her Babe to rest,

Time is our tedious song should here have  
ending;

Heaven's youngest-teemed star;  
Hath fixed her polished car [tending;  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright harness angels sit in order service-  
able.  
*John Milton.*

**3280. CHURCH, The Primitive.**

Acts iv : 32.

Happy the souls that first believed,  
To Jesus and each other cleaved;  
Joined by the unction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and thought the  
same!

Brake the commemorative bread,  
And drank the Spirit of their Head.

On God they cast their every care,  
Wrestling with God in mighty prayer  
They claimed the grace through Jesus given.  
By prayer they shut and opened heaven.

To Jesus they performed their vows,  
A little church in every house;  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

Proprietors were there unknown,  
None called what he possessed his own:  
Where all the common blessings share,  
No selfish happiness was there.

With grace abundantly endued  
A pure, believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

O what an age of golden days!  
O what a choice, peculiar race!  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God!

Where shall I wander now to find  
The successors they left behind?  
The faithful whom I seek in vain,  
Are diminished from the sons of men.

Ye different sects, who all declare,  
"Lo, here is Christ!" or "Christ is there!"  
Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
And show me where the Christians live.

Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;  
Ye want the genuine mark of love:  
Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show,  
For sure Thou hast a church below.

The gates of hell cannot prevail;  
The church on earth can never fail.  
Ah! join me to Thy secret ones!  
Ah! gather all Thy living stones!

Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,  
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye  
Draw by the music of Thy name  
And charm into a beauteous frame.

For this the pleading Spirit groans,  
And cries in all Thy banished ones;  
Greatest of Gifts, Thy love impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.

Join every soul that looks to Thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity;  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And all in all forever live!

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3281. CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST, The.**

Luke ii : 21.

Ye flaming pow'rs, and winged warriors  
bright,

That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
First heard by happy watchful shepherds'  
ear,

So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the list'ning  
night;

Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:

He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere  
Entered the world, now bleeds to give us  
Alas, how soon our sin [ease;  
Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just!  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
For we by rightful doom remediless  
Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above  
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
And that great covenant which we still  
Entirely satisfied, [transgress

And the full wrath beside  
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
And seals obedience first, with wounding  
This day; but oh! ere long [smart,  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near His heart.

*John Milton.*

**3282. CLOUD AND PILLAR OF FIRE.**

Nehemiah ix : 12.

In cloud by day, in fire by night,  
Jehovah's pillared symbol hung;  
And day and night, in Israel's sight,  
Its heaven-sent token earthward flung.

It rested o'er their sacred tent,  
And in their camp the host abode;  
It lifted thence, and onward went,  
And they its desert pathway trode.

They saw it rest, they saw it rise,  
The signal of Jehovah's will;  
They watched it with unfailling eyes,  
And struck their tents, or waited still.

Not now in columned shade or flame,  
Our steps, O God! Thy glory leads;  
But signs divine Thy will proclaim,  
Thy banner still Thy church precedes.

Thy light is on our pathway shed,  
Thy counsel on our hearts impressed,  
And by Thy guiding Spirit lead  
Thy watching host move on, or rest.

*Samuel Wolcott.*

**3283. CLOUDS, Christ and the.**

Acts i : 9.

I cannot look above and see  
Yon high-piled pillow mass  
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly,  
In gold and purple pass,  
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen  
On Israel's desert way  
Before them, in Thy shadowy screen,  
Pavilioned all the day!

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue,  
Which the Redeemer wore,  
When, ravished from His followers' view,  
Aloft His flight He bore;  
When lifted, as on mighty wing,  
He curtained his ascent,  
And wrapped in clouds, went triumphing  
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall  
Of many-colored dyes,  
That high above, o'er mantling all  
Hangs mid way down the skies—  
Or borders of those sweeping folds  
Which shall be all unfurled  
About the Saviour, whom He holds  
His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as He went—  
My soul, hast thou forgot?—  
Shall be His terrible descent,  
When man expecteth not!  
Strength, Son of man, against that hour,  
Be to our spirits given,  
When Thou shalt come again with power,  
Upon the clouds of heaven!

*William Croswell.*

**3284. CROSS, Attraction of the.**

Galatians vi : 14.

O cross, O cross of shame!  
In every age the same,  
Thou symbol of a shameful thing,  
Meet for a slave and not a King;  
Symbol of shame and loss,  
Where is thy grace, O cross! [hand,  
That I should bear thee thus with heart and  
Where earth's rude scorners stand;  
Myself a laughing-stock for thee,  
A byword and a mockery?

O cross, O cross of pain!  
Where is to me the gain  
That in this bleeding heart of mine  
I nail each bitter nail of thine;

That still with every breath  
I live a life of death—  
A life that is a daily dying still,  
A death that may not kill,  
But hour by hour and day by day  
Feeds on the life it will not slay?

O cross, O cross of light,  
With heavenly beauty bright!  
I love and glory in thy shame;  
For He I love has borne the same;  
The world may scorn and threat  
Her idle vengeance yet,  
But I will bear thee still with heart and hand,  
Though men with devils band;  
For He I love is with me still,  
And shame is sweet if His dear will.

O cross, O cross of joy,  
O sweetness without cloy!  
Still wound and pierce my bleeding heart,  
For honey streams from every dart.  
O crimson, crimson tree!  
Still let me cling to thee;  
In thy dear arms reposing day by day,  
Still let me die away;  
For He I love is by my side,  
And death is sweet, for He has died.

O cross, O cross of woe!  
When heaven and earth shall glow,  
When blazing in the eastern sky  
The Son of Man's dread sign shall lie,  
His sign no more of shame,  
His cross a cross of flame,  
To whom the gain, to whom the endless loss,  
At that dread day, O cross!  
To scorner or to scorned on high?  
The fire shall try . . . the fire shall try.  
*Folliott S. Pierpont.*

### 3285. CROSS, The.

Colossians i : 20.

The cross is ever good,  
Although with tears bedewed;  
A Father's hand from heaven  
This very cross has given.  
Take it as children should;  
What bitter is at present,  
We own ere long as pleasant,  
It is so good, so good!

The cross is ever fair;  
And though no beauty there  
The eye of sight discerneth,  
Such glory round it burneth,  
That watching angels wear  
Sweet looks of joy and wonder  
As on the cross they ponder,  
It is so fair, so fair!

And with the cross is light:  
Before it naught aright  
Of thine own self thou knowest,  
While unto it thou owest,

Of God the first true sight.  
The cross in darkness finds thee,  
But scatters all that binds thee:  
For with the cross is light!

The cross makes all things pure:  
No falsehood can endure  
Its coming; guilt long hidden  
Arises then unbidden;  
And though severe the cure,  
At sorrow's touch must perish  
The sins we fain would cherish,  
It makes so pure, so pure!

The cross makes man so small,  
His proudest hopes must fall,  
Their glory fast dispelling  
The while the cross is telling  
That God alone is all;  
That only He is holy,  
And must be worshipped solely,  
Man is so small, so small!

The cross to me is dear,  
It brings the Saviour near;  
And worldly joy resigning,  
I take it unrepining.  
Lord of the cross, 'tis here  
My life, my all I tender  
To Thee, in full surrender,  
And thus the cross is dear!  
*Lyra Messianica.*

### 3286. CROSS, The.

Blessed cross, hail, holy rood!  
Death, by thee, was first subdued  
When my God was crucified,  
When my King and Saviour died.

Queen of trees art thou, O palm!  
For our wounds the sovereign balm,  
Strong support when burdens press,  
Solace in our sore distress.

Tree of life, O sacred tree!  
Glorious sign of victory;  
Christ thy fruit, O tree divine!  
Never fruit so sweet as thine.

When before Thy judgment-seat  
Friend and foe at last shall meet,  
Jesus, then propitious be;  
Son of God, remember me.  
*Tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

### 3287. CROWN OF THORNS, The.

John xix : 2-5.

If thou wilt indeed and truly  
Find whereof to boast, and duly  
Be with glory crowned of God,  
View this coronal, think o'er it,  
Track the steps of Him who bore it,  
Follow in the path He trod.

For our King this emblem lowly  
Bore with honor, make it holy,  
On the brows divine it stood;  
In this helmet He arrayed Him,  
Met the ancient fiend, and laid him,  
Therein triumphed on the wood.

Helmet unto him that fighteth,  
Wreath of bays when victory lighteth,  
Mitre for the princely brow;  
First it was of thorns enwoven,  
Then, on that divine head proven,  
Touched Him, and is golden now.

Yea, the virtue of Christ's passion  
Twined it in a nobler fashion,  
Changed each prickly spur to gold:  
Pierced with many sins and sorrows,  
Hie to endless death, man borrows  
Ease for thorns and wreath untold.

Crown compact of ills tormenting  
To the sinner unrepenting  
Thorny is it, rough with pain;  
When the way of truth he learneth,  
Straight to virgin gold it turneth,  
While the heart grows pure again.

Jesu, in Thy love stand near us,  
Help in our own fight, and cheer us,  
Lavish Thy victorious aid;  
So, we pray Thee, shape our spirit,  
That we glory may inherit  
Of the crown that cannot fade.  
*From the Latin, tr. by P. S. Worsley.*

### 3288. CRUCIFIXION, Christ's.

Matthew xxvii : 35-38.

Soon as they at Mount Calvary arrived,  
Where malefactors were of life deprived;  
For anodyne, to criminals then used,  
Of wine, with frankincense and myrrh in-  
fused,  
The envious Jews, His angors to augment,  
A cup of gall and vinegar present;  
He, thirsty, of the odious portion sips,  
And from it straight withdrew His injured  
lips.  
Naked they stript Him to increase disgrace,  
Then on the cross His frame supine they  
place;  
His tender hands and feet with cords they  
retch,  
And when extended to their utmost stretch,  
With nails, to fix Him to the tree, they gore,  
Of a large size, to make the wider bore:  
Jesus thus nailed, the cross on high they  
heaved,  
And that He might be with fresh torments  
grieved,  
Each, the same moment, letting go his hand,  
Into the hole in which it was to stand,  
With such a mighty torturing jerk it fell,  
The malice could not be outdone by hell.

His body, which his wounds alone support,  
Feels now of torment the extreme effort,  
It racks His joints, unsockets all His bones,  
Each muscle in Him agonizing groans,  
Each artery, nerve, tendon, fibre, vein,  
Each atom felt strong confluent pain.  
But 'midst His dire convulsions, pangs, and  
throes,  
No wrongs His charity could discompose;  
He pardon begs for pagan and for Jew:  
Father, forgive; they know not what they do.

The crime for which the malefactor bled,  
Was by old custom labelled o'er his head;  
This sole inscription Pilate chose to use:  
Jesus of Nazareth, the King of Jews.  
As He in torment hung, contemned and  
scorned.  
God with this public witness Him adorned.  
Of sacred truth, though Pilate nothing knew,  
He gave the title to Messiah's due.

High Heaven, which could not the sad sight  
endure,  
To see the source of light divine obscure,  
Its cheerful glories on a sudden shrouds,  
In thick, black, mournful, confluent  
clouds;

The sun, who of its light then wholly failed,  
The full-cheeked moon which hindered it,  
bewailed;  
The spheres, which moved in harmony before,  
Began in groans their Maker to deplore;  
Sun, moon, and stars, withdrew their con-  
scious light,  
Egypt ne'er felt such horrid, dismal night;  
From the sixth hour until the ninth, the  
realm

Of darkness seemed the land to overwhelm;  
All nature, when the God of nature bled,  
Was struck with horrid, universal dread,  
Despairing filial God to have survived,  
From whose high will it origin derived.  
The rocks cleft, earth to hell began to quake,  
And to increase the fiery brimstone lake;  
From its dark, subterraneous stores to throw  
Whole mines of flaming sulphur down below;  
Infernal ghosts ne'er suffered, since they fell,  
So hot, so insupportable a hell:  
And all the tortured spirits cursed the day  
When they sent Judas, Jesus to betray;  
The graves flew open, and exposed their  
store,

And into bodies shook the human ore;  
The troubled sea its bed no longer kept,  
But o'er its shores its inundations wept;  
The temple corner-stones were seen to yield,  
And to and fro the laboring fabric reeled;  
The hallowed loaves were thrown the floor  
about,

And the seven golden burning lamps went  
out;  
The sacred incense lost its odorous scent,  
The awful veil was into pieces rent; [done,  
The trembling priests leave holy rites un-  
Affrighted Levites from their stations run;

Harp, psalteries, cymbals, trumpets, on the ground,  
 Lie bruised and broken all the temple round.  
 Caiaphas hid his self-upbraiding head,  
 The impious council were from Gazith fled;  
 Black horrors haunted the accursed room,  
 Where envious sinners hatched their Sa-  
 viour's doom;  
 The evening lamb, which was but newly  
 fired,  
 As on the cross the Lamb of God expired,  
 Grew on the altar, on a sudden, cold,  
 And from the grate the dying embers rolled.

The pagan soldiers trembled in their stands,  
 Down dropped their weapons from their  
 feeble hands,  
 None ever had recovered of the fright,  
 Had not our God restored the solar light.  
 Aloud the thoughtful, wise centurion cried,  
 The mighty Son of God is crucified;  
 Each envious Jew-spectator smote his breast,  
 And in his actions plainly Christ confessed;  
 They all, convicted at that moving light,  
 Denied Messiah only out of spite;  
 Tyrannic sin of empire lay bereft,  
 The idol ghosts their tottering temples left,  
 Of their own fatal oracles afraid;  
 Which, forced by Heaven, unwelcome truth  
 displayed  
 Eden's bright cherub sheathed his two-edged  
 flame;  
 Heaven bid him open Paradise proclaim;  
 Fear the old world into hard labor threw,  
 It groaned till 'twas delivered of a new.

*Bishop Ken.*

### 3289. CRUCIFIXION, Scene of the.

Luke xxiii : 33-38.

City of God! Jerusalem,  
 Why rushes out thy living stream?  
 The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,  
 The Roman in his pride, are there!  
 And thousand, tens of thousands, still  
 Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide;  
 There rush the bridegroom and the bride,  
 Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,  
 The old, the young, the bond, the free,  
 The nation's furious multitude,  
 All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn; from height to height,  
 Shot the keen arrows of the light;  
 And glorious in their central shower,  
 Palace of holiness and power,  
 The temple on Moriah's brow  
 Looks a new-risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!  
 Against them shall come forth a wail;  
 And woe to bridegroom and to bride!  
 For death shall on the whirlwind ride;  
 And woe to thee, resplendent shrine,  
 The sword is out for thee and thine!

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,  
 Before the deed of blood is done!  
 Upon that temple's haughty steep  
 Jerusalem's last angels weep;  
 They see destruction's funeral pall,  
 Blackening o'er Zion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,  
 They hear the coming armies roar:  
 They see in Zion's halls of state  
 The sign that maketh desolate;  
 The idol-standard, pagan spear,  
 The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall; the chain,  
 The long, long age of guilt and pain:  
 The exile's thousand desperate years,  
 The more than groans, the more than tears;  
 Jerusalem a vanished name,  
 Its tribe earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,  
 Still rends the heavens the shout of blood;  
 But in the murderer's furious van,  
 Who totters on? A weary man,  
 A cross upon his shoulder bound,  
 His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary—  
 What slave upon that hill must die?  
 What hand, what heart, in guilt imbued,  
 Must be the mountain vulture's food?  
 There stand two victims gaunt and bare,  
 Two culprits, emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame  
 Is frenzied at the sufferer's name. [turn,  
 Hands clinched, teeth gnashing, vestures  
 The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,  
 All that the dying hour can sting, [King!  
 Are round Thee now, Thou thorn-crowned

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,  
 No wrath is for the wrath returned;  
 No vengeance flashes from the eye,  
 The sufferer calmly waits to die;  
 The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,  
 Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,  
 The form is bound, the nails are driven:  
 Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!  
 Now Roman, bend the mocking knee!  
 The cross is reared. The deed is done.  
 There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour,  
 For this hath blazed the prophet's power;  
 For this hath swept the conqueror's sword;  
 Hath ravaged, raised, cast down, restored.  
 Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,  
 For this ye sank, for this ye shone!

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam  
 Were darkness—earth itself a dream,  
 Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid  
 Sublime, when sun and stars shall fade:

Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,  
Hung on Thy anguish, King of kings!

Still from His lips no curse has come,  
His lofty eye has looked no doom!  
No earthquake burst, no angel brand,  
Crushes the black, blaspheming band:  
What say these lips, by anguish riven?  
"God, be my murderers forgiven!"

He dies! in whose high victory  
The slayer, death himself, shall die.  
He dies! by whose all-conquering tread  
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;  
From his proud throne, to darkness hurled,  
The God and tempter of the world.

He dies! Creation's awful Lord,  
Jehovah, Christ, eternal word!  
To come in thunder from the skies,  
To bid the buried world arise;  
The earth his footstool; heaven His throne;  
Redeemer! may Thy will be done!

*George Croly.*

**3290. CRUCIFIXION, The.**

Mark xv : 24-28.

Sunlight upon Judea's hills!  
And on the waves of Galilee,  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea.  
Most freshly from the greenwood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings;  
And gayly quiver in the sun,  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours, a change hath come!  
The sky is dark without a cloud!  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes,  
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him,  
The High and ever Holy One!  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim  
And blacken the beholding sun.  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his cavernd bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!  
Their prison door is rent away!  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day;  
The temple of the cherubim,  
The house of God is cold and dim;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;

Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God!  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the cherubim,  
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart alone  
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power?  
Oh, shall the heart, whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood,  
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

*John G. Whittier.*

**3291. CRUCIFIXION, The.**

John xix : 18-24.

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,  
Upon the tree of scorn,  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those hands  
And feet so tender rend!  
See down His face, and neck, and breast,  
His sacred blood descend!

Hark! With what awful cry  
His spirit takes its flight;  
That cry, it pierced His mother's heart,  
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base  
Rocks wildly to and fro;  
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains, quake;  
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;  
The midday heavens grow pale;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?  
Come, youth! Come, hoary hairs!  
Come, rich and poor! Come, all mankind!  
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before His cross  
Who shed for us His blood;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.

Jesus, all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest!  
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest.

*Lyra Catholica.*

**3292. CRUCIFIXION, The.**

Matthew xxv : 47-50.

The stones they raise,  
Life's hope decays;  
With insults greeted  
And woes repeated,

Affection gone,  
Woe stands alone;  
Who suffers this? Oh tell!  
'Tis He who loves so well.

Lights darkened all,  
The stone-showers fall,  
The wild winds blowing,  
His long hair flowing,  
His eyes are wet,  
Thorns wound His feet.  
Who suffers this? Oh tell!  
'Tis He who loves so well.

Perplexed the road,  
His breast a load;  
His heart is torn;  
The world in scorn,—  
The flowers are faded,  
The sun is shaded,  
Who suffers this? Oh tell!  
'Tis He who loves so well.

What weary sighs,  
And weeping eyes,  
And plaints forbid,  
And glories hid,  
And absence drear  
From friends sincere.  
Who suffers this? Oh, tell!  
'Tis He who loves so well.

A clouded star,  
A journey far,  
A fearful doom,  
A day of gloom;  
The path mistaken,  
By all forsaken.  
Who suffers this? Oh tell!  
'Tis He who loves so well.

*Maria Doceo, tr. by J. Bowring.*

### 3293. "CRUCIFY HIM!"

Luke xxiii : 21.

At the bar of Pilate, bound,  
Falsely tried, and marred and crowned,  
Jesus meekly, dumbly stood,  
Pleading with the multitude.

Vainly plead His suffering,  
Vainly looked He more than king;  
Loudly rose their bitter cry:  
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Him they hated without cause;  
Loyal He to all their laws;  
His a life of word and deed  
Sacrificed to human need.

Full His fellowship with God,  
Right and true the path He trod;  
Yet against Him stormed the cry—  
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

What the revelation here  
Of the ruin, far and near,

Wrought to man, without, within,  
By the cruel course of sin!  
What the disregard for life,  
What the envy, blindness, strife,  
What the murder in the cry!—  
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Sin revealed in what it would  
'Gainst communion with the Good,  
'Gainst the manifesting Light,  
'Gainst the will of throned Right,  
Hurling all the might of hell  
'Gainst this one, Immanuel;  
Mean the cross, the rage, the cry:  
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"

Break with sin, O brother! break,  
For thy own and heaven's sake;  
Arm against it, brother, arm,  
Only sin can do thee harm;  
Hate it, brother, fear and shun,  
Sin defies the Holy One;  
Join not, brother, in the cry;  
"Crucify Him! Crucify!"  
*James Madison Williams.*

### 3294. DANIEL.

Daniel xii : 13.

Son of sorrow, doomed by fate  
To a lot most desolate;  
To joyless youth and childless age,  
Last of thy father's lineage:  
Blighted being! whence hast thou  
That lofty mien and cloudless brow?

Ask'st thou whence that cloudless brow?  
Bitter is the cup, I trow;  
A cup of weary well-spent years,  
A cup of sorrows, fasts and tears,  
That cup whose virtue can impart  
Such calmness to the troubled heart.

Last of his father's lineage, he,  
Many a night on bended knee,  
In hunger many a livelong day,  
Has striven to cast his slough away:  
Yea, and that long prayer is granted,  
Yea, his soul is disenchanted.

O blest above the sons of men!  
For thou with more than prophet's ken,  
Deep in the secrets of the tomb,  
Hast read thine own, thine endless doom,  
Thou, by the hand of the Most High,  
Art sealed for immortality.

So may I read thy story right,  
And in my flesh so tame my spright,  
That when the mighty ones go forth,  
And from the east and from the north  
Unwilling ghosts shall gathered be,  
I in my lot may stand with thee.

*Lyra Apostolica.*

## 3295. DANIEL.

Daniel i : 19.

We sit beside the streams of Babylon,  
 'Neath willow shades, and hang our harps  
 thereon,  
 Remembering Zion. What strong cords of  
 love  
 Shall bind the exile to his home above?  
 Loved intercessor, thou the arts canst tell  
 Which draw from heaven that all-constrain-  
 ing spell:  
 Whether thou sitt'st by Hiddekel's broad  
 stream,  
 Or where on Ulai sleeps the noonday beam;  
 Or stand'st with outstretched hands in palace  
 hall,  
 Where fiery characters night's shades appall.  
 It is in steadfast prayer, the earnest eyes  
 Set toward the living temple of the skies;  
 Stern hardihood, 'mid fasts and watches won,  
 And that pure lamp that shall outshine the  
 sun,  
 The virgin soul—these, in thy breast inurned,  
 All glowing thoughts to love seraphic turned:  
 Until an ear in wakeful trance was given,  
 Converse to hold with pursuivants of heaven;  
 An eye, the shapes in Time's dark womb to  
 scan,  
 And see amid the clouds the Son of man;  
 A better boon than sons or daughters fair,  
 To find a place within God's house of prayer.

Isaac Williams.

## 3296. DANIEL, Deliverance of.

Daniel vi : 16-24.

*Darius.* See that den!  
 There Daniel met the furious lions' rage!  
 There were the patient martyr's mangled  
 limbs  
 Torn piecemeal! Never hide thy tears,  
 Araspes;  
 'Tis virtuous sorrow, unalloyed, like mine,  
 By guilt and fell remorse! Let us approach;  
 Who knows but that dread Power, to whom  
 he prayed  
 So often and so fervently, has heard him!  
 [He goes to the mouth of the den.]  
 O Daniel, servant of the living God!  
 He whom thou hast served so long, and loved  
 so well,  
 From the devouring lion's famished jaws,  
 Can he deliver thee?  
*Daniel.* He can—he has.  
*Darius.* Methought I heard him speak!  
*Araspes.* O wond'rous force  
 Of strong imagination! Were thy voice  
 Loud as the trumpet's blast, it could not  
 wake him  
 From that eternal sleep!  
*Daniel.* [In the den] Hail, King Darius!  
 The God I serve has shut the lions' mouths  
 To vindicate my innocence.  
*Darius.* He speaks!  
 He lives!  
*Araspes.* 'Tis no illusion; 'tis the sound  
 Of his known voice.

*Darius.* Where are my servants? Haste!  
 Fly, swift as lightning, free him from the  
 den;  
 Release him, bring him hither! break the  
 seal  
 Which keeps him from me! See, Araspes!  
 look!  
 See the charmed lions! Mark their mild  
 demeanor:  
 Araspes, mark! they have no power to hurt  
 him!  
 See how they hang their heads and smooth  
 their fierceness  
 At his mild aspect!  
*Araspes.* Who that sees this sight,  
 Who that in after times shall hear this told,  
 Can doubt if Daniel's God be God indeed?  
*Darius.* None, none, Araspes!  
*Araspes.* Ah, he comes, he comes!  
 [Enter Daniel.]  
*Daniel.* Hail, great Darius!  
*Darius.* Dost thou live indeed!  
 And live unhurt?  
*Araspes.* O miracle of joy!  
*Darius.* I scarce can trust my eyes! How  
 didst thou 'scape?  
*Daniel.* That bright and glorious Being,  
 who vouchsafed  
 Presence divine when the three martyred  
 brothers  
 Essayed the caldron's flame, supported me!  
 E'en in the furious lions' dreadful den,  
 The prisoner of hope, even then I turned  
 To the stronghold, the bulwark of my  
 strength,  
 Ready to hear and mighty to redeem!  
 Hannah More.

3297. DANIEL, Fidelity of.  
 Daniel vi : 10.  
*Araspes.* O holy Daniel! prophet, father,  
 friend,  
 I come the wretched messenger of ill!  
 Thy foes complot thy death. For what can  
 mean  
 This new-made law, extorted from the king  
 Almost by force? What can it mean, O  
 Daniel!  
 But to involve thee in the toils they spread  
 To snare thy precious life?  
*Daniel.* How! was the king  
 Consenting to this edict?  
*Araspes.* They surprised  
 His easy nature; took him when his heart  
 Was softened by their blandishments. They  
 wore  
 The mask of public virtue to deceive him.  
 Beneath the specious name of general good,  
 They wrought him to their purposes: no  
 time  
 Allowed him to deliberate. One short hour,  
 Another moment, and his soul had gained  
 Her natural tone of virtue.  
*Daniel.* That great Power  
 Who suffers evil only to produce



Some unseen good, permits that this should  
be;

And He permitting, I well pleased resign.  
Retire, my friend: this is my second hour  
Of daily prayer. Anon we'll meet again.  
Here in the open face of that bright sun  
Thy fathers worshipped, will I offer up,  
As is my ryle, petitions to my God,  
For thee, for me, for Solyman, for all!

*Araspes.* Oh, stay, what mean'st thou?  
sure thou hast not heard

The edict of the king? I thought but now  
Thou knew'st its purport. It expressly says,  
That no petition henceforth shall be made  
For thirty days, save only to the king;  
Nor prayer nor intercession shall be heard  
Of any God or man, but of Darius.

*Daniel.* And think'st thou then my rever-  
ence for the king,

Good as he is, shall tempt me to renounce  
My sworn allegiance to the King of kings?  
Hast thou commanded legions? strove in  
battle,

Defied the face of danger, mocked at death  
In all its frightful forms, and tremblest now?  
Come learn of me: I'll teach thee to be bold,  
Though sword I never drew. Fear not,  
*Araspes,*

The feeble vengeance of a mortal man,  
Whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein  
Is he to be accounted of? but fear  
The awakened vengeance of the living Lord,  
He who can plunge the everlasting soul  
In infinite perdition!

*Araspes.* Then, O Daniel!

If thou preferst to disobey the edict,  
Retire and hide thee from the prying eyes  
Of busy malice!

*Daniel.* He who is ashamed  
To vindicate the honor of his God,  
Of him the living Lord shall be ashamed  
When He shall judge the tribes!

*Araspes.* Yet, oh, remember!

Oft have I heard thee say the secret heart  
Is fair devotion's temple; there the saint,  
E'en on that living altar, lights the flame  
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,  
Not unaccepted. I remember, too,  
When Syrian Naaman by Elisha's hand  
Was cleansed from foul pollution, and his  
mind,

Enlightened by the miracle, confessed  
The Almighty God of Jacob, that he deemed  
No flagrant violation of his faith [it  
To bend at Rimmon's shrine; nor did the  
Forbid the rite external. [seer

*Daniel.* Know, *Araspes,*  
Heaven designs to suit our trials to our  
strength;

A recent convert, feeble in his faith,  
Naaman, perhaps, had sunk beneath the  
weight

Of so severe a duty. Gracious Heaven  
Forbears to bruise the reed or quench the  
flax

When feeble and expiring. But shall I,

Shall Daniel, shall the servant of the Lord,  
A veteran in His cause, long trained to know  
And do His will, long exercised in woe,  
Bred in captivity and born to suffer—  
Shall I, from known, from certain duty  
shrink

To shun a threatened danger? O *Araspes!*  
Shall I, advanced in age, in zeal, decline?  
Grow careless as I reach my journey's end,  
And slacken in my pace, the goal in view?  
Perish discretion, when it interferes  
With duty! Perish the false policy  
Of human wit, which would commute our  
safety

With God's eternal honor! Shall His law  
Be set at nought that I may live at ease?  
How would the heathen triumph should I  
fall

Through coward fear! How would God's  
enemies

Insultingly blaspheme!

*Araspes.* Yet think a moment.

*Daniel.* No!

Where evil may be done, 'tis right to ponder;  
Where only suffered, know the shortest pause  
Is much too long. Had great Darius paused,  
This ill had been prevented. But for me,  
*Araspes,* to deliberate is sin.

*Araspes.* Think of thy power, thy favor  
with Darius;

Think of thy life's importance to the tribes,  
Scarce yet returned in safety. Live, oh! live,  
To serve the cause of God.

*Daniel.* God will Himself  
Sustain His righteous cause. He knows to  
raise

Fit instruments to serve Him. Know, *Ar-*  
*aspes,*  
He does not need our crimes to help His  
cause,

Nor does His equitable law permit  
A sinful act, from the preposterous plea  
That good may follow it. For me, my  
friend,

The spacious earth holds not a bait to tempt  
me.

What would it profit me if I should gain  
Imperial Ecbatan, the extended land  
Of fruitful Media, nay, the world's wide  
empire,

If mine eternal soul must be the price?  
Farewell, my friend! time presses; I have  
stolen

Some moments from my duty to confirm  
And strengthen thy young faith! Let us  
fulfil

What Heaven enjoins, and leave to Heaven  
th' event! *Hannah More.*

### 3298. DANIEL IN CAPTIVITY.

How changed our fate!

Not for myself, O Judah! but for thee,  
I shed these tears of joy. For I no more  
Must view the cedars which adorn the brow  
Of Syrian Lebanon; no more shall see  
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan; nor the flocks

Which whiten all the mountains of Judea;  
No more these eyes delighted shall review  
Or Carmel's heights or Sharon's flowery  
vales.

I must remain in Babylon! So Heaven,  
To whose awards I bow me, has decreed.  
I ne'er shall see thee, Salem! I am old;  
And few and toilsome are my days to come.  
But we shall meet in those celestial climes,  
Compared with which created glories sink;  
Where sinners shall have power to harm no  
more,

And martyred virtue rests her weary head.  
Though ere my day of promised grace shall  
come,

I shall be tried by perils strange and new;  
Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learned,  
Till I have seen the captive tribes restored.

*Hannah More.*

### 3299. DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Daniel vi : 16-24.

God of Daniel, hear my prayer,  
And let Thy power be seen;  
Stop the lion's mouth, and bear  
Me safe out of his den:  
Save me in this dreadful hour;  
Earth and hell and nature join,  
All stand ready to devour  
This helpless soul of mine.

No way to escape, I see  
The sure-approaching death;  
Vain are all my hopes to flee  
Out of the lion's teeth;  
In the mire of sin I lie,  
In the dungeon of despair;  
Hear my lamentable cry,  
O God of Daniel, hear!

Thee I serve, my Lord, my God,  
In me Thy power display,  
Save me, save me, and defraud  
The lion of his prey.  
Angel of the covenant,  
Jesus mighty to retrieve,  
Let Him to my help be sent;  
In Jesus I believe.

Save me for Thine own great name,  
That all the world may know  
Daniel's God is still the same,  
And reigns supreme below.  
Him let all mankind adore,  
Spread His glorious name abroad;  
Tremble all, and bow before  
The great, the living God.

Absolute, unchangeable,  
O'er all His works He reigns;  
His dominion cannot fail,  
But undisturbed remains;  
His dominion standeth fast,  
Is when time no more shall be,  
Still shall His dominion last  
Through all eternity.

He delivers by His love,  
He rescues souls from death;  
Signs He works in heaven above,  
And signs in earth beneath;  
Daniel He doth every hour  
From the lion's paw retrieve:  
I am saved from Satan's power,  
And lo! by grace I live.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3300. DANIEL, Prayers of.

Daniel vi : 10.

Imperial Persia bowed to his wise sway,  
A hundred provinces his daily care;  
A queenly city with its gardens fair [away.  
Smiled round him, but his heart was far  
Forsaking pomp and power "three times a  
day"

For chamber lone, he seeks his solace there;  
Through windows opening westward floats  
his prayer,  
Towards the dear distance where Jerusalem  
lay.

So let me morn, noon, evening, steal aside,  
And, shutting my heart's door to earth's vain  
pleasure

And manifold solitudes, find leisure  
The windows of my soul to open wide  
Towards that blest city and that heavenly  
treasure,

Which past these visible horizons hide.

*R. Wilton.*

### 3301. DANIEL'S BAND.

Daniel iii : 16.

Standing by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honor them, the faithful few!  
All hail to Daniel's Band!

Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host  
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many giants great and tall,  
Stalking through the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall,  
If met by Daniel's Band.

Hold the gospel banner high!  
On to vict'ry grand!  
Satan and his host defy,  
And shout for Daniel's Band.

*P. P. Bliss.*

### 3302. DAVID, Call of.

1 Samuel xvi : 12.

Latest born of Jesse's race,  
Wonder lights thy bashful face,  
While the prophet's gifted oil  
Seals thee for a path of toil.  
We, thy angels, circling round thee,  
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,  
When thy faith first brought us near  
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and 'mid thy flocks awhile,  
At thy doom of greatness smile;  
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,  
Dimly guessing of the road—  
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,  
Though thy foot be angel-tended;  
Double praise thou shalt attain,  
In royal court and battle plain.

Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,  
Blighted hope and loneliness;  
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,  
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,  
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,  
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,  
Sated power's tyrannic mood,  
Counsels shared with men of blood,  
Sad success, parental tears,  
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form  
To lavish on the scarring storm!  
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,  
And we harass thee in kindness;  
Little chary of thy fame—  
Dust unborn may bless or blame;  
But we mould thee for the root,  
Of man's promised healing fruit,  
And we mould thee hence to rise  
As our brother to the skies.

*John II. Newman.*

**3303. DAVID,** Choice of.

2 Samuel xxiv : 10-17.

O Lord our God! how wonderful  
That Thy dread wrath should be—  
Thou, in Thy strength—more merciful  
Than beings frail as we!  
Yea, rather would I brave Thy might,  
The thunder, fire, and storm,  
The bared arm of the Infinite,  
Than man, the cruel worm.

“I feel my sin, I choose my doom,  
I trust Thee though Thou slay;  
Ten thousand midnights cannot gloom  
Thy pity's tender ray:  
Wroth art Thou with us now, and deep,  
Deep must our sufferings be,  
But through Thy vengeance' 'sternest sweep'  
I'll trust to none but Thee.

“Take back my choice, thou man of God,  
And pray when thou hast done:  
The sword is ravenous for blood,  
Though wielded by a son;  
And famine with its silent sting,  
That dull, slow serpent foe;  
God, let Thy angel spread His wing,  
And through my kingdom go!”

'Twas said, and pestilence went forth  
To reap for death and hell,  
To make a garner of the earth  
Where'er his sickle fell.

No step was heard; he spake no word:  
All silently wrought he,  
Like a laborer grim, till the twilight dim,  
And again with the sun rose he.

He strode along, a conqueror,  
By his single power, of more  
Than thrice ten thousand warriors  
E'er slew 'mid battle's roar:  
Yet not a banner round him wreathed,  
The trump was blown by none;  
He only stepped, he only breathed,  
Breathed once, and life was gone.

He strode along, the breadth and length  
Of Judah prostrate lay,  
Its myriad hopes, its gathered strength,  
His work was but to slay!  
And captives weary of the light,  
And babes unused to sigh,  
And old mailed warriors in their might,  
Their work was but to die.

Two days, two nights, and then a voice  
Bade the avenger cease;  
He heard the word, he sheathed his sword,  
And Israel slept in peace!  
O Lord our God! how wonderful  
That Thy dread wrath should be—  
Thou, in Thy strength—more merciful  
Than beings frail as we!

*Maria J. Jewsbury.*

**3304. DAVID,** Death of.

1 Chronicles xxix : 26-28.

Thus David slept, the great, the wise, the  
good;  
The man who long, by Heaven's appoint-  
ment, stood  
His country's friend; who met the giant foe,  
While yet a ruddy youth, and laid him low;  
The patriot prince, who guided Israel's bands  
With firm integrity and skilful hands;  
The holy seer, who, rapt to future times,  
Sang of Messiah dying for the crimes  
Of countless ages—his illustrious Son,  
His glorious deeds, His reign on earth begun;  
The sacred hand, who oft attuned the lyre  
To themes prophetic, with a prophet's fire;  
He who with Israel's God communed, and  
wept  
O'er Israel's wrongs, and Israel's honor kept,  
A trust inviolate, from men of blood:  
Great David softly slept—he slept in God,  
“Of honors, days, and riches full; a calm  
release!  
And to his fathers laid,” reposed in peace.  
*Bishop.*

**3305. DAVID,** Exploits of.

1 Samuel xvii : 34-37.

*David.* This youthful arm has been imbrued  
in blood,  
Though yet no blood of man has ever stained  
Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd. [it.

With jealous care I watched my father's  
A brindled lion and a furious bear [flock:  
Forth from the thicket rushed upon the fold,  
Seized a young lamb, and tore their bleating  
spoil.

Urged by compassion for my helpless charge,  
I felt a new-born vigor nerve my arm,  
And, eager, on the foaming monsters rushed.  
The famished lion by his grizzly beard  
Enraged I caught, and smote him to the  
ground.

The panting monster, struggling in my gripe,  
Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lashed  
His own gaunt, gory sides; fiercely he  
ground

His gnashing teeth, and rolled his starting  
eyes,

Bloodshot with agony; then, with a groan  
That waked the echoes of the mountain,  
died.

Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm;  
Thy servant slew the lion and the bear;  
I killed them both, and bore their shaggy  
spoils

In triumph home: and shall I fear to meet  
The uncircumcised Philistine? No: that God  
Who saved me from the bear's destructive  
fang

And hungry lion's jaw, will not He save me  
From this idolater?

*Saul.* He will! He will!  
Go, noble youth! be valiant and be blessed!  
The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the  
fight,

And nerve thy arm with more than mortal  
strength. *Hannah More.*

### 3306. DAVID, Five Smooth Stones of.

1 Samuel xvii : 40.

Ready for battle's grim array,  
Encamped two hostile armies lay—  
Now trumpet sounds and drum;  
But still from yonder mountain's side,  
Though signs there are of martial pride,  
None armed for combat come.

A mighty champion's standing here,  
And all his form gigantic fear:  
Fierce is his look, his challenge loud;  
Pale terror haunts the fainting crowd.

His height six cubits and a span,  
By half he passes mortal man.  
Who can his stature reach?  
The very love God gives of life  
To turn from such unequal strife  
Would all but madmen teach.  
Thus argue still the worldly wise,  
Forever seeing mountains rise,  
And trembling lest a little breath  
Should swell into the storm of death.

A brazen helmet on his head  
Nods terrible, and plates are spread  
Of polished brass around;  
Of stature vast he treads the earth,  
Like offspring of some monstrous birth,  
And shakes the solid ground.

Impregnable appears the shield  
One bears before him on the field;  
His hands, like hazel wand, uprear  
Of dreadful length his iron spear.

Methinks I trace in him again  
The great arch-enemy of men,  
In verse immortal told:  
He when his fury fiercest burned  
From armory celestial turned—  
And why art thou less bold?  
'Twas angels and an arm divine  
Repulsed him then: such arms are thine;  
The soldiers of a heavenly King  
To combat heavenly weapons bring.

Thou who in youth hast often read,  
"Salvation sure shall fence the head,  
True peace the feet defend;  
Strong faith, resisting every dart  
With ample shield, fence every part,  
And round thy steps descend"—  
His simple word to thee is "Stand!  
Girt round with truth, and in thy hand  
Tight grasp, to serve for spear and sword,  
The two-edged falchion of His Word."

There's but one secret in the fight—  
The trusting to Another's might;  
For, strange as it may seem,  
Whoe'er shall to the lists descend,  
Though armed in proof, without this friend,  
Will find his strength a dream.  
We wrestle not with things of earth,  
But subtle foes of airy birth:  
Who combats in that shadowy field  
Must more than mortal weapons wield.

He who this champion vast withstood  
Thought not e'en royal armor good  
Whose temper was unknown;  
But, mindful of a former strife,  
Trusted who then preserved his life  
Would still with triumph crown.  
Now first, ere join we in the fray,  
A moment each in earnest pray;  
Together turn we then and look  
For five smooth pebbles in the brook.

Inquire you where that river flows?  
On Sinai first the fountain rose,  
Then Judah's valleys laves,  
Till, mixing with the waters free,  
From one small well in Gahlee  
It swelled to mightiest waves:  
And still with never-ceasing song  
It rolls majestic along,  
Fountain of peace in every land,  
Or Zembla's ice, or Afric's sand.

One stone resplendent o'er the rest,  
Fit jewel for an angel's breast,  
Shines bright in cold or heat;  
And not in all yon eastern train,  
'Mid mines of gold where sultans reign,  
May such your vision meet:

No larger than the mustard's seed,  
From it such lustrous rays proceed;  
Where'er Faith's lucid sparkles shine  
They make whate'er they touch divine.

Fragment of some unshaken rock  
This seems, whose force may bear the shock  
Of tempest and of tide;  
And though, perchance, of rougher face,  
It stands with more enduring grace  
Than smoother works of pride:  
If placed beside the waters' brink,  
Who treads on it shall never sink;  
Wild though the waves of sorrow roll,  
They may not whelm the patient soul.

In the clear depths another lies  
Of which secure a shaft may rise  
Ascending day by day;  
Upright and pure, the busy morn  
Shines on it from the early dawn,  
Till gleams the evening ray;  
Contented with the rules of old,  
It seeks no adventitious gold  
Of man's device. Thus spake the Lord:  
Obedience asks no further word.

Goodly thy structure: clouds will form  
And shroud it with the coming storm;  
Perchance thy heart may quail,  
The pillar of obedience rock  
Unsteady 'neath the thunder shock,  
Well-nigh the basement fail;  
Faith's jewel will its light supply  
More radiant through its bright ally:  
Who could with earthly sorrow cope  
Unlighted by the gleams of hope?

Now all seems polished, fixed, secure,  
Rock, pillar, jewel to endure  
And shine through years to come;  
Yet somewhat still deficient seems,  
A warmer glow to shed its beams  
On neighbor and on home:  
It shines with such diffusive ray,  
Ne'er on one spot its glories stay;  
Base, column, capital above,  
All sparkle with the rays of love.

Oh might I such a temple rise,  
Compact with what the Lord supplies,  
The unction of His grace!  
Oh might my life henceforward be  
Pure, straight, from worldly follies free,  
Steadfast in its own place!  
Patient myself, with active zeal,  
True love that can for others feel,  
With hope still cheerful in my breast,  
And faith in an eternal rest.

*J. M. King.*

**3307. DAVID, Goliath and.**

1 Samuel'xvii: 38-52.

He lays his mantle by, and shepherd's crook,  
And dons the cumbrous armor of the king,  
One moment; then resumes his well-proved  
sling,

And simple pebbles rounded by the brook.  
On wings of faith and prayer the "smooth  
stone" took

Its fatal flight, urged by the circling string;  
And the prone giant's shield and helmet ring  
Hollow, and earth at his loud downfall shook.  
So with one promise from the sacred pages,  
The streams whereof make glad the Church  
below,

One text worn smooth by use of rolling ages,  
Our soul's strong enemy we overthrow;  
Faith in God's Word the help of God en-  
gages,  
And "It is written" puts to flight the foe.  
*R. Wilton.*

**3308. DAVID, Goliath and.**  
1 Samuel xvii.

Who is this gigantic foe  
That proudly stalks along,  
Overlooks the crowd below,  
In brazen armor strong?  
Loudly of his strength he boasts,  
On his sword and spear relies;  
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,  
And all their force defies.

Tallest of the earth-born race,  
They tremble at his power,  
Flee before the monster's face,  
And own him conqueror.  
Who this mighty champion is,  
Nature answers from within;  
He is my own wickedness,  
My own besetting sin.

In the strength of Jesu's name  
I with the monster fight;  
Feeble and unarmed I am,  
But Jesus is my might.  
Mindful of His mercies past,  
Still I trust the same to prove;  
Still my helpless soul I cast  
On His redeeming love.

With my sling and stone I go  
To fight the Philistine;  
God hath said it shall be so,  
And I shall conquer sin;  
On His promise I rely,  
Trust in an Almighty Lord,  
Sure to win the victory,  
For He hath spoke the word.

In the strength of God I rise,  
I run to meet my foe;  
Faith the word of power applies,  
And lays the giant low.  
Faith in Jesu's conquering name  
Slings the sin-destroying stone,  
Points the word's unerring aim,  
And brings the monster down.

Rise, ye men of Israel, rise!  
Your routed foe pursue;  
Shout His praises to the skies  
Who conquers sin for you.

Jesus doth for you appear,  
He His conquering grace affords,  
Saves you, not with sword and spear,  
The battle is the Lord's.

Every day the Lord of Hosts  
His mighty power displays;  
Stills the proud Philistine's boasts,  
The threatening Gittite slays;  
Israel's God, let all below  
Conqueror over sin proclaim;  
Oh that all the earth might know  
The power of Jesu's name.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3309. DAVID, Grief of.**

2 Samuel xvii : 15-23.

David awoke

And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates, now,  
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet  
Glider along the tessellated floors  
With a pervading murmur, and the fount,  
Whose music had been all the night un-  
heard,  
Played as if light had made it audible;  
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.

The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn

Sweetened the air to ecstasy! and now  
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch  
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,  
And, shut in from the world, but not from  
heaven,

Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip;  
For, with idolatry confessed alone,  
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,  
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when  
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard  
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within  
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and  
words—

Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only—  
Pleading to come to him. They brought  
the boy,

An infant cherub, leaping as if used  
To hover with that motion upon wings,  
And marvellously beautiful! His brow  
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,  
And kingly was his infantine regard.

It was the morning of the seventh day.  
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes,  
Had woke before the morn; and they who  
drew

The curtains to let in the welcome light  
Moved in their chambers with unslipped  
feet,

And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!  
The servants who kept watch without the  
door

Sat motionless; the purple casement-shades  
From the low windows had been rolled  
away,

To give the child air; and the flickering light

That, all the night, within the spacious  
court,  
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot  
only,  
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hushed  
With more than stillness was the room where  
lay

The king's son on his mother's breast. His  
locks

Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred—  
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,  
She watched his breathless slumber. The  
low moan

That from his lips all night broke fitfully  
Had silenced with the daybreak; and a  
smile—

Or something that would fain have been a  
smile—

Played in his parted mouth; and though his  
lids

Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,  
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,  
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn,  
That brought back hope to her! But when  
the king

Heard not the voice of the complaining  
child,

Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir,  
But morning there, so welcomeless and still,  
He groaned and turned upon his face. The  
nights

Had wasted and the mornings come; and  
days

Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the  
king,

Since the child sickened; and without the  
door,

Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain,  
Listening only to the moans that brought  
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice  
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,  
In loving utterance all broke with tears,  
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were  
there,

And filled his prayer with agony. O God!  
To Thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!  
How fail the weak words while the heart  
keeps on!

And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,  
Kneels at Thy throne, how cold, how dis-  
tantly

The comforting of friends falls on the ear,  
The anguish they would speak to, gone to  
Thee!

But suddenly the watchers at the door  
Rose up, and they who ministered within  
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly  
Where the king lay. And still, while Bath-  
sheba

Held the unmoving child upon her knees,  
The curtains were let down, and all came  
forth,

And, gathering with fearful looks apart,  
Whispered together.

And the king arose  
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice  
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,  
“Is the child dead?” They answered, “He  
is dead!”

But when they looked to see him fall again  
Upon his face, and rend himself and weep—  
For, while the child was sick, his agony  
Would bear no comforters, and they had  
thought

His heartstrings with the tidings must give  
way—

Behold! his face grew calm, and, with his  
robe

Gathered together like his kingly wont,  
He silently went in.

And David came,  
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house  
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,  
And they set bread before him, and he ate;  
And when they marvelled, he said, “Where-  
fore mourn?

The child is dead, and I shall go to him,  
But he will not return to me.”

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

### 3310. DAVID, Harp of.

1 Samuel xvi : 23.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The king of men, the loved of heaven,  
Which music hallowed while she wept  
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
Redoubled be her tears, its cords are riven!  
It softened men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own;  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone, [throne.  
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his

It told the triumphs of our King,  
It wafted glory to our God;  
It made our gladdened valleys ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Its sound aspired to heaven, and there abode!  
Since then, though heard on earth no more,  
Devotion, and her daughter, Love,  
Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
To sounds that seem as from above,  
In dreams that day's broad light cannot re-  
move. *Lord Byron.*

### 3311. DAVID NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

2 Samuel xxiv : 14.

If e'er I fall beneath Thy rod,  
As through life's snares I go,  
Save me from David's lot, O God!  
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues? which scare,  
And haunt, and stun, until  
The heart or sinks in mute despair,  
Or names a random ill.

If else . . . the guide in David's path,  
Who chose the holier pain;

Satan and man are tools of wrath,  
An angel's scourge is gain.

*John II. Newman.*

### 3312. DAVID, Offering of.

2 Samuel 23 : 13-17.

Faint on Rephaim's sultry side  
Sat Israel's warrior king;  
“Oh for one draught,” the hero cried,  
“From Bethlehem's cooling spring!  
From Bethlehem's spring, upon whose brink  
My youthful knee bent down to drink!

“I know the spot, by yonder gate,  
Beside my father's home,  
Where pilgrims love at eve to wait,  
And girls for water come.  
Oh for that healing water now,  
To quench my lip, to cool my brow!

“But round that gate, and in that home,  
And by that sacred well,  
Now hostile feet insulting roam,  
And impious voices swell.  
The Philistine holds Bethlehem's halls,  
While we pine here beneath its walls.”

Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard  
The wish their king expressed;  
Exchanged a glance, but not a word,  
And dashed from 'midst the rest.  
And strong in zeal, with ardor flushed,  
They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

The foe fast mustering to attack,  
Their fierceness could not rein,  
No friendly voice could call them back.  
“Shall David long in vain?  
Long for a cup from Bethlehem's spring,  
And none attempt the boon to bring?”

And now the city gate they gain,  
And now in conflict close;  
Unequal odds! three dauntless men  
Against unnumbered foes.  
Yet through their ranks they plough their  
Like galleys through the ocean spray. [way,

The gate is forced, the crowd is passed;  
They scour the open street;  
While hosts are gathering fierce and fast,  
To block up their retreat.  
Haste back, haste back, ye desperate three,  
Or Bethlehem soon your grave must be!

They come again, and with them bring  
Nor gems nor golden prey;  
A single cup from Bethlehem's spring  
Is all they bear away,  
And through the densest of the train  
Fight back their glorious way again.

O'er broken shield and prostrate foes  
They urge their conquering course.  
Go try the tempest to oppose,  
Arrest the lightning's force;  
But hope not, pagans, to withstand  
The shock of Israel's chosen band!

Hurrah! hurrah! again they're free;  
 And 'neath the open sky,  
 On the green turf, they bend the knee,  
 And lift the prize on high;  
 Then onward through the shouting throng  
 To David bear their spoil along.

All in their blood and dust they sink  
 Full low before their king.  
 "Again," they cry, "let David drink  
 Of his own silver spring;  
 And if the draught our lord delight,  
 His servants' toil 'twill well requite."

With deep emotion David took  
 From their red hands the cup,  
 Cast on its stains a shuddering look,  
 And held it heavenward up.  
 "I prize your boon," exclaimed the king,  
 "But dare not taste the draught you bring.

"I prize the zeal that perilled life  
 A wish of mine to crown;  
 I prize the might that in the strife  
 Bore foes by thousand down;  
 But dare not please myself with aught  
 By Israel's blood and peril bought.

"To Heaven the glorious spoil is due,  
 And His the offering be  
 Whose arm has borne you safely through,  
 My brave, but reckless, three!"  
 Then on the earth the cup he poured,  
 A free libation to the Lord.

There is a well in Bethlehem still,  
 A fountain, at whose brink  
 The weary soul may rest at will,  
 The thirsty stoop and drink:  
 And unrepelled by foe or fence  
 Draw living waters freely thence.

Oh! did we thirst, as David then,  
 For this diviner spring;  
 Had we the zeal of David's men  
 To please a higher King;  
 What precious draughts we thence might  
 What holy triumphs daily gain! [drain,  
*Henry Francis Lyte.*

### 3313. DAVID, Offering of.

1 Chronicles xi: 15-19.

Watch-fires are blazing on hill and plain;  
 The noonday light is restored again;  
 There are shining arms in Raphaim's vale,  
 And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fixed his encampment  
 here;  
 Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear,  
 And his chariots of brass are ranged side by  
 side,  
 And his war steeds neigh loud in their trap-  
 pings of pride.

His tents are placed where the waters flow;  
 The sun hath dried up the springs below,  
 And Israel hath neither well nor pool,  
 The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam King David lies,  
 Overcome with the glare of the burning skies;  
 And his lip is parched and his tongue is dry,  
 But none can the grateful draught supply.

Though a crownèd king, in that painful hour  
 One flowing cup might have bought his  
 power.

What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be  
 The purple pomp of his sovereignty?

But no cooling cup from river or spring  
 To relieve his want can his servants bring;  
 And he cries, "Are there none in my train  
 or state  
 Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate?"

Then three of his warriors, the "mighty  
 The boast of the monarch's chivalry, [three,"  
 Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers  
 rang,  
 As with eyes of flame on their steeds they  
 sprang.

On their steeds they sprang, and with spurs  
 of speed  
 Rushed forth in the strength of a noble deed,  
 And dashed on the foe like the torrent flood,  
 Till he floated away in a tide of blood.

To the right, to the left, where their blue  
 swords shine  
 Like autumn corn falls the Philistine; [fate,  
 And sweeping along with the vengeance of  
 The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlehem  
 gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shattered array,  
 To Bethlehem's well they have hewn their  
 way;  
 Then backward they turn on the corse-cov-  
 ered plain,  
 And charge through the foe to their monarch  
 again.

The king looks at the cup, but the crystal  
 draught  
 At a price too high for his want hath been  
 bought;  
 They urge him to drink, but he wets not his  
 lip;  
 Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.

But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty,  
 He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky;  
 'Tis a draught of death, 'tis a cup blood-  
 stained,  
 'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony  
 gained.



Should he taste of a cup that his "mighty  
three"  
Had obtained by their peril and jeopardy?  
Should he drink of their life? 'Twas the  
thought of a king;  
And again he returned to his suffering.  
*New Monthly Magazine.*

**3314. DAVID, Psalms of.**

The cloud is on the monarch's soul,  
Foreshadower of his future doom;  
So mists, before the thunders roll,  
Come down and wrap the hill in gloom.

Go, call the gentle Bethlehemite,  
And bid him wake his sweetest lay,  
Perchance that music, pure and light,  
May drive the threatening fiend away.

The shepherd boy has brought his lute,  
He sings, he strikes the pliant chords;  
Each ear is caught, each lip hangs mute,  
On the sweet air, the wondrous words.

He stays his hand, th' impassioned strain  
Along the lofty palace dies;  
The listening courtiers breathe again,  
The cloud has left the monarch's eyes.

Ah, no! the measure died not all:  
The echoes of that golden rhyme  
Are ringing on from fall to fall,  
Forever down the stream of time.

At matin hour, in vespers low,  
They ring, they ring, those silver bells,  
For praise, for plaint, for joy or woe  
Whene'er our strain of worship swells.

The silken thread so wrought and wrought  
Into the tissue of its frame,  
It hath a tongue for every thought,  
Through all its moods, and still the same.

The fair cathedral's arches grand,  
Her marble saints with lifted palms,  
Her carven pillars ever stand,  
Wrapt in a dream of rolling psalms.

The gray old wall beneath the yew,  
With modest porch, and taper spire,  
Have ripened to their music too,  
Rung from the clamorous village choir.

When wakeful men, with ears unstopped  
Through weary hours have told each sound  
That broke upon the dark, then dropped  
Into the pulseless silence round.

While the strained eye impatient longs  
For the first throb of breaking light,  
What snatches of those heavenly songs  
Have come to him at dead of night!

Some grand Laudate's lofty roll,  
Some tender penitential wail,  
Have made a music in his soul,  
Sweeter than any nightingale.

Come, blessed Psalms! when mists of sin  
Over my soul beclouded lie, [din,  
Pierce through the wild world's strife and  
And bid the evil spirit fly.

Come, blessed Psalms! when weak and lone  
My heart breaks down and finds no aid,  
And let me find in your deep tone  
Some voice of comfort ready made.

For who shall find, in pain or loss,  
Words of such sweet sustaining power,  
As those that hung about the cross,  
And soothed my Saviour's dying hour?  
*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

**3315. DAVID, Victories of.**

1 Samuel xviii : 7.

Prepare! your festal rites prepare!  
Let your triumphs rend the air!  
Idol gods shall reign no more:  
We the living God adore!

Let heathen host on human help repose,  
Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Let remotest nations know  
Proud Goliath's overthrow;  
Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust,  
Dagon mingles with the dust!

Who fears the Lord of glory need not fear  
The brazen armor or the lifted spear.

See! the routed squadrons fly!  
Hark! their clamors rend the sky!  
Blood and carnage stain the field!  
See the vanquished nations yield!

Dismay and terror fill the frightened land,  
While conquering David routs the trembling  
band.

Lo! upon the tented field  
Royal Saul has thousands killed!  
Lo! upon the ensanguined plain  
David has ten thousands slain!

Let mighty Saul his vanquished thousands  
tell,  
While tenfold triumphs David's victories  
swell.  
*Hannah More.*

**3316. DAY OF THE LORD AT HAND.**

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;  
The storms roll up the sky;  
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,  
All dreamers toss and sigh.  
When the pain is sorest the child is born,  
And the day is darkest before the morn  
Of the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God;  
Chivalry, justice, and truth:  
Come, for the earth is grown coward and old;  
Come down and renew us her youth!  
Freedom, self-sacrifice, mercy, and love,  
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above  
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,  
 Famine and plague and war;  
 Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule  
 Gather, and fall in the snare! [knaves,  
 Hirelings and Mammonites, pedants and  
 Crawl to the battle, or sneak to your graves,  
 In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost  
 Age of Gold

While the Lord of all ages is here?  
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of  
 God,

And those who can suffer can dare.  
 Each past age of gold was an iron age, too,  
 And the meekest of saints may find stern  
 work to do

In the day of the Lord at hand.

*Charles Kingsley.*

**3317. DAY, Wishing for the.**

Acts xxvii : 29.

In the horror of great darkness,  
 In the starless midnight gloom,  
 'Mid the shrieking of the tempest,  
 'Mid the hissing of the foam;  
 When the sons of men are quailing,  
 When the strongest faith is failing,  
 Sailor! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When the chilly sea-fog curtain  
 Gathers close with stealthy tread,  
 While weird voices strangely whisper:  
 "Breakers, breakers close ahead!"  
 In the agony of keeping  
 The stern watch that knows no sleeping,  
 Sailor! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When a more than midnight darkness  
 Hangs its heavy pull of clouds,  
 When a worse than ocean tempest  
 Rattles through the shivering shrouds,  
 When the life-blood is congealing,  
 When the heart and brain are reeling,  
 Christian! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When the icy hand of sorrow  
 Lays its grasp upon thy heart,  
 And the very thought of thinking  
 Makes thine inmost being start;  
 When the pulse of hope is failing,  
 When the last faint star is paling,  
 Christian! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When the One who's gone before thee,  
 In the bitter thorny road,  
 Bids thee trace the bleeding footprints  
 Of the wounded Son of God!  
 When the willing spirit chooses,  
 And the writhing flesh refuses,  
 Christian! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When the corn of wheat is dying,  
 In its dark forgotten tomb,  
 And the glowing golden harvest  
 Scarcely glimmers through the gloom;  
 When the hand that sows is weary,  
 And the barren land looks dreary,  
 Christian! cast an anchor,  
 Wishing for the day.

When the sound of coming judgment  
 Falls on many a startled ear,  
 And a voice is on the mountains,  
 Lo! the Bridegroom draweth near!  
 When earth's bravest sons are quaking,  
 And the world's foundations shaking,  
 Christian! ride at anchor,  
 'Tis the break of day.

*C. P.*

**3318. DEAF AND DUMB HEALED.**

Luke ix : 41, 42.

The Son of God in doing good  
 Was fain to look to heaven and sigh:  
 And shall the heirs of sinful blood  
 Seek joy unmixed in charity?  
 God will not let love's work impart  
 Full solace, lest it steal the heart;  
 Be thou content in tears to sow,  
 Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

He looked to heaven, and sadly sighed,  
 What saw my gracious Saviour there,  
 What fear and anguish to divide  
 The joy of heaven-accepted prayer!  
 So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept  
 He to His Father groaned and wept:  
 What saw He mournful in that grave,  
 Knowing Himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief  
 Over His sinking spirits sweep!  
 What boots it gathering one lost leaf  
 Out of yon sere and withered heap,  
 Where souls and bodies, hopes and joys,  
 All that earth owns or sin destroys,  
 Under the spurning hoof are cast,  
 Or tossing in the autumnal blast?

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,  
 The fettered tongue its chain may break;  
 But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,  
 The laggard soul, that will not wake,  
 The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;  
 These baffle e'en the spells of heaven;  
 In thought of these, His brows benign  
 Not even in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but His might ever bear  
 To gaze all down that drear abyss,  
 Because none ever saw so clear  
 The shore of endless bliss;  
 The giddy wave so restless hurled,  
 The vexed pulse of this feverish world,  
 He views and counts with steady sight  
 Used to behold the Infinite.

But that in such communion high  
 He hath a fount of strength within,  
 Sure His meek heart would break and die,  
 O'erburdened by His brethren's sin;  
 Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,  
 It dazzles like the noonday blaze;  
 But He who sees God's face may brook  
 On the true face of Sin to look.

What then shall wretched sinners do,  
 When in their last, their hopeless day,  
 Sin as it is, shall meet their view,  
 God turn His face for aye away?  
 Lord, by Thy sad and earnest eye,  
 When Thou didst look to heaven and sigh;  
 Thy voice, that with a word could chase  
 The dumb, deaf spirit from his place.

As Thou hast touched our ears, and taught  
 Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,  
 Quell Thou each thankless, godless thought  
 That would make fast our bonds again.  
 From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,  
 Drowning Thy music in the breast,  
 From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,  
 Preserve, good Lord, Thy servant's ears.

From idle words, that restless throng,  
 And haunt our hearts when we would pray  
 From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,  
 Seal Thou my lips and guard the way;  
 For Thou hast sworn that every ear,  
 Willing or loth, Thy trump shall hear,  
 And every tongue unchained be  
 To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

*John Keble.*

### 3319. DEBORAH, Song of.

Judges v.

Wake, Deborah! wake; and thou, Barak!  
 arise,  
 And swell the proud chorus which gladdens  
 the skies:

Attend, O ye kings, and ye princes, give ear!  
 I, Deborah, speak, but Jehovah is near.

O Lord, it was Thou with Thy people didst  
 ride,

When they conquering burst from rough  
 Edom's dark side,

The huge mountains staggered along on Thy  
 way,

While the hearts of the nations all melted  
 away.

But forsaken by Thee, then how triumphed  
 our foes,

Till I, mother in Israel, Deborah, rose;  
 How silent our valleys, how wasted our  
 plains,

While we sat down in sackcloth, and wept  
 o'er our chains.

Speak, Deborah! speak; and thou, Barak!  
 oh, say,

How captivity captive was led on that day!

All honor to you who, inspired by our  
 breath,  
 So bravely did jeopard your lives to the  
 death.

But curse ye the cowards, who, trembling  
 with fear,  
 Resolved not the summons of rescue to hear;  
 Yes, bitterly curse them, who mocked at the  
 word—  
 'Gainst the Mighty, oh, come! to the help  
 of the Lord.

Oh! that was a triumph, a glorious fight,  
 When ye came, O ye kings! to Megiddo to  
 fight;

Ah, Sisera! well may your chariots be  
 nought,  
 When against you the stars in their bright  
 courses fought.

Then tell me, O Kishon! then tell me, oh,  
 whither  
 Hast thou swept all their glory, thou deep-  
 flowing river?

Where has vanished so swiftly their boastful  
 array?

O my soul! down what strength hast thou  
 trodden this day.

By the window she sat of the watch-tower  
 so high—

It was Sisera's mother: she looked at the  
 sky;

“Why tarries his chariot so long on the  
 way?

Why thus, O my conquering son! dost thou  
 stay?”

Her wise ladies answered, “The spoil to  
 divide,

The glad warriors rest on the steep moun-  
 tain's side;

They come”—dreamers, hush! shall I tell  
 you the tale,

How your Sisera died by the sharp-piercing  
 nail?

Thus perish, consumed, at the flash of Thy  
 sword,

The madmen who challenge Thy honor, O  
 Lord!

But they who love Thee, on strong pinions  
 unfurled,

Like suns shall mount upward, and tread on  
 the world. *E. Dudley Jackson.*

### 3320. DEBTOR, A Great.

Luke xvi : 5.

When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ, in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass  
Darkly, let Thy glory pass,  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;  
Even on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;  
But, when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light;  
Blessed Jesus! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,  
Oft by sin I'm captive led;  
Oft I fall, but still arise,  
The Spirit comes, the tempter flies;  
Blessed Spirit! bid me show  
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—  
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;  
But a night Thine anger burns—  
Morning comes and joy returns.  
God of comforts! bid me show  
To Thy poor how much I owe.

*Robert Murray McCheyne.*

O precious faith! that opened  
The fountain of that spring,  
And from its secret chambers  
Such costly tears did bring  
Warm from the heart's deep feeling,  
Human and yet divine;  
Seasoned, embittered, salted,  
With penitential brine.

O precious love! forgiving  
The debt I owed to Thee—  
The "fifty" or "five hundred,"  
I could not either pay;  
And Thou didst frankly cancel  
The debt both great and small:  
The more Thou dost forgive me,  
The more I owe Thee all.

O precious truth, and priceless!  
The vilest, deepest-lost,  
Who owed Thee most, now oweth  
The debt of love the most.  
Not that our Father's children  
Should still in wrath be found;  
Nor yet in sin continue,  
That grace may more abound.

O precious Saviour! love me,  
And make my offering meet,  
The box of alabaster,  
In fragments at Thy feet;  
Accept this heart all-broken,  
And speak the saving word;  
My fount of tears outpouring  
Its baptism on my Lord.

My sinful tears are flowing  
In this defiled flood;  
The baptism of Thy washing  
Is poured on me in blood;  
My soul is all defilement,  
My tears all bitterness;  
But Thou art my salvation,  
And Thou my righteousness.

O blessed contemplation—  
The sinner, guilty, lost,  
Now feels—the most forgiven  
Is bound to love Him most.  
My soul, bring forth thy treasures,  
Thy spices, fragrant, sweet;  
Oh bring thy all to Jesus,  
And pour it at His feet!

*Robert Maguire.*

**3321. DEBTORS, The Two.**

Luke vii : 41-43.

O precious alabaster!  
And unction, fragrant, sweet,  
That she who was a sinner  
Poured on the Saviour's feet;  
While Jesus sat reclining,  
And she lay prostrate there,  
And washed them with her tear-drops,  
And wiped them with her hair.

**3322. DEBTORS, The Two.**

Luke viii : 47.

Once a woman silent stood,  
While Jesus sat at meat;  
From her eyes she poured a flood,  
To wash His sacred feet;  
Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
All at once possessed her mind,  
That she e'er so vile could prove,  
Yet now forgiveness find.

“ How came this vile woman here?  
 Will Jesus notice such?  
 Sure, if He a prophet were,  
 He would disdain her touch!”  
 Simon thus, with scornful heart,  
 Slighted one whom Jesus loved;  
 But her Saviour took her part,  
 And thus his pride reproved:

“ If two men in debt were bound,  
 One less, the other more,  
 Fifty or five hundred pound,  
 And both alike were poor;  
 Should the lender both forgive,  
 When he saw them both distressed,  
 Which of them would you believe  
 Engaged to love him best?”

“ Surely he who most did owe,”  
 The Pharisee replied;  
 Then our Lord, “ By judging so,  
 Thou dost for her decide;  
 Simon, if, like her, you knew  
 How much you forgiveness need;  
 You like her had acted too,  
 And welcomed me indeed.

“ When the load of sin is felt,  
 And much forgiveness known,  
 Then the heart of course will melt,  
 Though hard before as stone;  
 Blame not then her love and tears,  
 Greatly she in debt has been;  
 But I have removed her fears,  
 And pardoned all her sin.”

*John Newton.*

### 3323. DELILAH, Fame of.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-  
 mouthed, [deeds;  
 And with contrary blast proclaims most  
 On both his wings, one black, the other  
 white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
 My name perhaps among the circumcised  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mentioned, and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
 But in my country, where I most desire,  
 In Ebron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famouscest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals.  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odors visited, and annual flowers;  
 Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile [nailed.  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honor and reward  
 Conferred upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have  
 shown.

*John Milton.*

### 3324. DELUGE, Escape from the.

Genesis viii : 16-21.

A world of sinners once was drowned,  
 A deluge swept them all away;  
 One family alone had found  
 Mercy in that great judgment-day.

Forewarned of wrath to come, they feared,  
 And, taught by God, prepared an ark,  
 Which o'er the waves in sunshine steered,  
 Where all below was dead and dark.

Again the Spirit of the Lord  
 Moved on the formless deep and void,  
 And to the patriarch's sight restored  
 The relics of that world destroyed;

A world without a breathing soul,  
 Or sign of life in plant or tree;  
 Stretched like a corpse from pole to pole,  
 Untravelled land, unvoyaged sea.

Then from their hiding-place they came,  
 And straightway built an altar there;  
 Whence rose to heaven the double flame  
 Of pure burnt sacrifice and prayer.

We, in an ark not made with hands,  
 God's own new covenant of peace,  
 Which on the rock of ages stands,  
 Seek refuge till His anger cease.

Then as the cloud-born rainbow smiled  
 On Noah's ransomed ones, we trace  
 Our heavenly Father reconciled  
 In our incarnate Saviour's face.

*James Montgomery.*

### 3325. DELUGE, The.

Genesis vii.

The gloom of  
 Coming wrath was thickening o'er all the  
 land.  
 The sky was livid, and the sun looked down  
 With a ghastly glare. While reason slum-  
 bered,  
 Instinct stood upon her watch-tower,  
 And warned both man and beast of approach-  
 ing ill.  
 Filled all at once with strong expectancy  
 Of some mighty ruin, the world is hushed.  
 As though some shock had stiffened all its  
 nerves,  
 Its pulse is still. At their employ men stand  
 The same in posture, but mute, motionless.  
 The grazing herds in groups collect and shake  
 With fear; the agile goats that frisked upon  
 The tops of verdant hills repress their sport;  
 Wild beasts of prey that urged their panting  
 game,  
 Affrighted, cease pursuit; and ravening birds  
 Poised o'er their eyries drop from gory beaks  
 Their prey. But silence such as reigned  
 before [pause,  
 Earth was, endured not long; 'twas Nature's  
 While she armed her own elements against

Herself. Anon the earthquake's awful tread  
Is felt; its rumbling wheels roll through  
earth's depths;

It sinks the hills, lifts up the vales, and shakes  
The seas; it breaks the silent spell that binds  
All flesh, tears off the mask of coming woe,  
Shows its haggard forms; deeply thrills all  
hearts [wail.

With fears of death; unstops all mouths to  
Then the cry ascends from pole to pole of  
Nature in despair; the astonished depths  
Leap up and foam along the trembling shores;  
The shores reply with yells of forest beasts;  
From fields the lowing herds moan forth  
their prayer,

And birds with screams fill up the ghastly air.  
The sinful race 'gainst whom Jehovah drives,  
The raging elements, a fearful band,  
When unconfined and winged with wrath  
they fly

To execute His dire command, no more  
Are mute; with cries and wails that might  
have moved

All heaven, had heaven listened, they pour  
Their guilty souls to God in prayer to stay  
His awful hand. Yet not all prayed; despair  
Closed up the lips of some, and some defied  
The God that made them, and urged with  
curses

And horrid oaths the Omnipotent to arms.  
Around the whole horizon's edge there lay  
A ridge of clouds so smooth and watery,  
That it seemed like a mighty river winding  
Round the world; now chafed by pent-up  
winds, it

Foams, it leaps, it scales the skies; anon it  
Looks like frothy seas, which rush to dash in  
Wrath around the invisible zenith.

From out their stormy fonts the lightnings  
leap,

With crash of many thunder-bolts they meet;  
Earth feels the shock and trembling groans  
aloud, [shroud.

Shut from the light, wrapped in a watery  
On every hand

They hear the peals of desperate woe that  
Break from out the agony of hearts; they  
Hear their neighbors, kinsmen, in frightful  
screams,

Imploring life, life, by all the ties  
That knit the heart to earth, by all the groans  
That they must breathe in dying such a death,  
By all the present misery that made [of  
The brute earth quake with its piercing cries,  
Him whom they had long defied: but thunders  
[burn

Mingle with their prayers, and lightnings  
Upon their suppliant eyes. With the roar  
Of many waters, leaping, thundering, down  
Precipice or rock, the ponderous clouds  
Now meet the earth; the rivers scales their  
banks, [through

The valleys sink, men leave the vales, and  
The misty sea rush to the hills; fathers  
Gray-haired with age, and aged mothers,  
pursue

Their sons and daughters, fleet with youth;  
soon they

Lag behind, and with their homes are buried  
In the deep. Struck by the lashing billows  
The ark creaks through all its joints, reels,  
heaves,

Then mounts the waves, and rides secure  
amid

The watery gloom. All day the waters rave  
and

Rise; then night in stormy darkness settles  
Round the world; all night the hills resound  
with

Cries of mortals herded on their brows. Day  
Dawns with misty light; still the waters rise;  
Another night, another day returns;  
But no abatement of the storm; the clouds,  
Like seas, dash round the earth, engulf the  
hills, [by

And roar against the mountain cliffs. Forced  
The tempest, the bounding ark strikes Oreb,  
Rebounds, then on the swelling tide rides up  
Its dark and foaming side. From the window  
Japheth looks out upon the scene; far as  
His eye could reach live forms seem throng-  
ing up

The lofty steeps before the climbing floods,  
And beasts of every kind were herded  
There; and fierce hunger gnawed their en-  
trails, but

They were harmless, crept among the men, and  
Gazed into their faces as if to ask  
Some aid; they did howl most piteously  
Through the gloom of their coming destiny;  
And dragons crawled out of their rocky dens,  
And lay innocuous at the feet of men.

The eagles from their drenched eyries  
screamed, and

Other birds in flocks hung round the summits  
And uttered cries and shrieks. One fear, one  
thought,

Filled all flesh: it was the thought of death.  
From

Out the crowd of miserable beings,  
Half famished, half drowned with rain, a lion  
Leaped, and stood on the water's edge; his  
mane [tail

Like water streamed down his neck; with his  
He lashed his dripping sides; gazed on the  
ark

With desperate look, then leaped towards it,  
But fell into the sea. With teeth and claws  
He seized and tore the wood awhile, but soon  
His kingly strength was spent, and sunk be-  
neath

The wave. Still upward the throng ascends;  
some

Gain the mountain's top, and there stand and  
gaze

Around; others press up and form below  
In columns dense, others lower down, and  
Still lower, till they reach the water's edge.  
The last are first destroyed; the ranks above  
Next feel the shock of dashing seas; thus  
They disappear, till all are drowned.

**3326. DELUGE, Tokens after the.**

Sweet dove! the softest, steadiest plume  
 In all the sun-bright sky,  
 Brightening in ever-changeful bloom  
 As breezes change on high;

Sweet leaf! the pledge of peace and mirth  
 "Long sought, and lately won,"  
 Blessed increase of reviving earth,  
 When first it felt the sun;

Sweet rainbow! pride of summer days,  
 High set at Heaven's command,  
 Though into drear and husky haze  
 Thou melt on either hand:

Dear tokens of a pardoning God,  
 We hail ye, one and all,  
 As when our fathers walked abroad,  
 Freed from their twelvemonth's thrall,

How joyful from th' imprisoning ark  
 On the green earth they spring!  
 Not blither, after showers, the lark  
 Mounts up with glistening wing.

So home-bound sailors spring to shore,  
 Two oceans safely past;  
 So happy souls, when life is o'er  
 Plunge in th' empyrean vast.

What wins their first and fondest gaze  
 In all the blissful field,  
 And keeps it through a thousand days?  
 Love face to face revealed:

And that most welcome and serene  
 Dawns on the patriarch's eye,  
 In all th' emerging hills so green,  
 In all the brightening sky?

What but the gentle rainbow's gleam,  
 Soothing the wearied sight,  
 That cannot bear the solar beam  
 With soft undazzling light?

Lord, if our fathers turned to Thee  
 With such adoring gaze,  
 Wondering frail man Thy light should see  
 Without Thy scorching blaze;

Where is our love, and where our hearts,  
 We who have seen Thy Son,  
 Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,  
 And yet we are not won?

The Son of God in radiance beamed  
 Too bright for us to scan,  
 But we may face the rays that streamed  
 From the mild Son of man.

There, parted into rainbow hues,  
 In sweet, harmonious strife,  
 We see celestial love diffuse  
 Its light o'er Jesus' life.

God, by His bow, vouchsafes to write  
 This truth in heaven above;  
 As every lovely hue is light,  
 So every grace is love. *John Keble.*

**3327. DEMONIAC OF CAPERNAUM, The.**  
Mark i: 23-27.

Sabbath's soft silence sweetly falls  
 Around Capernaum's domes and walls;  
 No hurrying crowds the markets fill,  
 Harbor and wharves and streets are still.

In the high synagogue the throng  
 Chant loud in David's grand old song.  
 Moses once more God's law proclaims,  
 Ezekiel glows, Isaiah flames.

Then rose another, He whose word  
 On trembling Sinai Moses heard,  
 Who breathed through David's royal lyre,  
 And touched Isaiah's lips with fire.

Godlike authority and grace  
 Majestic brightened all His face,  
 Yet pity, and sweet love benign,  
 Blent there, in harmony divine.

He speaks, not like the timorous Scribes,  
 Weak with vain lore, or dumb with bribes;  
 His word, with terrors all its own,  
 Fell on their hearts with power unknown.

Astonishment and awe and fear  
 Attend the doctrine as they hear,  
 Till, sharp and wild, a fearful cry  
 Appalls each heart and chains each eye.

"Let us alone! for what have we,  
 Jesus, thou Nazarene, with Thee?  
 We know Thee—once we felt Thy rod—  
 Thou dread, Thou Holy One of God!"

"Art Thou come hither to destroy  
 Our poor revenge, our transient joy?  
 To drive us—here adored as gods—  
 Back to those dismal, dire abodes?"

"Silence! Come out of him!" In pain  
 The victim writhes, convulsed amain,  
 As with one mad, despairing yell,  
 The foul, fell demon sinks to hell.

Amazed, yet blind with doubt, the throng  
 In useless questioning linger long,  
 Nor feel, nor own, that none save God  
 Rules hell, as heaven, with His nod.

O wondrous Saviour! strong! divine!  
 Thine ancient empire still is Thine;  
 The truth, man's darkness to inform;  
 The power, his frozen heart to warm.

Oh let Thine own, Thy heavenly power  
 Still arm Thy Gospel every hour;  
 The sharp conviction still impart,  
 And cast out sin from every heart.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3328. DEMONIAC, Restoration of a**

Matthew xii : 22-30.

Through Galilee's remotest bound  
The Saviour sped His second round,  
And all its towns and cities heard  
With wondering joy the saving word.

Home to Capernaum come once more,  
Again the throng assailed his door,  
So eager, all, to hear and greet,  
That Christ could neither rest nor eat.

But when His friends and brethren knew,  
With zeal officious forth they flew,  
Doubting His self-control, and strove  
To force Him from His work of love.

But in that hour a man they brought,  
In whom a frenzying fiend had wrought  
Till soul and sense grew strange and numb;  
His eyes were blind, his tongue was dumb.

And Christ pronounced the word of power  
That healed him in that self-same hour;  
Obedient to that instant law,  
The blind and dumb both spake and saw!

Then all the people were amazed,  
And feared and wondered as they gazed,  
And asked, o'erjoyed at what was done,  
"Is not this David's promised son?"

But Pharisees and Scribes which came  
From proud Jerusalem, heard His fame,  
And raged, of vile blaspheming full,  
"This fellow hath Beëlzebul!"

"And through the prince of fiends he rules  
These imps, his trained and trembling tools!"  
But Christ their inmost hatred scanned,  
And thus His parable He planned:

"What kingdom, city, house, or land,  
Divided 'gainst itself, can stand?  
If Satan 'gainst himself contend,  
His realm embroiled, his reign must end.

"If by Beëlzebul I thrive,  
By whom do your disciples strive?  
But if God's hand with Me appear,  
No doubt His kingdom now is near.

"And in that reign shall be forgiven  
All sins of men, 'gainst earth or heaven;  
But he who reviles the Holy Ghost  
Sinks unforgiven—forever lost."

O Spirit! by whose power divine  
These bright, attesting wonders shine,  
Chase every doubt from every soul,  
For, doubting these, we doubt the whole!

What thousands saw, let us believe;  
What foes confessed, let us receive;  
Nor let the fiends, of old cast out,  
Still taint the world with damning doubt.

And oh! all-conquering proof, may we  
In our own hearts Thy victories see,  
Till through our inmost nature shine  
The glories of Thy grace divine!

*George Lansing Taylor.***3329. DEMONS, A Legion of, Cast Out.**

Matthew viii : 28-34.

'Scaped Gennesaret's humbled main,  
Jesus and His grateful band  
Tread the trusted earth again;  
Gádara's towers before them stand.

As they pass her rock-hewn tombs,  
Many a plain or princely grave,  
Lo! from out the sculptured glooms  
Two demoniac madmen rave.

On they come, by furies driven,  
Urged by demons hot from hell;  
While the hideous air is riven,  
Tortured by their frenzied yell.

Naked, scarred with stones, and chains  
Rent by superhuman might,  
Frantic with infernal pains,  
Here they wander, day and night.

None can tame them, none assuage  
Such immeasurable woe;  
Love forsakes such fiendish rage.  
No man dares that way to go.

Lost to mortal sympathy,  
Sundered from the human race,  
Evermore they moan and cry  
In this sad and dreary place.

But when Christ from far they know,  
Filled with trembling fear they fly;  
Dreading instant, endless woe,  
Prostrate at His feet they cry:

"What have we to do with Thee,  
Jesus, Son of God Most High?  
Must we back to darkness flee?  
Chained in fiery tortures lie?

"Oh torment us not, we pray!  
We adjure Thee, let us wait!  
Let our lingering doom delay  
Till the hour of final fate!"

"What's thy name?" the Saviour asked,  
While the listeners shook with fear.  
"Legion!" cried the demons masked,  
"For a host of us is here.

"Oh condemn us not to roam  
Far from this, our chosen haunt,  
Banished from our human home,  
Lonely, naked, grim, and gaunt!

"Drive us not to howl and weep  
On the moaning wintry wind,  
Wailing o'er the weltering deep!"  
Chattered wild the woful fiend.



"Lo, where yonder grovelling herd  
Graze by thousands in a line,  
If thou speak'st th' expelling word,  
Let us go into the swine."

"Go!" They flew; the quivering air  
Owned their dusk and deadly flight;  
See! their victims gnash and tear,  
Stung, as by a serpent's bite!

Howling toward the horrid brink,  
Lo! their headlong route they urge;  
Leap, and dash below, and sink,  
Swallowed in the seething surge!

Filled with fright, the swincherds flee;  
Wide the wondrous news they tell;  
All the town comes out to see—  
All the town, that knew them well.

Sitting, clothed, at Jesus' feet,  
Lo! the maniacs now they find;  
Glad their former friends to greet,  
Sound in body, soul, and mind!

While the startling tale they hear,  
Told by those who heard and saw,  
Every cheek is white with fear,  
Every heart is hushed with awe.

But when gain the soul has blurred,  
Conscience yields but faint control;  
Selfishness and sin, once stirred,  
Soon usurp and rule the whole.

"What are two such outcasts worth,  
E'en though saved by power divine,"  
Cries the mammon god of earth,  
"Matched with twice a thousand swine?"

"Leave, oh leave our coasts, we pray;  
Let us as aforetime dwell;  
Thou hast wrought us ruth this day,  
Ruined what we rear and sell!"

Fit for demons such a land!  
Jesus leaves it, filled with woe;  
While the shallop chafes the strand  
The restored ones plead to go.

"Nay; go home and tell your kin  
All God's goodness shown in this;"  
Straight with gladness they begin,  
Startling all Decapolis.

Thou whom legions feared of old,  
And who rul'st them now as then,  
Save us from the demon Gold,  
Darkening still and damning men!

Let him ne'er our souls enslave,  
Blight us with his withering ban,  
Drown us in his Lethean wave,  
Till a swine outweighs a man.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

3330. DESERT, A Vision in the.

By night, amid the desert waste, we camped  
upon the ground;  
Beside our reinless steeds outstretched,  
Bedouins slept around.  
Far on the mountains of the Nile the yellow  
moonlight beamed,  
And many a camel's bleaching bones from  
out the sand-waves gleamed.

But sleep I could not; on my saddle pillowed  
lay my head,  
And piled beneath the husky fruit from  
lofty date-palms shed,  
My outspread caftan's flowing folds o'er  
breast and feet I drew;  
Beside me lay my naked sword, my spear  
and musket true.

Deep the silence; but a moment crackles the  
low fire,  
Or wandering and benighted screams the  
lonely vulture dire;  
In his sleep but for a moment stamps the  
unbridled steed,  
Or turns some rider in his dreams to grasp  
the barbed jereed.

The earth is shaken to and fro, and shadows  
dusk and dun  
Obscure the moon, wild beasts athwart the  
desert howling run,  
Fierce prance our snorting steeds, while  
grasps our flag the foremost man,  
Then drops it as he murmurs low, "The  
spectre caravan."

Lo! it cometh—on their camels sweep the  
ghostly drivers past;  
Secure aloft the women sit, no veil around  
them cast;  
Beside them maidens wander, bearing pitch-  
ers, like Rebecca  
At the fountain; riders follow, sweeping on  
to Mecca.

More yet? Who can their number tell? it  
seems an endless train;  
Yes! all these camels' bleaching bones with  
life aglow again;  
And this brown dust in whirling masses  
heaved so oft on high,  
Is changed to dusky-visaged men who guide  
the camels by.

This is the night when all who 'mid the sand-  
plains sleep forlorn,  
Whose scattered ashes parch our tongues, by  
sultry breezes borne;  
Whose skulls beneath our horses' hoofs  
moulder in dust away,  
Arise, and haste in crowded ranks at Mecca's  
shrine to pray!

Still on they come! The rearmost guard  
 our troop hath scarcely passed,  
 And yonder comes the van again, with loose  
 rein driving fast,  
 From the green hills that skirt the shore of  
 Babelmandeb strait;  
 Before my steed can break his cord, they  
 hurry swift as fate.

Steady now! our beasts are startled! and  
 mount each man to horse,  
 Nor basely shrink, like timid sheep, before  
 the lion's course.  
 What though their floating robes ye touch,  
 as on their path they hie,  
 At Allah's name both man and beast will  
 pass forever by.

Wait till your turban feathers float in morn-  
 ing's dewy breeze;  
 For morning's dawn and morning air are  
 death to things like these.  
 When daylight gleams these spectre pilgrims  
 fade to dust away;  
 Night wanes e'en now, my neighing steed  
 salutes the welcome day.

*G. F. Freiligrath.*

**3331. DESERT, Journeying in the.**

Jeremiah ii : 6.

Safe across the waters,  
 Here in peace we stand;  
 See the wrecks of Egypt  
 Strewn along the land.

Safe across the waters,  
 Foes forever gone,  
 Now we march in safety,  
 God our guide alone.

'Tis the silent desert,  
 Sand and rock and waste;  
 But the chain is broken,  
 And the peril past.

Onward, then, right onward,  
 This our watchword still,  
 Till we reach the glory  
 Of the wondrous hill.

Now for the journey girded  
 We hasten on our way,  
 The pillar-cloud above us  
 Our guide by night and day.

The sky is burning o'er us;  
 Beneath, the burning soil;  
 But God, our God, shall keep us  
 In heat and thirst and toil.

Then on through waste and bleakness,  
 On o'er our desert road;  
 On, on, till Sinai greets us,  
 The mountain of our God.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3332. DESERT, Springs in the.**

Numbers xx : 11; Isaiah xxxv : 7.

"Water! water!" went forth the sorrowing  
 "We die, we die: [cry;  
 Parched is the desert, barren is the plain;  
 We look in vain

For morning dew, or the sweet summerrain;  
 No blessed cloud floats o'er the torrid sky,  
 And 'neath its brazen arch in misery we die!"  
 Thus murmured Israel's host, but soon  
 A shout arose; beneath the fiery noon  
 Gleamed, cool and beautiful, a crystal spring,  
 Gleamed like an angel's wing,

That limpid wave.  
 The murmuring host fell down, and homage  
 gave

Unto the Power omnipotent to save,  
 Then rushed with eager haste,  
 And burning lips to taste, [waste.  
 That brimming cup of joy amid the desert

Another sorrowing wail went up on high;  
 The host fell to the earth: "O Master! why  
 Have we gone forth from Egypt's land to die?"  
 The bitter waters mock our thirst,  
 The fountain of the desert is accursed,  
 And still we die!"

The Lord was strong to save.  
 His prophet cast a palm into the wave,  
 And lo! the bitter waters at his feet  
 Were rippling pure and sweet.  
 Then Israel rose to bless  
 The Power that saved them in the wilderness.  
 Ah! angel-guarded band,  
 Well may your songs ascend  
 Unto that Father friend, [land,  
 Who wandered with you o'er that desert  
 Who kept you in the hollow of His hand.

Are we not wanderers through a wilderness?  
 Is not that Power over us to bless?  
 Doth He not lead us with a gentle hand  
 Toward the confines of a better land?  
 Have we not felt a burning drouth,  
 Borne by hot breezes from a joyless south?  
 Have we not oft-times paused upon the brink  
 Of Marah's bitter fount, and stopped to drink,  
 And in our bitter anguish turned to die,  
 E'en while the healing palm was bending  
 nigh?

We faint with thirst, and lo! before our sight  
 Gleam, as through trees and bowers of de-  
 Waves clear and bright. [light,

Ah! bitterly we turn away,  
 And woe betide the day,  
 When to the barren wilderness we came,  
 To shrink and wither 'neath yon orb of flame;  
 To look with longing eyes unto the brazen  
 To murmur and to die. [sky,  
 But lo! a tree of life is growing nigh,  
 Its fadeless verdure droops above the wave.  
 That healing palm  
 Can make each bitter drop a saving balm,  
 There Mercy waits to save.

The bitter waters rippling at her feet  
Grow pure and sweet.  
Fall down, immortal; praise and bless  
The God that guides thee through the wil-  
derness;

To Him thy heartfelt song of triumph give,  
And drink and live. *E. E. Edwards.*

**3333. DESERT, The Flower in the.**

One day in the desert  
With pleasure I spied  
A flower in its beauty,  
Looking up at my side.  
And I said, "O sweet floweret,  
That bloomed alone!  
What's the worth of thy beauty,  
Thus shining unknown?"

But the flower gave me answer,  
With a smile quite divine,  
" 'Tis the nature, O stranger!  
Of beauty to shine.  
Take all I can give thee,  
And when thou art gone,  
The light that is in me.  
Will keep shining on.

"And, O gentle stranger!  
Permit me to say,  
To keep up thy spirits  
Along this lone way;  
While thy heart shall flow outward  
To gladden and bless,  
The fount at its centre  
Will never grow less."

I was struck with its answer,  
And left it to glow  
To the clear sky above it,  
And the pale sands below;  
Above and around it,  
Its lights to impart,  
But never exhausting  
The fount at its heart.  
*Thomas C. Upham.*

**3334. DISCIPLES, The Sleeping.**

Luke xxii : 45.

Upon the cold, cold earth they lie,  
While night-winds wildly o'er them sweep,  
Their canopy the cloudless sky,  
And they are sad, and yet they sleep.

Their Master, Saviour, guide, their all,  
Their polar star on life's dark deep,  
Is soon by traitor hands to fall;  
They fear it, yet in grief they sleep.

Yes! the big drops of agony,  
The cold dank limbs of Jesus steep,  
And they so near Him close the eye  
Of sorrow, and for grief they sleep.

How soundly sleep! though nature sighs,  
And heaven is sad, and seraphs weep,  
And, to His God in sorrow, cries  
Their tortured friend—and yet they sleep.

Oh, what strange anguish must have wrung  
Their hearts on Olive's rocky steep,  
When nature failed, and all unstrung,  
They sank into reluctant sleep!

But He who led them from the shore  
Of their own native lake, to sweep  
Their nets for men, though lone and poor,  
Assuaged their sorrow by a sleep;

And when, by slumber, nerved to bear  
The vigils of the night, whose deep,  
Dark tragedy 'twas theirs to share,  
He gently broke their mournful sleep;

Called them from worldly griefs away,  
To view His empire on the steep  
Acclivity of heaven, which lay  
Far, far beyond the realms of sleep.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrow wrung,  
Am tempest-tossed on life's dark deep,  
The canvas torn, the helm unhung,  
And earthly pilots all asleep:

May He who felt, Himself, the throes  
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep  
His sleepless watch, and soothe my woes,  
And call me from my sinful sleep;

Direct my vision to the skies,  
Where saints forever cease to weep,  
Where seraphs lift unclouded eyes,  
And sorrow never sinks to sleep!

*J. K. Mitchell.*

**3335. DISCIPLES, Last Command to the.**

Matthew xxviii : 19.

Go to the lands afar,  
Where the changeless winter reigns,  
Night hath her empire there,  
The night of deep despair;  
Go bid the morning star  
Rise o'er those snowy plains.

Go, love's soft dew to shower  
On the far-off southern isles;  
Though darkness hath her hour,  
Truth is a mightier power;  
Go, bid the lily flower,  
And the rose of Sharon smile.

Go where its glittering wave  
The spreading Ganges pours;  
No hidden power to save  
Those earth-born waters have;  
Oh, purer streamlets lave  
Zion's thrice-hallowed shores!

Go where o'er golden sands  
The streams of Afric glide;  
Bear to those distant lands  
The Saviour's sweet commands,  
Firm, firm His purpose stands,  
"Lo! I am by thy side!"

Wide is the glorious field;  
Throughout the world go forth,  
The Spirit's sword to wield,  
To bear the Spirit's shield,  
Till every nation yield,  
And blessings crown the earth.

Oh! speed the rising rays  
Of the Sun of Righteousness!  
So shall the glad earth raise  
A noble song of praise,  
Touched by the light which plays  
From a nobler world than this!

Early and late still sow  
The seed which God hath given;  
Seek not reward below,  
The glorious flower shall blow  
Where cloudless summers glow;  
The harvest is in heaven.

### 3336. DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Luke xvi : 19-31.

You friend of God, for God's dear sake,  
Show me the gulf that's fixed between  
The upper Hades and the subterrene;  
He yielding, Thought obtained a vista clear,  
To lower Hades, from the upper sphere;  
There Dives for one watery drop still cried,  
Yet still denied.

You, said Thought, when to pain confined,  
Had a regard for those you left behind;  
From distributions, which unequal seem,  
Of temporal things, which worldlings most  
esteem,

Say, is great God unjust, when He bestows  
Wealth on the wicked, and loads saints with  
woes?

Most just, said Dives: men who dare dispute  
God's justice when in life, in hell themselves  
confute;

I, when in life, you know, fed every day  
Deliciously, wore garments rich and gay,  
My slaves searched all Engaddi's vines,

To choose the richest wines;  
I gratified each sense to the utmost heights,  
Wallowed in gold, purveyed for all delights;  
The world my presence honored and admired,  
Oh! I had all my lust desired,  
Yet all could ne'er me happy make.

Oh, 'tis a damnable mistake  
To think on earth true bliss to gain,  
Where Solomon found all that glittered vain.

Like me, the wicked live in fear

At judgment to appear;  
Th' uncertainty of vital breath,  
The certainty of death;  
Sharp pains acute disease,  
When wealth gives neither cure nor ease;  
The cries to Heaven of indigents oppressed,  
Horrors of conscience, which corrode the  
breast;

Vexation which on wealth attends,  
Insidious flatteries and false friends;

Of carnal sweets  
The disappointing cheats;  
The terrors of exchanging all  
For endless torments, at death's call,  
All wicked mortals more or less infest,  
That, like the troubled sea, they feel no rest;  
They here their hell foretaste, and none can  
say,

That sinners live one happy day;  
Such terrors to the deep the worldlings sink,  
Whene'er they think;  
Or if they think not, greater risks they run,  
Their reprobation is in life begun;  
Pride hardened me the needy to pass by,  
Dogs were more merciful than I.

Fool as I was, I thought my ease and health,  
Honor, prosperity, command, and wealth,  
The blessings of kind Heaven, that Heaven  
had chose

Me for a favorite, and secured from woes;  
But now, too late, I find  
Heaven only for my trial them designed  
My portion, while I lived, I misemployed,  
And what I should have merely used, en-  
joyed;

What were my idols once, me now forsake,  
They no cool drop give in this burning lake.  
The fool who to himself, from plenteous store,  
Promised long life and ne'er to sorrow more,  
Into a neighboring furnace flung,  
Begging, like me, one drop to cool his tongue;  
Though fool in life, true wisdom learnt in hell,  
And the like mournful truth can tell.

My luxury would spare no time to look  
Into the Sacred Book;

Ah! had I cast on that considerate eyes,  
One line of Solomon had made me wise;  
Wealth fuelled sin, and had it been withheld,

In these fierce flames I ne'er had yelled;  
I, to my sad experience, feel too late  
The woes of what the world styles happy  
state;

View Lazarus in bliss, and me in flame,  
And if you can, God's justice blame;  
On earth men live on purpose to be tried,  
Death best God's just allotments will decide.

Thought next to Lazarus addressed:  
When in the world you lived distressed,  
With painful sores, and want of bread,  
And wanting place to lay your head,  
Exposed to cold, to nakedness, to all  
That men could miserable call,  
Did you for your afflicting lot  
On God's strict justice cast a blot?  
Oh no, said he, I still God's justice cleared,  
God all my woes endeared;

I had no merit at God's throne to plead,  
God saw 'twas best for me to live in need;  
A heaven-erected mind,  
Good conscience, and a wate resigned,  
Woes which enervate sin,  
And raise a calm within;  
Death which would free me in short time  
From possibility of crime,

The lively sense  
Of Jesu's love immense,  
Assurance of God's promises fulfilled,  
On which glad hope of heaven the faithful  
build;  
One glance of God's paternal, tender eye,  
One short foretaste of bliss on high,  
Create unutterable joys,  
Which worldly woe a thousand times o'er-  
poise  
No saint below men should unhappy style,  
Were his wants great, and his condition vile;  
His wants, which God for medicine sends,  
For which one pulse above makes infinite  
amends. *Bishop Ken.*

## 3337. DIVES AND LAZARUS.

The rich man sat in his father's seat—  
Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine!  
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street,  
Sairs an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes;  
Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;  
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the  
crumbs,  
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, salt-fittit an' stoot,  
Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors;  
Maisterless dogs 'at rin about  
Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deed, an' they buried him  
gran';  
In linen fine his body they wrap;  
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,  
An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—  
Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';  
But his brithers they eat, an' they drink, an'  
they chat,  
An' care na a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will;  
An' lsome they kenna what they wad be at;  
But the beggar man thought he did no that  
ill,  
Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.  
*George Macdonald.*

## 3338. DIVES AND LAZARUS, Ballad of.

Dives put on his purple robes,  
And linen white and fine,  
With glittering jewels on his hands,  
And sate him down to dine.  
He sate in a crimson chair of state,  
And cushions many a one  
Were ranged around, and on the floor,  
To set his feet upon.  
There were twenty dishes of wild fowl,  
And twenty of the tame,  
And flesh of kine, and curious meats,  
Which on the table came;

And he ate from plate of ruddy gold,  
With a fork of silver fine,  
And drank the while, in a crystal cup,  
The bright and foaming wine.  
And twenty men beside him stood,  
As silent as might be,  
To wait upon him whilst he dined,  
Amid his luxury.

Now Lazarus was a beggar poor,  
A cripple old and gray;  
Too old to work, a childless man,  
And he begged upon the way;  
And, as he went along the road,  
Great pain on him was laid,  
So he sate him down upon a stone,  
And unto God he prayed.  
'Twas in the dismal winter-time,  
And on a stone he sate,  
A weary, miserable man,  
And 'twas at Dives' gate.  
And many servants out and in,  
Did pass there to and fro,  
And Lazarus prayed, for the love of God,  
Some mercy they would show;  
And that the small crumbs might be his,  
Which fell upon the floor;  
Or he should die for lack of food,  
Before the palace door.

Now, Dives on a silken couch,  
In sumptuous ease was laid,  
And soft-toned lutes, and dulcimers,  
A drowsy music made;  
And he heard the voice of Lazarus,  
Low wailing where he lay,  
And he said unto his serving-men,  
"Yon beggar drive away!"  
"He's old," said one; another spake:  
"He's lame, and cannot go."  
Said a third, "He asketh for the crumbs  
That lie the board below."

"It matters not," said Dives;  
"My blood-hounds, gaunt and grim,  
Go take them from their kennel warm,  
And set the dogs on him,  
And hunt him from the gate away;  
For while he thus doth moan  
I cannot get a wink of sleep;"  
And so the thing was done.  
But when they saw the poor old man,  
Who not a word did say,  
The very dogs did pity him,  
And licked him as he lay.  
And in the middle of the night,  
Sore smitten with want and pain,  
Lazarus lay down on the frosty ground,  
But he ne'er arose again.

And Dives likewise laid him down,  
On a bed of soft delight,  
And silver lamps were burning dim  
In his chamber all the night,  
But ghostly form stole softly in,  
And the curtains drew aside,

And laid its hand upon his heart;  
 And the rich man likewise died.  
 Then burning guilt, like heavy lead,  
 Upon his soul was laid,  
 And down and down; yet lower and lower,  
 To the lowest depths of shade,  
 Went the wicked soul of Dives,  
 Like a rock into the sea;  
 To the bottomless pit, where the evil ones  
 Wailed over their misery;  
 And he wildly opened his burning eyes  
 In a gulf of flaming leaven;  
 And afar he saw, all green and cool,  
 The pleasant land of heaven;  
 And a broad clear river went winding there  
 'Mong trees in leafy pride,  
 And there sate the beggar, Lazarus,  
 And Abraham by his side.  
 "O, father!" then cried Dives;  
 "Let Lazarus come along  
 And dip his finger in yon wave,  
 To cool my burning tongue;  
 For I'm tormented in this flame  
 Which burneth evermore!"  
 Said Abraham: "Dives, think upon  
 The days that now are o'er:  
 Thou hadst thy soft and pleasant things,  
 Thy water, food, and wine;  
 And decked thyself in costly robes,  
 Purple and linen fine;  
 Yet was thy heart an evil one  
 Amid thy pomp and gold?  
 And Lazarus sate before thy gate  
 Despised, and poor, and old,  
 A beggar vainly craving bread,  
 And whom thou didst revile,  
 Wretched and weak, yet praising God,  
 With a faithful heart the while.  
 And now in the blooming land of heaven,  
 Great comfort doth he know;  
 But thou must be in torments dark,  
 In the burning seas below.  
 Besides all this there is a gulf  
 That lieth us between,  
 A boundless gulf, o'er which the wing  
 Of the blessed ne'er hath been."

So Dives saw them pass away  
 From the broad, green river's shore,  
 And angels many, on snowy wings,  
 The beggar Lazarus bore.

*Mary Howitt.*

### 3339. DORCAS.

Acts ix : 36-41.

If I might guess, then guess I would:  
 Amid the gathered folk,  
 This gentle Dorcas one day stood,  
 And heard what Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven, seamless coat,  
 Half envious for His sake:  
 "O happy hands," she said, "that wrought  
 That honored thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim,  
 She never can come nigh  
 To work one service poor for Him  
 For whom she glad would die!

But hark! He speaks a mighty word:  
 She hearkens now, indeed!  
 "When did we see Thee naked, Lord,  
 And clothed Thee in Thy need?"

"The King shall answer, Inasmuch  
 As to My brothers ye  
 Did it, even to the least of such,  
 Ye did it unto Me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,  
 And Jesus' poor arrayed.  
 She died: they wept about the room,  
 And showed the coats she made.

*George Macdonald.*

### 3340. DORCAS, Resurrection of.

The poor afflicted saints  
 Their common loss bemoan,  
 And God regards in their complaints  
 The Spirit of His Son;  
 Who gave the Son of man,  
 He lets the servant go  
 Out of His arms to earth again,  
 And tend His church below.

What heart can e'er conceive  
 How great the soul's surprise  
 When, sent again in flesh to live,  
 She here lifts up her eyes!  
 Did not her eyes o'erflow,  
 This weeping vale to see,  
 These scenes of wretchedness and woe,  
 Of sinful misery?

The poor might well embrace  
 With joy their friend restored,  
 The church their powerful Saviour praise,  
 Who thus confirmed His word:  
 But could a saint return  
 To dwell beneath the skies,  
 And not with deepest sorrow mourn  
 Her twice lost paradise?

From spirits glorified,  
 As soon as she withdrew,  
 Oblivion's veil was drawn to hide  
 The vision from her view:  
 She then with double zeal  
 Employed her added days,  
 To do the Saviour's perfect will,  
 T' improve His utmost grace.

Superior joys above  
 For lengthened toils prepared,  
 And richer stores of heavenly love  
 Enhanced her vast reward;  
 Called to a happier state,  
 When all her work was done,  
 She found a more exceeding weight  
 Of glory in her crown!

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3341. DOVE, Homeward Flight of the.**

The dove let loose in eastern skies,  
 Returning fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam.  
 But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,  
 From pride and passion free,  
 Aloft through faith and love's pure air,  
 To hold my course to Thee.  
 No lure to tempt, no art to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs;  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom on her wings.

*Thomas Moore.*

**3342. DOVE, Noah's.**

Genesis viii : 8, 9.

Speed thy light course; fly, winged one, fly,  
 Along that shoreless sea;  
 That deluged earth, that clouded sky,  
 Are not a home for thee.

There are no mates for thee on earth.  
 Save those the ark has won;  
 And the bright valleys of thy birth,  
 And waving groves, are gone.

For all the glory of the spring  
 The dark seas overwhelm,  
 And the leviathan is king  
 Of an unbounded realm.

The mount, whose towering crest had dwelt  
 'Mid darkling storms alone,  
 A stranger visitant hath felt  
 Invade his cloudy throne.

And all beneath is but the grave  
 Of that creation fair;  
 There gleams no rock above the wave,  
 No port of rest is there.

Then seek afar the tempest-tost  
 Companions of thy ark,  
 That dimly floats—now seen, now lost—  
 In yon horizon dark.

Swift be thy flight: those waters green  
 Can show no home for thee;  
 Nor yet the mountain-tops are seen,  
 Nor yet the olive-tree. *H. W. J.*

**3343. DOVE, Oh for the Wings of a.**

Psalms lv : 6.

So prayed the Psalmist to be free  
 From mortal bonds and earthly thrall,  
 And such, or soon or late, shall be  
 Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all.

And we, when life's last sands are rove,  
 With faltering foot and aching breast,  
 Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove  
 To flee away and be at rest.

While hearts are young, and hopes are high,  
 A fairy scene doth life appear,  
 Its sights are beauty to the eye,  
 Its sounds are beauty to the ear.  
 But soon it glides from youth to age,  
 And of its joys no more possessed,  
 We, like the captives of the cage,  
 Would fly away and be at rest.

Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,  
 Oh for the pinions of a dove!  
 Oh for the morning's wings to flee  
 Away, and be with them we love!  
 When all is fled that's bright and fair,  
 And life is but a wintry waste,  
 This, this at last our prayer must be,  
 To flee away and be at rest. *Malcolm.*

**3344. DRAW-NET, Parable of the.**

Matthew xiii : 47-50.

"The field the world;" and now the sea  
 Yields up its treasures, Lord, to Thee;  
 The toilers with the gospel net  
 Shall, with Thy blessing, gather yet,  
 From far and near, at home, abroad,  
 The fulness of the seas to God.

As seed broadcast throughout the soil  
 Doth yield the blessed fruits of toil,  
 So from the ocean to the shore  
 The net shall draw its goodly store:  
 Fishers of men, sent forth to be  
 The toilers of the broad deep sea.

The "barren sea," that none hath tilled,  
 With plenteous seed of souls is filled;  
 And these the net must gather in,  
 From native element of sin;  
 And draw them out, for life renewed,  
 To die to sin, and live to God.

All that the fishers' net hath caught,  
 Into the Church on earth are brought,  
 Of every sort, of every kind,  
 Of every phase of heart and mind;  
 The meshes of the net include  
 The true, the false, both bad and good.

Thus is it here; thus is it now;  
 And, while on earth, it must be so:  
 Where prejudice is dark and blind,  
 And one knows not another's mind;  
 Where motives are misunderstood,  
 And evil mingled with the good.

But when the fishers' work is o'er,  
 And when the net is drawn to shore,  
 Then shall it be, in that great day,  
 Some gathered in, some cast away:  
 From depths of sin's unfathomed sea,  
 May I be "gathered," Lord, to Thee!  
*Robert Maguire.*

**3345. DRY BONES, Ezekiel's Vision of.**

Ezekiel xxxvii : 1-10.

Hark! the prophet lays his hand  
 Once more upon the trembling chords, and  
 A valley, desolate as Tophet, filled [lo!  
 With bones innumerable, sere and bleached,  
 As though the sudden pestilence of God  
 Had fallen on some mighty host, and men  
 Had left them in the sun and winds to rot.  
 Death brooded o'er them. But a voice from  
 heaven

Startles the awful silence: and behold  
 A shaking, and the bones, bone to his bone,  
 Together framed the perfect skeleton;  
 And sinews covered them, and flesh and  
 The very lineaments of life. Again [skin,  
 The prophet's voice falls on them; and the  
 winds

Breathed like the quickening Spirit of the  
 Lord

Above the lifeless slain: and lo! they rose,  
 An army numberless, equipped for fight.

*Edward Henry Bickersteth.***3346. DRY BONES, The Valley of.**

Ezekiel xxxvii : 10.

In vision wrapt, by Hinnom's vale,  
 The mystic prophet stood;  
 And still, where'er he looked, the dale  
 With lifeless bones were strewed.  
 No breath of air, no voice, nor sound,  
 Disturbed the awful gloom:  
 But all above, beneath, around,  
 Was silent as the tomb.

At length a gentle voice from heaven  
 Upon that stillness broke;  
 "Can life to these dry bones be given?"  
 'Twas thus the Godhead spoke;  
 One doubtful glance the prophet threw  
 O'er every mouldering bone;  
 Then answer made with reverence due,  
 "That, Lord, to Thee is known!"

"Then prophesy," Jehovah said,  
 "That each to life shall wake;"  
 The wondering seer at once obeyed,  
 And all began to shake;  
 Now limb to meet its kindred limb,  
 With strange precision flew;  
 And each of late so gaunt and grim,  
 With flesh was clothed anew.

Again the Lord's command was given  
 Upon the wind to call,  
 To breathe from every end of heaven,  
 And animate them all;  
 The prophet called, the breezes blew,  
 And soon beneath their breath  
 A living army sprung to view  
 Through all that vale of death.

'Tis abject thus, O Lord! and lone,  
 The sin-bound spirit lies;  
 And saps as a mould'ring bone  
 All human aid defies;

Or if beneath the gospel sound,  
 A shape it seem to wear;  
 The form of life alone is found,  
 The power is wanting there.

But if thy Spirit deign to blow,  
 A wond'rous change it brings:  
 At once the soul from death and woe  
 To life and vigor springs;  
 With rapture strange the inward eye  
 Imbibes celestial rays;  
 The heart with hope and love beats high  
 The mouth is filled with praise.

Oh then, if wrapt in slumber deep,  
 Our poor, dead souls remain;  
 Let Thy dear Spirit break our sleep,  
 And burst each earthly chain;  
 That fired with hope, and filled with love,  
 And freed from fleshly gross,  
 We now may spring to life, and prove  
 Good soldiers of the Cross! *H. E.*

**3347. EAGLES, Gathering of the.**

Matthew 24 : 28.

Lured by the grateful scent of blood,  
 With instinct from above endued,  
 The eagles their commission knew,  
 To death devoted Salem flew,  
 And gathering where the carcass lay,  
 The Roman hosts devoured their prey.

But lo! a deeper mystery  
 We in yon sacred body see.  
 The bleeding marks of death it bears,  
 'Tis covered still with glorious scars.  
 His wounded feet, and hands, and side,  
 And cross proclaim the Crucified.

Thither the saints shall soon repair,  
 When flames His standard in the air,  
 With bodies spiritual remove  
 From earth, and seek the realms above;  
 On eagle's wings mount up and fly  
 To Jesus gathered in the sky.

*J. and C. Wesley.***3348. EAST, The Poet in the.**

The poet came to the land of the east,  
 When spring was in the air:  
 The earth was dressed for a wedding feast,  
 So young she seemed, and fair;  
 And the poet knew the land of the east—  
 His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms  
 Of early and precious dreams—  
 Familiar visions that mocked his quest,  
 Beside the western streams,  
 Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled  
 In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,  
 And the sun sat on his throne;



The breath of gardens, deep in balm,  
Was all about him blown,  
And a brother to him was the princely palm,  
For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,  
And the flowers their welcome shed;  
The meads of milk-white asphodel  
They knew the poet's tread,  
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,  
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,  
The rose sat in her bower,  
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart,  
She had waited for the hour!  
And, like a bride's, the poet kissed  
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the nightingale, who sat above  
In the boughs of the citron-tree,  
Sang: "We are no rivals, brother mine,  
Except in minstrelsy;  
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of love,  
She is faithful still to me."

And further sang the nightingale:  
"Your power not distant lies.  
I heard the sound of a Persian lute  
From the jasmind window rise, [bars,  
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-  
I saw the sultana's eyes."

The poet said: "I will here abide,  
In the sun's unclouded door;  
Here are the wells of all delight  
On the lost Arcadian shore:  
Here is the light on sea and land,  
And the dream deceives no more."  
*Bayard Taylor.*

**3349. EAST, Turning to the.**  
2 Chronicles vi : 39.

'Tis to the east the Hebrew bends,  
When morn unveils its brow;  
And while the evening rite ascends,  
The east receives his vow.  
Dear to the exile is the soil  
That reared Jehovah's vine;  
Dear to the wretched heir of toil  
Thy memory, Palestine!

'Tis to the east the Hebrew turns,  
The east! to Hebrews dear,  
When kindling recollection burns,  
When memory claims the tear.  
Land of the patriarch! he recalls  
The days of promise, when  
The timbrel rang along thy halls,  
And God communed with men.

Where Babel murmured Judah's wrongs,  
The banished Hebrew sighs;  
Where Zion swelled her holy songs,  
His tribute seems to rise;

And hope still wings his thought afar—  
It tells to those that roam,  
That He who rode the cloudy car  
Will guide His children home.  
*William B. Tappan.*

**3350. EDEN, Lost.**  
2 Chronicles vi : 39.

Unto the East we turn, in thoughtful gaze,  
Like longing exiles to their ancient home,  
Mindful of our lost Eden. Thence may come  
Genial, ambrosial airs around the ways  
Of daily life, and fragrant thoughts that raise  
Home sympathies: so may we cease to roam,  
Seeking some resting-place before the tomb,  
To which on wandering wings devotion  
strays.

But true to our high birthright, and to Him  
Who leads us by the flaming cherubim,  
Death's gate, our pilgrim spirits may arise  
O'er earth's affections, and 'mid worldlings  
rude,  
Walk loosely in their holier solitude,  
And breathe the air of their lost paradise.  
*Isaac Williams.*

**3351. EDEN, Where is?**  
Genesis ii : 8.

Where is that garden of the Lord God,  
planted  
Eastward in Eden in the days of old;  
Where the large blossoms and the fruits en-  
chanted,  
That filled the earliest tale our mothers told?

Lingers it yet, kept by an angel warden,  
Over the purple mountains far away;  
Untouched, since sinless Adam dressed the  
garden,  
And the Lord walked there in the cool of day?

Nay, ask not; wherefore should our spirits  
venture  
Over the eastern hills, beyond the bars,  
Where the broad sun, girt with his rosy  
cincture,  
Comes burning up, and darkens all the stars?

Why should we wish o'er sea and desert going  
To find the vision true in some far land;  
To dwell beside the gate, and hear the flowing  
Of the great river with its golden sand?

The font stands yet in many a church's portal,  
The prayers still echo round where we were  
made  
Heirs of an Eden beautiful, immortal,  
Where never serpent glided through the  
glade.

There flows eternally the gifted river,  
Whose healing wave is as the crystal clear;  
There grows the tree of life that sheddeth  
never  
Its twelve bright fruits renewed twelve times  
a year.

For us that cooling wave, for us the beauty  
Of that bright place that has nor sun, nor  
night,  
If but by Christ's dear grace, in love and duty,  
We walk below like children of the light.

So may we dream of those invisible bowers,  
The water's tremulous flow, the flowery sod,  
Hopeful that Christ's new Eden shall be ours,  
The home of saints, the paradise of God.

*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

**3352.** EDOM, The Conqueror from.

Isaiah lxiii : 1-6.

What mighty man, or mighty God,  
Comes travelling in state  
Along the Idumean road,  
Away from Bozrah's gate!

The glory of His robes proclaim,  
'Tis some victorious king;  
" 'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,  
That your salvation bring."

Why, mighty Lord, Thy saints inquire,  
Why Thine apparel red;  
And all Thy vesture stained like those  
Who in the wine-press tread?

"I, by Myself, have trod the press,  
And crushed My foes alone;  
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,  
My fury stamped them down.

" 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes My robes  
With joyful scarlet stains:  
The triumph that My raiment wears,  
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

"Thus shall the nations be destroyed  
That dare insult My saints,  
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
An ear for their complaints."

*Isaac Watts.*

**3353.** EDOM, The Victor from.

Isaiah lxiii : 1-6.

Who cometh here from Edom's rocks,  
From Bozrah's haughty tower,  
That journeyeth glorious in array,  
Majestic in His power?  
With garments red from fields of blood,  
A conqueror he doth seem!  
"I come, Who speak in righteousness,  
The Mighty to redeem!"

And why is Thine apparel red,  
Like his who treads the wine?  
And why, like his who treads the vat,  
Do all Thy garments shine?  
"The wine-press I have trodden out,  
Have trodden it alone;  
And in that bloody vintage hour  
With Me there stood not one.

"In anger did I trample them,  
In fury did I tread;  
Their blood is sprinkled on My robe,  
My raiment all is red;  
The awful day is in Mine heart  
Of vengeance on My foes,  
The year is come when I redeem  
My people from their woes.

"And I beheld, and none could save  
His brethren by his hand;  
I wondering saw no child of man  
In that dread day could stand;  
Therefore Mine own right arm alone  
My great salvation brought;  
And by My strength of zeal upheld  
The conquest I have wrought!"

Yes! Thou hast conquered mightier foes  
Than Edom's hostile power;  
Hast Victor come from stronger holds  
Than Bozrah's haughty tower!  
For Thou hast burst the gates of death,  
And laid beneath Thee low,  
By Thy right hand and holy arm,  
Thine Israel's hellish foe!

Thou didst behold no child of man  
His brother's soul could save;  
Or make agreement unto God  
To free him from the grave;  
A costlier price their souls demand  
Than man hath power to pay;  
And therefore Thou, O Christ! wouldst die  
That we might live for aye.

And therefore, when the appointed year  
Of Thy redeemed came,  
Thou didst assume the flesh of man,  
Didst take a mortal frame;  
Thou didst the bloody wine-press tread  
Of suffering from Thy foes,  
To save Thy people from their sins,  
From hell's eternal woes.

And therefore, when o'er hell and death  
The conquest Thou hadst won,  
Thou didst ascend to God's right hand,  
And take Thy glorious throne;  
There still dost Thou retain, O Lord!  
The Mediator's seat,  
Until the Lord shall make Thy foes  
The footstool for Thy feet.

Gird then, O Thou most mighty One!  
Thy sword upon Thy thigh.  
Ride forth! Avenge Thee on Thy foes  
Who still Thy name defy!  
But when that wine-press of God's wrath  
Thy conquering feet shall tread,  
Help us, Thy children, Lord, for whom  
Thy precious blood was shed!

*Richard Mant.*

**3354. EDOM?** Who Cometh from.

Isaiah lxi.iii : 1-6.

Strange scene of glory! am I well awake,  
Or is it my fancy's wild mistake?  
It cannot be a dream; bright beams of light  
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my  
tender sight.

No common vision this; I see  
Some marks of more than human majesty,  
Who is this mighty Hero, who,  
With glories round his head, and terror in  
his brow?

From Bozrah, lo! He comes; a scarlet dye  
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie  
The blushes of the morning sky.  
Triumphant and victorious He appears,  
And honor in His looks and habit wears:  
How strong He treads, how stately does He  
Pompous and solemn is His pace, [go!  
And full of majesty as His face.  
Who is this mighty Hero, who?

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand;  
I, who the powers of death, hell, and the grave  
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand;  
I who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

Why wearest Thou, then, this scarlet dye?  
Say, mighty Hero, why?  
Why do Thy garments look all red,  
Like them that in the wine-vat tread?

The wine-press I alone have trod,  
That vast unwieldy frame, which long did  
stand

Unmoved, and which no mortal force could  
e'er command,

That ponderous mass I plied alone,  
And with me to assist were none. [God!  
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of  
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,  
Concerned with what success I should go  
through

The work I undertook to do;  
I put forth all my might,  
And down the engine pressed; the violent  
force

Disturbed the universe, put nature out of  
course;

The blood gushed out in streams, and  
checkered o'er

My garments with its deepest gore;  
With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,  
And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.  
The day, the signal day is come

When of my enemies I must vengeance take;  
The day when Death shall have its doom,  
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall  
shake.

Fate in her calendar marked out this day  
with red,

She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she  
said:

"This day, if aught I can divine be true,  
Shall, for a single victory,  
Be celebrated to posterity:

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,  
And rescue mortals from the infernal fiend;  
Break through his strongest forts, and all his  
hosts subdue."

This said, she shut the adamantine volume  
close,

And wished she might the crowding year  
transpose;

So much she longed to have the scene dis-  
play,

And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,  
This great, this mighty One appears:  
The faithful traveller, the sun,  
Has numbered out the days, and the set  
period run.

I looked, and to assist was none;  
My angelic guards stood trembling by,  
But durst not venture nigh.

In vain, too, from my Father did I look  
For help; my Father me forsook.

Amazed I was to see,

How all deserted me,

I took My fury for My soul support,  
And with My single arm the conquest won.

Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court:  
The hymning guards above,

Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,  
The great Jehovah praised, and His victorious  
Son. *John Norris.*

**3355. EGYPT,** Christ called from.

Matthew ii : 15.

Come out of Egypt, O mine undefiled,  
Dove of the Lord; innocuous, wondrous  
Child!

Thy foes are dead, and sleeps the sword that  
swept

The homes of Rama, when their Rachel wept.

Come out of Egypt—to that land of death  
The shut-up heavens reveal, not now, life's  
breath;

To Zion shall the Light of Life return;  
O'er Palestine the Gospel Star shall burn.

Come out of Egypt; not "in haste," "by  
night,

As when fear waited on Messiah's flight;  
In peace return to David's royal town,  
Whose throne awaits Thee not nor lineal  
crown."

Come out of Egypt; yet, as sinks the sun,  
To rise again when night's due course is run,  
So thou, from Mizraim, shalt withdraw thy  
ray,

To flood her with thy beams another day.

Come out of Egypt; yet, to trials come;  
To suffering, lack of ease, of friends, of  
home;

Yes, griefs by day, at night with tears to lie;  
Come thou, to be betrayed, to groan and die.

Come out of Egypt, from the grave to rise,  
 And, for its slain, to ope the eternal skies;  
 To plant Religion's Rose in every wild,  
 To bless a world, oh come, Incarnate Child!  
*William B. Tappan.*

**3356. EGYPT, Dead.**

*Isaiah xix : 25.*

Are thy pyramids still smiling  
 To the everlasting sun,  
 Mighty Mizraim of the sand-waste,  
 As they smiled in ages gone?

Is thy Sphinx still grandly gazing  
 With those melancholy eyes,  
 Drinking in delicious moonlight  
 From those silver-showering skies?

Does thy gray Mukattam cliff-range  
 Yet protect thy level shore?  
 Is that highway to the desert  
 Still as lonely as of yore?

Is the bronze on thy brown ripples  
 Still as brilliant as when she,  
 Stately queen of spells and splendor,  
 Glided o'er her river sea?

Does that river-sea so royal,  
 With its soft, slow-swelling tide,  
 Still do battle single-handed  
 With the wastes on either side?

Are thy Pharaohs resting yonder,  
 Filling each his fragrant shroud,  
 With their own calm stars above them,  
 As of old, without a cloud?

Do they still claim awful homage,  
 Oldest peerage of the dead,  
 In their chiselled shrines unconscious  
 Of the ages that have sped?

Does the breath of ancient odors  
 Sweeten still their cheerless room?  
 Do the robes of princely Pathos  
 Still adorn them in the tomb?

Is thy Memphis still the Memphis  
 Of young Mizraim when he came  
 From his cradle-plain of Shinar,  
 Here to build a boundless name?

Mystic-realm of magic story,  
 Never-changing elime and stream,  
 Shadowy fatherland of science,  
 Home of fable and of dream.

From thy temples marched the ages  
 Of our earth's unwritten prime;  
 These majestic Nubian portals  
 Are the mouldering gates of time.

Buried dark beneath the ruins  
 Of dead kingdoms thou hast lain;  
 But thy day of honor dawneth,  
 Thou shalt rise to youth again.

In His hour of infant exile,  
 Once the Son of God in thee  
 Found a refuge from the tyrant,  
 Underneath thy sheltering tree.

And for this thou art remembered;  
 This great debt shall be repaid.  
 In earth's age of promised glory  
 Israel's God shall lift thy head.

The voice of seers hath spoken  
 Words of glorious light and rest;  
 It has blest thee, lonely Egypt;  
 And thou shalt—thou shalt be blest.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3357. EGYPT, Israel's Escape from.**

*Exodus xiv.*

The morning saw a cavalcade  
 Drawn up in order and arrayed.  
 Six hundred thousand men of strength  
 Made up the van of wondrous length;  
 And wives and children in the rear  
 Turned from their bondage dark and drear.  
 To feel no more a tyrant's hand,  
 And seek afar the promised land.  
 Their line of march is toward the sea,  
 And forth they journey glad and free;  
 The cloudy pillar goes before,  
 And leads them on the desert o'er;  
 Or, standing in the rear at night,  
 It shines and all their path is light.  
 The towers of Egypt in the haze  
 Fade slowly from their backward gaze.  
 Behind them lie their broken chains,  
 Before them freedom's unknown plains.  
 And thus they journey, day by day,  
 Led by the cloud along their way,  
 Till sand and wilderness are past,  
 They stand before the sea at last.

But hark! a sound upon the breeze:  
 Is it the murmur of the seas?  
 Is it the simoom's distant roar  
 That wildly sweeps the desert o'er?  
 Is it the storm with banner rent  
 With lightnings on the firmament?  
 Now louder, deeper, is the swell,  
 And rolling clouds of dust arise.  
 "They come! they come!!" what horrors,  
 tell;  
 "The Egyptians come!" what frantic cries;  
 The camp with fear and dread is wild,  
 And ghastly pale is sire and child.  
 "O God!" they cry, in bitter prayer;  
 "O save us, Lord; in pity spare!"  
 In panic wild they seek their chief,  
 And him upbraid in frantic grief:  
 "Ah! better had we died as slaves,  
 And mouldered in Egyptian graves,  
 Than perish here by cruel hands,  
 And waste upon the desert sands."

And Moses said, "Stand still and see,  
 The Lord your strong defence will be!"

He waiting stood, and thus he heard  
 A voice that spoke this awful word:  
 "Speak to My people! forward go!  
 What if the path ye do not know;  
 I am the Lord, 'tis mine to lead;  
 Then forward! to the sea, with speed!"

The angel of the Lord turned back  
 And stood across the Egyptian's track;  
 And hid the camp of Israel,  
 While on their foes dense darkness fell.

The Red Sea waves were chanting low;  
 And day was fading fast and slow;  
 When Israel's leader stood beside,  
 With lifted hand the murmuring tide;  
 He stretched his rod upon the sea,  
 And gave the waters his decree.

The east wind rose, and all that night  
 It blew until the morning light;  
 When, lo! the water stood on heaps,  
 And down the dark and briny steeps  
 They saw a pathway broad, and bare,  
 'Mid mountain walls of water there;  
 Down, down they go, with solemn tread;  
 Down through the caverns of the dead;  
 Down by the sea king's dark domain,  
 Where never from the morn of time,  
 The might of man disturbed his reign,  
 Or trod his solitudes sublime.

On, through the water's dark defiles;  
 On, through the vast o'erhanging piles,  
 They pass as gently on their way,  
 As if through summer fields it lay;  
 Until they reach the rocky stair  
 That leads them to the upper air;  
 And on the Red Sea's other shore,  
 They wondering stand, and God adore.

With heart of ice and brain of fire,  
 The maddened Pharaoh with desire,  
 Enters the sea with double ire.

His charioteers with frenzy drive;  
 And jostling horsemen hurried strive  
 To capture Israel alive.

Down through the sea wall's open doors,  
 Down to the dark abysmal floors,  
 The frantic throng tumultuous pours.

The furious monarch heads his train.  
 And vows to measure swords again  
 With God, who left his first-born slain.

Down in the mid sea's darkest hall  
 He dreams of sport and carnival,  
 When he shall pass the deep sea wall.

As when a lightning bolt is hurled,  
 As when a tempest cloud unfurled,  
 Falls crashing on a thoughtless world;

So, tumbling waves fall from the verge;  
 So, wall smote wall with awful surge;  
 God's last o'erwhelming judgment scourge.

And there was one wild shriek of doom;  
 Then all was silent in the gloom  
 Of that unsculptured ocean tomb.

And king and horseman breathless lay;  
 Cold ghastly statues of dismay;  
 In stillness 'neath the wild sea spray.

Ah! long in royal halls they wait;  
 When Pharaoh shall return in state;  
 And march his captives back to fate.

But silent weeps the queen alone;  
 The king comes never to his throne,  
 And wives of lords make bitter moan.

No garlands grace their arches high;  
 No proud and gorgeous pageantry  
 Tells Egypt's glory passing by.

God cancels thus the debt of years,  
 Where Pharaoh with his charioteers,  
 Goes down 'mid Egypt's love and tears.

God liveth yet; and often He  
 Hath traced the path of history  
 Through many a dark and deep "Red Sea."

The foes of God and foes of man,  
 He dooms by His almighty plan;  
 And leads Himself His loyal van.

Hail! hail! ye grand prophetic years;  
 The dawn of jubilee appears,—  
 Sweet promise of the ancient seers.

The Christ of nations is in view;  
 The ever strong; the only true;  
 He smites the sea and passes through.

"I am the way," hark how He saith;  
 And through the waves we go by faith,  
 A sure, triumphant, royal path.

So Moses sang beside the sea;  
 And these his words of jubilee,  
 An olden anthem of the free:

Oh sing to Jehovah,  
 And speak of His fame;  
 Exalt Him forever;  
 The Lord is His name.

At the breath of His nostrils  
 The waters on heaps  
 Were parted asunder,

A way through the deeps;  
 And hither His people He led like a flock,  
 Down, down through the shadows, a path-  
 way of rock:

But the horse and His rider he drowned in  
 the sea;

Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.

The Holy and Mighty One  
 Bareth His arm;  
 And Pharaoh's proud captains  
 Are faint with alarm;

He stilleth their clamor  
 Where mountain waves leap,  
 And hushes forever  
 Their shouts in the deep;  
 From madness to stillness; a shriek and a  
 moan;  
 They sink to the bottom as sinketh a stone;  
 The horse and his rider are drowned in the  
 sea;  
 Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.

Forever and ever,  
 O Lord! be Thy reign;  
 Thy mountain of beauty,  
 Thy people shall gain;  
 The proud dukes of Edom  
 Shall vanish away,  
 And princes of Moab  
 Be filled with dismay;  
 For gently Thou leddest Thy flock through  
 the deep,  
 And tenderly folded in safety Thy sheep;  
 The horse and his rider are drowned in the  
 sea,  
 Jehovah hath triumphed, and Israel is free.  
*From "Moses," by Dwight Williams.*

### 3358. EGYPT, Last Plague of.

Exodus xii : 29, 30.

How brightly does the sunlight fall  
 On temple, tower, and princely hall!  
 Wild gleams afar the mighty Nile,  
 As if each wave had learned to smile;  
 And every light and stealing breeze  
 That loves to grace the morning hours,  
 Hath dallied with the spicy trees,  
 And kissed the young and rising flowers.

Yet there is gloom in Memphis now,  
 A cold despair on every brow;  
 From him who toils his life away,  
 The victim of a tyrant's sway,  
 To him who from his gorgeous throne  
 Looks down on Egypt as his own.  
 All shudder, as the morning sun  
 Reveals a woe they may not shun;  
 That sun in mockery resteth now  
 On pallid lip and rigid brow:  
 On manhood's features, harsh and grim,  
 The beamless eye and pulseless limb,  
 The cold, pale lips of childhood wear,  
 The last faint smile that quivered there;  
 And beauty's raven locks are thrown  
 O'er features fixed as sculptured stone.

Wild, deep, and long the wail is made  
 Above the unregarding dead;  
 The loud lament for glory gone;  
 The wail for Egypt's elder-born!  
 The monarch from his eye of pride  
 Hath dashed in scorn the tear aside,  
 And checked within himself the groan,  
 When fell the heir of Egypt's throne!  
 The princely hall, the mailed shed,  
 Have each their own devoted dead;  
 Each hath the mourner's thilling cry,  
 The mother's tear, and father's sigh.

Groans Israel 'neath the spoiler's tread;  
 Rises her wail above the dead?  
 Not so; from bondage, chains, and toil,  
 The tyrant's jest, the heathen's spoil,  
 Unharm'd by all the plagues that bowed  
 The spirits of the stern and proud,  
 With cymbal tone, and minstrel lay,  
 Her joyous thousands pass away,  
 And brightly in their pathway rise  
 The grateful fires of sacrifice.

### 3359. EGYPT, Last Plague of.

Exodus xi : 4-7.

Night, gentle night! sweet season of rest,  
 When even the slave as the monarch is lest;  
 Mother benign! in whose bounty may share  
 The wearied with pleasure, the wearied with  
 care;

Once more hast thou sheltered the land with  
 thy pall,

And lonely, and lovely, and peaceful is all!  
 Breathless the city as yonder dark hill,  
 The temples deserted, the palaces still;  
 The warrior unmailed as the infant is calm,  
 His banner droops down like the plumes of  
 the palm;

The judge hath put off his stately array,  
 Only in visions the ruler bears sway;  
 Fair eyes have closed like the sisters the  
 flowers, [hours;

Watchful ears heed not the flight of the  
 Mother and babe one soft slumber keep,  
 Captive and mourner awhile cease to weep,  
 And Egypt the splendid, the warlike, but  
 seems

A kingdom of silence, a valley of dreams.

'Tis morn, and the spirit of slumber hath  
 fled: [dead!

Woe now to the living! woe, woe for the  
 Myriads beheld the last setting sun,  
 Myriads behold him now day is begun;  
 Warrior, and priest, and ruler are here,  
 Maiden, and sire, and strippling appear.

There is grandeur, and beauty, and prowess  
 at hand, [land?

But where are the first-born, the pride of the  
 The prince in his palace—where else should  
 he dwell? [cell;

The babe with its mother, the slave in his  
 Hunter and herdsman, abroad in the field,  
 Chieftain and soldier, each one by his shield;  
 How vary those first-born in fortune and  
 fame! [same;

But traverse wide Egypt, their fate is the  
 Not by the pestilence, not by the sword,  
 But smitten in slumber, the slain of the Lord:  
 Of their late breathing thousands alone may  
 be said, [dead!"

"They lay down the living, they lie now the

Burst forth, glorious sun, on this day long  
 decreed; [freed!

The haughty are humbled, the captives are  
 Farewell to four ages of bondage and fears;  
 Farewell to the land they have moistened  
 with tears;

The tribes of the chosen are gathering fast;  
Their late lords are crouching—farewell to  
the past!

They need not the splendors of martial array,  
Jehovah Himself is the guide of their way;  
His bright cloud their banners, His arm their  
own shield;

Stern rocks shall be fountains, the desert a  
Oh shine as at noontide, great sun! on this  
host,

And symbol the glories their future shall  
And thou, hoary Ocean, with all thy wild  
waves,

Cease, cease thy vain roaring, wind rest in  
thy caves;

Make ready a path through the dark depths  
of old,

For Judah must pass like a flock to the fold;  
But Egypt shall follow, priest, people, and  
throne;

Then rage, mighty Ocean, that host is thine  
own.

*M. J. J.*

### 3360. EGYPT LEFT BEHIND.

*Zechariah x : 10.*

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,  
Stranger hands no more impede;  
Pass thou on, His strength protects thee,  
Strength that has the captive freed.  
Is the wilderness before thee,  
Desert lands where drought abides?  
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,  
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,  
God Himself shall mark thy way;  
Secret blessings, richly flowing,  
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,  
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;  
Saved from Egypt's hard extortion,  
Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?  
God, in secret, shall thee keep;  
There unfold His hidden treasures,  
There His love's exhaustless deep.  
In the desert God will teach thee  
What the God that thou hast found,  
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy:  
All His grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,  
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring  
Suited grace from high descending,  
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.  
Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew;  
Garments fresh and feet unwearied,  
Tell how God had brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling  
Love divine thy foot shall bring,  
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,  
Zion's songs in rest to sing.

There no stranger-God shall meet thee;  
Stranger thou in courts above!  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greets thee with a well-known love

### 3361. EGYPT, The Flight into.

*Matthew ii : 13, 14.*

'Tis noon—the sun is in the sky;  
And from his broad and burning ray  
To groves and glens the shepherds fly  
Where welcome shade excludes the day,  
Or rest, where sparkling waters play  
Like fairy streams of liquid gold,  
Such as mysterious legends say  
Around the Fire-King's palace rolled.

Behold yon scattered group recline  
Beneath a tall oak's ample shade,  
A form of manly port benign,  
And one who seems a loveliest maid,  
Save that within her arms is laid,  
An Infant like his mother fair;  
Though never earth-born babe displayed  
Such beauties as are blended there.

No tints of healthful crimson glow  
In that fair Infant's polished cheek;  
Paler His brow than mountain snow,  
His dove-like eyes serenely meek.  
No smiles around His lips bespeak  
The joy of heart to childhood given:  
But vain, oh, vain it were to seek  
For charms of earth in Child of Heaven!

For this is He, the mystic Child!  
Yea, this the Virgin's promised Son!  
Behold the mother undefiled!  
Behold her babe, the Holy One!  
And do they wander forth alone,  
By Israel slighted or forgot;  
And, when the Highest seeks "His own,"  
Do even "His own" receive Him not?

Yes! from a despot's fell decree,  
To seek a foreign home they fly;  
And, Egypt, once again in thee  
Shall dwell the Holy Family.  
Where erst in bitter slavery  
Sad Israel mourned his joyless doom;  
There shall he now his Light descry;  
Thence shall his God, his Glory, come!

O happy mother! happiest far  
Of all who felt a mother's throes!  
What though no more the mystic star  
Above thy path through darkness glows,  
When gazing on the calm repose  
Of Him, thy cherished Babe divine:  
The bliss earth's fondest mother knows,  
Oh! can it give a thought of thine?

*Thomas Dale.*

**3362. EGYPT, The Hope of.**

The oar is dipping in the waves,  
That bear me on their watery wings.  
Farewell to Egypt's land of graves!  
Farewell, the monuments of kings!  
They died; and changed the living throne  
For chambers of the mountain stone.

I trod the vast sepulchral halls,  
Designed their lifeless dust to keep,  
And read upon the chiselled walls  
The emblems of their final sleep;  
And learned, that when they bowed to die  
They hoped for immortality.

Dark was the way. They knew not how  
That other life would come again,  
To rend the flinty mountain's brow,  
That overlooks the Theban plain.  
But if aright their hearts they read,  
The rocks at last would yield their dead.

Oh yes! The instincts of the heart,  
In every land, in every clime,  
The great, ennobling truth impart,  
That life has empire over time.  
Death for eternal life makes room,  
And heaven is born upon the tomb.

They saw the end, but not the way,  
The life to come, but not the power;  
And felt, when called in dust to lay,  
The dust and anguish of the hour.  
O Christ! By Thee the word is spoken;  
The power is given; the tomb is broken.  
*Thomas C. Upham.*

**3363. ELAH, The Vale of.**

1 Samuel xvii : 40-42.

In Elah's vale, at summer eve,  
The pilgrim oft delays,  
O'er the now faded joys to grieve  
For Israel's brighter days;  
And lingers 'neath the silent shade  
Of many an olive wood,  
Where once, in glittering lines arrayed,  
The hostile legions stood.

In Elah's vale a brook's cool waves  
With silvery lustre gleam,  
And many a lovely floweret laves  
Its blossom in the stream.  
The murmuring bee doth revel here,  
And in the sultry ray  
Oft doth the way-worn traveller  
His parching thirst allay.

There, in the lapse of ages fled,  
The fearless shepherd took  
His weapons from the pebbly bed  
Of this pellucid brook;  
Upheld by energy divine,  
As sacred records tell,  
And soon the giant Philistine  
Before the stripling fell.

Though dimmed be Israel's glory now,  
Forlorn, but not forsaken,  
Hope doth impart a fervent glow,  
The breath of prayer to waken;  
That still "the bright and morning star"  
May shed a healing ray,  
The harbinger to realms afar  
Of Israel's happier day.

*T. G. Nicholas.*

**3364. EL GHOR, The Rock in.**

Dead Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,  
Her stones of emptiness remain;  
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps  
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft  
The bow of vengeance turns not back;  
Of all her myriads none are left  
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
Her arches spring, her statues climb,  
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay  
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
Of power and glory undertrod,  
Of nations scattered like the chaff  
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn  
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe,  
To mark afar the burial urn  
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard  
Thy rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,  
Looks from its turrets desertward,  
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud  
It heard the voice of God to man,  
As when it saw in fire and cloud  
The angels walk in Israel's van.

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
It saw the long procession file,  
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play  
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,  
While Moses graved the sacred laws,  
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!  
How grew its shadowing pile at length,  
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
From age to age went down the name,  
Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!



The path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod:  
We need the shadowing rock, as they;  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand!  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land!

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

### 3365. ELIJAH.

Malachi iv : 6.

Stern, awful was thy mercy, Tishbite seer,  
To close heaven's crystal doors for three long  
year,  
With bands of thy strong prayer, and from  
men's eyes  
To sweep each cloud from the offended skies.  
Sure our apostate land is worse than thine,  
Nor know we what to seek, what to decline.

Where wast thou wafted o'er earth's azure  
roof,  
Borne on the whirlwind wheel and fiery hoof?  
From whence thou camest forth to realms of  
sight,

With Moses on the mount in radiant light;  
And by the gifted eye of faith was seen  
In the stern Baptist's vest and awful mien.

From heaven's calm mansions and ethereal  
cell,

Where thou beyond the summer clouds dost  
dwell,

Wilt thou again upon the earth appear,  
In living form, or type, or vision clear,  
To harbinger the great Elisha's sway,  
The coming in of the eternal day?

Full much we need thee, and thy mantle  
strong;

To part the rising waters! Envious wrong  
And filial disobedience lift on high  
Their swelling waves, and seem to threaten the  
sky. *Isaac Williams.*

### 3366. ELIJAH, Angel's Invitation to.

1 Kings xix : 5.

Christian, did no one, thinkest thou, behold  
thee, [heat?  
What time thou faintedst in the noonday  
Heard'st thou no angel's voice which sweetly  
told thee,  
The journey is too great; arise and eat.

An angel's voice? Nay, 'twas thy God that  
spake it  
In fonder tones than angel could repeat; \*  
Himself the food, His own the hands that  
brake it;  
His own the words that bade thee, Rise and  
eat.

O fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able  
Still to refuse thy suppliant God's request?

Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous  
table,  
And come, ye weary, I will give you rest.

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged invitation  
Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet;  
Mayst thou at length, with heartfelt adora-  
And tearful penitence, Arise and eat. [tion,

Another banquet is for thee preparing,  
Another feast thy longing eyes shall greet;  
An angel's voice shall break thy rest, declar-  
ing,

Behold, all things are ready; rise and eat.  
*Lyra Eucharistica.*

### 3367. ELIJAH and the PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings xviii : 20-40.

The mountain lifts its form on high  
Against the azure of the sky;  
And far beneath appears in view  
The sea, with waves of darker blue.

But what triumphant multitude  
Upon that flowery mountain stood?  
What acclamations, loud and long,  
Arose from that assembled throng?

A prophet of the Lord was there,  
With form erect and forehead bare,  
And flowing locks of radiant white,  
Transfigured in the golden light.

Fearless he stood without dismay,  
Surrounded by that strange array;  
But well the godless legions knew  
That they were false, and he was true.

At Baal's shrine they vainly call,  
No sacrificial fire shall fall;  
But rocks unhewn, on grassy sod,  
Receive the flame when reared to God.

But lo! upon the evening air,  
Was heard the prophet's voice in prayer:  
"O Lord, the fount of fire unseal;  
As Thou art God, Thyself reveal!"

That prayer, so earnest, so intense,  
Went up with faith's true eloquence;  
And winged from heaven with rushing flame,  
The suppliant's awful answer came!

The astonished people, in amaze  
Shrink from the preternatural blaze,  
Then falling on their faces, cry,  
"The Lord, He is the God, most high!"

Oh, vainly had the men of pride,  
The living God so long defied!  
On stubborn necks the sword He drew,  
And priest and idol perished too.

Thus, when a giant wrong has grown,  
And Evil builds itself a throne;  
When "Who is God?" the proud ones say,  
"That we should worship and obey?"

Then, from His ancient seat in heaven,  
The word goes forth, the sign is given;  
"The Lord is God!" the people cry,  
And right shall live, and wrong shall die.

In every age, and everywhere,  
The burden of the prophet's prayer,  
Though not of fire or vengeful sword,  
Shall win an answer from the Lord.

*Arthur John Lockhart.*

**3368. ELIJAH, Antitype of.**

2 Kings ii : 11, 12.

See the true Elijah flies,  
Lord of those unfolding skies!  
Swifter than the whirlwind's wings  
Flies the glorious King of kings;  
Girt with flames of living fire,  
Higher still He soars and higher,  
Till He gains His bright abode,  
Carries up our hearts to God!

Jesus, dear departing Lord,  
Hang we on Thy latest word;  
Us who can Thy word receive,  
Fatherless Thou wilt not leave:  
Though we may a moment mourn,  
Yet we look for Thy return;  
Now enjoy the earnest given,  
Then ascend with Thee to heaven.

Lord of hosts, to Thee we bow,  
Israel's car and horseman Thou!  
Shall we not Thy loss deplore,  
Whom we see on earth no more?  
Ever mindful of Thine own,  
Thou for us to heaven art gone,  
Gone but to prepare our place,  
Room for all the ransomed race.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3369. ELIJAH, Ascent of.**

2 Kings ii : 11-12.

Servant of God, thy fight is fought;  
Servant of God, thy crown is wrought:  
Lingerest thou yet upon the joyless earth?  
Thy place is now in heaven's high bowers,  
Far from this mournful world of ours,  
Among the sons of light, that have a different birth.

Thy human task is ended now;  
No more the lightning of thy brow  
Shall wake strange terror in the soul of guilt;  
As when thou wentest forth to fling  
The curse upon the shuddering King,  
Yet reeking with the blood, the sinless  
blood, he spilt.

And all that thou hast braved and borne,  
The heathen's hate, the heathen's scorn,  
The wasting famine, and the galling chain,  
Henceforth these things to thee shall seem  
The phantoms of a bygone dream;  
And rest shall be for toil, and blessedness  
for pain.

Such visions of deep joy might roll  
Through the rapt prophet's inmost soul,  
As, with his fond disciple by his side,  
He passed with dry and stainless tread  
O'er the submissive river's bed,  
And took his onward way from Jordan's  
refluent tide.

High converse held those gifted seers  
Of the dark fates of after years,  
Of coming judgments, terrible and fast;  
The father's crime, the children's woe,  
The noisome pest, the victor foe,  
And mercy sealed, and truth made manifest  
at last.

- Thus as they reasoned, hark! on high  
Rolled back the portals of the sky;  
And from the courts of the empyrean dome  
Came forth what seemed a fiery car,  
On rushing wheels, each wheel a star,  
And bore the prophet thence—oh, whither?  
—to his home!

With head thrown back, and hand up-  
raised,  
Long, long that sad disciple gazed,  
As his loved teacher passed for aye away:  
"Alas, my father!" still he cried,  
"One look, one word to soothe and guide!  
Chariot and horse are gone from Israel's tents  
to-day!"

Earth saw the sign; Earth saw and smiled,  
As to her Maker reconciled; [along;  
With gladder murmur flowed the streams  
Unstirred by breath of lightest breeze  
Trembled the conscious cedar trees,  
And all around the birds breathed gratitude  
in song.

Death frowned far off his icy frown,  
The monarch of the iron crown,  
First-born of Sin, the universal foe;  
Twice had his baffled darts been vain;  
Death trembled for his tottering reign,  
And poised the harmless shaft, and drew the  
idle bow.

To us between the world and heaven  
A rougher path, alas! is given;  
Red glares the torch, dark waves the funeral  
pall;  
The sceptred king, the trampled slave,  
Go down into the common grave, [all.  
And there is one decay, one nothingness for

It is a fearful thing to die!  
To watch the cheerful day flit by,  
With all its myriad shapes of life and love;  
To sink into the dreamy gloom  
That broods forever o'er the tomb,  
Where clouds are all around, though heaven  
may shine above!

But still a firm and faithful trust  
Supports, consoles, the pure and just:  
Serene, though sad, they feel life's joys ex-  
pire;

And bitter though the death-pang be,  
Their spirits through its tortures see  
Elijah's car of light, Elijah's steeds of fire.  
*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

### 3370. ELIJAH, Description of.

The Tishbite dread, Elijah, stood in Ahab's  
ivory hall:

His cloak the skin of mountain goat; his  
robe a molhair pall;

His garb around his sinewy loins a raw-hide  
belt confined;

His hair and beard, like raven plumes,  
streamed dark along the wind;

A strong acacia's spiky stem, scarce  
smoothed, was in his hand;

His feet were fleshless, callous, bare, and  
tawny as the sand;

His brow, a soaring crag, o'erhung his  
swart and shaggy chest,

And 'neath its shades his eyes gleamed keen  
as eagles from their nest.

Remote from courts, corruption, crime, in  
that high shepherd land,

With God alone, his soul had grown to  
stature bold and grand;

And many a wild and lonely glen, and many  
sublime,

Could tell how agonies with God breed souls  
that conquer time.

*From "Elijah," by George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3371. ELIJAH, Discouragement of.

1 Kings xix : 1-8.

Judea's holy men, in desert caves, [shroud];  
From the free light of day themselves did  
The fear was on them of untimely graves,  
To which by Jezebel their forms were  
vowed,

A woman, cruel, idolatrous, and proud!  
Oh! many were the brows before her pale,  
Of men with God's superior gifts endowed,  
His priests and prophets, whose firm hearts  
did fail;

For hundreds had she sacrificed to Baal!

Even Elijah, God's most favored one,  
Fled to the desert in his spirit's fear;  
And, wearied with his journey, slept alone  
Beneath a juniper; where to him there,  
In visioned glory, did a form appear—  
God's messenger: "Elijah! wake, arise!"  
The angel cried to the reposing seer;  
"Awake! renew, with these required sup-  
plies,  
For forty days and nights thy wasted ener-  
gies!"

Thrilled with the seraph's voice, Elijah rose,  
And from his waking eyes the vision fled:  
No longer, vexed with shame and Israel's  
woes,

Called he on God to name him with the  
deed!

But ate and drank, and on his journey sped,  
Sustained with food the angel had supplied;  
And by the Lord in spirit to Horeb led,  
A cave he found within the mountain side,  
And lonely in his grief did there awhile  
abide.

Thus far from man he dwelt; yet in the eye  
Of the All-seeing present, though alone.

A voice he heard; a message from the sky  
Stole on his ear, with its mysterious tone:

The playful wind that kissed the caverned  
stone

Perchance it seemed? No. Well Elijah knew  
The voice, with him through years familiar  
grown:

He heard; and his emotions to subdue

He strove, and girt his loins, and to the  
cave's mouth drew.

Then gloom was on the mountain, and the  
flame

Of heaven flashed round him with a fearful  
light;

And the impetuous winds all wildly came,  
Till rocks were rent before them in their  
flight;

And day, as with anticipated night, [air;  
Was black; and thunders shook the murky

An earthquake tossed the mountain in its  
might;

Yet with all these was God not present  
there,

In the dread earthquake's shock, the winds  
nor lightning's glare.

The thunder ceased; the earthquake's vio-  
lent rush

Was quieted; the lightnings flashed no  
more;

And in the gentle solitude and hush,  
As died away the storm's majestic roar,

The "still small voice" was audible as be-  
fore:

"What doest thou here, Elijah?" The seer  
heard,

And on the earth fell prostrate, to adore  
That awful Presence, whose mysterious word

Pierced to his inmost heart; then he this  
plaint preferred:

"Oh! I was jealous for the Lord of hosts,  
With Israel vexed, and to the desert fled;

The hand of violence is on all her coasts,  
Her altars are o'erturned, her priests have

bled;

The temple is profaned, the seers are dead,  
The righteous to the unrighteous are a prey,

And for of Jehovah, Baal is worshipped;  
And I, I only, live to see this day,

Yet even my life they seek, and feign would  
take away."

Oh, time of trial for the just and true!  
Of fiery ordeal to the pure in heart!  
A time the lukewarm spirit to subdue!  
To cause the weak and wavering to depart;  
But not the righteous! No: in them to start  
Redoubled zeal, redoubled power to bear  
The keenest efforts of the torturer's art;  
Nobly to die for God! but not to dare  
To breathe at other shrines the voice of  
praise and prayer.

Yet are there seasons when the spirit seems  
Reft of that holy influence, which so well  
From lowest degradation oft redeems  
Man's frailer sense, that faintly would rebel:  
In such an hour it was that Adam fell,  
And thence was from his Paradise exiled;  
In such an hour Elijah fled, to dwell,  
Doubtful to trust in God, with fears beguiled,  
In Horeb's mountain cave, a refuge in the  
wild. *Richard Howitt.*

### 3372. ELIJAH, Elisha and.

2 Kings ii : 15.

Stern remembrancer of error,  
With the lightning of thine eye  
Locking with the key of terror  
All the portals of the sky,  
Calling while the blessing lingers,  
Laving flames on Carmel's steep,  
Ere the cloud with dewy fingers  
Scoops the vapors of the deep:  
Man of God, no Christ I see;  
What have I to do with thee?

Earth with fire and blood baptizing,  
Mingling with the gracious rain,  
Then, on wheels of flame uprising,  
Shine upon the mount again;  
There with wrathful Moses standing,  
Smiting with the vengeful rod,  
Fire from heaven and earth commanding,  
Make thee like the Son of God:  
Darkest of the clouded Three,  
We will build no house for thee!

Cast thy mantle on another,  
Who shall all thy terrors quell,  
Kissing father, kissing mother,  
Ere he bids the world farewell;  
Like thee only once in cursing,  
When the scoffing sons rebel,  
As the spirit gently nursing,  
Save when Ananias fell:  
There the Son of God I see;  
Prophet, let me cleave to thee!

Thine the still small voice remaining,  
Chiding Horeb's stormy blast,  
Hushing all the world's complaining,  
When the flaming law is past;  
Bidding with the minstrel's soothing  
All our angry passions cease,

Softened by the spirit's soothing  
All to gentleness and peace,  
Perfect love without a fear,  
Son of God, I see Thee near!

*H. Kynaston.*

### 3373. ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

1 Kings xvii : 6.

Elijah's example declares,  
Whatever distress may betide,  
The saints may commit all their cares  
To Him who will surely provide;  
When rain long withheld from the earth  
Occasioned a famine of bread,  
The prophet, secured from the dearth,  
By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob than to feed  
Were ravens who lived upon prey;  
But when the Lord's people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way:  
This instance to those may seem strange  
Who know not how faith can prevail;  
But sooner all nature shall change  
Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case:  
The wonder is often renewed;  
And many can say, to His praise,  
He sends them by ravens their food:  
Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,  
Though greedy and selfish their mind,  
If God has a servant to feed,  
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,  
Who croaks in the ears of the saints,  
Compelled by a power unseen  
Administers oft to their wants;  
God teaches them how to find food,  
From all the temptations they feel;  
This raven who thirsts for my blood  
Has helped me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they  
Who on the good shepherd rely!  
He gives them out strength for their day,  
Their wants he will surely supply;  
He ravens and lions can tame,  
All creatures obey his command:  
Then let me rejoice in his name,  
And leave all my cares in His hand.

*John Newton.*

### 3374. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

1 Kings xix : 1-9.

When from before the threatening queen  
Far, for his life, the prophet fled,  
He durst not seek the fields of green,  
But straightway to the desert sped.

There, 'neath the juniper, he came  
To make its flavoring shade his rest,  
For languor bent his aged frame,  
And heavier woe his heart oppressed.

Losing his trust, that weary day,  
 He lifts the murmuring voice on high:  
 "Now take, O Lord, my life away!  
 It is enough—now let me die!"

As thus he lay amid the waste,  
 His faithful God beheld him there,  
 And, pitying, bade His angel haste  
 His grief to soothe, his meal prepare.

Then rose the seer His name to bless,  
 Who for the houseless wanderer spread  
 A table in the wilderness,  
 And there with strengthening waters fed.

### 3375. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Thus prayed the prophet in the wilderness:  
 "God of my fathers! look on my distress;  
 My days are spent in vanity and strife.  
 Oh that the Lord would please to take my life!  
 Beneath the clouds through this lone valley  
 spread,  
 Fain would I join the generation dead!"

Heaven deigned no answer to that murmur-  
 ing prayer:

Silence that thrilled the blood alone was  
 there;

Down sunk his weary limbs, slow heaved  
 his breath,

And sleep fell on him with a weight like death.  
 Dreams raised by evil spirits hovered near,  
 Thronged with strange thoughts and images  
 of fear;

The abominations of the Gentiles came:  
 Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with flame,  
 Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony  
 crest,

And Baal, sunlike, high above the rest,  
 Glared on him, gnashed their teeth, then  
 sped away

Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey,  
 Where every grove grew darker with their  
 rites,

And blood ran reeking down the mountain  
 heights.

But to the living God, throughout the land,  
 He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand;  
 Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's hill,  
 Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still:  
 The prophet drew one deep desponding  
 groan,

And his heart died within him like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,  
 "Arise and eat, Elijah!" He awoke,  
 And found a table in the desert spread,  
 With water in the cruse beside his head;  
 He blessed the Lord, who turned away his  
 prayer,

And feasted on the heaven-provided fare;  
 Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,  
 And sunk like life new-breathed into his soul.  
 And dream brought David's city on his sight:  
 Shepherds were watching o'er their flocks  
 by night,

Around them uncreated splendor olazed,  
 And heavenly hosts their hallelujahs raised;  
 A theme unknown since sin to death gave  
 birth,

"Glory to God! good-will and peace on  
 earth!"

They sang; his heart responded to the strain,  
 Though memory sought to keep the words  
 in vain.

The vision changed: amid the gloom serene  
 One star above all other stars was seen;

It had a light, a motion of its own,  
 And o'er a humble shed in Bethlehem shone.

He looked, and lo! an infant newly born,  
 That seemed cast out to poverty and scorn,  
 Yet Gentile kings its advent came to greet,  
 Worshipped, and laid their treasure at its  
 feet.

Musing what this mysterious Babe might be,  
 He saw a sufferer stretched upon a tree;  
 Yet while the victim died, by men abhorred,  
 Creation's agonies confessed Him Lord.

Again the angel smote the slumberer's side:  
 "Arise and eat; the way is long and wide."  
 He rose and ate, and with unfainting force  
 Through forty days and nights upheld his  
 course.

Horeb, the mount of God, he reached, and  
 Within a cavern till the cool of day. [lay

"What dost thou here, Elijah?" Like the  
 tide

Brake that deep voice through silence. He  
 replied,

"I have been very jealous for thy cause,  
 Lord God of Hosts! for men make void Thy  
 laws; [slain

Thy people have thrown down Thy altars  
 Thy prophets—I, and I alone, remain;

My life with reckless vengeance they pursue,  
 And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord, and  
 know

That wrath or mercy at My will I show."  
 Anon the power that holds the winds let fly  
 Their devastating armies through the sky;

Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were  
 rent,

As when Jehovah bowed the firmament,  
 And trembling Israel, while he gave the law,  
 Beheld his symbols, but no image saw.

The storm retired, nor left a trace behind;  
 The Lord passed by: He came not with the  
 wind.

Beneath the prophet's feet the shuddering  
 ground

Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,  
 Like that which opened to the gates of hell,  
 When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;

Again the Lord passed by, but unrevealed;  
 He came not with the earthquake—all was  
 sealed.

A new amazement! vale and mountain turned  
 Red as the battle-field with blood, then  
 burned

Up to the stars, as terrible a flame  
As shall devour this universal frame;  
Elijah watched it kindle, spread, expire;  
The Lord passed by: He came not with the  
fire.

A still small whisper breathed upon his ear;  
He wrapped his mantle round his face with  
fear;

Darkness that might be felt involved him;  
With expectation of a voice to come, [dumb  
He stood upon the threshold of the cave  
As one long dead, just risen from the grave,  
In the last judgment. Came the voice and  
cried,

“What dost thou here, Elijah?” He replied,  
“I have been very jealous for thy cause,  
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void Thy  
laws;

Thy people have thrown down Thine altars,  
slain

Thy prophets—I, and I alone, remain;  
My life with ruthless violence they pursue,  
And what can I against a nation do?”

“My day of vengeance is at hand: the year  
Of My redeemed shall suddenly appear.  
Go thou, anoint two kings, and in thy place  
A prophet to stand up before My face;  
Then he who ’scapes the Syrian’s sword  
shall fall

By his whom to Samaria’s throne I call;  
And he who ’scapes from Jehu, in that day,  
Him shall the judgment of Elisha slay.  
Yet hath a remnant been preserved by Me:  
Seven thousand souls who never bowed the  
knee

To Baal’s image, nor have kissed his shrine;  
These are My jewels, and they shall be Mine  
When to the world My righteousness is  
shown,  
And, root and branch, idolatry o’erthrown.”

So be it, God of truth! yet why delay?  
With Thee a thousand years are as one day;  
Oh crown Thy people’s hopes, dispel their  
fears,

And be to-day with Thee a thousand years!  
Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time.  
Avenge thine own elect from clime to clime;  
Let not an idol in Thy path be spared,  
All share the fate which Baal long hath  
shared;

Nor let seven thousand only worship Thee:  
Make every tongue confess, bow every knee;  
Now o’er the promised kingdoms reign Thy  
Son,

Our Lord through all the earth, His name  
be one!

Hast Thou not spoken? Shall it not be done?  
*James Montgomery.*

### 3376. ELIJAH ON CARMEL.

1 Kings xviii : 42.

In the presence of approaching good,  
On Carmel’s height the prophet stood;

And though the blazing sun had spread  
A sky of brass above his head; [knew  
Though the parched earth through years nor  
The gracious rain nor gentle dew;  
Strong in the promise and the power,  
Faith’s ear drank in the coming shower,  
And now with prayer he waits the hour.

Six times the prophet’s servant gave  
His eager glances to the wave,  
But the horizon made no sign  
Across its hard and burning line.  
But faith is strong; he looked again:  
A small cloud issued from the main,  
Small as the least of clouds that lie  
Like snow-flakes on a summer sky.  
Within him leaped the prophet’s soul  
As on the spreading blessing stole; [bowed,  
Till with their freight the dark heavens  
And rushed the torrent long and loud,  
And Judah’s parched and withered sod  
Now felt a long-neglected God.

How oft, like Judah, we have known  
No God but idols of our own;  
Our soul’s best powers, all high desires  
Withered by sins consuming fires!  
Forgive us, Lord, and from above  
Drop gentle dews that nourish love,  
Till the full tide of grace divine  
Rush on our hearts and make us Thine.

*Snow.*

### 3377. ELIJAH ON HOREB.

1 Kings xix : 9-13.

Away from the city and gay resort,  
Where the bustling multitudes throng;  
From the palace-hall and the temple-court,  
From the revel of dance and song!  
Away from a people that spurn their Lord,  
From the perilous struggle and strife,  
From the maddening queen and the menacing  
Away, in escape for life! [sword—

Let me stand on the spot where the old seer  
In the mountain’s wild retreat, [stood,  
By the bush that burned with the fire of God,  
And hearkened with naked feet!  
Perchance where he stood on that holy  
ground,  
And heard the unspeakable name,  
I shall find the dread face of the God he  
And the voice of the great I AM. [found,

Let me hide ’neath the cloud of glory that  
swept  
O’er the seer in the cleft of the rock,  
Where the thunders pealed and the light-  
nings leapt,  
And the earthquake heaved its shock!  
Perchance I shall come to the burning throne  
Whence the Voice proclaimed the law,  
And the people shrank from its dreadful  
tone,  
And shuddered with breathless awe.

Through the desert wilds the prophet trod,  
On his journey of many days,  
Till he saw the hoary mount of God  
Uplift to his wistful gaze;  
And there on the sacred ground he bowed,  
And moaned out his plaintful cry:  
"Let me see Thy face, O Thou hidden God,  
Let me hear Thy voice, and die!"

He looked in the burning blue of the sky,  
No God shone there in the light!  
He looked on the pinnacled summits high,  
No God throned there in the height!  
He looked in the gloom of the hollow cave,  
And listened with awe-struck fear;  
The brooding darkness no answer gave,  
Save the whisper: "What doest thou  
here?"

The tempest tore through the mountain  
No God did rend the rock! [chasm:  
The earthquake upheaved the ground with  
No God was in the shock! [its spasm:  
The thunderbolt gleamed its flashes of ire:  
No God was in the flame! [ning's fire  
Nor whirlwind nor earthquake nor light-  
Voice the word of the great I AM!

Apart at last from the roar and the rush,  
Apart from the deafening din,  
In the whirlwind's lull and the cavern's hush,  
He turned his ear within,  
Where the pulses throb with their measured  
'Neath the bosom's rise and fall, [beat,  
And he caught the murmur, so sad, so sweet,  
Of the voice so still and small.

So still! As when in the hush of the breeze  
Steals a murmured monotone,  
And the silence breathes to the listening  
Its secret in plaintful moan! [trees  
So small! As when in the distant throb  
Of surges upon the shore,  
The ocean sighs in the smothered sob—  
Its might in the muffled roar!

So still and small on his ear it stole,  
He knew not from whence it came,  
But knew 'twas the echo of his soul  
To the voice of the great I AM!  
And with face enwrapped in his prophet's  
With spirit subdued and awed, [pall,  
He stood to hear in its mystic call  
The will and the word of God!

What doest thou here, O thou man of God?  
Not here on the mountain's crest,  
Not here in the roar of the thunders loud,  
But within thy conscious breast;  
Not there in the rush of the bustling crowd,  
Not there in the altar-flame,  
But in souls that never to idols have bowed,  
Hear the voice of the great I AM!

Go back to the palace and temple-court,  
And brave the edge of the sword!

Go back to the city and thronged resort,  
With the still small voice of the Lord!  
Go stand in thy place and utter His will,  
In the ears of the court and the crowd,  
Till the hearts of the multitude tremble and  
With the still small voices of God! [thrill

And the breath of thy spirit's hot desire,  
And the word that burns in thy bones,  
Shall uplift thee on wings and wheels of fire,  
In thy flight to my burning thrones;  
And the spirit dropped with thy prophet's pall  
Shall light through the ages its flame,  
In the souls that hear, so still and small,  
The voice of the great I AM!

"What doest thou here?" "What doest thou  
O soul! hear the voices within, [there?"  
Rebuking thy doubt and dark despair,  
Dispelling thy sorrow and sin!  
Whose sound is the roll of the wheels of fire,  
And the rush of the steeds of flame,  
That speed thee to duty, still swifter and  
On thy course to the great I AM! [higher,  
*Homer N. Dunning.*

### 3378. ELIJAH ON HOREB.

1 Kings xix : 9-14.

On Horeb's brow the Tishbite stands,  
Encompassed round with burning sands;  
He felt the sullen earthquake's shock,  
The heaving ground, the reeling rock;  
Beheld the whirlwind's awful force,  
Rending the mountains in its course,  
And fire that seemed to fill the sky,  
Showing that Israel's God drew nigh.  
Distinctly in the desert drear  
A still small voice now strikes his ear,  
"Elijah, say, what dost thou here?"

"I have been jealous for the Lord,  
Contemning Ahab's cruel sword;  
And stood on Carmel's height unmoved,  
Where I Thy people's sin reprov'd;  
For they Thy altars have o'erthrown,  
Thy prophets slain, and I alone  
Assert the honor of Thy name."  
With whom now dwells this holy flame,  
If the great Judge should now appear?  
How few like him, with heart sincere,  
Durst thus avow what do they here!

Am I then jealous for the Lord,  
Or, like to Israel, scorn His word?  
Like them, are idols my desire?  
Quench I like them the Spirit's fire?  
Alas! when with Thy saints I pray,  
To realms remote my thoughts will stray,  
Intent on schemes of worldly pleasure,  
Ambition's dream or earth-born treasure,  
Till, roused, I start with sudden fear,  
As conscience whispers in my ear,  
"Can God approve what thou dost here?"

O Lord! henceforward let it be  
My whole desire to follow Thee,

To glory in my Saviour's cross,  
 And all beside to count as dross;  
 Elijah-like, each sin I'll slay,  
 Like him each high command obey;  
 Press forward on the narrow road,  
 Deriving strength and hope from God,  
 Then Death's dread voice I need not fear;  
 Jesus shall whisper in mine ear,  
 "My servant, thou hast well done here!"

*Skeen.*

**3379. ELIJAH PRAYING FOR RAIN.**

1 Kings xviii : 42-45.

The watcher stood on Carmel's height,  
 With eager, longing eye,  
 Gazing across the sobbing sea,  
 Scanning the burning sky;  
 While with bowed head between his knees,  
 Scorched by the sun's fierce glow,  
 The prophet, pressed with anguish sore,  
 Prayed in the vale below;

Watched for the coming of the cloud.  
 Prayed for the blessed rain,  
 To shade the burning of the sky,  
 To cheer the earth again;  
 The cloud with wind, like breath of God,  
 Among the thick tree-tops,  
 The rain, like rush of angels' wings,  
 Murm'rous with pattering drops.

"Nothing! nothing!" the watcher cried,  
 "No cloud, no sign of rain!  
 The same fierce sun that burns the earth  
 Burns o'er the watery main."  
 Again the prophet bowed his head  
 Between his knees and prayed;  
 Again the watcher's eye looked for  
 The blessing still delayed.

"Nothing! nothing!" the watcher cried,  
 "No cloud, no sign of rain!"  
 The prophet, laboring in prayer,  
 Bowed 'twixt his knees again.  
 And thus twice, thrice, seven times they  
 With faith that cannot fail, [strive,  
 One watching on the mount above,  
 One wrestling in the vale!

"Oh! can it be the God whose breath  
 Burns like consuming fire,  
 Scorching the earth and sky and sea  
 With blast of judgment dire?  
 Oh! can it be the God whose flame  
 Consumes the sacrifice?  
 The wood, stones, water, all ablaze  
 In incense to the skies.

"Oh! can it be this God whose wrath  
 Our prostrate souls approve,  
 So burning in His holiness,  
 Is not a God of love?  
 O Heaven! for thy dear mercy's sake,  
 Accept our sacrifice!  
 Dissolve this spell of burning wrath,  
 Oh, melt these brazen skies!"

Seven times the two souls watched and  
 Seven times with faith and hope, [prayed,  
 When from the sea a little cloud  
 Pushes its finger up.  
 A hand! a hand! a cloud-formed hand!  
 The hand God's chosen find  
 Always revealed to point before  
 When God is close behind!

And swelling in proportions vast  
 Reveals an awful form;  
 God coming in His majesty,  
 God in the blessed storm;  
 Blackening the heavens with clouds and  
 Pouring the welcome rain; [wind,  
 Filling the thirsty earth with floods  
 Of life and joy again!

O watchers on the mountain height!  
 Stand with eye steadfast there;  
 O wrestlers in the vale beneath,  
 Cease not your sevenfold prayer!  
 God will not always frown: He will  
 Accept your sacrifice  
 Of loving hearts and praying hands;  
 God will in love arise!

A finger, hand, an arm, a form  
 Of power and grace divine!  
 The heavens shall swell with blessed showers,  
 The earth with rain-drops shine!  
 Oh, dare with loving hearts to bring  
 The sacrifice of blood!  
 While Hope stands watching on the mount,  
 And Faith lays hold on God!

*Homer N. Dunning.*

**3380. ELIJAH, Searching for.**

2 Kings ii : 14-17.

When saints forsake our mean abode,  
 Our hearts should after them ascend;  
 Inquire, where is Elijah's God,  
 The God of my translated friend?  
 His God and mine forever lives,  
 Giver of immortality,  
 And who but now my friend receives,  
 Shall send the chariot soon—for me!

To traverse hills and dales is vain,  
 Or search the world around;  
 It cannot bring us to the man  
 On earth no longer found:  
 But following Him in holy love,  
 In zeal, and faith, and prayer,  
 We soon shall find the seer above,  
 And share his rapture there.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3381. ELIJAH'S FIRE TEST.**

1 Kings xviii : 17-40.

Clad in a hairy robe of coarsest weed,  
 And girt as one for battle or for speed,  
 He looks no denizen of land so dread,  
 A land whose living scarce can hide its dead;  
 But one whose valor never brooked a lord,  
 Who never stooped to famine, or the sword,



But from a land remote had hither come,  
To gaze, Himself unmoved, on Israel's doom.  
Yet is He all unmoved? 'Twere hard to trace  
The deep-wrought feelings of that holy face.  
Grief sits upon that forehead broad and high,  
Yet 'tis not grief that sparkles from his eye.  
There is a fire that springs not of the earth,  
That draws from no poetic fount its birth,  
But deeper, brighter, holier is its glow,  
Than springs from mortal thought—from joy  
or woe!

It is Elijah; prophet of the Lord, [word,  
Fraught with the bearing of His Master's  
For him the heavens are shut, the people  
mourn

For Him, God's prophet, laughed by man to  
scorn.

He comes at Heaven's behest, to set before  
His race a blessing and a curse, once more;  
To wake, by mighty signs, that ancient awe  
Which Israel felt for Moses and the Law,  
And teach her sons that He their sires adored  
Is still the same unchanged, unconquered  
Lord.

The crowds are met on Carmel; 'tis a scene  
Such as again will be not, nor hath been.  
From utmost Dan, to far Beersheba's bound,  
Wherever Israel's name and race are found,  
They gather fast; and pour their human tide,  
In swelling waves, on Carmel's grassy side.  
There sits the monarch on his ivory throne,  
With eye of evil fire, and heart of stone.  
Around, the ranks of white-stoled prophets  
stand,

That lift to heathen Baal apostate hand;  
While those who consecrate the groves are  
seen

In rival pride to circle round his queen.  
Silence through all that mighty concourse  
spread,

And stillness, such as fills the heart with  
dread,

As to the centre of that ring, they scan,  
Slowly advancing still, that single man!  
They gaze with awe; and as the lines they  
trace

Of grief and thought upon the well-known  
face,

Dim recollection dawns of former days,  
Ere Israel left his God for crooked ways;  
Of meekest Moses, with his rod of might,  
The guiding cloud by day, the fire by night,  
Of strong-armed Joshua, conquering in the  
field,

Jephthah and Samson, Israel's sword and  
shield;

Of David's holy head, God's favorite son,  
And all the royal pomp of Solomon.  
And when they heard in tones so deep and  
clear,

The utmost verge of that vast host might  
hear,

That single, coarse-clad, friendless prophet  
throw

A proud defiance on his mighty foe;

Dare every friend by magic art or spell,  
To struggle for the knee of Israel—

There was a hush, a throbbing of the heart,  
A breath suppressed, a half unconscious start,  
A pang of hope! a self-convicting prayer,  
That He, their long-scorned God, might  
triumph there!

Oh with what anxious heart and eager eye,  
They watched each spell that Baal's prophets  
try!

Now every ear is turned to catch the sound  
Of Baal thundering from the yawning  
ground;

Now, every eye is gazing on the pyre,  
To catch the glance of his consuming fire;  
But still no sound is heard, no sight is seen;  
The earth is dumb, the elements serene;  
And doubt, and grief, and hate the prophet  
rouse

To tenfold energy of prayer and vows—  
Grief for their shame, and hatred to have  
borne

Elijah's mockery and the people's scorn!  
Now sinks the sun on Carmel; 'tis the time  
Ere rites unholy bowed the land to crime,  
When prayer, with incense-wreath, was wont  
to rise

The solemn hour of evening sacrifice,  
Then stood Elijah by the grassy mound,  
Once God's own altar, consecrated ground,  
But now a ruined mass of scattered stone,  
With bones polluted, and wild weeds o'er-  
grown.

With reverent hand he raised the levelled  
shrine,

Performed with holy care each rite divine,  
And stood the centre of a nation's eyes,  
With hand upraised, before the sacrifice!  
His manly form now rose to giant height,  
His glowing eye now beamed intenser light;  
And as his solemn words fell one by one,  
The people stood like monuments of stone.  
All was so still the listener might descry  
The murmuring Jordan, but his fount was  
dry!

'Tis done, 'tis done, the prophet's prayer is  
heard!

The Lord of hosts performs His servant's  
word;

The fire of heaven, with whirlwind motion,  
came,

And wrapped the altar in a living flame.  
There was a moment lost to all around,  
The eye forgot its sight, the ear its sound;  
But when the heart and eye their sense regain,  
Bullock nor altar, wood nor stone remain!  
The shrine in that upraising flame is gone,  
And by the mound Elijah stands alone!

Then what a shout when prostrate Israel rose,  
Of faith in God, of triumph o'er His foes?  
The rocks reply, the immortal cedars nod,  
In glad response, "The Lord, He is the God!"

R. P.

## 3382. ELIJAH'S FIRE TEST.

1 Kings xviii : 20-40.

Then came the word, "Elijah calls!" In haste the monarch turned;

"Art thou the troubler of this land?" in instant rage he cries:

"Not I, but thou and all thy house," that iron lip replies;

"Because Jehovah's law ye scorn, in Baal to delight!

Go, bring all Israel now to me, on Carmel's hallowed height;

Bring Baal's seers, four hundred men and fifty, bring them all,

And those four hundred more who feast in Jezebel's lewd hall!"

The monarch heard; on Carmel's crown now swarms a countless throng,

With one brave soul to stand for God 'gainst millions in the wrong.

Then through that throng, with heart on fire, he preached Jehovah's law

To rouse their hearts to patriot glow, or thrill with heavenly awe:

"How long thus halt, ignobly dumb, nor own your Maker's claim!

If He be God, serve Him; if not, then bow to Baal's shame!"

No answering word! Not one? O God! can truth be sunk so low,

That not a nation's challenged host one champion can show?

Oh, sight to make brave angels blush, and stir the Eternal ire,

When conscious millions, meanly tame, tread manhood in the mire;

Choke conscience down, and strangle shame, and 'neath the sun's broad smile

Stand basely weak, flout heaven, and dare, dare only to be vile!

Then spake the dauntless soul: "I stand alone, God's prophet here,

But Baal counts four hundred men elate with royal cheer;

Let them therefore bring bullocks twain, and choose and slay their own, [alone;

And on a fireless altar pile, invoking Baal I'll do the same, and call on God, and he whose flame replies,

Let him be God!" The nation hears, and answering plaudits rise.

Evasion fled, the steers are brought, and Baal's offering slain;

From early morn till glowing noon his followers howl in vain;

Fierce, frantic, wild, they beat the ground, and gash their reeking sides;

What time stern satire does its work, and conquering wit derides:

"Cry out, cry loud! he's sure a god! Perhaps brown study binds

His absent thoughts, perhaps he wars, or hunts among his hinds;

Perhaps he journeys, nay, perhaps he takes his nap at noon;

Bawl louder! split his stupid ears; you'll surely rouse him soon!"

Strange imps alone, and goblins weird, flock gibbering at thy cry;

When God binds these, not hell itself can mutter one reply.

Then while the sunset hour sped on, in accents bold and clear,

Elijah bade the attesting tribes to mark his deed draw near.

God's ancient altar, far renowned in centuries of yore,

A shapeless, moss-grown heap, he rears with pious care once more;

And twelve fresh stones he adds, each tribe presenting thus in view

To plead with God that changeless vow made when the world was new.

The victim bleeds; the pile is scanned by strict and hostile eyes;

Then, in the gaze of thousand foes, aloud once more he cries:

"From your perennial fountain pour four barrels on the shrine,

Once, twice, and thrice!" 'Tis done: on stole the peaceful hour divine,

The hour of evening sacrifice, when God, of old attendant,

Had heard well pleased man's voice in prayer, and many an answer sent.

Thenceforth he stood, that one weird man, before dark Ahab's throne,

While Baal's seers glanced vengeance fell, and called on God alone.

Sublime, serene, that lone form looms, embathed in sunset now,

And more than mortal majesty is gleaming on his brow;

He prays: His few calm, clarion tones on night's faint zephyrs swell:

"Jehovah, God of Abraham, of Isaac, Israel, Let it be known this day that Thou in Israel art Lord,

And I Thy servant all these things have done but at Thy word!"

He ceased; see! see! a ruddier flash o'er-spreads the pomp on high!

An awful cloud of beaming fire sweeps eddying down the sky!

And from its sparkling bosom fall broad sheets of blinding flame,

While thunders shock the trembling world, and peal Jehovah's name.

One puff of smoke, the sacrifice consumed in ashes lies!

And water, dust, and calcined stones have vanished from their eyes!

The trench alone, with cinders strewn, re-  
 mains to mark the pyre  
 Where God most high, at a mortal's cry,  
 answered from heaven by fire!  
 Then from a prostrate nation rose the long  
 and loud acclaim:  
 "The Lord is God! the Lord is God! Jeho-  
 vah is His name!"  
 From tribe to tribe, from crest to crest, the  
 shout rang glad and free,  
 Like trumpets echoing through the hills, or  
 thunders of the sea!  
 "The Lord is God! the Lord is God!" The  
 clouds roll back the sound,  
 And airy tongues from height to height the  
 answering shout rebound:  
 Then rose that faithful voice once more:  
 "Take Baal's prophet's, all!  
 Let none escape!" A nation, roused, obeys  
 the righteous call,  
 And Kishon's ancient stream, that erst  
 whelmed Jabin's proud array,  
 With impious gore ran red once more on  
 God's great reckoning day.

*From George Lansing Taylor's "Elijah."*

### 3383. ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

2 Kings ii : 11-14.

Elisha, struck with grief and awe,  
 Cried, "Ah! where now is Israel's stay?"  
 When he his honored master saw  
 Borne by a fiery car away.

But while he looked a last adieu,  
 His mantle as it fell he caught;  
 The Spirit rested on him too,  
 And equal miracles he wrought.

"Where is Elijah's God?" he cried,  
 And with the mantle smote the flood;  
 His word controlled the swelling tide,  
 Th' obedient waters upright stood.

The wonder-working gospel, thus  
 From hand to hand has been conveyed;  
 We have the mantle still with us,  
 But where, oh where, the Spirit's aid?

When Peter first his mantle waved,  
 How soon it melted hearts of steel!  
 Sinners by thousands then were saved,  
 But now how few its virtues feel!

Where is Elijah's God, the Lord,  
 Thine Israel's hope and joy and boast!  
 Reveal Thine arm, confirm Thy word,  
 Give us another Pentecost!

*John Newton.*

### 3384. ELIJAH, Translation of.

2 Kings ii : 11, 12.

Suitable grace to him is showed  
 Who burned with fervent zeal for God;  
 By heavenly fire refined, removed,  
 Translated to the God he loved,

He without pain obtains the prize,  
 And mounts immortal to the skies.

Seraphs the fiery horses were,  
 And cherubs formed the heavenly car;  
 And lo, in state Elijah rides  
 To where the glorious God resides!  
 And thus the everlasting Son  
 Returned in triumph to His Throne!  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3385. ELIJAH, Translation of.

By Judah's vales and olive glades,  
 Where Eastern fruits entwine,  
 Her bowers of rose and palm-tree shades,  
 Her fields of corn and wine,  
 Elijah and Elisha passed,  
 And well they knew it was the last,  
 The last dear hour to friendship given  
 Before the fire-car and the blast  
 Should bear the prophet up to heaven.

How fondly then Elisha hung  
 On all his aged master spoke!  
 How dear each word, that from his tongue  
 Like dying farewell broke!  
 Friendship's a sun that ever seems  
 Brightest in its departing beams,  
 And never to the full we feel  
 The depth and warmth, and force of love,  
 Till death comes in, the gem to steal,  
 And those so dear have passed above;  
 Then we discover by the smart  
 How they entwined around the heart.

They went along, and o'er their head,  
 High in the fields of air,  
 Appeared a beauteous cloud of red,  
 And as against the breeze it fled,  
 It seemed a seraph fair;  
 One of those spirits who assume  
 The lurid flame in all its forms,  
 To guard, to punish, to consume,  
 To wield the lightning-sword of storms.

To earth it came,  
 That beauteous flame,  
 The friends, who dearly loved, it parted,  
 Its mantle round  
 The prophet wound,  
 Then back to its own heaven it darted;  
 And oh! Elisha's wildered eyes  
 Followed his master to the skies,  
 As we to-day  
 Perceive the ray  
 Of glory when a Christian dies!  
 Sweet parting this, but not for us  
 To pass to those bright regions thus  
 We must go through the cold dark stream;  
 But ah! if faith's celestial beam  
 Shine over, all will then be bright,  
 And we scarce need wish for the car of light,  
 So fair will the waters seem!

*J. Edmeston.*

**3386. ELIM, Marah and.**

Exodus xv : 23-27.

To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells,  
And happy shade for desert-weariness;  
'Twas Marah yesterday, all rock and sand,  
Unshaded solitude and bitterness.

Yet the same desert holds them both; the  
same  
Soft breezes wander o'er the lonely ground,  
The same low stretch of valley shelters both,  
And the same mountains compass them  
around.

So is it here with us on earth; and so  
I do remember it has ever been;  
The bitter and the sweet, the grief and joy,  
Lie near together but a day between.

Sometimes God turns our bitter into sweet;  
Sometimes He gives us pleasant water-  
springs;  
Sometimes He shades us with His pillar-  
cloud,  
And sometimes to a blessed palm-shade  
brings.

What matters it? The time will not be long;  
Marah and Elim will alike be past;  
Our desert-wells and palms will soon be done;  
We reach the city of our God at last.

O happy land! beyond these lonely hills,  
Where gush in joy the everlasting springs!  
O holy Paradise! above these heavens,  
Where we shall end our desert-wanderings.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3387. ELIM, Palms of.**

At Elim, with its whispering grove of palm,  
And clustered wells in cool abundance spring-  
ing,  
Israel encamped, their sighs exchanged for  
singing,  
And Marah's murmurs for a gladsome psalm.  
Earth has its Elims still of shadowy calm,  
Sweet homes, with gentle vines about them  
clinging;  
And olive branches green—young voices  
ringing,  
And tried affection breathing grateful balm.  
Lord, if such love makes glad, such beauty  
graces,  
The desert tracts Thy people tread below;  
Such wells of comfort cheer earth's resting-  
places,  
Such pleasant shades relieve the way we go—  
That heavenly land itself, how passing fair!  
How passing sweet the home that waits us  
there!  
*R. Wilton.*

**3388. ELIPHAZ, The Vision of.**

Job iv : 12-21.

'Twas midnight deep; the world was hushed  
to rest,  
And airy visions every brain possessed :

O'er all my frame a horror crept severe,  
An ice that shivered every bone with fear;  
Before my face a spirit saw I swim,  
Erect uprose my hair o'er every limb;  
It stood, the spectre stood, to sight displayed,  
Yet traced I not the image I surveyed:  
'Twas silence dead; no breath the torpor  
broke,

When thus in hollow voice the vision spoke:  
"Shall man his Maker's piercing ken endure?  
Before his God shall man be just and pure?  
Lo! His own servants falter in His eyes,  
His trustiest angels are not always wise.  
What are the dwellers, then, in tents of clay,  
Sprung from the dust, that into dust decay?  
Before the moth they fail; with easier strife  
Beat down and plundered of their little life;  
From morn to morn they perish, to the  
ground  
Unnoticed drop, and quit their fluttering  
round;  
Their total sum of wisdom, when they die,  
An empty boast, a mockery and lie."  
*John Mason Good.*

**3389. ELISHA AND THE ANGELS.**

2 Kings vi : 13-18.

The cheerful sunbeams hastened up the east,  
Chasing the gray mists to the mountain-tops,  
And morning bursts upon Gilboa's hills.  
The playful kids were leaping o'er the crags:  
The little happy birds, that all night long  
In the dry clefts had found a nestling-place,  
Were flying sunward, singing hymns of  
praise;  
And from the green, awakening vales arose  
The sound of bleating herds and lowing kine.  
Elisha's servant, issuing early forth  
To the day's needful toil, with vigorous step,  
Trod a worn path that wound among the  
rocks.  
He paused to gaze upon the enlivening scene,  
And hear the harmony of Nature's joy,  
And bless the God of morning.

Suddenly  
A flash of light unusual struck his eye:  
Half doubting, he beheld a line of spears  
And burnished shields, that from a neigh-  
boring hill  
In mocking splendor threw the sunlight  
back;  
And saw, stretched far around, a circle wide  
Of rich war-chariots, while horsemen armed  
Crowded each mountain-pass and deep defile.  
Too well he knew the terrible array—  
The Assyrian host, his masters' foes and his!  
Fear, like an inward demon, blanched his  
cheek,  
Stared from his eye, and shook his nerveless  
limbs.  
Poor feeble man! why, e'en the little birds,  
That sung so blithely o'er the frightful  
chasms,  
Had taught him stronger confidence than  
this.  
Yet, weak as he, how often we forget

That in our great All-seeing Father's sight,  
We are worth more than sparrows!

Back he turned  
Unto the prophet's dwelling, nor did rest  
Till, faint with terror, at his feet he fell.  
The man of God upon his threshold stood,  
His forehead bared unto the streaming light,  
And inspiration beaming from his eye.  
Doth he not tremble? Nay; the cedar tree  
That stands in unmoved grandeur at his side  
Is not more firm than he. Calmly he scans  
The panoply of war before him spread,  
As 'twere a flock reposing in the shade.

He hears his prostrate servant's stifled cry,  
"Alas, my master! how shall we escape?"  
How foolish must such fright have seemed  
to him

Whose eyes the Lord had opened! Should  
he deign

To speak a soothing word and lull his fears?  
If man might e'er be proud, 'twas surely he  
Who had been singled out from common men  
To be an oracle unto his kind.

His was the dignity sublime of one  
Who feels divinity within him burn,  
And thinks the thoughts and speaks the  
words of God.

But haughtiness belongs to narrow souls,  
And wisdom is too Godlike to be proud.  
Elisha owned himself of kindred dust  
With that frail trembler. Mildly he replied:  
"Fear thou no more; for lo! a mightier  
force

Than all yon heathen host, is on our side."  
"But where?" the servant's doubtful glance  
inquires.

The prophet answered not, but clasped his  
hands,

Looked up to heaven, and prayed in tones  
subdued,

"Lord, open thou his eyes that he may see!"  
How changed the scene! These rocks, that  
lately lay

Opaque and dull beneath the azure sky,  
Are robed in glory that outshines the sun,  
Embattled legions gird the prophet round  
With blazoned banners and heaven-tempered  
spears;

Horses and chariots, in whose fiery sheen  
The pomp of Syria's army but appears  
Like a dim candle in the noonday blaze:  
The mount is full of angels!

Blest were we,  
When every earthly prospect is shut in,  
And all our mortal helpers disappear,  
If with faith's eye undimmed and opened  
wide,

We might behold the blessed angel-troop,  
Which God, our God, has promised shall  
encamp

Round those who fear His name. Our sickly  
doubts,

That flit like foul night-ravens o'er our soul,  
Would hush their screams and fly before the  
dawn,

And we should learn to fear no evil thing,

And in Adversity's grim gaze could smile.  
Sometimes, when wandering in a labyrinth  
Whence we can find no clue, and all is dark,  
We wonder why our spirits do not die.  
Perhaps, in secret bowed, some holy soul  
Utters for us the prophet's kind request;  
And we, though dimly, are allowed to see  
The prints of angels' feet along the road;  
And our hearts, beating lightly, follow on  
After the steps that sound before, albeit  
Uncertain whose they are, though we are sure  
Of a safe outlet from the tangled way.

Father of Spirits! Saviour of our souls!  
Let heavenly guides go with us down life's  
way;

And when we come unto that river's brink,  
Upon whose other bank in light and love  
We shall be as the angels, then we know  
Thou wilt be near us, though this earth-born  
clay,

Shrinking in mortal terror from the plunge  
Which shall release its tenant unto bliss,  
May with foreboding clouds obscure our faith  
And hide Thy presence. Oh! hear now one  
prayer,

Which then our hearts may be too faint to  
breathe,  
"Lord, open Thou our eyes, that we may  
see!"  
*Lucy Larcom.*

### 3390. ELISHA, Chamber for.

2 Kings iv : 8-10.

"Little chamber" built "upon the wall,"  
With stool and table, candlestick and bed,  
Where he might sit, or kneel, or lay his head,  
At night or sultry noontide; this was all  
A prophet's need; but in that chamber small,  
What mighty prayers arose, what grace was  
shed;

What gifts were given, potent to wake the  
dead,

And from its viewless flight a soul recall!

And still what miracles of grace are wrought  
In many a lowly chamber with shut door,  
Where God our Father is in secret sought,  
And shows Himself in mercy more and more!  
Dim upper rooms with God's own glory  
shine,

And souls are lifted to the life divine.

*Rev. R. Wilton.*

### 3391. ELISHA, Helpers of.

2 Kings 6 : 13-18.

They gathered round the mountain's slope,  
The vast embattled host,  
In all the martial blazonry  
That Syria's king could boast!  
Warriors in bravery of mail,  
With sword and spear and shield,  
With chariot wheel and prancing steed,  
Careering o'er the field.

Oh, grandly on the bannered host  
 Looked forth the rising sun!  
 Oh, brightly through the crystal air  
 Helmet and corselet shone!  
 And all their spangled panoply  
 Flung back the sunlight's gleam,  
 As if the horses were of fire,  
 The chariots of flame!

In all their pageantry and pride,  
 In serried ranks they stood,  
 Around the modest home where dwelt  
 The humble man of God.  
 What single heart will dare confront,  
 What might of single hand,  
 Will hope to brave this bold array,  
 Their bristling ranks withstand?

The servant of the man of God,  
 When bursts upon his gaze  
 The vision of the circling bands,  
 Stands in bewildered maze;  
 His blinded eye of sense can see  
 Naught but the earthly host:  
 "Alas!" in blank dismay he cries,  
 "My master! we are lost!"

No terror shook the prophet's soul:  
 Uplifted in that hour  
 His spirit on its Helper leaned,  
 And felt an unseen Power.  
 Warriors of heaven, a shining host,  
 Around his dwelling hem;  
 "Fear not," he cries, "for those with us  
 Are more than those with them."

And answering the prophet's prayer,  
 Upon his servant's eyes  
 The vision of the angelic host  
 Flashes with glad surprise!  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand strong,  
 Around, above, they stand,  
 In serried rank a solid front,  
 Band rising beyond band!

What wonder that the prophet's soul  
 The hosts of earth defied,  
 When thronging spirits fill the skies,  
 And Heaven stands by his side!  
 What wonder that the Syrian bands  
 Give way without a blow,  
 Stunned by a stroke they knew not whence,  
 Blinded they knew not how!

O ye that stand for truth and God,  
 Trust not your mortal sight!  
 Fear not the thronging multitudes,  
 Fear not their marshalled might!  
 One soul in panoply of heaven  
 Is stronger than their host!  
 The cause which God befriends cannot  
 Outnumbered be, or lost!

Celestial hosts muster their ranks,  
 Waving on high their swords;  
 Voices of God, voices of heaven,  
 Speak through their burning words!

Brighter than flaming chariot,  
 Stronger than fiery horse,  
 All heaven is marshalled on your side—  
 God and the Universe!

*Homer N. Dunning.*

### 3392. ELISHA IN DOTHAN.

2 Kings vi: 8-23.

'Tis night! and the tempest  
 Is rushing through heaven;  
 The oaks on the hills  
 By the lightnings are riven:  
 The rain in the valleys  
 Falls heavy and chill;  
 And the cataract bursts  
 In the bed of the rill.  
 Wild home for the Syrian,  
 On Hermon's white brow!  
 While the gust bears along  
 The scoff and the song,  
 From Israel's proud tents,  
 In the forest below.

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,  
 The hour for surprise!  
 From the storm-shattered ridges  
 The warriors arise:  
 Now the Syrian is marching  
 Through storm and through snow,  
 On the revel of Israel  
 To strike the death-blow.  
 No light guides his march,  
 But the tempest's red glare;  
 No ear hears his tramp  
 In Israel's doomed camp.  
 The hunters have driven,  
 The deer to its lair!

Now, wild as the wolf  
 When the sheepfold is nigh,  
 They shout for the charge,  
 "Let the Israelite die!"  
 Still no trumpet has answered,  
 No lance has been flung,  
 No torch has been lighted,  
 No arrow has sprung.  
 They pour on the rampart,  
 The tents stand alone!  
 Through the gust and the haze  
 The watch-fires still blaze,  
 But the warriors of Israel  
 Like shadows are gone!

Then spake the king's sorcerer:  
 "King, wouldst thou hear  
 How these Israelite slaves  
 Have escaped from thy spear:  
 Know their prophet Elisha  
 Has spells to unbind  
 The words on thy lip,  
 Nay, the thoughts in thy mind.  
 Though the secret were deep  
 As the grave, 'twould be known.  
 The serpent has stings,  
 And the vulture has wings,  
 But he's serpent and vulture  
 To thee and thy throne!"

'Tis morning: they speed  
 Over mountain and plain.  
 'Tis noon: yet no chieftain  
 Has slackened the rein.  
 'Tis eve: and the valleys  
 Are dropping with wine,  
 But no chieftain has tasted  
 The fruit of the vine  
 To Dothan the horseman  
 And mailed charioteer  
 Are speeding like fire;  
 Their banquet is ire,  
 For the scorner of Syria,  
 Elisha, is there!

On thy battlements, Dothan:  
 That evening was woe;  
 There fell the fierce hail  
 Of the lance and the bow.  
 Yet still from the towers  
 The banners were hung,  
 And still from the ramparts  
 The stormers were flung.  
 But the fire-shafts were showered  
 On roof and on wall;  
 And the cry of despair  
 Rises wild on the air,  
 For Dothan, that Eve,  
 Must be rescued, or fall!

Hark! the ramparts are scaled,  
 All rush to the gate;  
 'Tis the moment of terror,  
 The moment of fate!  
 And men tore their garments,  
 And women their hair:  
 But Elisha came forth  
 From the chamber of prayer.  
 Like thunder his voice  
 O'er the multitude rolled:  
 "Jehovah, arise!  
 Pour Thy light on our eyes;  
 And show Israel the shepherds  
 Who watch o'er Thy fold."

The mountain horizon  
 Was burning with light;  
 On its brow stood the Syrian,  
 In glory and might;  
 Proud waved to the sunset  
 The banner's rich fold:  
 Proud blazed the gemmed turbans,  
 And corselets of gold.  
 And loud rose the taunt  
 Of the infidel's tongue:  
 "Ho! Israelite slaves,  
 This night sees your graves;  
 And first from your walls  
 Shall Elisha be flung!"

At the word stooped a cloud  
 From the crown of the sky!  
 In its splendors the sun  
 Seemed to vanish and die.  
 From its depths poured a host,  
 Upon mountain and plain,  
 There was seen the starred helm,  
 And the sky-tinctured vane,

And the armor of fire,  
 And the seraph's bright wing;  
 But no eyeball dared gaze  
 On the pomp of the blaze,  
 As their banner unfolded  
 The name of their King!

But where are the foe!  
 Like a forest o'erblown,  
 In their ranks, as they stood,  
 Their squadrons are strown!  
 No banner is lifted,  
 No chariot is wheeled;  
 On earth lies the turban,  
 On earth lies the shield.  
 There is terror before them,  
 And terror behind;  
 Now, proud homicide,  
 Thou art smote in thy pride,  
 The Syrian is captive,  
 His host are struck blind!

There were writhings of agony,  
 Yells of despair,  
 And eyeballs turned up,  
 As if seeking the glare;  
 And sorcerers howling  
 To Baal in vain,  
 The madness of tongue,  
 And the madness of brain!  
 And groups of pale chieftains,  
 Awaiting in gloom,  
 Till the Israelite sword  
 In their bosoms was gored;  
 While the shoutings of Dothan  
 Seemed shoutings of doom!

But they knew not Elisha,  
 They knew not his Lord,  
 Unsubdued by the sword,  
 They were spared by the sword,  
 Sad, silent, and slow,  
 Like a funeral train,  
 They were led by the hand,  
 Over mountain and plain.  
 Alone by the might  
 Of Jehovah o'erthrown;  
 No drop of their blood  
 Stained forest or flood,  
 Till the host o'er the borders  
 Of Israel were gone!

Those, those were the triumphs  
 Of Israel of old!  
 And those were the shepherds  
 Who guarded the fold.  
 But the leopard was loosed  
 From his thickets again,  
 And the flock of the chosen  
 Were scattered and slain.  
 But visions are rising,  
 Mysterious and grand:  
 The trumpet shall sound,  
 And the dead be unbound,  
 For the night is far spent,  
 And the day is at hand!

**3393. ELISHA, The Prayer of.**

2 Kings iv : 32-36.

The door is shut! Let none intrude  
On that momentous solitude:

Elisha is alone!

Alone, beside that lifeless boy,  
But yesterday so full of joy,  
Now motionless as a stone!

The door is shut; but God is there,  
The living God who answers prayer:  
What will the issue be?

A glorious answer comes ere long,  
A prayer is quenched in thankful song:  
Where, Death, thy victory?

Desponding Christian! Why not share  
This glorious privilege of prayer,  
And share its great reward?  
'Tis secret prayer that wins the day,  
Not prayerless effort! Rise and pray!  
Thine is Elisha's God!

Enter thy closet: wrestle there,  
With faith's "effectual fervent prayer,"  
Till death shall change to life;  
Till hope out of the dust shall spring,  
And joyous notes of praise shall ring  
Out of the bitter strife.

Go on in faith, go on in prayer;  
Order thy cause before Him there;  
It cannot but prevail.  
The things impossible with men  
Grow possible with God again:  
His power cannot fail.

Fear not, though face to face with death!  
Only invoke the Living Breath,  
To breathe upon the slain!  
Once thou thyself wast lying there,  
As dead as he! canst thou despair?  
Arise, and pray again!

Go, stretch thyself upon the dead,  
Thou living proof that Christ has said,  
"Ask, and ye shall receive!"  
O claim His promise! "Ask" once more!  
Thou shalt receive a boundless store,  
"If"—"if thou canst believe!"  
*Catharine Hankey.*

**3394. EMMAUS.**

Luke xxiv : 29.

Abide with us, the evening shades  
Begin already to prevail;  
And as the lingering twilight fades,  
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

Abide with us, the night is chill;  
And damp and cheerless is the air:  
Be our companion, Stranger, still,  
And Thy repose shall be our care.

Abide with us, Thy converse sweet  
Has well beguiled the tedious way,  
With such a friend we joy to meet,  
We supplicate Thy longer stay.

Abide with us, for well we know  
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,  
Like balm Thy honeyed accents flow,  
Our wounded spirits feel their power.

Abide with us, and still unfold  
Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore;  
What wond'rous things of Jesus told!  
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

Abide with us, and still converse  
Of Him who late on Calvary died;  
Of Him the prophecies rehearse,  
He was our Friend they crucified.

Abide with us, are hearts are cold,  
We thought that Israel He'd restore;  
But sweet the truths Thy lips have told,  
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

Abide with us, we feel the charm,  
That binds us to our unknown Friend:  
Here pass the night secure from harm,  
Here, Stranger, let Thy wand'ring end.

Abide with us: to their request  
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine;  
Then round the board the unknown guest  
And weary travellers recline.

Abide with us, amazed they cry,  
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,  
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,  
With radiant glory on His head!

Abide with us, Thou heavenly Friend,  
Leave not Thy followers thus alone:  
The sweet communion here must end—  
The heavenly visitant is gone.

*Thomas Raffles.***3395. EMMAUS, The Walk to.**

Mark xvi : 13, 14; Luke xxiv : 13-35.

Slowly along the rugged pathway walked  
Two saddened wayfarers, bent on one quest;  
With them Another who had asked to share  
Their travel, since they left the city walls;  
Their converse too intent for speed; and oft,  
Where lingered on the rocks the sunset tints,  
They checked their footsteps, careless of the  
hour  
And waning light and heavy falling dews.  
For from the Stranger's lips came words that  
burned  
And lit the altar fuel on their hearts,  
Consuming fear, and quickening faith at  
once.

God's oracles grew luminous as He spake;  
And all along the ages good from ill  
And light from darkness sprang, as day from  
night.



The first faint dawn from ruined Eden rose,  
And glimmered round the solitary ark,  
And lighted up Moriah's sacrifice,  
And shed its warmth on Jacob's dying couch,  
And bathed the blood-stained mercy-seat  
with love;

The eastern heavens were flushed with rosier  
gleams;

It woke the minstrel shepherd, and his hand,  
Obedient to the gladness, struck his harp,  
"Joy cometh in the morning;" and the words  
Thereafter lived in song. Isaiah's soul  
Glowed with the coming glory, and his page  
Caught the far splendors of the orient clouds;  
And plaintive Jeremy looked up and smiled;  
And rapt Ezekiel breathed his hopes in fire.  
A deeper shade is glooming on the hills:  
A livelier amber brightens in the sky  
And broadens, till the Sun of Righteousness  
Rises at last with healing in His wings.

Thus on their path they communed, till they  
reached

The lowly wicket, and their urgent plea,  
"Day is far spent, abide with us," prevailed.  
The lamp is lighted o'er the simple board;  
And there is silence for a space: but lo!  
The Stranger takes the bread and blesses it  
And breaks: and like a dream the veil is rent  
Which hid their Lord and Master from their  
gaze.

It is His eye, His hand, His voice, Himself.  
Fain had they fallen at His feet, and fain  
Clung to Him as of old: it may not be;  
His place is empty, but His love is there,  
A calm abiding Presence in their hearts.

O Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry. We too  
Arc weary travellers on life's rough path,  
And Thou art still unchangeably the same.  
Come, Lord, to us, and let us walk with Thee;  
Come and unfold the words of heavenly life,  
Till our souls burn within us, and the day  
Breaks, and the Day star rises in our hearts.  
Yea, Lord, abide with us, rending the veil  
Which hides Thee from the loving eye of  
faith,

Dwell with us to the world's end evermore,  
Until Thou callest us to dwell with Thee.

*E. H. Bickersteth.*

### 3396. EMMAUS, Towards.

Luke xxiv : 32.

"A journeying to Emmaus!  
The grandest man of men with us,  
The Christ of God was then with us  
As we went down to Emmaus!  
How burned our hearts along the way,  
At every word we heard Him say;  
We never may forget the day  
We journeyed down to Emmaus!"

O blest disciples, favored few,  
How gladly had we walked with you,  
And talked with Him who talked with you,  
As you went down to Emmaus!

Have touched the hand and found it warm,  
That raised the dead and stilled the storm;  
Have worshipped God in human form  
As He walked down to Emmaus!

But Jesus walks and talks with men  
As perfectly to-day as then,  
And hearts burn now as yours burned when  
You walked with Christ to Emmaus!  
In starless night, or sunless day,  
Whoever walks life's weary way,  
Forgetting not to watch and pray,  
Is journeying toward Emmaus!

*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

### 3397. EMPIRES, The Fate of.

The wolf is in thy kingly hall,  
The lion in thy garden howls,  
And wilder, bloodier than they all,  
The Arab robber round thee prowls:  
High vengeance smote thee from thy throne;  
Thou'rt dust and ashes, Babylon!

Where are thy pomps, Persepolis?  
The traveller trembles on his way  
To hear thy serpent's sullen hiss,  
Thou mighty daughter of decay!  
Thou thing of wonder and of scorn,  
Thy night has come without a morn.

Where are thy glories, Carthage? Dead!  
Death lords it o'er thy pallid shore.  
What stirs thy sands? The robber's tread!  
What stirs thy waves? The robber's oar!  
The arm that smote the crest of Rome,  
Here wastes in the eternal tomb!

City of Constantine, earth's queen!  
Where are thy banner and thy bow?  
Sits in thy gates the Saracen?  
Oh fallen! the lowest of the low!  
Has not the earth one generous sword  
To save thee from the Tartar horde?

*Pollio.*

### 3398. ENDOR, Witch of.

1 Samuel xxviii : 7-25.

Dark Endor! canst thou now existing be?  
How creeps the blood, as thus we gaze on  
thee!  
Hath nothing changed? Time's wave rolled  
on unfelt?  
Is this the cave where Endor's sorceress  
dwelt?  
Our fancy leaps past years: we see her now  
Stand in the midst, with scorched and with-  
ered brow;  
She shakes her wand of might, and weaves  
her spell,  
And calls on powers of air and fiends of hell.  
And there leaned he, in stern though calm  
dismay,  
Whom deep remorse and woe had made their  
prey;

Who, wronged by men, and now cast off by  
God,  
The fearful path of desperation trod,  
And came to bid the dead unfold his doom,  
And lift from future hours the veil of gloom.

She saw; the witch moved back in pale  
affright,  
And her bleared eyes shot forth a fiendish  
light:

He comes! in mantle clad, austere and old,  
Around his brow the grave's white napkin  
rolled;

He comes, in ghastly stillness rising slow,  
Through opening earth, from Hades' mists  
below!

For ah! not yet the soul hath winged away,  
Wrapped in deep rest, till dawns the judg-  
ment-day.

Could Saul confront that prophet's risen  
shade,

With eye unblenching, spirit undismayed?  
He never quailed in fight, but now he grew  
Palsied with fear, his cheek of livid hue;  
The grave's cold atmosphere seemed round  
him cast,

That silence thrilled beyond the trumpet-  
blast;

Instinctive dread ran creeping to his heart,  
His hair stood up, his eyeballs seemed to  
start;

Yet still he gazed, retreating; wildly stirred  
His heaving breast, although he spoke no  
word;

Each pale limb shook; he bowed; to earth  
he clung,

And on his brow big drops of terror hung.

Then Samuel spoke; his words sepulchral  
came,

And pierced like fire the wretched monarch's  
frame;

And Saul can answer now—alas! his fate  
Is hopeless all, and more than desolate.  
The battle lost, his kingdom torn away,  
All clouds and darkness life's fast-closing  
day.

Hark! 'tis the Shade declares: "Another sun,  
Thou man of woe and crime! thy race is run;  
To-morrow Hades opens its gloom for thee,  
Thou and thy warrior sons shall be with me!"  
And so it fell; the fierce unpitying foe [low;  
Triumphed o'er Saul, and laid his followers  
And yonder rise those hills in lonely pride,  
Where on his sword the king in anguish died,  
And gentle Jonathan's career was o'er,  
To shield his friend, and warm with love no  
more.

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3399. ENOCH.

Genesis v : 21 24.

Hast thou not seen at break of day,  
One only star the east adorning,  
That never set or paled its ray,  
But seemed to sink at once away  
Into the light of morning?

From it the sage no portent drew,  
It came to light no meteor fires,  
But silver shone the whole night through,  
On hawthorn hedges steeped in dew,  
And quiet village spires.

Like him of old who dwelt beneath  
The tents of patriarchal story,  
Who passed without the touch of death,  
Without dim eye or failing breath,  
At once into God's glory.

The patriarch of one simple spot,  
The sire of sons and daughters lowly,  
And this the record of his lot,  
"He walked with God and he was not,"  
For the Lord took him wholly.

Like a child's voice in sacred song,  
That trembling rises higher and higher,  
Till lost at last it peals along,  
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong,  
Of sweet cathedral choir.

So year by year, and day by day,  
In pastoral care and household duty,  
He walked with God, nor knew decay,  
But faded gently, rapt away,  
Into His glorious beauty.

There's many a household fair to see,  
By woodland nook or running river,  
Where children climb the parent's knee:  
Oh, that those homes, like his, might be  
Filled with God's presence ever!

Oh, that our thoughts so heavenly were,  
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,  
That all our loves, and toils, and care,  
Might only lead us nearer there,  
Where He is set in heaven.

*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

### 3400. ENOCH.

The few fond words of Enoch tell  
Sublimest chapters in the lore of man;  
He saw and knew the father of the race,  
And he perhaps, a child at Adam's knee,  
Climbed up to listen to the tales of old;  
And it may be that Eve in age took up  
The tender child and taught him holy prayer,  
And charmed him with the memories that  
To her sad soul of Eden and its joy. [clung  
She told him of the promise, cherished long,  
Which God, forgiving, gave her in her tears,  
And knew perhaps by prophecy that he  
Was in the golden chain of royal ones  
From whom at last Messiah should come forth.  
She told him of her Abel, first to go  
Through gates immortal to the skies beyond;  
And his young heart was ravished with desire  
To climb the alluring heights of faith;  
assured

That just behind the mists that hide the view  
The land immortal spread, a waiting land  
For millions yet to come from paths of earth.

He talked with those who once had talked  
with God,  
And listened to the first fond lesson told  
In that rare dialect in which the Lord  
And man together first conversed. He drank  
At wisdom's fountain pure, and in the light  
Of God and truth aspired to heights of life  
Divine. With few or many comrades still  
We may not know. But evil prowled o'er  
earth.

He saw its curse. Himself was tried. He felt  
The tempter's power. To walk with God  
was then

As now. A consecrated life, a heart  
Made pure at healing fountains opened when  
From the foundation of the world the Lamb  
Of God was slain. By faith he walked, as all  
Must walk through all the realms of doubt  
and fear.

And so his ways pleased God. Men saw the  
light

Of his calm, blessed life; and like a tower  
He stood invincible, a shaft of strength  
That pointed to the skies, and in the midst  
Of men rose beautiful as if of gems  
And polished gold the fabric had been  
wrought.

It was the noon of life with him. His form  
erect,

His soul acquaint with mysteries of God,  
Familiar with creation's tale, a priest of God,  
Elect, profound, companion of I AM;  
And still a man of tender heart, with tears  
For sorrow's tale and words of wisdom pure  
For erring ones; the joy of children who  
Delighted listened to his winning words.

At once a strange unearthly brightness came,  
The Angel of the covenant drew near:

"Rise! leave thy native realm," he said.  
"Go not

The way of all the earth. The gates of death  
Thou shalt not see. A golden throne let down  
Is here. Ascend and take thy seat just now,  
And bands cherubic, with celestial songs,  
Shall lift thee in attending flight, till thou  
Shalt hear the welcome at the gate of pearl."

He saw the earth recede, till, like a star,  
It faded on his sight, and then the gleam  
Of jasper on his vision broke; above  
The sapphire hues of beauty fell, and then  
The chalcedony and the emerald,  
With blended rays, transfixed his wondering  
eye,

And amethyst, that sparkled evermore  
In God's own light, and then the welcome  
song:

"Come home to the realms of the holy,  
Caught up in thy beautiful throne,  
Come home from the land of the lowly,  
Thou blessed, beatified one.

Bright spirits we've welcomed, but e'er  
They came by the valley so cold,  
They passed from the dark rolling river,  
And entered the city of gold.

"Ah, never in heaven's bright story,  
Came one like a monarch before,  
And deathless ascended to glory,  
Nor passed through the sepulchre's door;  
Sing, angels that stand at the portals,  
Ye throngs on the pavements of gold;  
Ah never such honor had mortals  
Translated ye seraphs behold!"

No grave they made for him of rock out-  
hewn,  
They only told this wondrous tale to men,  
"That he was not," God took him as he was.  
*Dwight Williams.*

**3401. ENOCH.**

Hebrews xi : 5.

He walked with God, by faith, in solitude,  
At early dawn or tranquil eventide,  
In some lone leafy place, he would abide  
Till his whole being was with God imbued:  
He walked with God amid the multitude,  
No threats or smiles could his firm soul  
divide

From that beloved presence at his side,  
Whose still small voice silenced earth's noises  
Boldly abroad to men he testified [rude.  
How "the Lord cometh," and the judgment  
brings;

Gently at home he trained his "sons and  
daughters;"

Till, praying, a bright chariot he espied  
Sent to translate him as on angels' wings,  
To walk with God beside heaven's "living  
waters."  
*R. Wilton.*

**3402. ENOCH, Translation of.**

Genesis v : 24.

Though proudly through the vaulted sky  
Was borne Elisha's sire;  
And dazzling unto mortal eye  
His car and steeds of fire;

To me as glorious seems the change  
Accorded to thy worth;  
As instantaneous and as strange  
Thy exit from this earth.

Something which makes a deeper thrill  
These few brief words unfold,  
Than all description's proudest skill  
Could of that hour have told.

Fancy's keen eye may trace the course  
Elijah held on high:  
The car of flame, each fiery horse  
Her visions may supply;

But thy transition mocks each dream  
Framed by her wildest power,  
Nor can her mastery supreme  
Conceive thy parting hour.

Were angels with expanding wings  
As guides and guardians given!  
Or did sweet sounds from seraphs' strings  
Waft thee from earth to heaven?

'Twere vain to ask: we know but this,  
Thy path from grief and time  
Unto eternity and bliss,  
Mysterious and sublime!

With God thou walkedst, and wast not!  
And thought and fan'y fail  
Further than this to paint thy lot  
Or tell thy wondrous tale.

*Bernard Barton.*

### 3403. EPHESUS.

Revelations ii : 5.

And where stands Ephesus, in days gone by  
Pride of the East, Ionia's radiant eye,  
Boasting the shrine to famed Diana reared,  
Earth's wonder called, that myriad hearts  
revered?

There spreads Selinus' lake beneath the hill,  
And flows unchanged the Cayster's willowed  
rill;

These speak the city near; through waving  
grass,  
O'er blackened stones, we slowly laboring  
pass;

Across our way the timid leveret springs;  
Woke from his sleep, the snake uncoils his  
rings.

No street we tread, but climb a grass-grown  
mound—

What! is this Ephesus that moulders round?  
The embattled walls that swept o'er Lepre's  
side,

To shapeless ruin crushed, have stooped their  
pride;

Where stood that early church Paul loved so  
well,

No cross, no tomb, no stone remains to tell.  
Diana's fane that, glassed in depths below,  
From bronze and silver cast a starry glow,  
With statues, colonnades, and courts apart,  
And porphyry pillars, each the pride of art,  
Have Time's stern scythe, man's rage, and  
flood and fire,

Left naught for curious pilgrims to admire?  
A few poor footsteps now may cross the  
shrine,

Cell, long arcade, high altar, all supine;  
Bound with thick ivy, broken columns lie,  
Through low rent arches winds of evening  
sigh.

Rough brambles choke the vaults where gold  
was stored,

And toads spit venom forth where priests  
adored.

The shivering bolt of ruthless ruin falls  
On pleasure's haunts, as well as priestly walls:  
See! in the circus, where gay chariots pressed  
Their rapid race, the plover builds her nest.  
Ten thousand voices rang from yonder hill,  
There, clothed with moss, sweep circling  
benches still,

But e'en the peasant shuns that spot in fear,  
So deep the voiceless calm, its looks so drear.

Poor actors! Greek or Roman, where are they,  
That toiled and laughed to make their fel-  
lows gay?

Down the long stream of sable Lethe tost,  
Their graves unknown, and e'en their memo-  
ries lost.

Yet, Ephesus! while desolate and lorn,  
And though thy starless night shall know no  
morn,

Cold is the breast of him who looks on thee,  
And feels no thrill of solemn ecstasy.

As musing now we walk thy desert bound,  
The heart leaps up as at a trumpet's sound,  
For here, e'en here—name never to expire—  
Paul taught his church, and breathed his  
words of fire;

These very stones his foot perchance hath  
trod,

These roofless walls have heard his prayers to  
God.

There did Demetrius raise his heathen cry  
'Gainst him who led men's wandering  
thoughts on high,

Showed the dark errors of their baseless  
dreams,

Poured on the spirit's night celestial beams,  
And cheered us with the hope, when worms  
shall prey

On this poor form consigned to slow decay,  
The soul, with added powers and new-fledged  
plume,

Shall spring to life and joy beyond the tomb.

Ay, Paul's bright fame, above the fame of  
kings.

On these sad ruins dazzling lustre flings.  
But chief tradition points to yon rude tower,  
Where passed in bonds the apostle's lonely  
hour,

And pious hands have reared in later day  
These fretted Gothic walls, and arches gray;  
Within this cell—hush, heart! thy fluttering  
fears—

To fancy's eye his godlike form appears:  
What solemn thought that lofty brow dis-  
What holy fervor in that lifted gaze! [plays!  
Monarchs! behold a greater far than ye;  
Conquerors! to Christ's brave champion bend  
the knee! *Nicholas Michell.*

### 3404. EPHESUS, The Beasts of.

1 Corinthians xv : 32.

How long, O Lord of grace!  
Must languish Thy true race,  
In a forced friendship linked with Belial here,  
With Mammon's brand of care,  
And Baal pleading fair,  
And the dog-breed who at Thy temple jeer?

How long, O Lord! how long  
Shall Cæsar do us wrong,  
Laid out as steps to throne his mortal power!  
While e'en our angels stand  
With helpless voice and hand, [hour.  
Scorned by proud Haman in his triumph-

'Tis said our seers discern  
The destined bickerings stern,  
In the dim distance of Thy fiery train,  
Oh, nerve us in that woe!  
For where Thy wheels shall go,  
We must be tried, the while Thy foes are  
slain. *John H. Newman.*

**3405. EPIPHANY, Attendants of the.**

A star shines forth in heaven suddenly,  
A wondrous orb, less than the sun, yet  
greater—  
Less in its outward light, but greater in  
Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery.  
That morning star sent forth its beams afar  
Into the land of those who had no light;  
Led them as blind men, by a way they knew  
not,  
Until they came and saw the Light of men,  
Offered their gifts, received eternal life,  
Worshipped, and went their way.  
Thus had the Son two heralds, one on high,  
And one below. Above, the star rejoiced;  
Below, the Baptist bore Him record:  
Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth;  
That witnessing the nature of the Son,  
The majesty of God, and this His human  
nature.  
O mighty wonder! thus were they the heralds,  
Both of His Godhead and His manhood.  
Who held Him only for a son of earth,  
To such the star proclaimed His heavenly  
glory;  
Who held Him only for a heavenly spirit,  
To such the Baptist spoke of Him as man.  
And in the holy temple Simeon held the  
Babe  
Fast in his aged arms, and sang to Him:

“To me, in Thy mercy,  
An old man, Thou art come;  
Thou layest my body  
In peace in the tomb.  
Thou soon wilt awake me,  
And bid me arise;  
Will lead me transfigured  
To Paradise.”

Then Anna took the Babe upon her arms,  
And pressed her mouth upon His infant lips;  
Then came the Holy Spirit on her lips,  
As erst upon Isaiah's, when the coal  
Had touched his silent lips, and opened them:  
With glowing heart she sang:

“O Son of the King!  
Though Thy birthplace was mean,  
All-hearing, yet silent,  
All-seeing, unseen,  
Unknown, yet all-knowing,  
God, and yet Son of man,  
Praise to Thy name!”

*Tr. from Ephraim Syrus.*

**3406. EPIPHANY: Magi's Offering.**

Matthew ii: 11.

O chief of cities, Bethlehem,  
Of David's crown the fairest gem,  
But more to us than David's name,  
In thee, as man, the Saviour came.

Beyond the sun in splendor bright,  
Above thee stands a wondrous light  
Proclaiming from the conscious skies  
That here in flesh the Godhead lies.

See, coming from the East, afar  
Chaldean sages hail his star,  
And low in adoration bent  
Their threefold gifts to Him present.

The golden tribute owns Him King,  
But frankincense to God they bring;  
And last, prophetic sign, with myrrh  
They shadow forth His sepulchre.  
*Prudentius, tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

**3407. EPIPHANY: Morning Star.**

Matthew ii: 9.

The wondering sages trace from far,  
Bright in the west, the morning star;  
A light illumes the western skies,  
Seen never in the east to rise.

Eternity produced its blaze,  
Time's fulness hails its nearer rays;  
Its brightness chases night away,  
And kindles darkness into day.

O Jesu! brightest Morning Star!  
Shed forth Thy beams both near and far,  
That all, in these our later days,  
May know Thee, and proclaim Thy praise.  
*E. Lange, tr. by F. E. Cox.*

**3408. EPIPHANY, The.**

Isaiah lx: 3.

Beyond the barren mountain range  
Where Hor lifts up its sacred head,  
And buried lies in mystery strange,  
As years work out their silent change,  
The city of the dead.

Where proud Euphrates day by day  
Winds through the plain, or sleeping lies,  
The watching Magi nightly pray,  
And seek the future's hidden way  
From planet-lighted skies.

Through the unclouded midnight air,  
On vast infinity's dark page,  
With deepest skill and constant care,  
They read the golden letters there  
That wax not old with age.

Lo! as they gaze with deep intent,  
A star more brilliant than the rest,  
The herald of some great event,  
Moves through the gilded firmament  
Onward towards the west.

Then came the sound tradition brought  
From Peor's top in days of old,  
What time the seer entranced caught  
Prophetic power, and, spirit taught,  
The future did unfold.

A sceptre shall from Israel rise,  
A star from Jacob doubly blest;  
And now before their wondering eyes  
The brilliant meteor walks the skies  
Still onward towards the west.

Where'er it leads, that fiery light  
Unhidden by the blaze of day,  
And marking with intenser might  
The darkness of the deeper night,  
They follow on the way.

With morning's blush, when sunsets fade,  
On over rock and steep and wild,  
By palm and cedar-tree and shade,  
Till in the homely manger laid  
They find the royal child.

Intruding doubts away they fling,  
Unheeding the unwonted stir,  
They from their costly treasures bring  
Free offerings for the infant King,  
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Gold shadows forth His royalty  
While frankincense His priesthood shows,  
And myrrh that He shall buried be;  
And so the wondrous mystery  
With deeper meaning grows.  
*Frederick W. Kittermaster.*

### 3409. ESAU SELLING HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

Hebrews xii : 16, 17.

"And is there in God's world so drear a place  
Where the loud bitter cry is raised in vain?  
Where tears of penance come too late for  
grace,  
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain?"

'Tis even so: the sovereign Lord of souls  
Stores in the dungeon of His boundless realm  
Each bolt that o'er the sinner vainly rolls,  
With gathered wrath the reprobate to whelm.

Will the storm hear the sailor's piteous cry,  
Taught to mistrust too late; the tempting  
wave,  
When all around he sees but sea and sky,  
A God in anger, a self-chosen grave?

Or will the thorns, that strew intemperance'  
bed,  
Turn with a wish to down? will late remorse  
Recall th' shaft the murderer's hand has  
sped,  
Or from the guiltless bosom turn its course?

Then may th' unbodied soul in safety fleet  
Through the dark curtains of the world  
above,

Fresh from the stain of crime; nor fear to  
meet  
The God whom here she would not learn to  
love.

Then is there hope for such as die unblest,  
That angels' wings may waft them to the  
shore,  
Nor need the unready virgin strike her  
breast.  
Nor wait desponding round the bridegroom's  
door.

But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?  
Of old they leaned on Thy eternal word,  
But with the sinner's fear their hope departs,  
Fast linked as Thy great Name to Thee, O  
Lord!

That name, by which Thy faithful oath is  
past,  
That we should endless be, for joy or woe;  
And if the treasures of Thy wrath could  
waste,  
Thy lovers must their promised heaven  
forego.

But ask of elder days, earth's vernal hour,  
When in familiar talk God's voice was  
heard,  
When at the patriarch's call the fiery shower  
Propitious o'er the turf-built shrine ap-  
peared.

Watch by our father Isaac's pastoral door:  
The birthright sold, the blessing lost and  
won;  
Tell Heaven has wrath that can relent no  
more;  
The grave, dark deeds that cannot be un-  
done.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss  
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;  
Thus Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,  
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded  
crown.

Our faded crown, despised and flung aside,  
Shall on some brother's brow immortal  
bloom.  
No partial hand the blessing may misguide;  
No flattering fancy change our Monarch's  
doom.

His righteous doom, that meek, true-hearted  
love  
The everlasting birthright should receive,  
The softest dews drop on her from above,  
The richest green her mountain garland  
weave.

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest born,  
Bow to her sway, and move at her behest:  
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,  
Nor Balaam's curse on love, which God hath  
blest.  
*John Keble.*

## 3410. ESHCOL, The Grapes of.

Numbers xiii : 23, 24.

Among the tribes, the weary tribes, we wander;

The way is long, complainings fill the air;  
With God so near, we fear the kings of Edom;  
By smitten rocks we yield us to despair.

The seas gape wide and make for us a pathway,

We hear the cry of Pharaoh's drowning host;  
But mists roll up, there's discord and confusion,

And far away is Canaan's peaceful coast.

Then do we see that walking close beside us  
With steady step, and eyes that onward look,  
Are those who went before us to that country,  
And brought us grapes from Eshcol's wondrous brook.

Their faces shine, their lips are always singing,

The winds of Canaan have their foreheads fanned,

Alike to them are sunrise and sun-setting,  
Their feet make haste! They have beheld the land!

Oh! thanks, and thanks, a thousand times repeated!

We know your names, ye valiant, faithful few;  
Your lowest words are like a song from heaven.

Ye searched the land out better than ye knew!  
When through the camp there rings a cry for "Egypt,"

And all the tribes sway backward in despair,  
We turn to you who bear the purple clusters,  
For still ye say, "Surely the land is fair."

We pray you, friends, walk closer still beside  
Talk to us often of the way ye took, [us,  
When ye beheld the figs and pomegranates,  
And plucked the grapes that grew by Eshcol's brook.

When doubts, like evil birds, fly on before us,  
And clouds obscure the path that must be trod,

Speak low to us of Sinai and its glory,  
Repeat the name of Israel's mighty God.

Ages have passed since Miriam's song was ended,

The wondrous brothers lead the hosts no more;

But we can hear the whisperings of Jordan,  
And see, afar, our Canaan's peaceful shore.

With undimmed splendor shines the star of Jacob,

Safe! safe for aye our title-deed doth stand!  
Our lips shall taste the purple grapes of Eshcol,

For evermore we shall possess the land!

*Ellen M. H. Gates.*

## 3411. ESDRAELON, Plain of.

Esdraelon's plain still boasts its myrtle bow-ers,

Golden with corn, or carpeted with flowers;  
How like a sainted mind that seeks the skies,  
Crowned with a glory, Tabor's tops arise!  
From base to summit groves are waving green,

While many a hoary ruin peeps between.  
Here mouldered church and fallen convent show

How warm was zeal a thousand years ago;  
In yon stone cell the hermit knelt to pray,  
And passed in dreams his martyr life away.  
Jasmine's white bells and henna's yellow bloom

Breathe out their sweets till rocks e'en drink perfume;

In viewless clouds those odors mount the air,  
And Tabor stands like some rich altar there.

*Nicholas Michell.*

## 3412. ESTHER—MORDECAI.

Morn is come, the purple morn,  
Yet it looks on shapes forlorn;  
On thy glittering roofs, Shushan,  
There are mourners wild and wan;  
Eyes upturned, dishevelled hair,  
Brows unturbaned, bosoms bare;  
Hands in restless anguish wrung  
By the grief that knows no tongue;  
Dust and ashes on the brow.  
King of Israel, where art Thou?  
Through the livelong winter's night,  
Like the harvest in the blight;  
Like the reeds, by storms o'erthrown;  
Rank on rank, lay Israel strown.  
Prostrate on their naked roofs,  
Listening to the trampling hoofs,  
Listening to the trumpet's clang,  
As to horse the riders sprang;  
Bearing each the bloody scroll,  
Slaying all things but the soul.

Every blast that trumpet gave  
Was a summons to the grave;  
Every torch that hurried by  
Told that myriads were to die!  
Myriads, in that midnight sleeping,  
Where the Arab balms are weeping;  
Where along th' Ionian hill  
Night-dews of the rose distil;  
By the Scythian mountain-chain;  
By the Ethiopian plain;  
By the Indian Ocean's roar,  
By the farthest fiery shore,  
Where the foot of man could tread;  
Where the Jew could hide his head;  
Where his heart could heave the groan;  
On the earth alone, alone!  
Son of the Captivity,  
Vengeance winged that shaft for thee.  
Judah, scattered, "spent and peeled,"  
In that hour thy doom was sealed!

Still, the opening palace porch  
 Showed the troop, with trump and torch,  
 Thundering through the dusk beneath,  
 Each a messenger of death;  
 Like a sanguine meteor rushing,  
 Light on tower and temple flushing;  
 Till dispersed, the furious horde,  
 Like the fragments of a sword,  
 Like the lightning, scattered forth,  
 East, and west, and south, and north.  
 While the son of Israel's gaze  
 Watched the shooting of that blaze,  
 As o'er hill and plain it spread;  
 Like the livid vapors fed,  
 Where the battle's remnants lie,  
 Withering to the stormy sky.  
 King of Israel, hear the prayer  
 Of Thy people in despair!

Yet, within thy courts, Shushan,  
 Stood that morn an ancient man:  
 On his high phylactery  
 Wisdom that can never die;  
 On the motion of his hand,  
 Propped upon the ivory wand;  
 On his step, though weak with age,  
 Stamped the leader and the sage.

Hark the shoutings! In his pride,  
 Sullen-hearted, cruel-eyed,  
 With the signet of command  
 Glittering on his haughty hand.  
 With his barb's caparison  
 Dazzling as an Indian throne,  
 Haman comes, of lords the lord,  
 Persia's buckler, Persia's sword!  
 In his front the timbrels sounding,  
 Round his steed the dancers bounding,  
 Roses flung beneath his tread,  
 Brodered banners o'er his head,  
 Chiefs, with jewelled shield and spear,  
 Flashing round the dark vizier.

But a pang of wrath and shame  
 Lights his cheek with sudden flame!  
 One, above the prostrate crowd,  
 Like a pillar stands unbowed.  
 Day by day, that silent one,  
 Stood beside that portal-stone,  
 Scorning with the slave to stoop  
 To the tyrant's vulture-swoop;  
 Scorning the hypocrisy  
 Of the captive's bended knee:  
 Bowing only to the rod  
 Of his conscience and his God!

Day by day the tyrant's heart  
 Felt that scorn, a living dart;  
 In his breast of pride and ire,  
 Scorpion sting, and serpent spire;  
 Till the murderer's oath was sworn,  
 That the babe of Israel born,  
 Priest and Levite, matron, maid,  
 All should in their blood be laid—  
 All should in their graves atone,  
 That high glance, thou ancient one.

Now, from his deluded king,  
 Fraud had won the missive ring;  
 Now, the seal of death was sent,  
 To the palace, to the tent—  
 Far as Persia's banners wave,  
 Far as Israel finds a grave,  
 Far as tears of blood are shed  
 Was the gory mandate sped.  
 Now, in his triumphant hour  
 To the monarch's banquet bower,  
 In a tyrant's full-blown pride,  
 Rode the mighty homicide.

Still, beside the portal-stone  
 Stood that old, unbending one;  
 Still, beyond his fierce control,  
 Strong in majesty of soul.  
 On the tyrant's heart his gaze  
 Fell like a consuming blaze.  
 Swelled in vain the loud "All hail!"  
 On his glance the pomp grew pale;  
 Clashed in vain the shield and spear,  
 On his glauce rose rack and bier.  
 In that ancient form, unbowed,  
 As the gathering of the cloud,  
 As the rushing of the gale,  
 As the forest's rising wail,  
 Tells the coming thunderstroke,  
 Ruin on the satrap broke!  
 Though that night his grasp might wring  
 Asia from his trusting king;  
 Though the world's first diadem  
 On his haughty brow might beam;  
 Yet his spirit's sudden thrill  
 Told him he was mortal still;  
 At his feet he saw the tomb:  
 In that prophet-eye was doom!

Night is on the royal bower,  
 Roses on the couches shower;  
 Soft, as from the opening skies,  
 Fall delicious harmonies;  
 Flaming from a thousand urns,  
 Incense round the banquet burns;  
 O'er the golden-sculptured roof,  
 Shooting from the eye aloof,  
 Till it seems another heaven,  
 Studded with the stars of even;  
 Rich as an enchanted dream,  
 Thousand golden cressets gleam.  
 Grouped around the mighty hall,  
 Indian dwarf, and Nubian tall,  
 Jewel-turbaned, tissue-robed,  
 Stand in dazzling light englobed:  
 Stand the Syrian sons of song,  
 Stand the Grecian minstrel-throng.  
 All is pomp, and feast, and dance,  
 All is joy's delicious trance;  
 Empire's pleasure, empire's power,  
 Centred in one matchless hour:  
 Still, there shrinks one eye of fear—  
 It is thine, thou dark vizier!

But, what sounds on midnight sail!  
 Hark! a rush, a shriek, a wail,



Deepening to one death-like cry,  
 Like a wreck's last agony;  
 Like the sounds that rend the air  
 In some city's last despair,  
 When upon her midnight wall  
 Rings the stormer's trumpet-call!  
 Through the portals of the bower,  
 Israel, rush thy virgin flower;  
 Like a halo round their queen.  
 Yet no festal smile is seen;  
 Yet no tresses, pearl entwined,  
 Play on the enamored wind.  
 Dust and ashes on the head,  
 Faces veiled, unsandalled tread,  
 Breathe their lips a funeral hymn;  
 All is dark, dishevelled, dim.  
 But, advancing to the throne,  
 From their circle moves, alone,  
 Esther, palest of the pale;  
 On her lip a trembling tale;  
 In her step a woman's fear,  
 On her cheek a woman's tear;  
 But within her glorious eye  
 Lustre lighted from the sky;  
 Like an altar's flame, the sign  
 Of her hope and help divine!

Standing by the royal board,  
 In the cup the wine she poured;  
 Then with eyes to heaven upthrown,  
 Hushed within her heart the groan.  
 "By thy diadem and ring,  
 Pledge thy bride, of kings thou king."  
 On the monarch's wondering gaze  
 Flashed her eye's supernal blaze;  
 Never, in love's richest hour,  
 Struck so deep her beauty's power;  
 Never passion's breathings stole  
 On his ear such chains of soul.  
 From her hand he took the wine:  
 "Empress, be my sceptre thine."

High to heaven, with gesture grand,  
 Raised the queen the golden wand:  
 "Who shall smite," she sternly cried,  
 "Age and childhood, maid and bride?  
 Who shall triumph, whom his ire  
 Steps in blood the son and sire?  
 Who shall point the traitor-sword,  
 Aspic-like, to sting his lord?  
 Kings' and people's murderer—  
 King, behold the traitor—there!"  
 With the more than mortal sound  
 Rang the mighty hall around!

Haman, boldest of the bold,  
 Felt his burning blood run cold;  
 Smote by heaven, ambition, pride,  
 All the tiger in him died;  
 On his lip one fearful cry,  
 In his heart one agony.  
 At the monarch's footstool flung,  
 Still to abject life he clung;  
 But he gnaws the dust in vain,  
 Earth abjures the living stain;

From the royal footstool torn,  
 Through the shouting city borne;  
 Now in fetters dragged to die,  
 Taunts and curses round him fly.  
 Now is paid the long arrears:  
 Truths 'tis worse than death to hear;  
 Wrongs, by terror forced to sleep;  
 Wrongs, 'twas ruin but to weep;  
 Wrongs, that rankled in the breast,  
 While the lip in smiles was drest;  
 Wrongs, that, prostrate at his feet,  
 Made the hope of vengeance sweet;  
 Wrongs, that pined to curse his name,  
 In the shout that fools call fame.  
 Grievs, long nursed in shame and gloom,  
 Things that make the heart a tomb;  
 Stings of soul, that slaves must hide,  
 Now find voices wild and wide;  
 All the buried agonies  
 Now in living vengeance rise.  
 Thousands who had kissed the ground,  
 At his courser's fiery bound;  
 Thousands, piled on tower and roof,  
 Gazing on the scene aloof;

Thousands, rushing where he stands,  
 Shuddering in the headman's hands,  
 Gasp to see the tyrant's fall;  
 Fury, triumph, vengeance all!  
 Yet, if there were still a pang,  
 Haman, through thy breast it sprang,  
 As the scaffold met thy glare,  
 Like a spectre in the air;  
 On that scaffold, huge and high,  
 Mordecai was doomed to die!  
 At the glance, the scorpion-thought  
 Through his frozen bosom shot.  
 "Yes, before this day was past,  
 There he shouldst have looked his last;  
 There, on all beneath the sky,  
 Should have closed his haughty eye.  
 Now the shame, the blood, the groan,  
 Madman, murderer, are thine own!"

But, who comes in royal state?  
 Opes for whom the golden gate?  
 Round his car, a moving throne,  
 Persia's royal trumpets blown;  
 Hailed by Persia's herald-throng,  
 Hailed by Israel's holiest song.  
 In the royal canopy;  
 Hallowed triumph in his eye,  
 Persia's signet of command  
 Glittering on his ancient hand.  
 Mordecai! that pomp is thine;

Joy to ransomed Palestine!  
 Now no more shall Judah lie,  
 Dreading, or to live, or die!  
 In that hour was checked the flood,  
 Where the waves were Israel's blood;  
 In that hour was broke the chain;  
 Israel shall be throned again!

*George Croly.*

**3413. ESTHER, The Success of.**

Esther v : 2.

The King holds out the golden sceptre;  
 And this its language seems to be:  
 "Fear not! My hand has royal power,  
 And I will use that power for thee!"

She rightly understands its meaning,  
 And with a beating heart draws nigh.  
 "Queen Esther, what is thy petition?  
 Fear not! It cannot rise too high."

Encouraged thus, her sad heart's burden  
 She wholly casts upon her lord;  
 The multitude of thoughts within her,  
 Before that throne of grace are poured.

Come, Bride of Christ, her footsteps follow!  
 Jesus Himself is on the Throne,  
 His sceptre graciously extendeth,  
 And bids thee call His power thine own.

Then touch the sceptre, night and morning,  
 And many times throughout the day:  
 He loves thee, and He cares to listen  
 To everything thou hast to say.

Is there a thought thou hast not uttered  
 To any friend beneath the sun,  
 A thought that cannot find expression,  
 A thought that seems but just begun?

O go and tell it all to Jesus?  
 Jesus is sure to understand!  
 Pour out thy burdened heart before Him,  
 And touch the sceptre with thy hand.

Be not afraid, and be not slothful;  
 For He hath said, "Seek ye My Face!"  
 Draw near, and every time draw nearer;  
 "Come boldly to the Throne of Grace!"  
*Catharine Hankey.*

**3414. ESTHER, Vashti and.**

Esther vii : 3.

Thou art the great Ahasuerus, whose command  
 Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's  
 thy land;

Rebellious Vashti's the corrupted will,  
 Which, being called, refuses to fulfil  
 Thy just command; Esther, whose tears con-  
 The razed city, is the regen'rate soul; [dole  
 A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to  
 grace

With nuptial honors in stout Vashti's place:  
 Her kinsman, whose unbended knee did  
 thwart

Proud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part;  
 The sober eunuch, that recalled to mind  
 The new-built gibbet (Haman had divined  
 For his own ruin), fifty cubits high,  
 Is lustful thought-controlling chastity;  
 Insulting Haman is that fleshly lust  
 Whose red-hot fury for a season must

Triumph in pride, and study how to tread  
 On Mordecai, till royal Esther plead. [come;

Great king, thy sent-for Vashti will not  
 Oh let the oil of the bless'd virgin's womb  
 Cleanse my poor Esther; look, oh! look upon  
 her

With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of  
 honor

So scour her captive stains, that she may  
 An holy object of thy heavenly love: [prove  
 Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,  
 Then try the sweetness of her chaste em-  
 braces:

Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,  
 And set thy royal crown upon her head;  
 If then ambitious Haman chance to spend  
 His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend  
 The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,  
 Or basely crouch to any lord but thee;  
 If weeping Esther should prefer a groan  
 Before the high tribunal of thy throne,  
 Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford  
 The gentle audience of a gracious lord:  
 And let thy royal Esther be possess  
 Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request;  
 Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,  
 Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face:  
 And as proud Haman was himself ensnared  
 On that self-gibbet that himself prepared;  
 So nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,  
 On that dear cross that mine own lusts have  
 built.

*Francis Quarles.***3415. ETERNITY.**

Over a river deep and wide,  
 Never ruffled by wind or tide,  
 Never disturbed by a reckless oar,  
 But ever placid from shore to shore,  
 A cathedral has stood for ages past,  
 Unique and wonderful, grand and vast.

Of its mystic bells the solemn peal  
 Softly over the river steal;  
 Anon my ear, through mists of Time,  
 The ding-dong hears of its muffled chime  
 (A monotone deeper than voice of the sea),  
 "E-ter-ni-ty—E-ter-ni-ty."

Mutely, slowly, through the ford  
 Files a line of worshippers toward  
 The strange cathedral; one by one  
 Entering its vasty aisles to con  
 Of mysteries all the mystery,  
 Eternity—Eternity.

One by one, since the birth of time,  
 Of every rank and age and clime,  
 A vast, vast host has been plodding o'er  
 The quiet stream to the farther shore,  
 To solve what for aye shall a problem be—  
 Eternity—Eternity.

"Fall in, fall in!" cries the angel, Death;  
 And none, though shiv'ring with bated breath,

With childish fear of the water's chill,  
But at once the fiat must fulfil,  
To make, in line, for his destiny,  
Eternity—Eternity.

Never can feeble, finite man  
Its vasty, moving cycles span;  
Forever be the task pursued,  
Yet ever, baffled, man shall brood,  
With questing thought, o'er what can be  
Eternity—Eternity.

If full a thousand years 'twould take  
Of arctic snows to melt each flake,  
The mountain drifts shall all dissolve,  
And score with mighty score involve,  
And yet prefigure not to thee,  
Eternity—Eternity.

Did all the twinkling stars resolve  
Their silvery glory to dissolve,  
That hence, in each ten-thousandth year,  
One or another should disappear,  
The long "forever" would not be  
Eternity—Eternity.

Think, think, O man! 'Tis not a jest,  
By graceless, faithless wits expressed;  
List thou, and list'ning, fear as well,  
How voices loud from heaven and hell  
Announce to thee most solemnly,  
Eternity—Eternity.

Thou art! and this is God's decree,  
That thou shalt never cease to be!  
The heavens shall melt, the sun expire,  
The whirling globe be wrapped in fire,  
Yet leave unchanged thy destiny,  
Eternity—Eternity.

Across a river, deep and wide,  
Never rippled by breeze or tide,  
Never bestirred by a heedless oar,  
But always placid from shore to shore,  
Anon this peal there steals to me,  
"E-ter-ni-ty—E-ter-ni-ty."

*W. H. Luekenbach.*

### 3416. EUPHRATES, Source of the.

There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,  
Three beauteous rivers rolled their confluent  
force,  
Whose streams, while man the blissful gar-  
den trod,  
Adorned the earthly paradise of God.  
But since he fell, within their triple bound  
Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground;  
Meeting at once, where high athwart their  
bed  
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,  
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools  
crossed,  
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost;  
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,  
White down the precipice they dashed below;

There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,  
They spent their rage, and yoked their four-  
fold tide;  
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,  
The sister-rivers sought the parent sea.

*James Montgomery.*

### 3417. EUPHRATES, The.

Bright stream! whose wavelets flowed  
through Eden's bowers,  
Watering its trees and incense-breathing  
flowers,  
Soothing with murmurs Eve's enraptured ear,  
And all her heavenly charms reflecting clear:  
River! whose mountain-born and rapid flood  
Swept Shinar's plain, where sky-topped  
Babel stood,  
Wound, like a huge snake glittering in the  
sun,  
Through earth's first city, mighty Babylon!  
And saw, along those wild and palmy banks,  
The first dread conqueror range his blood-  
stained ranks!  
All hail, Euphrates! stream of hoary time,  
Fair as majestic, sacred as sublime!  
What thoughts of earth's young morning  
dost thou bring!  
What hallowed memories to thy bright waves  
cling!  
The bowers are crushed where Eve in beauty  
shone,  
The woods are wastes, the towers are over-  
thrown;  
Ages have whelmed, beneath their ruthless  
tide,  
Assyria's glory and Chaldæa's pride:  
But thou, exhaustless river, rollest still,  
Raising thy lordly voice by vale and hill;  
Sparkling through palm-groves, washing  
empires' graves,  
And gladdening thirsty deserts with thy  
waves;  
Mirroring the heavens, that know no change,  
like thee,  
A glittering dream, a bright-leaved history!

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3418. EVE, The Serpent and.

James i: 14.

*Serpent.* Not eat? not taste? not touch?  
not cast an eye  
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?  
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordained  
for food?  
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n  
called good?  
Why was it made, if not to be enjoyed?  
Neglect of favors makes a favor void;  
Blessings unused pervert into a waste  
As well as surfeits. Woman, do but taste.  
See how the laden boughs make silent suit  
To be enjoyed; look how their bending fruit  
Meet thee half-way; observe but how they  
crouch  
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:

Mark what a pure vermilion touch has dyed  
Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame  
they hide

Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by  
Neglected: woman, do but cast an eye.

What bounteous Heav'n ordained for use  
refuse not;

Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye  
use not.

*Eve.* Wisest of beasts, our great Creator  
did

Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;  
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are  
As pleasing to the taste, to the eye as fair;  
But, touching this, His strict commands are  
such,

'Tis death to taste, no less than death to  
touch.

*Serpent.* Pish! death's a fable; did not  
Heav'n inspire

Your equal elements with living fire,  
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that  
breath

Immortal? Come, ye are as free from death  
As He that made you. Cau the flames  
expire

Which He has kindled? Can ye quench His  
fire?

Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim  
What'er He made, from the blue-spangled  
frame

To the poor leaf that trembles, very good?  
Blessed He not both the feeder and the  
food?

Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue  
From such blessed food, to such half gods  
as you?

Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit  
Abuse your freedom; woman, take and eat.

*Eve.* 'Tis true we are immortal; death is  
yet

Unborn, and, till rebellion make it death,  
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until  
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.  
The lips that open to this fruit 's a portal  
To let in death, and make immortal mortal.

*Serpent.* You cannot die; come, woman,  
taste and fear not.

*Eve.* Shall Eve transgress? I dare not,  
oh! I dare not.

*Serpent.* Afraid? why draw'st thou back  
thy tim'rous arm?

Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.  
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this  
tree;

'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He.  
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness  
never

Fear death; do, pull and eat, and live for-  
ever.

*Eve.* 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good  
To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food:  
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too  
To know the secrets of this dainty.

*Serpent.*

Do.

*Francis Quarles.*

## 3419. EZEKIEL.

*Ezekiel xxvii: 26.*

Lend me the key which opes the secret cells,  
Where, in His words and works, the Godhead  
dwells.

As nearer we approach Him, all things throng  
Vocal with heavenly language, and a tongue  
Speaking in figure, where the East describes  
The glowing footsteps of th' unfolded skies.

By Chebar's flood, around the prophet come  
Dread speaking faces, peopling all the gloom,  
And cherubim with cherubim do ply [by,  
Their wheeling wings, and fiery shapes pass  
Or, with the swiftness of a flying star,  
He in Jerusalem is found afar.

Now Egypt, the great dragon, netted lies  
'Mid his own waters; or the seas arise  
O'er Tyre, the princely ship that walked the  
waves;

Now Lebanon's cedar the strong tempest  
braves.

E'en n'ow, as then, in images of fire,  
Men see the flashes of the Almighty's ire,  
Admire, and tremble not; they come around  
And listen to the church, as to the sound  
Of a sweet lovely song, or tuneful reed,  
And hear her awful voice, but do not heed.

*Isaac Williams.*

## 3420. EZEL.

*1 Samuel xx: 19.*

They met to part—forever? And what won-  
der

They, brave in battles, wept beyond control:  
The falling bolt would cleave their lives  
asunder,

While yet their friendship knit them soul to  
soul.

They wept together, and with seeming fitness  
Of this sad mourning, sacredly their own,  
Blind, heartless Ezel, was the only witness:  
The world was by them, but the world was  
stone.

Enough it is for grievous lamentation,  
For years, to lose the presence of a friend;  
But more, alas! when cometh separation  
That hath no promise of a joyful end.

How much their heaviness it would have  
lighted

Could they have seen as we can gladly see:  
True friends divided shall be reunited;  
All time is love's, far more eternity.

The parting for the last time cometh never  
To them who love each other in the Lord;  
Not long can time or space or aught else sever  
Souls bound together in such sweet accord.

Were this not so, how over-full of sorrow  
Would many of our separations be!  
To part, and hope no meeting in the morrow,  
Would press upon our hearts too heavily.

All they are close akin who love sincerely,  
And they are very near the Father's heart;  
The fulness of their joy He holds most dearly,  
And, therefore, wills they shall not stay apart.

We go our ways, then, with a strength un-  
broken

By painful partings here that needs must  
come.

Adieu, the farewell fittest to be spoken,  
Our faith and love speak, though our lips be  
dumb. *James Madison Williams.*

**3421. FEAST, Invitation to the.**

Luke xiv : 22.

Yet there is room, the Master has said,  
Room at the feast His bounty has spread;  
Out of the lanes and hedges of sin,  
Gather them in, gather them in;  
This is the message from Jesus to-day,  
Now in compassion we hear Him say,  
Earnestly, tenderly ask them to come,  
Tell them there yet is room.

Yet there is room where all may be fed;  
Why should they pine and languish for bread?  
Gather the weak o'er-laden with sin,  
Gather them in, gather them in;  
Mercy entreateth, oh come unto me!  
Joyful to all shall her welcome be,  
Lovingly, pleadingly, ask them to come,  
Tell them there yet is room.

Gather them in, the young and the old;  
Gather them in, there's room in the fold;  
Eager their souls for Jesus to win,  
Gather them in, gather them in;  
Gather them in to the banquet of grace,  
Gather them in to our Lord's embrace;  
Faithfully, prayerfully urge them to come,  
Tell them there yet is room.

*W. H. Doane.*

**3422. FEAST, No Room at the.**

Too late, no room! the "Lamb's bright hall  
of song"  
Is closed forever 'gainst the giddy throng.

While down the slope of hills the day de-  
clined,  
Thou in thine ease and folly hast reclined.

Didst thou not see the shadows rushing by,  
And hear the Spirit's earnest pleading cry?

Alas! alas! the banquet was for thee;  
The bridegroom bade thee come, and love was  
free.

Now closed forever is the door, and barred;  
'Tis vain to cry: Oh let me in, my Lord!

*S. M. O. Hoffman.*

**3423. FEAST, Room at the.**

Luke xiv : 22.

Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of  
song,

With its fair glory, beckons thee along;  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;  
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to  
go;

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

The bridal hall is filling for the feast:  
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's  
guest;

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!  
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for  
thee:

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;  
That cup of everlasting love is free;  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;  
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy  
doom;  
Then the last, low, long cry: "No room, no  
room!"

No room, no room: oh, woful cry, "No  
room!" *Horatius Bonar.*

**3424. FEAST, The Gospel.**

Num. iv : 7; 2 Chron. ii : 4; 1 Cor. x : 17.

One temple, and one table, and one loaf,  
For the great company of the forgiven,  
The numbers without number; yet enough  
For all in earth or heaven.

One name, one Church, one Lord,

One hall, one robe, one feast;

His Church a guest at His high board,

And He His Church's guest;

His fulness evermore

An endless, undiminished store.

To an unearthly feast

The Master calls His own;

At an unearthly board

His bidden ones sit down.

The true unleavened bread

Is on His table laid;

Daily to them is given

To drink the wine of heaven;

I am the bread of God,  
Which cometh down from heaven;  
The one continual bread,  
The loaf without the leaven;  
The shew-bread of the holy place,  
To His true Israel given;  
Eternal nourishment and strength,  
The food of the forgiven!

Not on the solemn days alone,  
When round the holy board  
We gather in the name  
Of an ascended Lord,  
Does this continual loaf  
Its vital power afford;  
Each day, each hour, this bread imparts  
Its life and comfort to our hearts.  
We feast on Him in daily faith,  
He feasts with us in daily love;  
Himself the bread, Himself the wine,  
He pours in gladness from above.  
Absent, yet present, what can e'er  
His fellowship from us remove?  
Ours is a long unbroken feast,  
And still the last we find the best.

No priestly spell or rite,  
No word, or touch, or sign  
Is needed to transform  
The earthly to divine.  
"Lo! I am with you," thus He speaks,  
"Myself the bread and wine;  
Present to faith's far-reaching eye,  
The faith that makes the distant nigh."

And all are gathered round!  
The far off and the near,  
The men of every age and clime  
In fellowship feast here.  
One family, one board,  
One loaf, one feast, one Lord!  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3425. FEET**, Christ Washing the Disciples'.  
John xiii : 5, 6.

O blessed Jesus! when I see Thee bending,  
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants' feet, [ing,  
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blend-  
To wash their dust away and make them meet  
To share Thy feast, I know not to adore,  
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

Meek Jesus! to my soul, Thy spirit lending,  
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love;  
With humblest service all Thy saints be-  
friending,  
Until I serve before Thy throne above—  
Yes! serving e'er my foes, for Thou didst seek  
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending  
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin;  
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,  
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,  
And make me fit to have a part with Thee  
And Thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.  
*George W. Bethune.*

**3426. FELIX**, Paul Before.

Acts xxiv : 24, 25; Acts xxvi : 25.

No smooth-tongued orator is he,  
But foe to all iniquity,  
The greatest dares reprove;  
A preacher rational of grace,  
Explains the life of righteousness,  
Sobriety, and love.

He preaches Christ and faith in Him,  
Who died His people to redeem,  
Who soon in judgment comes;  
And those that made Him die in vain,  
That dead in wilful sin remain,  
To death eternal dooms.

A magistrate corrupt and lewd,  
A sinner wallowing in his blood,  
He seizes by the word;  
And while his conscience he awakes,  
The judge before the prisoner wakes,  
And feels the two-edged sword.

He feels the anticipated fear  
Of sinners when the trump they hear,  
And see the judge come down,  
When on the melting rocks they call,  
And bid the burning mountains fall,  
To hide them from His frown.

The heathen dreads his righteous doom,  
The Jewess slights the wrath to come,  
Partaker of his sin,  
She sleeps in forms insensible,  
Till the wide opening mouth of hell,  
Vesuvius takes her in.\*

He trembles, but he cannot stay  
And perfectly inquire the way,  
To' escape the endless woe;  
Convinced of his beloved crime,  
Yet for a more convenient time  
He lets the present go.

Alarmed in vain the truth he hears,  
Repentance fatally defers,  
And faith in Jesus' name;  
He waits as life were in his power,  
Waits for a more convenient hour,  
Which never, never came.

Neglecting such a time as this,  
What crowds of guilty souls will miss  
The true celestial way  
(Who would not, when they might, repent),  
And in eternal groans lament,  
Their damnable delay.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3427. FIG-TREE**, Barren.

Luke xiii : 6-9.

Long-suffering God, Thou interceding Lamb!  
A barren cumberer of the ground I am.

Thou comest oft into this field, to see  
If fruit is there; but findest none on me.

\* She was swallowed up there.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

A useless seed, a fruitless root am I;  
The fruitful ground I vainly occupy.

Year after year and yet no signs of fruit;  
Then cut it down—down to the very root!

Nay, Lord, but spare it yet another year;  
I'll dig about its roots with tender care.

The things most dear are counted now as  
loss,  
And what the soul desired is now but dross.

All the vain pleasures that destroyed the  
fruit,  
Are now as dung, to cast about the root.

Then spare it, Lord, in love and mercy spare;  
Accept my plea, vouchsafe to grant my prayer.

Oh let it live before Thee! mercy cries;  
And let it find acceptance in Thine eyes!

The fruitless tree may yet, in time to come,  
Put forth its bud, its blossom, and its bloom.

If fruit it bear, then wilt Thou say, Well done!  
If not, then lift the axe, and cut it down.

The axe is stayed, and mercy spares the tree;  
My soul, another year is given to thee!

Lord, for this sparing mercy, love, and grace,  
Oh may I yield Thee fruits of righteousness!  
*Robert Maguire.*

### 3428. FIG-TREE, The.

Matthew xxi : 17-22.

"Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Alas! how many years have come and gone!  
The gardener looked, but found no fruit  
Leaves, only leaves he found. [thereon;

Earth was not iron to thee, [at noon  
Nor brass the heavens o'erhead, nor drouth  
Dried up thy roots; for thee the helping sun  
Drew water from the sea.

And dressers came to dress, [wall;  
And trained thy branches to the friendly  
And green thou grewest up, and straight and  
Whence then this barrenness? [tall;

Cast not thy fruit, nor be [spare,  
As clouds without their water. Spare, oh!  
Thou husbandman; perchance it yet may  
Other than leaves for me. [bear

Then he, the husbandman,  
Spake graciously, and that grace bestowed  
Was not in vain; through all the fibrous  
The juices flowed amain. [wood

Then came the tender leaves;  
Like promises the blossoms shone, and fair;  
And fruits made fragrant all the summer's  
Around the web she weaves. [air

For summer mornings rose, [down;  
And nightly dews their precious drops sent  
And every season angels came to crown  
Its branches with new blows.

My soul, thou art that tree;  
Divinely planted, and yet fruitless all;  
Thine too the water-brooks, the showers that  
In grace-drops large and free. [fall

No worm is at thy root [live;  
That shall not die when Christ shall bid me  
Nor branch so barren that shall not revive,  
And blossom, and bear fruit.

My soul, thy leaves put on;  
Seeking for fruit the Master comes, and see  
He finds thee not, as erst He found the tree  
Withered at early noon.

Lord of the vineyard, come, [Thou,  
And eat Thy pleasant summer fruit; for  
Thou only canst with fruitage load the  
And make the barren bloom. [bough,

### 3429. FIG-TREE, The Barren.

"No longer let that tree remain  
Whereon no fruit is found;  
These three years have I come in vain,  
Why cumbereth it the ground?"

'Twas thus indignant Justice spoke;  
But Mercy intercedes,  
And to delay the threatening stroke  
In mildest accents pleads:

"Lord! spare it yet another year,  
Till time my labor crown;  
But, if no wholesome fruit appear,  
Then Thou shalt cut it down."

This fig-tree represents my state,  
Long have I fruitless proved,  
Had not Thy patience, Lord, been great,  
I must have been removed.

But spared another year to see,  
And cultured by Thy grace,  
Oh let me henceforth yield to Thee  
The fruits of righteousness.

### 3430. FIG-TREE, The Barren.

Luke xiii : 7.

*Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down,  
Spare not the fruitless tree!  
It spreads a harmful shade around,  
It spoils what else were useful ground;  
No fruit for years on it I've found:  
Cut it down, cut it down.

*Mercy.* One year more, one year more,  
Oh, spare the fruitless tree!  
Behold its branches broad and green,  
Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,  
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,  
One year more, one year more.

*Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down,  
And burn the worthless tree!  
For other use the soil prepare,  
Some other tree will flourish there,  
And in my vineyard much fruit bear,  
Cut it down, cut it down.

*Mercy.* One year more, one year more,  
For mercy spare the tree!  
Another year of care bestow,  
On its fair form some fruit may grow;  
If not, then lay the cumber low:  
One year more, one year more.

Still it stands, still it stands,  
A fair but fruitless tree!  
The Master, seeking fruit thereon  
Has come; but, grieved at finding none,  
Now speaks to Justice—*Mercy* frown—  
Cut it down, cut it down. *P. P. Bliss.*

**3431. FIRE, The Perpetual.**  
Leviticus vi : 18.

Kindled from heaven, the mystic flame  
Burned through the darksome night,  
And glowed amid the wilderness  
With strange, symbolic light!  
The flame of constant sacrifice  
Fed by this spark divine;  
Whilst incense rose perpetually  
From off the golden shrine.

O wilderness of wandering!  
How rocky pass, and spire,  
Shine forth through all the centuries  
Touched with celestial fire!  
And when His glory filled the house  
On Mount Moriah's height,  
What wonder Israel adored  
And hailed the glorious sight.

'Tis thought that in the later years  
These tokens were not given—  
No answer from the Oracle,  
No fire came from heaven:  
The old men wept, lamenting loud  
The splendor that was fled;  
And yet an age was drawing nigh  
By angels heralded!

One greater than the temple, came—  
His holy name we bear—  
And His is praise continually,  
To Him continual prayer.  
Yet falls upon the listening ear  
From some serener height,  
"Oh, let thine altar flame burn clear  
With a perpetual light!"  
*Annie Lenihal Smith.*

**3432. FIRST-BORN, Death of Egypt's.**  
Exodus xi : 4-7.

'Tis midnight now, and royal eyes  
Are shut in deep repose;  
No fear the palace knows.  
The guard stands watch, and hourly cries  
"All's well." The echo faints and dies.

But hark! a wild and sudden shriek,  
A wail of deep despair  
Breaks on the midnight air;  
The rose fades out of beauty's cheek,  
And stalwart men grow pale and weak.

An awful form sweeps through the land;  
And on His dreadful path  
He leaves His touch of wrath;  
No palace gates can Him withstand,  
Or iron bolt resist His hand.

The Almighty, wrapped in awful mist,  
Moves through the realms of sleep;  
And hid in shadows deep,  
Nor king nor slave His presence wist,  
As drops the death-bolt from His fist—

On palace hall and cottage low,  
Where pillowed children rest;  
On every love-crowned nest  
It falls; and Egypt's mothers know  
The flood-tide of a mighty woe.

The royal heir of Egypt's throne  
Is silent, pale, and cold  
Upon his couch of gold;  
And lords, in palaces of stone,  
Weep o'er their dead, and wail alone.

Their lifeless babes lone mothers press  
Against their breasts in pain;  
With wild and frantic brain  
They cry and moan in their distress;  
Or sit in ashes, comfortless.

Dead! dead! from house to house they wail;  
They tell from street to street,  
Where stricken mourners meet,  
How sleep their first-born cold and pale;  
And night lends horror to the tale.

The white heat of Jehovah's flame  
The heart of steel doth fuse,  
And Pharaoh's will subdues;  
His torn heart bleeds, and droops his frame,  
He quails to hear the Almighty's name.

With frantic haste, long ere the day,  
The king for Moses calls;  
And in the royal walls  
He stands again without delay,  
To hear the humbled monarch pray:

"O Moses! get thee hence! begone;  
My hand and heart relent,  
God's judgment-bolt is sent  
Upon our houses every one;  
And awful grief o'ershades my throne.

"Get from us quickly lest we die!  
Alas! my dear first born!  
The palace is forlorn.  
Plead thou with Him who reigns on high;  
For who God's judgment hand may fly?



"Oh bless me ere thou go; my heart  
 Jehovah's ire hath rent  
 From His high battlement;  
 Plead ye for me! let wrath depart,  
 Remorse hath pierced me like a dart.

"Take all your flocks, take all your goods;  
 And gold our hands shall spare,  
 And jewels which we wear;  
 A way! away o'er fields and floods,  
 Away with all your multitudes."

*Dwight Williams.*

**3433. FIRST-BORN, Death of the.**

Exodus xii : 29, 30.

When life is forgot, and night hath power,  
 And mortals feel no dread;  
 When silence and slumber rule the hour,  
 And dreams around the head;  
 God shall smite the first-born of Egypt's race,  
 The destroyer shall enter each dwelling—  
 Shall enter and choose his dead. [place,

"To your homes," said the leader of Israel's  
 "And slaughter a sacrifice: [host,  
 Let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door—  
 Nor stir till the morn arise; [post,  
 And the angel of vengeance shall pass you by,  
 He shall see the red stain, and shall not come  
 nigh  
 Where the hope of your household lies."

The people hear, and they bow them low—  
 Each to his house hath flown:  
 The lamb is slain, and with blood they go  
 And sprinkle the lintel-stone;  
 And the doors they close when the sun hath  
 But few in oblivious sleep forget [set,  
 The judgment to be done.

'Tis midnight—yet they hear no sound  
 Along the lone, still street;  
 No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,  
 No tramp of unearthly feet,  
 Nor rush as of harpy wing goes by, [sky,  
 But the calm moon floats in the cloudless  
 'Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,  
 A pale blue flash was seen,  
 It passed so swift, the eye scarce could say  
 That such a thing had been:  
 Yet the beat of every heart was still,  
 And the flesh crawled fearfully and chill,  
 And back flowed every vein.

The courage of Israel's bravest quailed  
 At the view of that awful light,  
 Though the blood of their offering availed,  
 To shield them from its might;  
 They felt 'twas the Spirit of Death had past,  
 That the brightness they saw, his cold glance  
 had cast  
 On Egypt's land that night.

That his fearful eye had unwarned struck  
 In the darkness of the grave, [down,  
 The hope of that empire, the praise of its  
 crown,

The first-born of lord and slave:  
 The lovely, the tender, the ardent, the gay,  
 Where are they?—all withered in ashes away  
 At the terrible death-glare it gave.

From the couches of slumber ten thousand  
 cries

Burst forth 'mid the silence dread;  
 The youth by his living brother lies  
 Sightless, and dumb, and dead!  
 The infant lies cold at his mother's breast,  
 She had kissed him alive as she sunk to rest,  
 She awakens—his life hath fled!

And shrieks from the palace-chambers break:  
 Their inmates are steeped in woe,  
 And Pharaoh hath found his proud arm too  
 To arrest the mighty blow: [weak  
 Wail, King of the Pyramids! Egypt's throne  
 Cannot lighten the heart of a single groan  
 For thy kingdom's heir laid low.

Wail, King of the Pyramids! death hath cast  
 His shafts through thine empire wide,  
 But o'er Israel in bondage his rage hath past,  
 No first-born of hers hath died;  
 Go, satrap! command that the captive be free,  
 Lest their God in fierce anger should smite  
 even thee;

On the crown of thy purple pride.

**3434. FIRST-BORN, Destruction of the.**

Exodus xii : 13, 14.

What wail was that which rose from Egypt's  
 land,

A wild and long and heart-appalling cry  
 That smote the brazen arches of the sky  
 Upon that awful morning, when God's hand,  
 In vengeance terrible, had waved the brand,  
 The viewless, soul-dissevering sword of  
 wrath,

O'er all her homes, and with its noiseless  
 scath

Had touched and sundered every vital band  
 That bound her first-born life, unbound at  
 His command!

Egypt stood staggering in that shock of woe,  
 Amazed, o'erwhelmed, till that wild wail  
 went up,

As to her quivering lips was pressed a cup  
 Whose withering agony can no man know  
 Who has not reeled in darkness while the  
 three

Of that same great bereavement stabbed his  
 soul

With mortal anguish, which, o'er all control,  
 Burst in one black, bewildering, whelming  
 flow,

That drove him drunk with grief, stunned,  
 stifled by the blow.

O Egypt! Egypt! such a woe was thine!  
 And down the dim, long ages that have sped  
 I see thee stooping o'er thy prostrate dead,  
 In that dumb agony; while ominous shine  
 The clouds of morn, all blotched with  
 bloody wine,  
 As though the gory rite were sprinkled  
 there,  
 As though o'er all the sky, and earth, and air,  
 In blood were written fearfully that sign  
 Of retribution dread, and sufferance divine.

In slavery's hut, and haughty grandeur's  
 hall,  
 In regal dome, in stall, and open field,  
 Alike did Death his iron sceptre wield,  
 And over all the land a fearful pall [tall,  
 Was spread, and spectral shadows, dark and  
 Moved up and down her palaces and streets.  
 And goblin forms, in mouldy winding-  
 sheets,  
 Unsummoned by the Magian's potent call,  
 Sighed as they glided dim by column, course,  
 and wall.

Manhood stood mute with awe and terror  
 dumb;  
 But woman's heart broke down beneath her  
 love,  
 In wild and passionate wailings, that might  
 move  
 The hearts of marble sphinxes, cold and  
 mum;  
 And glorious, dark-eyed creatures, in the  
 gloom  
 Of Pharaoh's palace, on its floor of stone,  
 Lay frantic flung, clasping with plaintive  
 moan  
 Their stiffening offspring, smitten by the  
 doom  
 That made the gorgeous pile one vast and  
 mournful tomb!

O Egypt! Egypt! say what was thy crime?  
 That God should bruise thee in His anger so,  
 And pour the baptism of such fearful woe  
 On thy proud head, and make thee, through  
 all time,  
 A sad and awful monument sublime  
 Of wrath and shame, of judgment and of fear,  
 To all the ages, ever known and near,  
 Teaching a startling lore to every clime,  
 That thrills us like a knell with ever-echoing  
 chime?

O Egypt! Egypt! let thy grandeur tell  
 Thy pyramids and sphinxes, for they can,  
 How, age on age, they rose on bones of man!  
 And let the deep, dread echoes rise and swell  
 From labyrinth and catacombs, where dwell  
 Dead generations! One eternal groan  
 Comes up from every hewn and sculptured  
 stone,  
 That answers too significantly well:  
 Man was not made divine, for man to buy  
 and sell!

O ye who rear on unrequited toil  
 The glory of a nation or an age,  
 Know well a curse is writ on every page  
 Of every history of wrong and spoil!  
 It brands the brow, the soul, the very soil  
 Of the oppressor, with Jehovah's ban!  
 And all the luxury wrung from downtrod  
 man,  
 And all the greatness built on freedom's foil,  
 Shall sink, by slow decay, or sudden, swift  
 recoil! *George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3435. FISH, Draught of.

John xxi : 2-11.

They have toiled all night, the long weary  
 night;  
 They have toiled all night, Lord, and taken  
 nothing.  
 The heavens are as brass, and all flesh seems  
 as grass,  
 Death strikes with horror and life with  
 loathing.

Walk'st Thou by the waters, the dark silent  
 waters,  
 The fathomless waters that no line can  
 plumb?  
 Art Thou Redeemer, or a mere schemer,  
 Preaching a kingdom that cannot come?

Not a word say'st Thou; no wrath betray'st  
 Thou;  
 Scarcely delay'st Thou their terrors to lull:  
 On the shore standing, mutely commanding,  
 "Let down your nets!" And they draw  
 them up—full!

Jesus, Redeemer, only Redeemer!  
 I, a poor dreamer, lay hold upon Thee;  
 Thy will pursuing, though no end viewing,  
 But simply doing as Thou biddest me.

Though Thee I see not, either light be not,  
 Or Thou wilt free not the scales from mine  
 eyes,  
 I ne'er gainsay Thee, but only obey Thee;  
 Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Though on my prison gleams no open vision,  
 Walking Elysian by Galilee's tide, [Thee:  
 Unseen, I feel Thee, and death will reveal  
 I shall wake in Thy likeness, satisfied.

*D. Maria Muloch Craik.*

### 3436. FISH, First Miraculous Draught of.

Luke v : 4-11.

How long o'er the lake hung the shadows of  
 night  
 That fell from the brow of the mountain  
 around!  
 And pale gleamed the moon in her palace of  
 light,  
 While scarcely was heard through the welkin  
 a sound.

All bootless their toil, and their sigh filled  
 the gale,  
 When blushed on the highlands the dawning  
 of day;  
 In silence and sadness they spread their  
 white sail,  
 And hied on the face of the waters away.

But who on that shore moves majestic along?  
 His eye beaming mercy, his arm clothed  
 with might!  
 How he holds in suspense the wondering  
 throng,  
 While they hang on his lips, all entranced  
 with delight!

How calmed are the billows! how stilled is  
 the breeze!  
 Earth, water, and winds him their Sovereign  
 confess,  
 E'en the birds hush their chorus amidst the  
 tall trees,  
 And the children of sorrow forget their dis-  
 tress.

None lose by the Saviour; once more at Thy  
 word

The nets are extended beneath the blue sea;  
 The tribes of the wide weltering waves own  
 their Lord,  
 And hasten to pay their allegiance to Thee.

*C. East.*

**3437.** FISH, Second Draught of.

St. John xxi : 2-11.

Night, throned on sombrous clouds, sat  
 royally  
 Ruling the realms of air; alone she sat,  
 For, pallid with their watch, the stars had  
 sunk,  
 And lay in slumber, curtained by the mists,  
 The pallid mists of the awakening day.  
 The moon had waned: and all was gathering  
 gloom

And solemn silence—silence! still as death,  
 Save when the moaning of the sleepless sea,  
 The sea that groaned like one who lies alone,  
 Sick, feeble, helpless, petulant with his pain  
 Arose monotonously to her quiet ear.  
 A bark lay rocking on the waves. For hours  
 The sea had broken on her bow; and lulled  
 By the eternal sameness of the sound,  
 Her crew lay slumbering.

Slowly in the east  
 A mellow haze crept o'er the sleeping sky,  
 Faintly at first, and gray; but soon it bore  
 Another aspect, and a roseate blush  
 Brightened the cheek of morn.

The crew arose,  
 And sad and wearily put forth their nets,  
 For they were fi-hers; but in vain, in vain,  
 And they desponded. From the dusk of eve,  
 And through the night had they pursued their  
 toil,

Alone, alone upon that silent sea!  
 And now day woke, and they had not withal  
 To break their fasts.

“Come, brothers, once again,”  
 Said Simon Peter, “once again throw forth,  
 For why should we despond? we can but die;  
 And dying, we shall sooner claim the crown  
 For which we strive. Our perils are but spurs  
 To urge us onward. What though we are  
 driven

Like beasts before the hunter, hiding us  
 In dens like them: they chasten us, these  
 woes!

And suffering them we shall the worthier be  
 To suffer like our Master! Once again  
 Courage and throw!”

They rose and threw the nets.  
 When, as before, they drew them to the land  
 They were again as empty as before:  
 And murmuring sorely they sat down in woe.  
 Day now had risen, and, as from the shore  
 The floating mists were lifted, wave o'er  
 wave,

To wane in air, upon the sands there stood  
 A man of stately presence—One, whose brow  
 Bore on its breadth a more than mortal grace,  
 And more than mortal seemed He as He stood  
 There, with the radiance of the rising sun  
 Trembling and fluttering on His golden hair.  
 When they beheld Him, they in fear beheld,  
 Trembling and pale, for they knew not but  
 that

The stranger was a spy, who sought to give  
 Their forms to stripes, to prison, and to death.  
 But when His voice, loud, clear, and clarion-  
 like,

Fell on their ears, saying, “My children, lo!  
 Have ye of meat?” their fear dropped from  
 them, as

The scales of old fell from the leper's limbs,  
 And in their joy they spake—joy mixed with  
 grief:

“Alas! no, Master, no; meat we have none.”  
 Once more the stately stranger: “Cast again  
 Your nets, and on the right side of the ship.  
 And ye shall find!”

And lo! they cast again,  
 And, when they strove to raise their nets,  
 they saw

That they were full, so full they could not lift  
 The unwonted weight, and, pausing for a  
 breath,

They leant in silence, wondering! Then said  
 John,

He whom the Saviour when alive, most loved,  
 “It is the Lord!”

O suffering souls that strive!  
 Be not borne down by sorrow; look aloft,  
 For morn will come, and with the morn comes  
 joy.

The feeble only fail, the weak in heart,  
 The soft of soul; the strong are ever strong,  
 And, like the eagle, spread their nervous  
 wings,  
 And through the storm, unheeding rain or  
 snow,

The thunder's crashing or the lightning's  
flash,  
Soar to the skies; so shall it be with ye.  
Look upward, striving ever, and your goal  
Is glorious Eden by God's golden throne.  
*Henry B. Hirst.*

**3438. FISHERS OF MEN.**

Luke v : 5, 6.

The live-long night we've toiled in vain,  
But at Thy gracious word  
I will let down the net again;  
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!"

So spake the weary fisher, spent  
With bootless darkling toil,  
Yet on his Master's bidding bent,  
For love and not for spoil.

So day by day and week by week,  
In sad and weary thought,  
They muse, whom God hath set to seek  
The souls His Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake  
Our pleasant task we ply,  
Where all along our glistening wake  
The softest moonbeams lie;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar  
Our midnight chant attend;  
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore  
With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last;  
Too soon some ruder sound  
Calls us from where ye soar so fast  
Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep;  
No anchor but the cross  
Might hold; and oft the thankless deep  
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary anxious hour  
We watch our nets alone  
In drenching spray, and driving shower,  
And hear the night-bird's moan.

At morn we look, and naught is there;  
Sad dawn of cheerless day!  
Who then from pining and despair  
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay, and we are strong;  
Our Master is at hand,  
To cheer our solitary song,  
And guide us to the strand.

In His own time: but yet a while  
Our bark at sea must ride;  
Cast after cast, by force or guile  
All waters must be tried;

Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace  
Triumph by our weak arm,  
Let not our sinful fancy trace  
Aught human in the charm.  
*John Keble.*

**3439. FISHERS OF MEN.**

Matthew xix : 1.

The boats are out and the storm is high;  
We kneel on the shore and pray:  
The star of the sea shines still in the sky,  
And God is our help and stay.

The fishers are weak and the tide is strong,  
And their boat seems slight and frail;  
But St. Peter has steered it for them so long,  
It would weather a rougher gale.

St. John, the beloved, sails with them too,  
And his loving words they hear;  
So with tender trust the boat's brave crew  
Neither doubt, or pause, or fear.

He who sent them fishing is with them still,  
And He bids them cast their net;  
And He has the power their boat to fill;  
So we know He will do it yet.

They have cast their nets again and again,  
And now call to us on shore,  
If our feeble prayers seem only in vain,  
We will pray, and pray the more.

Though the storm is loud, and our voice is  
drowned  
By the roar of the wind and sea,  
We know that more terrible tempests found  
Their Ruler, O Lord! in Thee.

Oh watch as of old Thou didst watch the boat  
On the Galilean lake,  
And grant that the fishers may keep afloat,  
Till the nets, o'ercharged, shall break.  
*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

**3440. FIVE THOUSAND FED.**

Matthew xiv : 15-21.

Three times through favored Galilee  
The Saviour's humble, faithful band  
Had preached God's kingdom nigh at hand,  
And soothed all human misery.

Once more Capernaum's turrets rise  
In outline on their eager sight;  
They pass its portals with delight,  
And soon their Master meets their eyes.

They tell Him all their heavenly toil,  
The lessons from His lips they taught,  
The words and wonders they had wrought,  
How sickness flies, and fiends recoil.

But soon the throng forbids e'en food;  
"Come," says the Saviour, "rest with Me."  
They seek, beyond the freshening sea,  
Perea's pensive solitude.

Vain hope. With wondering zeal aflame,  
The hundreds saw Him quit the strand,  
Knew His retreat, and flew by land,  
Outwent, and met Him, when He came.

They came from north, and west, and east,  
From vale, and plain, and hamlet high,  
From town and city, far and nigh,  
Journeying to keep the paschal feast.

Compassion touched the Saviour's breast;  
He saw them weary, wandering wide,  
As sheep, with none to feed or guide,  
Starving in spirit, faint, oppressed.

He saw, nor sought His own repose,  
But from a hillock, with His band,  
He taught the crowds that thronged the  
strand,  
And healed their sick, and soothed their woes.

But when the evening hour drew nigh,  
His anxious followers came and said,  
"This desert cannot yield them bread;  
Lord, send them to the towns to buy."

"Why should they go? There is no need;  
Supply them here," the Lord replies:  
"Two hundred pence would not suffice  
So vast a multitude to feed!"

So answered Philip. Christ once more,  
"Go count your loaves;" they heard His  
wish.

"Five barley loaves, and two small fish,"  
They answered soon, "is all our store.

"But what are they?" "Bring them to Me,"  
He said, "and bid them, as ye pass,  
Sit down by fifties on the grass;"  
They sit, and wait for what shall be.

He blessed, and broke the loaves and fish,  
And bade His followers feed the throng;  
From rank to rank they sped along,  
Dealing to each his utmost wish.

When lo! a wonder, weird and deft!  
For as from group to group they flew,  
Their burden every moment grew!  
Five thousand fed! Twelve baskets left!

Amazed, and filled with grateful fear,  
The breathless thousands whisper low,  
"Surely—foretold so long ago—  
That mighty Prophet now is here!"

O Thou whose words and wonders fed  
Thy scattered, fainting flock of old,  
Help us to feel our want untold,  
And cry to Thee for living bread!

Thy word its fulness still imparts,  
To us, O Christ! Thy fulness bring;  
Then glad we'll hail Thee Israel's King,  
And crown and throne Thee in our hearts!  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3441. FOOL, The Rich.

Luke xii : 16-31.

Rich valleys spread, and fertile plains,  
And waving corn-fields bright and gay,  
And all the pleasures and the gains  
Of an unclouded summer day: [yield  
Who would have thought this ground would  
So bountiful a harvest-field?  
Alas! I know not what to do,  
Nor where my fruits and goods bestow.

What shall I do, my soul? But stay!  
My barns are all with plenty filled:  
I will pull down those barns to-day,  
And garner greater still upbuild.  
How full of plenty and of store,  
My goods increase yet more and more;  
How great, how massive, and how high,  
There is no happier man than I.

My soul, abide in rest and peace:  
My soul, thou art so all-secure;  
My soul, my soul, take thou thine ease,  
Thy wealth, thy health, thy all is sure!  
My soul, take now repose and rest;  
Sit and enjoy the copious feast;  
Eat thou the fat and drink the sweet,  
My soul, be merry, drink and eat!

Thou fool! this very night, thou fool!  
Whilst thou art boasting thus, shall they  
Come and demand of thee thy soul,  
And carry thee from hence away!  
Then who shall all this plenty own:  
Rich harvests reaped, and harvests sown?  
Whose shall all these rich treasures be,  
And who possess them after thee?

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3442. FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT, The.

Luke xi : 5-8.

Friend at midnight!—that still hour,  
When no other help is nigh;  
Thou whose ever-present power,  
Thou whose ever-wakeful eye,  
Never fails to guard and keep,  
In the darkness or the light;  
When we wake, or while we sleep,  
Day by day, and night by night!

When by wand'ring thoughts and ways,  
Like the prodigal, return,  
After straying many days,  
Hunger-stricken, naked, worn—  
Naught have I of any good,  
Nothing, Lord, to set before;  
Naught of nourishment or food,  
Naught of any friendly store.

All is barren, all is waste,  
Entertainment have I none;  
And 'tis midnight, so I haste,  
Lord, to Thee, to Thee alone—  
Friend at midnight! hear my prayer,  
Hearken to my earnest cry:  
Lend me, give me, some small share,  
For my dire necessity!

Lord, it is my wayward heart,  
 Now returning to its home;  
 And to ask Thee to impart  
 What it needeth, I am come:  
 This my friend hath come to me;  
 Oh, then, give me, give me bread;  
 This the prayer I ask of Thee:  
 Let my hungry soul be fed!

"Nay! too late, the door is closed;  
 All the day it open stood;  
 Children, servants, all are housed;  
 'Tis too late to give thee food:  
 Out of season is the hour,  
 Why then tarry, why delay?"  
 Hark! he knocketh more and more;  
 And will knock till break of day!

Lo! he standeth as before,  
 Albeit it is too late,  
 Asking at the bolted door,  
 Knocking at the fastened gate:  
 This repeated, earnest call  
 Brings at last the rich supply;  
 He will rise, and give him all,  
 For his importunity.

Friend at midnight! Lord, do Thou  
 Hearken to my earnest prayer;  
 At Thy gate of mercy now,  
 Asking, seeking, knocking there.  
 Blest the promise of Thy Word:  
 Ye shall never ask in vain;  
 All we ask Thou wilt afford,  
 If we knock and knock again.

In the midnight of my woe,  
 In the darkest hour of sin,  
 If I to my Saviour go,  
 He will rise, and let me in:  
 If I "ask," I shall receive;  
 If I "seek" Him, I shall find;  
 If I "knock," He'll rise and give,  
 Full of mercy, loving, kind!  
*Robert Maguire.*

**3443. FURNACE, Nebuchadnezzar's.**  
 Daniel 3 : 16-25.

Oh for the faith in Jesu's name  
 Which tyrants can despise,  
 Which triumphs o'er the threatening flame,  
 And all its rage defies;  
 Calmly replies with resolute scorn  
 To furious cruelty,  
 "My body tear, or rack, or burn,  
 Ye cannot injure me."

Let the horrific king appear  
 And all his terrors show,  
 True Israelites disdain to fear  
 A stingless, baffled foe:  
 Though seven times hotter than before  
 The torturing fires increase,  
 The Lord our God whom we adore  
 Can save His witnesses.

Let earth and hell their powers employ,  
 A sure defence we have;  
 They are not nearer to destroy,  
 Than Jesus is to save:  
 And if it serve Thy glory, Thou  
 Shalt pluck as from the flame,  
 Our God in ages past, and now,  
 And evermore the same.

But if Thou wilt not save us here  
 From the tormentor's power,  
 Faithful to death we persevere,  
 And meet the fiery hour:  
 We will not bow our heart or knee,  
 And live to idols joined,  
 Assured the life we lose for Thee  
 In paradise to find.

Behold the miracle renewed!  
 Whom faith divine inspires,  
 We walk with Christ the Son of God,  
 And praise Him in the fires;  
 Kept by His presence and His name,  
 Who earth and hell subdued,  
 We quench the violence of the flame  
 Through our Redeemer's blood.

Tempted, and persecuted here,  
 Afflicted, and distressed,  
 With steadfast faith we persevere,  
 And stand the fiery test:  
 The fire shall all our bands consume;  
 And in the furnace tried,  
 Out of the flames we soon shall come  
 Unhurt and purified. *J. and C. Wesley.*

**3444. GADARA, Miracle in.**  
 Mark v : 1-19.

The madman in a tomb had made  
 His mansion of despair;  
 Woe to the traveller who strayed  
 With heedless footsteps there!

He met that glance so thrilling, sweet,  
 He heard those accents mild,  
 And, melting at Messiah's feet,  
 Wept like a weaned child.

O madder than the raving man!  
 O deafer than the sea!  
 How long the time since Christ began  
 To call in vain on me?

He called me when my thoughtless prime  
 Was early ripe to ill;  
 I passed from folly on to crime,  
 And yet he called me still.

He called me in the time of dread,  
 When death was full in view,  
 I trembled on my feverish bed,  
 And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear Him once again,  
 As I have heard of old,  
 Methinks He should not call in vain  
 His wanderer to the fold.

O thou that every thought canst know,  
And answer every prayer;  
O give me sickness, want or woe,  
But snatch me from despair!

My struggling will by grace control,  
Renew my broken vow!  
What blessed light breaks on my soul?  
O God! I hear Thee now.

*Reginald Heber.*

**3445. GADARA, The Maniac of.**

Luke viii : 26-39.

“Death!” loud and fiercely cried  
A voice unknown;  
“Death!” each tall cliff replied,  
With plaintive moan;  
While to sad Gadara’s shore,  
O’er the silver-twinkling flood,  
Moved the bark that Jesus bore,  
And dumb with fear the apostles stood.  
Awful rung each yawning cave,  
Shook the forest, sighed the blast;  
Shuddering, stopped the conscious wave;  
Gloom the sickening skies o’ercast:  
But sweetest peace, compassion mild,  
Image of heaven, Messiah’s aspect smiled.

Sublime before Him, to the midst of heaven  
A mountain reared its shaggy head;  
Around its summit troubled clouds were  
driven,  
And o’er its bosom broken forests spread.  
The rough rock wildly hung;  
The gaping cavern rung;  
The pendant goat browsed recklessly on  
O’er every russet glade, [high:  
And gleaming through each shade,  
Dim, distant tombs, white rising, met the eye.  
A mournful murmur hummed the groves  
around,  
And headlong streamlets swelled the solemn  
sound.  
As slow the bark approached, the ambitious  
breeze  
Played soft and fragrant o’er each smiling  
wave;  
A new-born green arrayed the conscious trees,  
And the fresh-glittering shore its gratula-  
tion gave.

Fiercely rose again the sound;  
Nearer rung the dreadful lay:  
“Burst, ye hollow tombs around;  
Scheol give thy host to-day.  
Rise, ye spectred bands, arise;  
Leave the lonely world of night.  
Demons, haste from nether skies;  
Dare to view the heavenly light;  
I see the gates of sorrow rend;  
I hear the shrill and shrieking cry.  
Lo, the livid troops ascend!  
Mark the wild and staring eye!  
Approach, ye fiends in sheeted fire;  
Advance, ye feeble shapes of air;

Here I meet you, now draw nigher,  
I alone your legions dare.  
Cowards! ye faint; stay, banded wretches,  
stay;  
They fall, they fly, before the Son of day!”

From rock to rock, from steep to steep,  
A sunburnt form sprang down the moun-  
tain’s side  
On tiptoe for the last dread leap.  
He rose, and frowned across the prospect  
From his white encircled eye [wide.  
Shot the lightning’s lurid stream;  
O’er his furrowed forehead high,  
Stood his locks like pointed flame.  
Soon as he marked the group below,  
His visage gloomed with deadly ire;  
And fiercely on the imagined foe  
His eyeballs flashed a seven-fold fire.  
Rending the pointed fragment of a rock,  
He raised the vengeance high in air:  
“Caitiffs,” he cried, “your force I mock!  
Advance; be men; your host I singly dare!”

When, lo! Messiah’s face,  
With smile divine,  
He eyed; and saw the grace  
Of heavenly pity shine,  
He gazed, he stopped;  
The fragment dropped;  
His dark, tempestuous brow began to clear;  
How fell his arm  
Before the charm;  
And his eye, softening, shed the unbidden  
With sad and interrupted step, [tear.  
Approaching slowly toward the deep,  
With plaintive voice, he cried:  
“I know—I know Thee, Son of God!  
Of Jesse’s stem the sacred rod,  
And man’s immortal pride!  
Oh! why untimely art Thou come  
To antedate my future doom?  
Oh, why,”—faltering, he cried, the rest  
Convulsive sighs and groans suppressed.  
Shuddering, he stood, with agonizing look,  
And from his lips, at times, abortive accents  
broke.  
“Ye demons, foes of God,  
Desert your long usurped abode!”  
The Saviour said.  
A white celestial beam,  
With circling points, began to stream  
Around His head.  
Convulsed, the fainting maniac fell,  
And shrieked to life his last farewell.  
Raised by Messiah’s hand, again he stood;  
With softer light his eyeballs glowed,  
His cheeks the crimson flushed anew,  
And glistening dropped the grateful dew.  
Arrayed in man’s attire, with aspect mild,  
He knew himself a man, and spoke and  
smiled.  
Warmed with Messiah’s name, his rapturous  
tongue  
The notes of peace and sweet salvation sung.

The Twelve beheld the scene, amazed,  
And each on each in silence gazed,  
Till wonder lost in joy, they joined the sound,  
And hymns of transport filled the groves  
around.

### 3446. GALILEE.

But now in beauty and in light we see  
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee.  
Though man may walk no more, as in old  
time,

With step of freedom, and with brow sublime;  
Though on the Jew the Moslem pours disdain,  
And thinks him less than reptile of the plain;  
Though rapine, mocking law, may prowl the  
land,

And murder daily rear her blood-stained  
hand,

Still Nature smiles, and Galilee appears  
Fair as a bride, although a bride in tears.  
In Jezreel's vale the corn is waving deep,  
Fir, larch, and myrtle grace high Tabor's  
steep;

In warm Sepphoris' beds the tulips streak  
Rivals red Morn when soft her blushes break;  
Ten thousand pausies breathe their odorous  
breath,

And orchards bloom round holy Nazareth;  
While birds with song, as cooler eve comes  
Fill the green groves of bowery Zebulon. [on,  
*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3447. GALILEE, Sea of.

Slow moves our skiff o'er still Tabaria's tide,  
Through whose clear azure fish are seen to  
glide;

Abrupt and steep the girdling mountains  
frown,

Gigantic shadows stealing darkly down.  
No murmuring crowds move busy on the  
shore,

No shepherd sings, or fisher plies his oar;  
No voice in heaven, no whisper from the cave,  
Man seems unborn, and Nature here a grave.

A quiet sadness fills the musing mind,  
We fain would speak, but language may not  
find.

Yet, not like Sodom's waters, here we trace  
A holy beauty and a solemn grace; [strand,  
Though man may now desert yon silent  
Fancy will call up forms on wave and land;  
A thousand memories treasured still shall be,  
And linked throughout all time, fair lake,  
with thee.

Here lowly Peter's youthful days were past,  
In yon green cove, perchance, his net was cast;  
Here, mingling blood with pure and spark-  
ling foam,

In her last throes Judea fought with Rome;  
On yon fair mount that blessed discourse was  
given

By One who spoke as angels speak in heaven.  
Lo! on the lake, day's farewell smiles expire,  
And night's deep shadows wrap each rocky  
spire;

Struggling with winds, and tossed on surges  
dark,

The apostles urge in vain their laboring bark;  
No friendly moon, not e'en a star on high,  
Casts on their course its mild celestial eye.  
See! near their ship that calm and awful form,  
Who walks the waves, unheeding night and  
storm;

Far o'er the lake they see strange lustre gleam,  
And round His head a lambent glory beam;  
Shrinking in fear, with eyes that wildly stare,  
They deem that form a spectre gliding there;  
But, soft as music to the saint who dies,  
Float's o'er Time's gulf from opening Para-  
dise,

His voice now sounds along the troubled  
wave,

And calms their fears—the blessed One  
comes to save!

He who shall search for cities famed of yore,  
Few wrecks will find on lone Tabaria's shore:  
Where stood tower-crowned Chorazin, men  
forgot;

A palm-tree marks thy sight, Gennesaret.  
Tiberias, Herod's pride, still flaunteth fair,  
But not the cross—the crescent triumphs  
there;

With zeal for Islam's creed men's bosoms  
burn,

And brows to Mecca, not to Salem, turn.  
No more Bethsaida gleams across the flood;  
An ancient watch-tower tells where Magdal  
stood

Clothed with green moss—Time's sad but  
fragrant pall,—

Many a dark bath extends its mouldering  
wall;

They sink to dusk, yet health still spreads his  
wings

O'er the warm fountain's life-reviving  
springs.

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3448. GALILEE, Sea of.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O Sea of Galilee!

For the glorious One who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow;

But thou hast loveliness far above  
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide;

But He that was pierced to save from hell  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,  
And palms, in thy soft air;

But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.



Graceful around thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm reposing sea;  
But, ah, far more! the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?  
Chorazin, where art thou!  
His tent the Arab pitches there,  
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace will flee;  
How all an offered Christ who spurn,  
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new-risen Saviour said,  
Three times to Simon, Lov'st thou Me?  
My lambs and sheep then feed.

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand!  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

Oh! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threefold Thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find my grave,  
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.  
*R. M. McCheyne.*

### 3449. GALILEE, The Inward.

O Christ! I often think of Thee  
Upon the waves of Galilee;  
I hear the voice, I see the form, [storm.  
Which ruled the waves, which calmed the

That voice of power, which calmed the seas,  
Predicted "greater things than these;"  
Those greater things to-day are seen  
In this: that Thou dost rule within.

To those who have the sight to see  
There is an inward Galilee;  
And it doth fit Thee now to bind  
The waves and tempests of the mind.

Thou walkest now within the soul;  
Thou bid'st its billows cease to roll;  
The waves of stormy strife are still,  
And pride and wrath obey Thy will.  
*Thomas C. Upham.*

### 3450. GALILEE, The Sea of.

Mark iv: 36-39.

O Jesus! once on Galilee  
Thy voice of power was heard,  
When madly that dark heaving sea  
Through all its depths was stirred.

The forky lightnings Thee revealed,  
Calm, 'mid the storm's increase,  
And far above where thunders pealed  
Was heard the whisper, "Peace!"

How drooped at once that foaming sheet  
Of waters, vexed and wild!  
Each wave came falling at Thy feet,  
Just like an humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,  
So chafes my maniac will;  
Speak! and these troubled seas shall rest:  
Speak; and the storm is still.

*William B. Tappan.*

### 3451. GARDENS, Three.

Genesis ii: 8; John xviii: 1; John xix: 41.

In a garden man was placed,  
Meet abode for innocence,  
With his Maker's image graced;  
Sin crept in and drove him thence,  
Through the world, a wretch undone,  
Seeking rest and finding none.

In a garden, on that night  
When our Saviour was betrayed,  
With what world-redeeming might  
In His agony He prayed!  
Till he drank the vengeance up,  
And with mercy filled the cup.

In a garden, on the cross,  
When the spear His heart had riven,  
And for earth's primeval loss  
Heaven's best ransom had been given,  
Jesus rested from His woes,  
Jesus from the dead arose.

*James Montgomery.*

### 3452. GARMENT, The Wedding.

Matthew xxii: 11-13.

The nuptial robe, which all must wear  
Who enter to the spousal feast,  
Is not a garb for vulgar stare,  
A cloth of gold in samite pieced,  
In costly jewels glittering fair,  
With rustling pride surceased.

The nuptial robe which all must don  
Who would their heads lift up on high,  
Who would approach the bridal throne  
With contrite heart and suppliant eye,  
This yoke of peace, and this alone,  
Is the fair stole of charity.

The nuptial robe is pure and white,  
Unsoiled in deed, unstained in thought,  
With willing heart and purpose right,  
In works of love it must be wrought;  
Although 'tis wove with colors bright,  
It shall not pass where love is naught.

The nuptial robe, to which is given  
An entrance to the bliss of God,  
Must raise the soul with virtue's leaven,  
Must to the cross point out the road,  
And humbly labor still, till Heaven  
Relieve thee of thy heavy load.

Then, clothed anew in virtue's dress,  
 Angels shall bid thee welcome home;  
 Then shall the toil that did oppress  
 Be buried with thee in the tomb;  
 Then shall ye hear that last address:  
 Ye blessed of My Father, come!  
*Lyra Eucharistica.*

**3453. GATES, The Two.**

Matthew vii : 13, 14.

Wide is the gate and broad the road  
 That downward to destruction tends,  
 Where thronging thousands madly crowd,  
 And plunge to woe that never ends.

Pleasure and pride and gay desires  
 Dance round that portal high and fair;  
 Yet end those paths in gulfs and fires,  
 Darkness and ruin and despair.

Straight is the gate and strict the way  
 Whose narrow entrance leads to life,  
 And few, alas, how few! are they  
 Who find its door through prayer and strife.

Yet there bright Wisdom, God's own love,  
 And Joy immortal, smiling stand,  
 Pointing to endless bliss above, [hand.  
 And crowns and thrones at God's right

Fly! fly, my soul, from death and hell!  
 Strive, stripped of all else, life to gain!  
 Then climb and soar with Christ to dwell,  
 And share His blest eternal reign.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3454. GENNESARET.**

Matthew viii : 24-26.

On the lone bosom of a lake  
 Contending surges fiercely met;  
 "Be still," 'twas thus the Saviour spake,  
 And thou wert calm, Gennesaret!

Whene'er with sad foreboding filled;  
 When guilty fears my bosom fret,  
 I'll turn to Him who gently stilled  
 Thy raging waves, Gennesaret!

I'll think of that more fearful storm,  
 When wrathful thunders fiercely met  
 Around the cross of Him whose form  
 Moved 'mid thy waves, Gennesaret!

When quivering lip, and eyeball dim,  
 Proclaim life's sun about to set,  
 I'll lean upon the arm of Him  
 Who stilled thy waves, Gennesaret!

Safe landed on that heavenly shore  
 My heart shall have but one regret:  
 That here I did not love Him more,  
 Who walked thy waves, Gennesaret!

Lord! let Thy love my bosom fill,  
 While tossed on life's rough surges yet;  
 Speak Thine own mandate, "Peace, be still!"  
 Which calmed of old Gennesaret.  
*George McDuff.*

**3455. GENNESARET, Jesus Walking on.**

Matthew xvi : 25.

'Twas in the solemn hour,  
 When light and shade are blended;  
 The moon was in her tower,  
 The sun his course had ended.  
 The heaven was all serene,  
 The even star looked fair;  
 And scarce a cloud was seen,  
 Nor breathed one breath of air.

The lake of Galilee  
 Was like a glassy sea  
 That bore some favored ark;  
 'Twas the disciples' bark.  
 The crescent beam was slumbering  
 Upon the calmed deep;  
 The mountain shepherd numbering  
 His charge of fleecy sheep.  
 But creature none was there  
 Where Jesus was in prayer.

The inconstant moon was clouded,  
 Her ebony throne around;  
 Her fairy orb was shrouded,  
 The threatening storm did sound.  
 The laboring twelve were rowing,  
 To reach the shore in vain;  
 The adverse winds were blowing,  
 To rouse the sleeping main.  
 The air and sea were blended,  
 The waves ran mountains high;  
 The piteous moan ascended,  
 No helping hand was nigh!

How dreadful was that gloom,  
 O'er Galilee's dark sea!  
 Not Egypt in her doom  
 More reft of light could be;  
 Save when the forked glare and mighty  
 thunder,  
 Seemed like to rend the shattered bark  
 asunder!

When, lo! as morn drew nigh,  
 But still with darkened sky,  
 A distant form appeared;  
 Some goblin of the deep,  
 Or human spirit weird,  
 The storm had roused from sleep;  
 Some phantom dire it seemed:  
 So the disciples deemed.

It nearer drew, and nearer,  
 A light shone all around;  
 The angry heavens were clearer,  
 The billows ceased to sound.  
 Then spoke a voice of love,  
 Mild as the zephyr's sigh,  
 When scarce 'tis heard to move;  
 It whispered, "It is I!"  
 It hailed them cheerfully,  
 And bid their fears be quiet;  
 It hushed the storm and riot—  
 'Twas Jesus on the sea!

Then while I ride the surges  
Of life's uncertain wave;  
And still the tempest urges,  
Jesus, be there to save!  
Oh let Thy form be seen  
To faith's discerning eye,  
Still hovering between  
My waves and cloudy sky;  
And may Thy heavenly voice  
Be music to my soul;  
"Fear not; 'tis I, rejoice!  
I storms and sea control."  
Then all within shall be,  
As when Thy voice again,  
The lake of Galilee  
Didst calm into a plain.  
World! thou mayst hide thy sun,  
Thy stars of promise hide;  
My heaven will be begun,  
If Christ within abide!

II.

**3456. GENTILES, The Call of the.**

Romans ii : 10.

Oh, not to Israel's haughty sons alone  
Came the glad tidings of a Saviour born;  
Not so repulsed th' Almighty's outstretched  
arm,  
Not so confined His love! The dove-like form  
Of mercy, issuing forth, through every clime,  
Flies to and fro, to earth's extremest verge,  
Speeds her light way, and plies her eager  
search,  
Unwilling to return if chance she find  
Whereon to rest her foot! Long time intent  
O'er thee, Judea, self-devoted land! [flight  
With many an anxious pause and circling  
The mystic wanderer hung! Full oft she  
sought  
Thy tow'rs, Jerusalem, thy fated walls,  
And wept o'er all the scene! Full oft she  
called  
(E'en as a hen collects her callow brood)  
And yet ye would not! "O ungrateful race!"  
In deep despair the lovely exile cried;  
Then shook soft pity from her wings—and  
fled.  
Happy the few, on whose selected heads  
The plenteous dayspring from on high de-  
In kindly visitation! Happy they [scended  
On whom that show'r of heav'n-born pity fell;  
Nor felt unfruitful! While impassioned hope,  
Firm faith, that wisely builds on reason's  
rock,  
Strong-working, drew them from the crook-  
ed path;  
Taught them at length with steady eye to  
bear  
The growing light; to hail with grateful joy  
Each emanation of these holy truths  
That Jesus poured upon their tempered souls!  
These, not unaided by supernal grace:  
And fraught with confidence and holy zeal,  
Sure test of true conversion! these, O Lord,  
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee  
First called, first rescued from a world of  
woe,

To spread salvation into distant climes;  
And tell the meanest habitant of earth  
"Glad tidings of great joy!" Much envied  
lot

Of ministry like this! Thrice happy state  
Of servitude (if freedom's choicest name  
Befit not rather), happier, richer far  
Than all that tyranny enthroned could boast,  
Or the proud sceptre of imperial Rome!  
Conscious I quit the still-increasing theme  
Of praise and wonder! Mute admiring joy  
Must paint a scene the muse can never reach!  
'Tis not for us, unweeting babblers all,  
To trace with fit designs the holy group  
Forth issuing, for the glorious work pre-  
pared,

Their cry Salvation! God himself their  
guide!

For us suffice it rather, first to haste  
In silent joy, like Abraham from his tent,  
And welcome their approach; then quick  
retire,

Like Lot from Sodom, anxious to be saved,  
Thankful to hear, and happy to obey!  
'Tis not for us to watch with prying eye  
The secret workings of Almighty Power;  
To tell how heav'n's diffused love prevailed  
With gradual effort o'er the conscious soul!  
Or struck, invisibly, with sudden ray  
Of purest knowledge and regen'rate joy,  
Th' unconscious heathen; till at once aroused,  
His ev'ry sense and ev'ry glowing thought  
Start from its lethargy, and spring to life;  
Suffice it, that we know the mighty cause  
And breathe unceasing songs of gratitude  
To Him whose blessings far and wide dis-  
played

The rich effusion, till one vast embrace  
Encircles all creation! Gracious Heaven!  
Oh not in vain be these thy mercies shown  
To any child of man! Remember, Lord,  
And save the creature of Thy plastic hand,  
Whether Thou view'st him wandering on the  
Of polar Zembla, continent of ice! [waste  
Or breathing rude idolatry and vows  
Of prostrate adoration at the shrine  
Of Thibet's hapless lama! Wretched being,  
Less free, less happy, less a God than e'en  
His vilest votary! Yet not alone  
To the swart savage of the barbarous East,  
The beaded Hottentot, or naked slave  
Who toils, untutored, in the guilty mine,  
Reveal thy saving arm! But turn, oh turn  
The blinder infidel, of every name,  
Or gross Mahometan, or stubborn Jew,  
Or desperate atheist, who mocks thy pow'rs  
With purposed insult! Turn them, Lord,  
and save

And win them to Thyself! Oh quickly bring  
To Sharon's fold and Achor's happy vale  
Thy full united flock! And if the muse,  
Impatient for thy glory, still may breathe  
One added prayer, oh bless the pious zeal,  
And crown with glad success the lab'ring  
sons

Of that best charity, whose annual mite

Sends forth thy gospel to the distant isles!  
 So shall the nations, rescued myriads! hear,  
 And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!  
 So from each corner of th' enlightened earth  
 Incessant peals of universal joy  
 Shall hail Thee, heavenly Father, God of all!  
*Spencer Madan.*

## 3457. GETHSEMANE.

Matthew xxvi : 36-46.

Down from the slopes of Olivet  
 A weeper goeth;  
 The sun behind the hills is set;  
 The low brook floweth,  
 And with the dews the night is wet.

He enters dark Gethsemane  
 For lonely pleading;  
 Asleep he leaves the loving three,  
 His great heart bleeding  
 As low he falls on bended knee.

The winds are hushed; one voice alone  
 With mingled sobbing  
 Breaks like a sea-wave's monotone;  
 It is the throbbing  
 Of a great anguish all unknown.

Ah, 'tis a lonely battle-ground;  
 One soul, deep-heaving,  
 Contends with heights and depths profound;  
 And from its grieving  
 There comes at last a Victor crowned.

"Thy will be done"—thrice-spoken words,  
 Too great for sorrow;  
 "Come on, ye hosts, with staves and swords!  
 Come fierce to-morrow!"  
 And lo! a great calm undergirds.

Like Him who came and conquered there  
 In that low garden,  
 So rise we victors from our prayer;  
 Christ is our warden,  
 And holdeth crowns for us to wear.

Each hath his own Gethsemane—  
 A battle raging;  
 Where, like a lone ship on the sea  
 With storm engaging,  
 Self rises victor, strong and free.

"Thy will be done," we bow and say;  
 What cometh after  
 Is but the dawning of the day;  
 If tears or laughter,  
 God's will and ours move but one way.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
 Hence to our crosses;  
 For ah! with angel helpers we,  
 Through tears and losses,  
 Go dauntless to our victory.

*Dwight Williams.*

## 3458. GETHSEMANE.

Mark xiv : 32-42.

The mountains hide the sun from Galilee,  
 And Jewish maidens, gazing on the sea,  
 View mirrored stars in every wandering wave  
 That flecks with foam the bank it loves to  
 lave.

How sweetly still: the winds are hushed to  
 rest,  
 And earth seems sleeping on its Maker's  
 breast,  
 Secure, beneath the watch-care of that God  
 Who framed the heavens, and rules them by  
 His nod.

The darkness deepens, for the twilight hour  
 Has shut the petals of the daytime flower,  
 Beguiled the bee to couch within the rose,  
 And weary ones to court a night's repose.

But there is One whose soul so sinks with  
 grief  
 That soothing sleep refuses Him relief.  
 While false friends dream, alone the Saviour  
 strays  
 Down the dim garden-paths, and weeps and  
 prays.

A voice of prayer arises from that sod  
 That bows the ear and melts the heart of God!  
 Gethsemane, while soft the moonbeams play,  
 Drinks up His tears, and hears the Saviour  
 pray!

God, who from Teman came, will He not  
 spare  
 The Son, who holds with Him an equal share  
 In all the beatific realms above,  
 Where angels live and every thought is love?

Will He not dash the dreaded cup away,  
 And break the bands and chains of cumber-  
 ing clay?  
 No! deep He drinks, the bitter dregs He  
 drains,  
 Ere He again His Father's throne regains.

The flesh must fail. Humanity must die  
 And live again ere it ascends on high.  
 So in the gloomy garden's solemn shade  
 The sinless Saviour's sacrifice is made.

Oh dreadful agony! Oh grief untold!  
 When all of human sinfulness is rolled  
 On One who never sinned, to die condemned,  
 By God forsaken and denied a friend!

Thou Man of Sorrows! By Thy bloody sweat  
 We will not slumber, nor Thy pangs forget!  
 But we for evermore will watch with Thee,  
 And every place shall be Gethsemane!

*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

**3459. GETHSEMANE.**

Matthew xxvi : 36.

Where climbs thy steep, fair Olivet,  
There is a spot most dear to me:  
The spot with tears of sorrow wet,  
Where Jesus knelt in agony.

I love in thought to linger there,  
To tread the hallowed ground alone,  
Where on the silent, midnight air [moan.  
Rose heavenward, Lord, Thy plaintive

I fondly seek the olive shade [wring;  
That veiled Thee when Thy soul was  
When angels came to bring Thee aid,  
That oft to Thee their harps had strung!

There on the sacred turf I kneel,  
And breathe my heart's deep love to Thee,  
While tender memories o'er me steal  
Of all Thou didst endure for me.

Oh mystery of anguish, when  
The sinless felt sin's heavy woe!  
Hell madly dreamed of triumph then,  
While Thy dear head was bending low.

Vain dream! No grief shall evermore  
Stain, as with bloody sweat, thy brow;  
Robed in all glory, Thine before,  
The seraphim surround Thee now.

Yet, Lord, from off the burning throne,  
Above yon stars that softly gleam,  
Thou can'st to meet me here alone,  
By Kedron's old familiar stream.

*Ray Palmer.***3460. GETHSEMANE.**

Matthew xxvi : 36-45.

Gethsemane, thine olive grove  
A welcome screen for Jesus wove,  
To veil His agony;  
Oh, when thou lone and hallowed spot  
Can be by friend or foe forgot,  
Thy midnight mystery?

Beneath the darkness of thy shade  
The agonizing Saviour prayed;  
And from the anguish felt  
Great drops as it were bloody sweat  
Streamed down His cheeks, and, falling, wet  
The ground whereon He knelt.

Oh who can tell the strain intense  
Of mind in agonized suspense,  
In what He there achieved?  
Who fathom all that wrung His heart,  
As thrice He lowly knelt apart,  
And plead to be relieved?

“My Father, if it may not be  
That now this cup shall pass from me,  
Thine own and only Son,  
Except I drink it at Thy hand,  
Then, Father, this My prayer shall stand,  
Thy will, not Mine, be done.”

Thrice did the lonely Sufferer plead,  
And thrice returned, as if in need  
Of sympathy's relief;  
Thrice they who came a watch to keep  
Had sunk in weariness to sleep,  
And heeded not His grief.

Ah! vain from them a cheer to seek,  
Though heart were willing, flesh was weak:  
No human arm could aid;  
An angel for a moment came,  
And, whispering the Father's aim,  
Some strength to Him conveyed.

A world in that dark midnight hour,  
While coping with Satanic power,  
He bore on bended knee;  
Alone the burden He sustained,  
Alone the victory He gained,  
In thee, Gethsemane.

Gethsemane, thy name is graved  
Deep on the hearts of all the saved,  
And cannot be erased;  
For, till eternity shall end,  
Oh who in full can comprehend  
The scene in thee embraced?

Draw near, my heart, and gaze anew,  
Where Jesus on that night withdrew,  
To bear the load for thee;  
Come read the love that in Him wrought,  
Come linger long in tender thought,  
In lone Gethsemane.

See where He, in that awful test,  
Obeyed the Father's high behest  
Submissively for thee;  
Oh think what torture He endured,  
And what of bliss for thee secured,  
In dark Gethsemane.

And when harassed by many a doubt,  
And darkness gathers thick about  
Without a cheering ray,  
Then to Gethsemane repair,  
And listen to the Saviour's prayer,  
And learn of Him to pray.

But till life's service be resigned,  
Shall ever sacred be enshrined  
That scene of agony;  
Let tears its clustered memories start,  
But never, O my wayward heart!  
Forget Gethsemane. *Oliver Crane.*

**3461. GETHSEMANE.**

There is a spot within this sacred dale  
That felt Thee kneeling, touched Thy pros-  
trate brow:  
One angel knows it. Oh, might prayer avail  
To win that knowledge, sure each holy vow  
Less quickly from the unstable soul would  
fade,  
Offered where Christ in agony was laid!

Might tear of ours once mingle with the blood  
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,  
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would  
brood,

Till they had framed within a guardian spell  
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,  
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly  
dreams;

Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'er-  
flow,

Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams  
From thy dear name, where in His page of  
woe

It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?  
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen  
Him die. *John Keble.*

### 3462. GETHSEMANE, An Olive Leaf from.

And this was plucked by friendship's hand,  
And this was kindly borne to me  
From the heart's treasure-land,  
Gethsemane!

The conscious soil, that gave to birth  
Its venerable parent tree,  
Was thy blood-moistened earth,  
Gethsemane!

On whose cold bosom, that sad night,  
The Guiltless sank for guilty me;  
When angel-wings made bright  
Gethsemane!

When darkness o'er a God in tears  
Drew solemn veil, that none might see  
How wrath divine woke fears,  
Gethsemane!

When—that might pass the dreadful cup,  
The Sufferer prayed in agony;  
Yet, bade to drink it up,  
Gethsemane—

His prayer had answer in new power,  
Strengthened, He should the victor be,  
Though hell was strong that hour,  
Gethsemane!

O Garden of Hesperides!  
I seek thy wondrous laden tree,  
Whose apple heals disease—  
Gethsemane!

Eden! where, if I take and eat,  
'Tis life, immortal life to me;  
My soul's unclaying meat,  
Gethsemane!

The thoughts are sweet and full of heaven,  
That rise, and throng, and cling to thee;  
Wings! wings!—if wings were given,  
Gethsemane—

Not thee I'd seek; thou art too far;  
The Crucified is nigh to me;  
Life's Joy, day's Sun, night's Star—  
Gethsemane!

All day, His presence here to keep,  
I need not such memorial see;  
All night, love doth not sleep,  
Gethsemane!

Yet will the frequent thought return,  
All redolent of bliss and thee—  
Quickening cold love, till love shall burn,  
Gethsemane!

No pledge shall wake my joy; my grief  
Shall few memorials stir, like thee,  
Thou sacred Olive Leaf!—  
Gethsemane!

Eyes! with delicious tears be dim;  
Soul, leap! for love hath set thee free;  
Voice! join with Calvary's hymn  
"Gethsemane!"

Anticipate the theme, the same  
That sung by rescued worlds will be,  
When worlds expire in flame,  
"Gethsemane!"

Thou brooding Dove, thou Spirit, come!  
And take the wanderer home to thee;  
Earth, earth is not my home,  
Gethsemane! *W. B. Tappan.*

### 3463. GETHSEMANE, Forget Not.

Luke xxii : 39-46.

Oh let me not forget! 'Twas here,  
Earth of the Saviour's grief and toil!  
He knelt; and oft the falling tear  
Mingled His sorrows with thy soil.  
When, in the Garden's fearful hour,  
He felt the great temptation's power.

Here was the proffered bitter cup.  
"Thy will be done," the Saviour said.  
His faith received, and drank it up;  
Amazed, the baffled tempter fled;  
Repulsed, with all his hate and skill,  
Before an acquiescent will.

O man! In memory of that hour  
Let rising murmurs be repressed;  
And learn the secret of thy power  
Within a calm and patient breast.  
"Thy will be done." 'Tis that which rolls  
Their agony from suffering souls.

Such is the lesson that I find  
Here, in the Saviour's place of tears;  
The lesson, that the trusting mind  
Has strength to conquer griefs and fears;  
And doomed upon the cross to die,  
Finds death itself a victory.

*Thomas C. Upham.*

**3464. GETHESEMANE, Superiority of.**

What though my feet had stood upon  
The blood-stained field of Marathon;  
Though I had heard the serpent hiss  
Amidst the fallen Persepolis:  
Or seen those pond'rous masses rise  
O'er Nile's rich stream to meet the skies,  
'Twere nothing, had I stood on thee,  
Lovely, but sad, Gethsemane.

Not even at Athens will I touch,  
Though Socrates might teach me much;  
Nor will I speed across the deep  
To learn of Cato not to weep  
When sorrow's waves are swelling high,  
And darkest clouds obscure the sky;  
Nor shall he teach me how to die;  
To live, to die, I learn from thee,  
Lovely, though sad, Gethsemane.

Here did those sacred pains begin,  
Which full atonement made for sin;  
Here, bleeding, prostrate on the ground,  
Life's Lord and glory's Prince was found;  
And angels on that wond'rous night,  
Gazed, all astonished, at the sight;  
The eye of heaven was fixed on thee,  
Lovely, though sad, Gethsemane.

Oh, never can my soul forget  
Thine agony and bloody sweat;  
The sorrow of Thy soul when Thou  
Obedient unto death didst bow.  
But Thou didst all Thy foes o'ercome,  
And then, ascending, sought Thy home;  
Thence shall my soul ascend to Thee,  
To Eden from Gethsemane. *E. Tatham.*

**3465. GIBEON.**

Joshua x: 1-14.

Oh! there were banners proudly dancing  
Round old Gibeon's royal walls;  
Oh! there were war-steeds furious prancing  
To the battle-trump which calls.  
On they come, five kings in number,  
Oh how stern their long array!  
Up! brave hearts, nor dare to slumber;  
Life and death are on this day.

Men of Gibeon! like a river  
Hebron rushes from afar;  
Jarmuth see! with bow and quiver,  
How he heads the bursting war.  
Lachish shouts with scornful gladness;  
Eglon! who his waves shall stem?  
Many a mother faints with sadness  
At thy cry, Jerusalem!

Onward! onward! buckler clashes,  
Lances shiver, helmet rings;  
On the roll of carnage dashes,  
Iron hearts are needful things,  
Earth and air, with ghastly wonder,  
Start to eye that dreadful sight;  
While each crash of martial thunder  
Shakes the crimson field of fight.

Hark! and tell me, heard ye stealing  
Footsteps through the dead of night?  
Saw ye tread, their path concealing,  
Israel's chosen men of might?  
Canaan's sons! no peace betiding,  
Moans that sullen night-wind's breath;  
For, upon its black wings riding,  
Lo! the angel comes of death.

Thou, Bethoron! tell the story,  
How they died that banded host;  
Bann'd pomp and kingly glory,  
Where is now your swelling boast?  
Speak, Azekah! say how o'er them  
Heaven its giant hailstones threw:  
God, their foe, above, before them;  
Israel's hosts behind pursue.

Conquerors! on; but, fast declining,  
See! the day is almost gone;  
"Sun! stand still, on Gibeon shining:  
Stop, thou moon! o'er Ajalon."  
Wondrous sight! by mortal spoken,  
Sun and moon obeyed that word,  
Till, the last proud foeman broken,  
Joshua triumphed and the Lord.

Gibeon's saved! ye saints that languish,  
Crouched in sackcloth and in dust;  
Rise! 'tis past, your hour of anguish,  
Perfect peace awaits the just;  
You have sown in night of sorrow,  
Reap in joy your promised crown;  
Happy, glorious, endless morrow,  
Sun and moon that ne'er go down.  
*E. Dudley Jackson.*

**3466. GIBEON.**

Joshua x: 6.

When Joshua, by God's command,  
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,  
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,  
Submission made, and mercy found.

Their stubborn neighbors, who, enraged,  
United war against them waged,  
By Joshua soon were overthrown,  
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.

He from whose arm they ruin feared,  
Their leader and ally appeared;  
An emblem of the Saviour's grace  
To those who humbly seek His face.

The men of Gibeon wore disguise,  
And gained their peace by framing lies;  
For Joshua had no power to spare,  
If he had known from whence they were.

But Jesus invitation sends,  
Treating with rebels as His friends;  
And holds the promise forth in view  
To all who for His mercy sue.

Too long His goodness I disdained,  
Yet went at last, and peace obtained;  
But soon the noise of war I heard,  
And former friends in arms appeared.

Weak in myself, for help I cried,  
Lord, I am pressed on every side;  
The cause is Thine, they fight with me,  
But every blow is aimed at Thee.

With speed to my relief He came,  
And put my enemies to shame,  
Thus saved by grace, I live to sing  
The love and triumphs of my King.  
*John Newton.*

### 3467. GIDEON'S FLEECE.

Judges vi : 39.

All night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,  
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew,  
All night long the green corn in the valley,  
Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,  
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,  
As he heard the crimson morning rustle  
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,  
Not a diamond in the lily's crown,  
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,  
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained  
down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,  
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops;  
Silver frosted lay the lowland meadows,  
Silver frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain,  
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,  
As the early sun looked through the wood-  
lands,  
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom  
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare;  
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,  
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,  
Heaven-besprinkled when the earth was dry;  
Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,  
Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the Presence  
Of the Sun that sets not night or day,  
When the fulness of His Spirit droppeth  
On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,  
Of her glory and her grievous fall;  
Hath that sacrament of shame and splendor  
To thine own heart not a nearer call?

There are homes whereon the grace of heaven  
Falleth ever softly from above—  
Homes by simple faith and Christian duty  
Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love.

Churches where the voice of praise and bless-  
Droppeth daily like the silver dew, [ing  
Where the earnest lip of love distilleth  
Words, like water running through and  
through.

There are children trained in truth and good-  
ness,  
Graceless, careless in those holy homes,  
There are hearts within those Christian tem-  
ples,  
Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,  
Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls;  
Where some lonely heart in secret fileth  
Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls.

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gen-  
Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot, [tle,  
Feels a tender Spirit, in the darkness,  
Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ! be with us, that these hearts within us  
Prove not graceless in the hour of grace;  
Dew of heaven! feed us with the sweetness  
Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

### 3468. GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

O Israel! thy hills are resounding,  
The cheeks of thy warriors are pale;  
For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,  
His legions are closing their mail;  
His battle steeds prancing and bounding,  
His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard, in haughtiness streaming,  
Above his encampment appears;  
An ominous radiance is gleaming  
Around from his forest of spears:  
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,  
But, ah! they are beaming through tears.

Our matron survivors are weeping,  
Their sucklings a prey to the sword;  
The blood of our martyrs is steeping  
The fanes where their fathers adored;  
The foe and the alien are reaping  
Fields, vineyards, the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,  
With the blood of the brave in our veins?  
Shall we crouch to the tyrant forever,  
Whilst manhood, existence, remains?  
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh never!  
Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,  
Encamped in the valley below;  
The sabre must freedom restore us,  
The spear, and the shaft, and the bow;  
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,  
Rush! rush like a flood on the foe!

*Vedder.*



**3469. GILBOA, The Field of.**

1 Samuel xxxi : 1.

The sun of the morning looked forth from  
his throne,  
And beamed on the face of the dead and  
the dying: [flown,  
For the yell of the strife like the thunder had  
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was  
pressed  
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless  
and ruddy;  
Now the claws of the vulture were fixed in  
his breast, [bloody.  
And the beak of the vulture was busy and

And there lay the son of the widowed and  
sad,  
Who yesterday went from her dwelling  
forever:  
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival  
had [quiver.  
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to

And there came the daughter, the desolate  
child,  
To hold up the head that was breathless  
and hoary; [wild  
And there came the maiden, all frantic and  
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping  
and gory.

And there came the consort, that struggled  
in vain [her;  
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft  
And there came the mother that sunk 'mid  
the slain,  
To weep o'er the last human stay that was  
left her.

O bloody Gilboa! a curse ever lie  
Where the king and his people were  
slaughtered together!  
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage  
to die,  
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to  
wither! *William Knox.*

**3470. GLEANER, The.**

Ruth ii : 19.

O gleaner, who homeward, as if in retreat,  
Art wearily plodding thy way,  
Thou hast wrought in the dust and the heat,  
But why bringest thou with thee no bundle  
of wheat,  
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have all day long in the wearisome toil  
Been gleaned but stubble and hay;  
I have labored as if on a barren soil, [foil;  
And the elements seemed my endeavors to  
I have gleaned but in vain to-day.

O gleaner, who comest as if from the field  
Where the sheaves in abundance lay,  
Oh what by thy diligent hand is the yield,  
And why is it close in thy mantle concealed;  
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields where the har-  
vesters throng,  
By the brook and the great highway;  
I have flitted from field to field along,  
And have listened to many a reaper's song;  
I have gleaned but as vagrant to-day.

From the harvests that wave as the Master's  
pride  
What bearest thou, gleaner, away? [hied,  
With the earliest dawn thou hast thitherward  
But what bringest thou back at the eventide?  
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields on the harvested  
plain,  
Where the reapers are happy and gay;  
But the reapers are harvesting all the grain,  
And the song that they sang was their own  
refrain;  
I have gleaned but as gleaner to-day.

O gleaner, who comest with hands well filled,  
As if gleaned where armfuls lay,  
Oh whence is the joy that thy bosom hath  
thrilled, [trilled;  
As if joining the song that the harvesters  
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have gleaned in the field where the Master  
assigned,  
And have stayed where he bade me stay;  
Where the owner and reapers alike were  
kind,  
And permitted me many a sheaf to find—  
I have gleaned as a reaper to-day.  
*Oliver Crane.*

**3471. GOLIATH.**

1 Samuel xvii.

The banners of Israel waved on the hill,  
The breast of their chieftain was shadowed  
with care;  
No warrior of prowess, no archer of skill,  
Came forth from the host at the sound of his  
prayer.

The champion of Gagon, th' avenger of Gath,  
In the pride of his strength, stalked over the  
plain;  
He hurled defiance, and spake of his wrath,  
Of the feats he'd achieved, and the foes he  
had slain.

No eye dared to meet the fierce glare of his  
glance.  
No rival rushed forth to o'ershadow his joy:  
The bow was unstrung, and unsheathed the  
lance,  
Though each bosom was heaved with the  
wish to destroy.

What wanteth that stripling, that gay rustic  
swain,  
Who seeketh the tent of the heart-sickened  
soul?  
What freak of the madman, what hope of  
the vain,  
Gives life to his courage, and heralds his fall?  
Ah! stay from the contest, and face not the  
scorn  
And the vengeance of him who was cradled  
in war;  
By his strength, and his hate, and his gods  
he hath sworn,  
That thou shalt be chained to the wheels of  
his car.

Well done, bravest youth, for that stone was  
well flung,  
And has gained a tomb in the brow of thy foe;  
From the murky recess of his bosom is wrung  
The feeling that scorned thee, and sighed for  
thy woe. *Elisha Tatham.*

### 3472. GOLIATH, Death of.

1 Samuel xvii : 42-51.

*David.* Thou com'st to me with sword and  
spear and shield;  
In the dread name of Israel's God I come;  
The living Lord of hosts, whom thou defy'st!  
Yet though no shield I bring, no arms except  
These five new stones I gathered from the  
brook,

With such a simple sling as shepherds use,  
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,  
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey  
To my victorious arm. This day I mean  
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess  
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,  
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,  
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone:  
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts  
Shall spread the plains of Elah, till Philistia,  
Through all her trembling tents and flying  
hands,  
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!  
I dare thee to the trial.

*Goliath.* Follow me;

In this good spear I trust.

*David.* I trust in Heav'n!

The God of battle stimulates my arm,  
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

*Abner.* Full in the centre of the camp he  
stood!

The opposing armies ranged on either side  
In proud array. The haughty giant stalked  
Stately across the valley. Next the youth  
With modest confidence advanced. Nor  
pomp,  
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,  
His graceful form adorned. Goliath straight,  
With solemn state, began the busy work  
Of dreadful preparation. In one place  
His closely jointed mail an opening left

For air, and only one. The watchful youth  
Marked that the beaver of his helm was up.  
Meanwhile the giant such a blow devised  
As would have crushed him. This the youth  
perceived,  
And from his well-directed sling quick  
hurled,  
With dextrous aim, a stone which sunk,  
deep-lodged  
In the capacious forehead of the foe.  
Then with a cry, as loud and terrible  
As Libyan lions roaring for their young,  
Quite stunned, the furious giant staggered,  
reeled,  
And fell: the mighty mass of man fell prone.  
With its own weight his shattered bulk was  
bruised.

His clattering arms rung dreadfully through  
the field,  
And the firm basis of the solid earth  
Shook. Choked with blood and dust, he  
cursed his gods,  
And died blaspheming! Straight the victor  
youth  
Drew from his sheath the giant's pond'rous  
sword,  
And from the enormous trunk the gory head,  
Furious in death, he severed. The grim visage  
Looked threatening still, and still frowned  
horribly.

*Saul.* O glorious deed! O valiant con-  
queror!  
*Hannah More.*

### 3473. GOLIATH'S DEFIANCE.

Samuel xvii : 4-11.

*Abner.* Thrice, and no more, he sounds, his  
daily rule.

This man of war, this champion of Philistia,  
Is of the sons of Anak's giant race:  
Goliath is his name. His fearful stature,  
Unparalleled in Israel, measures more  
Than twice three cubits. On his towering  
head

A helm of burnished brass the giant wears,  
So pond'rous it would crush the stoutest man  
In all our hosts. A coat of mailed armor  
Guards his capacious trunk; compared with  
which

The amplest oak that spreads his rugged  
arms  
In Bashan's groves were small. About his  
neck

A shining corselet hangs. On his vast thigh  
The plaited cuirass, firmly jointed, stands.  
But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,  
And hope to gain belief? Of massive iron,  
Its tempered frame not less than the broad  
beam

To which the busy weaver hangs his loom;  
Not to be wielded by a mortal hand,  
Save by his own. An armor-bearer walks  
Before this mighty champion, in his hand  
Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice every  
morn

His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance,

Offering at once to end the long-drawn war  
In single combat 'gainst that hardy foe  
Who dares encounter him.

*David.* Say, mighty Abner,  
What are the haughty terms of his defiance?

*Abner.* Proudly he stalks around the ex-  
tremest bounds

Of Elah's vale. His herald sounds the note  
Of offered battle. Then the furious giant,  
With such a voice as from the troubled sky  
In volleyed thunder breaks, thus sends his  
challenge:

"Why do you set your battle in array,  
Ye men of Israel? Wherefore waste the lives  
Of needless thousands? Why protract a war  
Which may at once be ended? Are not you  
Servants to Saul, your king? and am not I,  
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine?  
Choose out a man from all your armed hosts,  
Of courage most approved, and I will meet  
him;

His single arm to mine. Th' event of this  
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.  
If victory favor him, then will we live  
Your tributary slaves; but if my arm  
Be crowned with conquest, you shall then  
live ours.

Give me a man, if your effeminate bands  
A man can boast. Your armies I defy!"

*David.* What shall be done to him who  
shall subdue

This vile idolater?

*Abner.* He shall receive  
Such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,  
As might inflame the old or warm the coward,  
Were not the odds so desperate.

*David.* Say, what are they?

*Abner.* The royal Saul has promised that  
bold hero

Who should encounter and subdue Goliath  
All dignity and favor; that his house  
Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled  
With the first honors Israel has to give.  
As for the gallant conqueror himself,  
No less a recompense than the fair princess,  
Our monarch's peerless daughter.

*Hannah More.*

### 3474. GOLDEN CALF, The.

Exodus xxxii : 4-31.

When Israel heard the fiery law  
From Sinai's top proclaimed,  
Their hearts seemed full of holy awe,  
Their stubborn spirits tamed.

Yet, as forgetting all they knew,  
Ere forty days were past,  
With blazing Sinai still in view,  
A molten calf they cast.

Yea, Aaron, God's anointed priest,  
Who on the mount had been,  
He durst prepare the idol beast,  
And lead them on to sin.

Lord, what is man, and what are we,  
To recompense Thee thus!  
In their offence our own we see,  
Their story points at us.

From Sinai we heard Thee speak,  
And from Mount Calv'ry too;  
And yet to idols oft we seek,  
While Thou art in our view.

Some golden calf, or golden dream,  
Some fancied creature good,  
Presumes to share the heart with Him  
Who bought the whole with blood.

*John Newton.*

### 3475. GOLGOTHA.

Mark xv : 22.

What throng is this ascending Calvary's  
height?

The mob, the rabble, men in armor bright,  
That lead to death a lowly Nazarene;  
And with a cross comes Simon of Cyrene.

O doleful hour! On grim Golgotha's brow  
The sun has veiled his face in darkness now;  
While from their graves the ancient dead  
arise,  
And nature quakes, for lo! her Author dies!

Firm rocks are rent, and from their stations  
hurled;  
Bright lightnings flash; loud thunders shake  
the world;  
Man's Mediator in His passion hangs;  
But cries, Forgive, despite His dying pangs!

O sin-sick thief! how happy is thy place,  
To die beholding thy Redeemer's face,  
To see compassion in His closing eyes,  
And hear Him say, "To-day in paradise!"

O clean, cool tomb, where never dead were  
lain,  
Fold to thy stony breast this sinless slain!  
When holy Joseph sleeps in thine embrace  
A sweet perfume shall linger round the place!

Exult no more, thou grim and greedy grave,  
For nothing now thy victory shall save.  
Death, not decay, on that fair form may rest;  
And death has lost its sting, thus being blest.

Nor shall blood-crested worms feed on such  
fare,  
Nor sacred mould fall from the ploughman's  
share;  
From purple drops the passion-flower may  
blow,  
But from His dust no living thing shall grow.

Soon shall He rise and seek His home above,  
For evermore to plead for human love;  
With wounded hands point to His bleeding  
side,  
And say, "My Father, I was crucified!"

"Spare for My sake, repentant sinners spare!  
I bore the cross, that they with Me might  
Eternal life, eternal joy and rest, [share  
Eternal purity and blessedness."

Oh! who dare doubt this God in human guise?  
What wretch refuse this proffered sacrifice?  
Who press the thorns, or tear the gaping  
flesh,  
Or crucify the Son of God afresh?

Shall I be one anew to crucify,  
By scorning Him who came from heaven to  
die?

No! Mary-like I choose the better part,  
The broken spirit and the contrite heart.

*Simon Tucker Clark.*

### 3476. GOOD SAMARITAN, The.

Luke x : 30-37.

Wounded and sore I bleeding lay,  
Upon the dark and dangerous way,  
While priest and Levite passed me by,  
And gave no neighbor's heed.

A stranger passed, and saw my state;  
He came the last, but not too late;  
Nor did he longer make me wait,  
But came with friendly speed.

Although an alien and a foe,  
He helped me in my direst woe,  
And proved a friend and "neighbor" too;  
And did a neighbor's deed.

He bound my wounds, and stanch'd the  
The issue of my life that flow'd, [blood,  
And gave me medicine and food;  
He was a friend in need.

He brought me to the wayside inn,  
And lodg'd me safely there within,  
And paid the price to heal my sin,  
My fainting soul to feed.

This is the place where pilgrims stay,  
And hold communion on the way,  
With strength proportioned to their day,  
And help in time of need.

He gave the host sufficient fare,  
Consign'd me to his tender care,  
And, with a promise, left me there,  
And bade a kind "God speed."

I saw that He had wounds like mine,  
And thence outpoured the oil and wine;  
And all He had, He said, "'Tis thine!"  
'Twas Christ, the friend indeed.

When I go forth to help the weak,  
By deeds I do, by words I speak,  
The wounded, lost, and strayed to seek,  
I do it in Christ's stead.

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3477. GOSPEL, Triumph of the.

'Tis built on a rock, and the tempest may rave;  
Its solid foundation repels the proud wave.  
Though Satan himself should appear in the  
van,

Truth smiles at the rage of the infidel clan.

"Like the sun going forth" in his mighty  
career,  
To gladden the earth and illumine each  
sphere;  
The chariot of Truth shall in majesty roll  
O'er climate, isle, ocean, to each distant pole.

A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,  
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and  
Jew:  
And millions of heathens, their idols de-  
spising,  
Shall bask in the light, and exult in its rising!

The shadows that cover the regions of Ham  
Shall vanish, or flame with the light of the  
Lamb;  
Each lovely green island, that gems the salt  
wave,  
His truth will convert, his philanthropy  
save!

Already a glory has flamed in the west;  
Poor negroes with spiritual freedom are blest:  
The palms of the south show its beautiful  
blaze,  
And the boreal pines have been tipped with  
its rays.

A voice in the desert, a voice in the wood!  
A voice o'er the mountain and billowy flood!  
"Thy glory is come;" abject heathen, "arise  
And shine," like a new-risen star in the skies!

"A Star in the east" is to millions displayed  
Whose lustre has sunk the proud crescent in  
shade;  
O'er the darkness of nations, for ages forlorn,  
Bright truth is diffusing millennial morn!

O'er pagod and altar the Gospel has blazed;  
The Brahmin has wondered, the Moslem has  
gazed;  
The vision delightful shall Salem behold;  
And, under one Shepherd, the world be one  
fold!

The sign of the Cross has appeared—the  
blest sign;  
And faith has decipher'd the motto divine,  
"He must reign" till the nations in homage  
bow down,  
The wicked His footstool, believers His  
crown.

Life's river of crystal shall everywhere flow,  
Till flowerless deserts a paradise grow;  
And wilds bleak and barren burst out in the  
glory  
Predicted by seers in prophetic story.

The record announces that Babel shall fall;  
Priest, pagod, fane, idol, mosque, minaret—  
all

The strongholds of Satan to ruins be hurled;  
And glory shall cover our desolate world!

The mighty may fight with Jehovah's decree;  
And the sceptic may write that it never shall  
be;

But the finger of time on its dial shall stop,  
Ere one promise prove false, or one prophecy  
drop!

Go, stop it, proud scorers! alas, it is vain!  
Ye may as well tie up the winds with a chain;  
Or the stars, or the tides of the ocean control;  
Or fuse the vast ices that rivet the pole.

*Joshua Marsden.*

**3478. GRAVE, The.**

*Job xxx : 23.*

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the  
shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage;  
Their aims are various as the roads they take  
In journeying through life, the task be mine  
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;  
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
These travellers meet. Thy succors I explore,  
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains  
The keys of hell and death. The Grave,  
dread thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature,  
appalled,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how  
dark

Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes!  
Where naught but silence reigns, and night,  
dark night,

Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant Sun  
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams  
Athwart the gloom profound. The sickly  
taper,

By glimmering through thy low-browed  
misty vaults,

Furred round with mouldy damp, and ropy  
Lets fall a supernumerary horror, [slime,  
And only serves to make thy night more irk-  
some.

Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;  
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary  
shades,

Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic  
rounds,

No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work  
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,  
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which  
were;

There lie interred the more illustrious dead.  
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Me-  
thinks

Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:

Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's  
foul bird,

Rooked in the spire, screams loud; the  
gloomy aisles,

Black plastered, and hung round with shreds  
of 'scutcheons,

And tattered coats of arms, send back the  
sound,

Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,  
The mansions of the dead. Roused from  
their slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,  
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,  
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.  
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious  
sound!

I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run  
chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend  
elms

(Coëval near with that) all ragged show,  
Long lashed by the rude winds: some rift  
half down

Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,  
That scarce two crows could lodge in the  
same tree.

Strange things, the neighbors say, have hap-  
pened here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow  
tombs;

Dead men have come again, and walked  
about;

And the great bell has rolled, unring, un-  
touched

(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,  
When it draws near to witching time of  
night).

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've  
seen,

By glimpse of moonshine, checkering through  
the trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-  
grown),

That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he  
hears,

The sound of something purring at his heels;  
Full fast he fits, and dares not look behind,  
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his  
stand

O'er some new-opened grave; and, strange  
to tell!

Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes  
spied,

Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate  
dead:

Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.

Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man  
 She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,  
 In barbarous succession, musters up  
 The past endearments of their softer hours,  
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
 She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,  
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in  
 sunder

Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!  
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.  
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from  
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay. [me  
 Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,  
 And the warm effort of the gentle heart,  
 Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I  
 In some thick wood have wandered heedless  
 on,

Hidden from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
 Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,  
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors through the underwood,  
 Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-  
 tongued thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird  
 Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note;  
 The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose  
 Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every  
 flow'r

Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury [day  
 Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's  
 Seemed too, too much in haste; still the full  
 heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness  
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoilst the dance of  
 youthful blood,  
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of  
 mirth,

And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;  
 Branding our laughter with the name of mad-  
 ness.

Where are the jesters now? The men of health  
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,  
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke  
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
 And made ev'n thick-lipped musing melan-  
 choly

To gather up her face into a smile  
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,  
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war:  
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,  
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brained  
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore [youth,  
 From kings of all the then discovered globe:  
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was  
 hampered,

And had not room enough to do its work?  
 Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!  
 And crammed into a space we blush to name.  
 Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!

How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!  
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?  
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,  
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes,  
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,  
 Like new-born infant wound up in its swathes,  
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,  
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:  
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little  
 tongues,

And coward insults of the base-born crowd,  
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,  
 But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,  
 Of being unmolested and alone.  
 Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,  
 And honors by the heralds duly paid  
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;  
 O cruel irony! these come too late;  
 And only mock whom they meant to honor.  
 Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's  
 buried

In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,  
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he,  
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,  
 Above the baser born, to rot in state!

But see! the horn-plumed hearse comes  
 nodding on,

Stately and slow; and properly attended  
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch  
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
 By letting out their persons by the hour  
 To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!  
 How rich the trappings, now they're all un-  
 furled

And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries  
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people  
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the  
 casements,

And houses tops, ranks behind ranks, close  
 wedged,  
 Hang belying o'er. But tell us, why this  
 waste?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcass  
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril  
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,  
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
 Why is the principal concealed, for which  
 You make this mightystir. 'Tis wisely done:  
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou ap-  
 pear'st!

Below the envy of the private man!  
 Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,  
 Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops  
 short.

Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the Grave,  
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!  
 The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame  
 Die fast away; only themselves die faster.  
 The far-famed sculptor and the laurelled bard,  
 Those bold insurances of deathless fame,  
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,  
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top  
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-  
lived

The angry shaking of the winter's storm;  
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,  
Shattered with age, and furrowed o'er with  
years.

The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,  
Gives way. O lamentable sight! At once  
The labor of whole ages lumbers down,  
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.  
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,  
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,  
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:  
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,  
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,  
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.  
Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,  
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,  
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of  
blood;

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying vil-  
lains,

Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires  
waste,

And, in a cruel wantonness of power, [up  
Thinned states of half their people, and gave  
To want the rest: now, like a storm that's  
spent,

Lie hushed, and meanly sneak behind thy  
covert.

Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral  
scorn,

That haunts and dogs them, like an injured  
ghost

Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,  
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er  
noticed,

And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm  
as short,

Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,  
And gripped them like some lordly beast of  
prey,

Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,  
And piteous plaintive voice of misery  
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,  
Of the same common nature as his lord);

Now tame and humble, like a child that's  
whipped,

Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm  
his kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under  
ground

Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we were some-  
thing

Above the common level of our kind;  
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexioned  
flatt'ry,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we  
are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,  
The grave discredits thee: thy charms ex-  
punged,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soiled,  
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy  
lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee  
homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,  
Whilst, surfeited upon the damask cheek,  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes rolled,  
Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution?  
For this thy painful labors at thy glass?

T' improve those charms, and keep them in  
repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul  
feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious  
tears

Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of  
flowers;

Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain  
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle  
boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,

With greater ease than e'er thou didst the  
stripling

That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.  
What groan was that I heard? deep groan

indeed!

With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;  
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong

man,  
By stronger arm belabored, gasps for breath  
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great

heart

Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant  
To give the lungs full play! what now avail

The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-  
spread shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold

Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it  
hard,

Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full

ghastly,

Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,

And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that  
groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,

Lies still. What! mean'st thou then, O  
mighty boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What! means  
the bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the  
coward,

And flee before a feeble thing like man;  
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,

Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
The star-surveying sage close to his eye  
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;  
And travelling through the boundless length  
of space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,  
That roll with regular confusion there,  
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man,  
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;  
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;  
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome  
place,

Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,  
Disarmed, dishonored, like a wretch that's  
gagged,

And cannot tell his ails to passers-by.  
Great man of language, whence this mighty  
change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:  
Alas! how chopfall'n now! Thick mists  
and silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast  
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of  
words,

The well-turned period, and the well-tuned  
voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
Ah! fled forever, as they ne'er had been!  
Razed from the book of fame; or, more pro-  
voking,

Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten  
scribbler

Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes  
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan  
check.

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!  
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,  
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!  
Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
And all thy well-crammed magazines of  
health?

Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,  
Nor margin of the gravel-bottomed brook,  
Escaped thy rifling hand: from stubborn  
shrubs

Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,  
And vex'dst them in the fire; nor fly, nor  
insect,

Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep re-  
search.

But why this apparatus? why this cost?  
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!  
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,  
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?  
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold im-  
postor

Looks not more silly when the cheat's found  
out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!  
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift!)  
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;  
Eased of a tax it irked the wretch to pay  
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;  
By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?  
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor in-  
deed:

Robbed of his goods, what has he left be-  
hind?

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his int'rest in both  
worlds!

First starved in this, then damned in that to  
come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O  
Death!

To him that is at ease in his possessions;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure  
here,

Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she  
looks

On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage. Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,  
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his pur-  
pose,

Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!  
What a strange moment must it be, when  
near

Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!  
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed  
To tell what's doing on the other side.

Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,  
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of  
parting;

For part they must: body and soul must  
part;

Fond couple! linked more close than wedded  
pair.

This wings its way to its Almighty Source,  
The witness of its actions, now its judge:  
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and naught after  
death;

If, when men died, at once they ceased to  
be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
Whence first they sprung; then might the  
debauchee



Untrembling mouth the heavens; then might  
 the drunkard  
 Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drained  
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
 At the poor bugbear Death; then might the  
 wretch  
 That's weary of the world, and tired of life,  
 At once give each inquietude the slip,  
 By stealing out of being when he pleased,  
 And by what way: whether by hemp or steel:  
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who  
 could force  
 The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,  
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well  
 That helps himself as timely as he can,  
 When able. But if there's an hereafter,  
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,  
 And suffered to speak out, tells ev'ry man,  
 Then must it be an awful thing to die;  
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.  
 Self-murder! name it not; our island's  
 shame,  
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring  
 states.  
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dic-  
 tate,  
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?  
 Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,  
 The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er  
 With blood of its own lord. Dreadful  
 attempt!  
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,  
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;  
 As if we challenged Him to do His worst,  
 And mattered not His wrath! Unheard-of  
 tortures  
 Must be reserved for such: these herd to-  
 gether;  
 The common damned shun their society,  
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
 Our time is fixed, and all our days are num-  
 bered;  
 How long, how short, we know not: this we  
 know,  
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give per-  
 mission;  
 Like sentries that must keep their destined  
 stand,  
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're  
 relieved.  
 Those only are the brave that keep their  
 ground,  
 And keep it to the last. To run away  
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away  
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst  
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend our-  
 selves  
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,  
 And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis  
 mad:  
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.  
 Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity  
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
 Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab  
 it out;

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.  
 I've heard that souls departed have some-  
 times  
 Forwarned men of their death: 'twas kindly  
 done  
 To knock and give the alarm. But what  
 means  
 This stinted charity? 'Tis but lame kind-  
 ness  
 That does its work by halves. Why might  
 you not  
 Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws  
 Of your society forbid you speaking  
 Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;  
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine  
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no  
 matter;  
 A very little time will clear up all,  
 And make us learned as you are, and as  
 close.  
 Death's shafts fly thick: here falls the vil-  
 lage swain,  
 And there his pampered lord. The cup goes  
 round,  
 And who so artful as to put it by?  
 'Tis long since Death had the majority;  
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.  
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!  
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er  
 stole  
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,  
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and  
 acquaintance,  
 By far his juniors. Scarce a skull's cast up  
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell  
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand,  
 The sot has walked with Death twice twenty  
 years;  
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs  
 louder,  
 Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards  
 meet,  
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he  
 minds not  
 That some trusty brother of the trade  
 Shall do for him what he has done for thou-  
 sands.  
 On this side, and on that, men see their  
 friends  
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch  
 out  
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long lives  
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days  
 Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that  
 we are,  
 Never to think of death and of ourselves  
 At the same time; as if to learn to die  
 Were no concern of ours. O more than  
 sottish!  
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,  
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,  
 Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,  
 The very first swollen surge shall sweep us  
 in.

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on  
With a resistless, unremitting stream;  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight  
thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow  
And carries off his prize. What is this  
world?

What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,  
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of  
animals,

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's  
bones.

The very turf on which we tread once lived;  
And we that live must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring; in their turns  
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all  
meet,

The shivering Iclander and sun-burnt Moor;  
Men of all climes, that never met before;  
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the  
Christian.

Here the proud prince, and favorite yet  
prouder,

His sovereign's keeper and the people's  
scourge,

Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed  
The great negotiators of the earth  
And celebrated masters of the balance,  
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.  
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to  
treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his  
burthen

From his galled shoulders; and, when the  
stern tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about  
him,

Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,  
Mocks his short arm and, quick as thought,  
escapes

Where tyrants vex not and the weary rest.  
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,  
The telltale echo, and the bubbling stream  
(Time out of mind the favo'rite seats of love),  
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down.  
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends  
and foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.  
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,  
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,  
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams  
That some rude interposing rock has split.  
Here is the large-limbed peasant; here the  
child

Of a span long, that never saw the sun,  
Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's  
porch.

Here is the mother, with her sons and  
daughters;

The barren wife and long-demurring maid,  
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets  
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude severe and gay coquette,  
The sober widow and the young green  
virgin,

Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown,  
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley  
here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;  
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,  
Whose every day was made of melody,  
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-  
tongued shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding,  
Here are the wise, the generous, and the  
brave;

The just, the good, the worthless, the pro-  
fane;

The downright clown and perfectly well-  
bred;

The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the  
mean;

The supple statesman and the patriot stern;  
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,  
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first  
state,

When yet but warm from thy great Maker's  
hand

He stamped thee with His image, and, well  
pleas'd,

Smiled on his last fair work. Then all was  
well:

Sound was the body, and the soul serene;  
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,  
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor  
heart

Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they  
should;

For all was pure within: no fell remorse,  
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,  
Alarmed his peaceful bosom. Summer seas  
Show not more smooth, when kissed by  
southern winds

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,  
The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,  
Offer'd the various produce of the year,  
And everything most perfect in its kind.

Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how  
short!

Blessed as the pleasing dreams of holy men,  
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.  
O slippery state of things! What sudden  
turns!

What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf  
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,  
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.  
How scant the space between these vast  
extremes!

Thus fared it with our sire: Not long he  
enjoy'd

His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant  
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets  
Or sum them up, when straight he must be  
gone,

Ne'er to return again. And must he go?  
Can naught compound for the first dire  
offence

Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,  
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,  
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.

Not all the lavish odors of the place,  
Offered in incense, can procure his pardon  
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,  
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,  
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he  
take

One last and farewell round. At once he lost  
His glory and his God. If mortal now,  
And sorely maimed, no wonder! Man has  
sinned;

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.

(Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!  
Where the worst thing could happen is  
success.)

Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorned,  
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,  
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between:  
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-'scap'd  
train

Admitted once into its better room  
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;  
Lording it o'er the man; who now, too late,  
Saw the rash error which he could not  
mend:

An error fatal not to him alone,  
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.  
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans  
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster,  
sin!

Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent  
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,  
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,  
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils  
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their  
bounds.

The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails,  
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and  
stench,

Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues  
round,

And there it stops. The big-swollen inun-  
dation,

Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning  
more;

But that too has its shore it cannot pass.  
More dreadful far than these! sin has laid  
waste,

Not here and there a country, but a world;  
Dispatching, at a wide-extended blow,  
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, de-  
faeing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded  
branches,

And marking all along its way with ruin.  
Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy  
find

A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!

Of temper so transcendently malign,  
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,  
Compared to thee, are harmless. Sickneses  
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,  
And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the  
fiend

Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
Whilst deep-mouthed slaughter, bellowing  
at her heels,

Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-  
morrow

Shapes out new work of great uncommon  
daring,

And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.  
But, hold, I've gone too far; too much dis-  
covered

My father's nakedness and nature's shame.  
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,  
One burst of filial duty and condolence,  
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath  
spread,

This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!  
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!  
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!

The veriest gluttons do not always cram;  
Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
To edge the appetite: Thou seekest none.  
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast  
devoured,

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest  
up,

This, less than this, might gorge thee to the  
full.

But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;  
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,  
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,  
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.  
As if diseases, massacres and poison,  
Famine and war, were not thy eaters.

But know that thou must render up the  
dead,

And with high interest too. They are not  
thine;

But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till the great promised day of restitution;  
When loud diffusive sound from brazen  
trump

Of strong-lunged cherub shall alarm thy  
captives,

And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
Daylight, and liberty.

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal  
The minds that lay long forming under  
ground,

In their dark cells immured; but now full  
And pure as silver from the crucible, [ripe,  
That twice has stood the torture of the fire  
And inquisition of the forge. We know

The Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,  
The Son of God, thee foiled. Him in thy  
power

Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous He rose,  
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook  
Those spoils His voluntary yielding lent:

(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy  
thrall!)

Twice twenty days He sojourned here on earth,  
 And showed Himself alive to chosen witnesses  
 By proof so strong that the most slow assenting  
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,  
 He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see Him  
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along  
 Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,  
 Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;  
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.  
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let Him in;  
 Nor are His friends shut out: As a great prince  
 Not for himself alone procures admission,  
 But for his train. It was His royal will  
 That where He is, there should His followers be.  
 Death only lies between. A gloomy path!  
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears;  
 But not untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue  
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road  
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,  
 Start we at transient hardships in the way  
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,  
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!  
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,  
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.  
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,  
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:  
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!  
 This moment resolute, next unresolved:  
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,  
 His fears redouble, and he runs away  
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now  
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank  
 And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death!  
 That, after many a painful bleeding step,  
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe  
 On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!  
 Our bane turned to a blessing! Death, disarmed,  
 Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to Him  
 Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end  
 Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!  
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,  
 A life well spent, whose early care it was  
 His riper years should not upbraid his green;  
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;  
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!  
 (High in his faith and hope,) look how he reaches

After the prize in view! and, like a bird  
 That's hampered, struggles hard to get away;  
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh then!  
 Each earth-born joy grows vile or disappears,  
 Shrunk to a thing of naught. Oh! how he longs  
 To have his passport signed and be dismissed!  
 'Tis done, and nows he's happy! The glad soul  
 Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh  
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
 Its better half, never to sunder more.  
 Nor shall it hope in vain: The time draws on  
 When not a single spot of burial earth,  
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,  
 But must give back its long-committed dust  
 Inviolate; and faithfully shall these  
 Make up the full account; not the least atom  
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.  
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;  
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!  
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same power  
 That reared the piece at first, and took it down,  
 Can reassemble the loose scattered parts,  
 And put them as they were. Almighty God  
 Has done much more; nor is His arm impaired  
 Through length of days, and what He can,  
 He will;  
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.  
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust  
 (Not unattentive to the call) shall wake;  
 And every joint possess its proper place,  
 With a new elegance of form unknown  
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul  
 Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,  
 Singling its other half, into its arms  
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man  
 That's new come home, and, having long been absent,  
 With haste runs over every different room,  
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!  
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.  
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;  
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird  
 Leaves the wide air, and in some loney brake  
 Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;  
 Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

*Robert Blair.*

## 3479. HAGAR.

Genesis xxi : 14-20.

'Tis early morn; from off the freshened grass  
No footstep yet has brushed the moisture  
sweet

Which the night-skies have wept. Pellucid  
glass

Or sparkling crystal seem the drops that meet  
The slanting sunbeams! Oh, how fair, how  
bright

Is morning's hour of loneliness and light!

Let me look forth on such; let me again  
Dream as I gaze o'er all the hopes of youth,  
Feelings which dormant in the soul have lain;  
Let them with all the vividness of truth,  
Burst warmly forth, and thaw each icy part  
Which this world's converse freezes round  
the heart.

Who would not on such glorious morn re-  
joice,  
And feel the strength, the freshness of the  
scene

Gladdening their spirit? But e'en now a voice  
Of lamentation sounds. Yes, there has been  
A mourner here; mixed with the early dew,  
Tears are glistening in the sunshine too.

And they have fallen from eyes which oft  
have wept,

But never in such bitterness before;  
A wanderer seems she; in her hand is kept  
Another's closely clasped, while o'er and o'er  
The boy looks shuddering up, as if to read  
E'en in her tears the doom so dire decreed.

And there is one who, fixed as in a trance,  
Follows each movement of that sorrowing  
pair;

Whose aged eye is strained to catch the  
glance,

The last, long, lingering glance of mute de-  
spair,

Whose groans are echoing ev'ry footstep's  
fall

Of those he longs, yet dares not, to recall.

But now, e'en now, the sun his midday seat  
Ascends with all the glow of torrid fire;  
Struck by his fervid beams of withering heat,  
The herbage droops, the tender flowers ex-  
Alas! by Hagar's side a flower as fair [pire.  
Is drooping too, despite of all her care.

Spent is the water; sparingly and slow  
Drained drop by drop; his gift who dared  
no more

Of earthly sustenance on those bestow,  
So fondly cherished and sustained before.  
Now must she, from Beersheba's desert wild,  
Demand in vain refreshment for her child!

No gushing fountain gems those arid plains;  
No Elim palm-trees offer shelter there;  
Throughout the waste a heavy silence reigns,  
And the hot simoom taints the baleful air.

She feels its influence through each trem-  
bling limb,  
But heeds it not, her thoughts absorbed in  
him.

From out th' exhausted flask she drains the  
last

One drop, to cool his burning lip and brow;  
Herself, upon the ground despairing cast,  
Hangs o'er her boy, in languor prostrate now;  
While, like a broken lily, faint and weak,  
Upon his shoulder drops his pallid cheek.

And swiftly she unbinds the raven hair  
To shield him from the fierce sun's scorching  
ray;

Loosened her veil, she fans with jealous care  
Each noisome insect from his face away,  
And lays the fair curled head upon her knee,  
Watching his breathing, oh, how anxiously!

Vain every effort; vain her burning tears  
To moisten his parched skin. She looks  
around

For hope, for succor. Alas! none appears.  
One little shrub her searching eye has found  
In the far distance; it is reached at last,  
And 'neath its shade her dying child is cast.

A moment she stoops o'er him. Can it be?  
So lately full of life and joy and power!  
Are those the drops of mortal agony?  
This the convulsion of his parting hour?  
Shuddering she turns; she will not, dare not  
stay

To witness all she loved thus pass away.

She ceased; but ceased not with her words  
the tears

Which gush in torrents from her breaking  
heart;

Rent by convulsive sobs, her breast appears,  
As from the dying boy she sat apart;  
Nor raised her head, lest, piercing as a lance,  
The last death-struggle sore should meet her  
glance.

But when on earth, by tempests fiercely  
driven,

The clouds of fate across our path are borne,  
Then wakes the watchful providence of  
heaven.

A pitying eye looks down on her forlorn;  
A voice of comfort speaks: "Rise, Hagar,  
rise,

And Ishmael yet shall bless thy longing eyes.

"Take him once more within a parent's hand,  
Lift him from off the hard, unpitying ground;  
For God has heard the lad. At His command  
The waters gush from stony rocks around.  
Yet will I bless him for his father's sake,  
And of his seed a mighty nation make."

And now her sight is cleared; amazed she  
A fountain opened in a desert plain, [spies  
And crystal waters sparkling. Quick she flies  
To dip the flask; replenish it again,

How joyfully! from heaven's provided  
spring,  
And sweet refreshment to her child to bring.

Yes, Hagar's eyes are opened. Oh! for sight  
Like hers, all ecstasy, to view the fair  
And glorious fount of endless life and light,  
And, pilgrim-like, to seek refreshment there.  
Oh! to be sprinkled with those drops, be-  
dewed,  
And feel, like Ishmael, our whole life re-  
newed. *Scriptural Sketches.*

**3480. HAGAR.**

Genesis xxi : 14-20.

Untrodden, drear, and lone,  
Stretched many a league away,  
Beneath a burning, noontday sun  
The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat  
Upon that herbless plain,  
The dazzling sands, with fiercer heat,  
Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed  
No wandering breath of air,  
No palm-trees cast their cooling shade,  
No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,  
Spurned from her master's side,  
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,  
Her woe and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,  
The boy upon her hung  
Who, from his father's tent that morn,  
Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,  
Glazed was his flashing eye;  
And in that fearful desert waste  
She laid him down to die.

But when, in wild despair,  
She left him to his lot,  
A voice that filled that breathless air  
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed  
A cooling, crystal stream,  
And angels left their high abode  
And ministered to them.

Oft, when drear wastes surround  
My faltering footsteps here,  
I've thought I, too, heard that blest sound  
Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path  
On through the evil land,  
Have the twin angels, Hope and Faith,  
Walked with me hand to hand.

*Anne C. Lynch.***3481. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.**

Genesis xxi : 15-20.

Injured, hopeless, faint and weary,  
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,  
Through the desert, wild and dreary,  
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can paint a mother's anguish,  
Painted in that tearless eye,  
Which beholds her darling languish,  
Languish unrelieved, and die?

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her;  
Perishing for thirst he lies;  
Death with deep despair assails her,  
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,  
Wild she rushes from the sight;  
In the agonies of dying  
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,  
Cast upon the burning ground,  
Poor abandoned soul! look up—  
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord  
Comes thy great distress to cheer;  
Listen to the gracious word;  
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee  
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?  
From the dream of woe awake thee,  
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes! behold yon fountain,  
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees;  
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain  
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction  
God hath seen and pitied thee,  
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction  
Thou henceforth His care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,  
Mother of a mighty race!  
By contempt no more oppressed  
Thou hast found a resting-place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,  
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,  
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven  
Found thee in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning,  
'Mid the desert of the world,  
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,  
From thy cherished comforts hurled:

See thy great Deliverer nigh,  
Call thee from thy sorrow vain;  
Bids thee on His love rely,  
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,  
Lo! the well of life He shows!  
In His presence ever dwelling,  
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing  
Open to thy hopes secure;  
Sure of endless joys possessing,  
Of a heavenly kingdom sure.

*Mrs. Mary Tighe.*

### 3482. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Amid the wilderness, alone,  
When noon with burning splendor shone,  
Beneath her sky serene

Two mournful forms were seen:

A sad and anxious mother there,  
Who wept in wild and deep despair;  
And near her, in the shade,  
A pallid boy was laid.

With care her weary feet had sought  
Each channel, that she fondly thought  
Might hold some trace of rain,  
But ever sought in vain.

And bravely had she borne till now;  
But death was on that youthful brow:

No water-spring was nigh,  
And he, her child, must die.

She turned away—she could not brook  
On that beloved face to look—

And hid her weeping eye.  
“Let me not see him die.

Alas! my own, my cherished one,  
What has thy mournful mother done  
That thou shouldst thus be reft,  
The only treasure left?

How many streams and fountains bright  
Are flashing in the golden light,

With music sweet and clear!  
But none, alas! are near.

Oh for a draught from some sweet spring,  
Upon its bright course murmuring!

Oh for one silver wave  
Its drooping brow to lave!

O God, to Thee I turn, for Thou  
Alone canst aid and comfort now;

Hear in this lonely wild  
A mother for her child!

How can I bear to see him die!  
How can I watch his glazing eye!

Yes, I have erred; but he—  
Oh spare him yet to me!”

Then from the far-off azure sky  
A silv'ry radiance gleamed on high,

As through its portals blue  
A swift-winged angel flew,

And gentle words of kindest cheer  
Fell on the weeping mother's ear:

“Look up, for help is nigh!  
Look up, he shall not die!”

And lo! a fount of waters bright  
Flashed on the grateful mourner's sight,

Who brought the healing wave  
The pallid lips to lave.

For God had watched His wandering child  
E'en in the desert lone and wild,

And life and joy were there,  
Where late had breathed despair.

Pilgrim, whose mournful footsteps stray  
O'er life's forlorn and rugged way,  
Though worn with grief and pain  
Think not thy toil is vain.

Still looking from the midnight sky,  
Behold a heavenly watcher nigh!

Droop not in doubt and fear;  
The water-spring is near.

Though throbs thy heart with anguish strong,  
Though grief's sad reign endureth long,  
Dark as thy lot may be  
Hope's waters flow for thee.

*P. J. Owens.*

### 3483. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Genesis xxi : 14-20.

A weary waste of blank and barren land,  
A lonely, lonely sea of shifting sand,  
A golden furnace gleaming overhead,  
Scorching the blue sky into bloody red;  
And not a breath to cool, and not a breeze  
To stir one feather of the drooping trees;  
Only the desert wind with hungry moan,  
Seeking for life to slay, and finding none;  
Only the hot Sirocco's burning breath,  
Spangled with sulphur-flame, and winged  
with death;

No sound, no step, no voice, no echo heard,  
No cry of beast, no whirring wing of bird;  
The silver-crested snake hath crept away  
From the fell fury of that Eastern day;  
The famished vultures by the failing spring  
Droop the foul beak and fold the ragged wing;  
And lordly lions, ere the chase be done,  
Leave the blank desert to the desert-sun.

Ah! not alone to him: turn thee and see  
Beneath the shadow of yon balsam tree  
A failing mother of a fainting son  
Resting to die deserted and alone.  
Turn thee and mark the mother's gentle care  
Stripping the fillet from her silken hair,  
So it may fall to shade his feeble frame,  
A glossy curtain from the noonday flame;  
See! at her feet the shrivelled flagon cast,  
The last drop drained, the sweetest and the  
last.

Drained at her darling's lip to still his cries,  
A mother's free and final sacrifice.  
Look! she hath taken it, and yet again  
Presses the flagon—presses, but in vain.  
The scrip is emptied and the flagon dry,  
And nothing left them but the leave to die.

To die; and one so young and one so true,  
And both so beautiful and brave to view:  
She with her braided locks more black than  
night,

And eye so darkly, deeply, wildly bright;  
He with his slender limbs and body bare,  
And small hands tangled in his mother's hair,  
And there to whiten on the desert-sands,  
A landmark for the laden desert bands!

That thought is stamping anguish on her brow,  
That dread hath taught her what she utters now.

“Son of my soul! the happy days are done;  
Thy little course and mine are nearly run;  
The white tents wave on Kirjath-Arba's plain,  
No home for us, no resting-place again:  
Before yon orb is sunken from the sky  
Together in the desert we must die.”

Yet was she speaking; but the cry of joy  
Burst from the bosom of the dying boy.  
His eager finger pointed to the plain,  
His eye had light, his cheek its life again.  
“Look, mother! look! we will not die to-day;  
Look where the water glistens! come away!”

She turned: O fairest sight, if sight it be,  
The sleeping silver of that inland sea.  
She gazed: O gaze of hope and life and light!  
Those crystal waters glancing pure and bright;  
From Seir's red crags and Hazargaddah's heath,

Eastward to Eder and the Sea of Death.  
The dismal wilderness was past and gone,  
The waves were streaming where the sands had shone;  
Streaming o'er tree and crag, by bush and brake,  
The silent splendor of a windless lake,  
In whose broad wave so radiantly blue  
Each feathered palm, each lonely plant that grew,

Each mountain on the distant desert-side  
Shone double, shadowed in the sleeping tide.  
Yet was it strange! no dream so passing strange,

As the quick phantom of that fairy change;  
And stranger still, that ever as they came  
To lave the burning lip, and brow of flame,  
The waters fading far and farther still,  
Cheated their chase and mocked their baffled will.

Alas! no pleasant waters rippled there;  
The lying mirage lured them to despair.

She saw it fading, and there came a cry  
Out from her heart of wildest agony; [speak  
She knew it gone, and strove to stand and  
While the life withered in her whitened cheek.

Then her lip quivered, and her lashes fell,  
And her tongue faltered in its faint farewell:  
“Man had no mercy; God will show us none;  
Ishmael! I dare not see thee die, my son!”

Tenderly, lovingly, her load she laid  
Where no sun glistened in the grateful shade;  
Softly she pillowed on the sands his head,  
And spread her mantle for his dying bed;  
No gems were there to deck the lowly bier,  
But the pure lustre of a mother's tear;

No fragrant spices for the sleep of death.  
But the soft fragrance of a mother's breath;  
No tearful eye, no tributary tongue,  
To tell his fate who died so fair and young;  
No better mourner for the boy than she  
Who weeps to see him what herself shall be:  
Than she who sits apart with sidelong eye  
Waiting till he hath died that she may die;  
And buries all her forehead in her hair, -  
Weeping the bitter tears of black despair.

So is the desert-sand their death and grave,  
No hope of help, no pitying hand to save!  
None! was it then the icy lip of death  
Or low winds laden with the roses' breath  
That kissed her forehead! was it earthly sound,

Floating like fairy voice above, around;  
Or splendid symphonies of seraph-kings  
Striking the music from unearthly strings,  
Whose touch hath startled her? what inward strife

Stirs the still apathy of parting life?  
What sense of power unseen, of presence hid,

Lifts from her lightless eyes the unwilling lid?  
She rose; she turned: there in that lonely place  
God's glory flashed upon her lifted face.

And with the glory came an angel voice,  
“Hagar, what ailest? rouse thee, and rejoice!  
Look up, and live! God's ever-opened ear  
Hath patient hearing for a mother's prayer.  
Arise, take up the boy; his pleading cry  
Came up to God, and had its ead on high;  
And God shall make him, in His own good time,

A mighty people, in a pleasant clime.”  
Then was her sight unsealed, and lo! at hand

A spring was sparkling in the desert sand;  
Sparkling with crystal water to the brim,  
Fringed with the date, and rimmed with lilled rim.

Swiftly she speeded to the fountain's brink,  
And drew a draught, and gave her boy to drink,

And watched the little lips that lingered still,  
Nor tasted drop till he had drunk his fill.  
Then on bent knees, with tear and smile at strife,

Mother and child, they quaffed the liquid life;  
And stayed to smile, and drank to smile again,

Till sweet and cheerful seemed the silent plain;

And young leaves dancing on the desert trees  
To the low music of the passing breeze,  
And birds of passage with their homeward wings,

And fireflies wheeling in their lighted rings,  
And flowers unfolding where the glare was gone

Spake but one tale—Hope ever, and Hope on!  
*Edwin Arnold.*



## 3484. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Genesis xxi : 14-20.

The morn'ing broke. Light stole upon the clouds

With a strange beauty. Earth received again  
Its garments of a thousand dyes; and leaves,  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted  
flowers,

And everything that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,  
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth  
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores;  
And the young birds were singing as if life  
Were a new thing to them; but the music  
came

Upon her ear like discord, and she felt  
That pang of the unreasonable heart,  
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,  
Would have some sign of sadness as they  
pass.

She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were  
pressed

Till the blood started; and the wandering  
veins

Of her transparent forehead were swelled  
out

As if her pride would burst them. Her dark  
eye

Was clear and tearless, and the light of  
heaven,

Which made its language legible, shot back,  
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.  
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand  
Clasped in her own, and his round delicate  
feet,

Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,  
Sandalled for journeying. He had looked up  
Into his mother's face until he caught  
The spirit there, and his young heart was  
swelling

Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form  
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,  
As if his light proportions would have  
swelled,

Had they but matched his spirit to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now  
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow  
So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.  
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step  
Of vigor is not there; and though the morn  
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.

He gave to her the water and the bread,  
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself  
To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,  
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? may slighted woman  
turn,

And, as a vine the oak has shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?  
Oh no! By all her loveliness; by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!  
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek  
By needless jealousies; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness: yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.  
But oh! estrange her once, it boots not how—  
By wrong or silence, anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tenderness—  
And there is not a feeling out of heaven  
Her pride o'er-mastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow,  
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye  
undimmed

As if it were a diamond, and her form  
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed  
through.

Her child kept on in silence, though she  
pressed

His hand till it was pained; for he had read  
The dark look of his mother, and the seed  
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up  
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.  
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay  
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.

It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way, until the boy  
Hung down his head, and opened his parched  
lips

For water; but she could not give it him.  
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines, and tried to comfort him;  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not  
know

Why God denied him water in the wild.  
She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.  
It was too much for her. She lifted him,  
And bore him farther on, and laid his head  
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;  
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,  
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,  
Till he should die; and, watching him, she  
mourned.

“God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!  
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook  
Upon thy brow to look,  
And see death settle on my cradle joy.  
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye  
And could I see thee die?”

"I did not dream of this, when thou wast  
straying,  
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;  
Or whiling the soft hours,  
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,  
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watched by thee the  
while,  
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,  
And thought of the dark stream  
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,  
How prayed I that my father's land might be  
An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath  
won thee!  
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will  
And oh! my last caress [press;  
Must feel the cold, for a chill hand is on thee.  
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there  
Upon this clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given  
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed  
The forehead of her child until he laughed  
In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
His infant thought of gladness at the sight  
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.  
*N. P. Willis.*

### 3485. HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Alone and friendless; doomed to die,  
With never a soul to hear thy cry;  
Nor food, nor drink, nor shade of tree;  
Banished!—how cruel it seems to thee!

Death-meaning and heartless the decree:  
Depart forever, the child and thee!  
Perish of want, and die unbled,  
With the beauteous boy pressed to thy breast!

Unseen the hand that leads the way  
From the home of plenty, far away,  
To a world of sands, all parched and bare,  
To die of hunger and despair!

Hunger and thirst, and the maddening moan  
Of the dying boy, so plaintive grown  
That Hagar flees, she knows not where,  
Crazed with hunger, and dazed with care.

But a mother's love, grown strong in death,  
Constrains her heart, while life and breath  
Still animates the form of one—  
The beauteous form of her darling son.

Only a bow-shot could she go  
From sight and sound of Ishmael's woe;  
There sat she down and prayed to die;  
How sad and piteous was the cry!

Her eyes, bedimmed with scalding tears,  
Are oped at last; she listens, hears  
A voice speaking, as from afar:  
"Behold a well of water near!

Rise, drink, refresh thyself and child,  
And journey yet a little while,  
For I will make, in future years,  
A prince of him thy heart reveres:  
A father of kings shall Ishmael be,  
And source of endless joy to thee."

*J. W. Hatton.*

### 3486. HAND, Cure of the Withered.

Matthew xii : 9-13.

Capernaum's honored town again  
Received the Lord of heaven and men,  
And in the synagogue straightway  
He taught upon the Sabbath-day.

And lo! there sat amid the throng  
A man afflicted sore and long;  
All withered, nerveless, and unstrung,  
Powerless and dead his right hand hung.

And scribes and Pharisees sat by,  
Who watched with cold, malignant eye,  
And treacherous asked, "Is't lawful, pray,  
To heal upon the Sabbath-day?"

Then Christ, who knew their malice, said,  
"Stand forth in th' midst!" The man obeyed.  
"Is't lawful to do well or ill,  
On Sabbath-days, to save or kill?"

The Saviour asked, but none replied;  
Sullen they frowned on every side;  
But Christ, all patience, as before,  
In sweet persuasions spake once more:

"Tell me what man among you all  
Shall own one sheep, and if it fall  
Into a pit, will he delay  
To save it on the Sabbath-day?"

"Man how much more?" The plea was vain.  
Once more on all, in grief and pain,  
He gazed, and then, in Godhead grand,  
Cried to the man, "Stretch forth thy hand!"

He heard, believed! With instant thrill  
The nerves obeyed th' obedient will!  
Conscious to Christ's confounded foes,  
Strong, vital, whole, the right hand rose!

But maddened, stung with impious ire,  
The fiendish Pharisees retire,  
And, with the vile Herodians, plan  
To slay the sinless Son of man.

O Christ! help us, at Thy command,  
Now to stretch forth the withered hand;  
To hear, believe, obey this hour.  
Ours but the effort, Thine the power.

And oh! when'er Thy work we scan,  
Give us the grace to love the man,  
The child, the worm whom Thou canst use;  
What God accepts can man refuse?

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3487. HAND, The Lord's.**

Numbers xi : 23.

No, Lord, it cannot shortened be,  
That hand which plagued the Egyptian race,  
Which brought Thy people through the sea,  
Which led them o'er the wilderness;  
Which hath to us so often given  
Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.

That hand hath opened wide mine eyes:  
That hand, which now by faith I see,  
Measures the floods and spans the skies,  
And grasps the winds, and covers me!  
It brings the blind through way unknown,  
It holds; it lifts me to a throne.

Kept by that hand, I cannot fear  
Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence;  
I trample on temptation near,  
Supported by Omnipotence,  
Possessed of boundless power divine,  
Of boundless love; for Christ is mine!

*J. and C. Wesley.***3488. HAND, The Withered.**

St. Mark iii : 1.

Our weakness in this emblem we,  
Our total inability  
Of doing good, may find;  
While strangers to restoring grace,  
We here behold our helpless case,  
The case of all mankind.

A withered hand the miser is;  
So careful not to give amiss,  
He never gives at all!  
A magistrate is dead and dry  
Who never doth his power apply  
Where truth and justice call.

Who, of authority possessed,  
Neglects to succor the oppressed,  
Nor takes the injured part,  
Dead in the sight of God is he,  
And by the eye of faith we see  
His palsied hand and heart.

*J. and C. Wesley.***3489. HANNAH PARTING WITH SAMUEL.**

1 Samuel i : 24.

The rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When a young mother, with her first-born,  
thence

Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed  
Unto the temple-service. By the hand  
She led him; and her silent soul the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye [think  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to  
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
To bring before her God.

So passed they on  
O'er Judah's hill; and wheresoe'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry  
blue

Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might  
rest;

Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the  
sleep

That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit  
and watch

The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's re-  
pose,

As at the red flower's heart; and where a fount  
Lay like a twilight-star, 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its bank's green gems along the wild,  
There, too, she lingered; from the diamond  
Drawing clear water for its rosy lips, [wave  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow.

At last the fane was reached,  
The earth's one sanctuary; and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her through the day  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light like floating gold. But when that  
hour

Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his  
eye

Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and  
round her arm

Clung e'en as ivy clings, the deep spring-  
tide

Of Nature then swelled high; and o'er her  
child

Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled  
sounds

Of weeping and of song. "Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart;  
How shall I hence depart?"

"How the long path retrace, where thou wert  
playing

So late along the mountains at my side;

And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy  
Beholding thee so fair? [hair,

And oh! the home whence thy bright smile  
hath parted!

Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turned from its door away,  
While through its chambers wandering weary  
hearted,

I languished for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill!

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt  
meet me,

When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn!

Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs  
greet me,

As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou—will slumber's dewy cloud fall  
round thee  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy  
bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath  
wound thee,  
To fold thy neck, and lift up in thy fear  
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child? Will He not  
hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their  
nest?

Will He not guard thy rest,  
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with  
joy?  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave  
thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have  
thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!  
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell! I go: my soul may fail  
me,  
As the stag panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks!  
But thou, my first-born! droop not, nor be-  
wail me;  
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of strength. Farewell!"  
*Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

**3490. HARVEST, The World's.**  
Matthew xiii : 37-42.

In His fields the Master walketh,  
In His fair fields ripe for harvest,  
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise  
On the rich ears, heavy bending;  
Saith the Master: "It is time."  
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,  
And September's nightly frost-blight  
Only reddens the horizon,  
"It is full time," saith the Master—  
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! He looks. His look compelling,  
Brings the laborers to the harvest.  
Quick they gather, as in autumn,  
Wandering birds in silent eddies  
Drop upon the pasture-fields;  
White wings have they, and white raiment,  
White feet shod with swift obedience;  
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,  
And a shining sickle reareth:  
"Speak, O Master! is it time?"

O'er the fields the servants hasten,  
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,  
Humble with their weight of harvest;

Where the empty ears wave upward,  
And the gay tares flaunt in rows.  
But the sickles, the bright sickles,  
Flash new dawn at their appearing;  
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;  
For the reapers are the angels,  
And it is the harvest-time.

O great Master! are Thy footsteps  
Even now upon the mountains?  
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?  
Are the snowy-winged reapers  
Gathering in the purple air?  
Are Thy signs abroad?—the glowing  
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened;  
And the full ears trodden earthward,  
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant:  
Surely 'tis near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?  
Whether 'tis at morn or sunset,  
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,  
Or while noon rides high in heaven,  
Sleeping lies the yellow field?  
Only may Thy voice, O Master?  
Peal above the reapers' chorus,  
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling;  
"Gather all into My garner,  
For it is My harvest-time!"

*Mrs. D. M. Mulock Craik.*

**3491. HEALING, Miracle of.**  
Luke viii : 45.

"Who touched Me?" dost Thou ask?  
'Twas I, Lord, it was I.  
"Some one hath touched Me;" yes, O Lord!  
I am that "somebody."

I came, Lord, and I touched,  
For sore I needed Thee;  
Forth from Thee straight the virtue came:  
Lord, Thou hast healèd me.

And wouldst Thou frown on me?  
Dost Thou the boon repent?  
Why, then, Lord, didst Thou pass so near,  
As if to me just sent?

Thou, Lord, wert passing by;  
I knew all heaven was there:  
A heaven of healing and of love,  
Thou didst within Thee bear;

A heaven of grace and peace,  
Of pardon and of joy;  
Lord, wouldst Thou have me let Thee pass,  
And all that heaven go by!

What could I do but touch,  
And Thou so nigh, so nigh?  
What couldst Thou do but heal, O Lord,  
Ere I had time to cry?

Thou wert too near for prayer;  
I touched at once, and found  
The fulness of the heaven of heavens,  
On this low earthly ground.

Speak then the word of cheer ;  
 Say to my trembling soul,  
 Be of good comfort, go in peace ;  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3492. HEAVEN, Ascent to.**

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;  
 But we build the ladder by which we rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :

That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
 Lifting the soul from the common sod  
 To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet ;  
 By what we have mastered of good and  
 gain ;

By the pride deposed and passion slain,  
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
 When the morning calls us to life and light,  
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the  
 Our lives are trailing in sordid dust. [night

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
 And we think that we mount the air on  
 wings,

Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !

We may borrow the wings to find the way,  
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire,  
 and pray,

But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown

From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;  
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
 And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;

But we build the ladder by which we rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

*J. G. Holland.*

**3493. HEAVEN : Immanuel's Land.**

The sands of time are sinking,  
 The dawn of heaven breaks,  
 The summer morn I've sighed for,  
 The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
 But dayspring is at hand,  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's Land !

There the red rose of Sharon  
 Unfolds its heartmost bloom,  
 And fills the air of heaven  
 With ravishing perfume.  
 Oh, to behold it blossom,  
 While by its fragrance fanned,  
 Where glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's Land !

The King there in His beauty,  
 Without a veil, is seen ;

"It were a well-spent journey,  
 Though seven deaths lay between!"

The Lamb, with His fair army,  
 Doth on Mount Zion stand ;  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's land !

O Christ ! He is the fountain,  
 The deep sweet well of love,  
 The streams on earth I've tasted,  
 More deep I'll drink above.  
 There to an ocean's fulness  
 His mercy doth expand ;  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's Land !

Fair Anworth by the Solway,  
 To me thou art still dear ;  
 E'en from the verge of heaven,  
 I drop for thee a tear.

Oh, if one soul from Anworth  
 Meet me at God's right hand,  
 My heaven will be two heavens  
 In Immanuel's Land !

I've wrestled on towards heaven  
 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide ;  
 Now, like a weary traveller  
 That leaneth on his guide,  
 Amid the shades of evening,  
 While sinks life's lingering sand,  
 I hail the glory dawning  
 From Immanuel's Land !

With mercy and with judgment  
 My web of time He wove ;  
 And aye the dews of sorrow  
 Were lusted with His love.  
 I'll bless the hand that guided,  
 I'll bless the heart that planned,  
 When throned where glory dwelleth,  
 In Immanuel's Land !

The bride eyes not her garments,  
 But her dear Bridegroom's face ;  
 I will not gaze at glory,  
 But at my King of grace !  
 Not at the crown He giveth,  
 But on His pierced hand ;  
 The Lamb is all the glory  
 Of Immanuel's Land !

*Samuel Rutherford.*

**3494. HEAVEN : The City of the Forgiven.**

*Isaiah xxxiii : 24.*

City of celestial health,  
 Into which no sickness comes ;  
 There, in everlasting wealth,  
 We shall find our home of homes.  
 City of the tranquil breast,  
 Where the heartache is unknown ;  
 Harbor of securest rest,  
 Life's long tempest past and gone.  
 There, amid the holy blest

I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of eternal love,  
Dwelling-place of the forgiven;  
Glory of the realm above,  
Centre of the sinless heaven,  
Palace of the crownèd host;  
Army upon army see,  
Gathered from earth's countless lost,  
Clothed in heavenly purity.  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of the cleansed and fair,  
With the raiment like the light!  
Sons of morning, shining there,  
Sons of gladness ever bright.  
City of unweeping eyes,  
Where the tear-drop falleth not;  
Sorrows, farewells, broken ties,  
All forevermore forgot.  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of unsetting suns,  
Where the sky is clear and pure,  
Where the earthly gathered ones  
Find themselves in peace secure.  
City of the feast and song,  
Seat of sacred mirth above,  
Where the voices, sweet and strong,  
Sing the endless song of love,  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City where the ransomed meet  
From a thousand lands afar;  
Where the parted we shall greet,  
Safe from earthly storm and war;  
Where the Bridegroom clasps His bride,  
Reached at last the blessed goal,  
Seats her at His happy side,  
Best-beloved of His soul.  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, and at rest.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3495. HEAVEN, Safe in.**

Safe home! safe home in port!  
Bent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provisions short,  
And only not a wreck:  
But oh, the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

The prize! the prize secure!  
The athlete nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm;  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night-alarm,  
And need of ready lamp:  
And yet how nearly he had failed,  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold  
In perfect safety penned:  
The lion once had hold  
And thought to make an end.  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts, and fears.  
What matter now, when (so men say)  
The King has wiped those tears away?

O happy, happy bride!  
Thy widowed hours are past;  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all His own at last!  
The sorrows of thy former cup,  
In full fruition swallowed up!  
*John Climacos, tr. by J. M. Neale.*

**3496. HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.**

Where are thy pleasures once so bright,  
My country, where thy name?  
How is thy glory sunk in night,  
Thy beauty and thy fame?  
No more thy muse's heavenly strain,  
Heard far from Zion hill,  
With rapture wakes the wandering swain,  
When sober night creeps o'er the plain,  
And all the air is still.

Where is thy temple and thy God?  
Where are thy triumphs flown?  
All vanished like a fiery cloud  
That flashes and is gone?  
Alas! thou sitt'st a wasted thing,  
All wretched and forlorn;  
To thee no joy the sunbeams bring,  
But deeper shadows o'er thee fling,  
And make thy woes their scorn.

The time was, when I wandered free  
Across thy hills and plains;  
And drank thy glorious liberty,  
And sang thy melting strains:  
And praised the Lord, our mighty King,  
In high triumphant song;  
While far away the mountains rung,  
And back the joyous echoes flung  
The little hills along!

But these loved joys, on rapid wing,  
Far, far away are borne;  
While care and sorrow deeply sting,  
With slavery's sharpest thorn;  
To Judah, we must say farewell!  
Farewell, to Zion's steep!

In foreign climes condemned to dwell,  
Lift off our mournful tale we'll tell,  
Lift up the voice and weep!

But Judah's land I'll ne'er forget,  
Though far from it I roam;  
And, though with ills on ills beset,  
I'll sweetly think of home;  
And wandering near some lonely stream,  
All weary and forlorn,  
I'll ruminate in pensive dream,  
On many a long-forgotten theme,  
And sadly, sadly mourn!

*R. Turnbull.*

**3497. HEBRON, The Oak of.**

There stands a tree at Hebron—huge its form,  
Oft seared by lightning, worn by many a  
storm:

Ages that level thrones beneath their stroke,  
And sweep off races, spare that spreading oak.  
Pilgrims, when Rome was pagan, came to see  
And muse beneath this famed and hallowed  
tree.

Here oft did Abraham sit, when evening still  
Cooled the green vale and crimsoned Hebron's  
hill;

The musky breezes round his forehead played,  
He blessed bright Nature's God, and blessed  
that shade.

Here stood those guests sent earthward from  
the skies,

Mortal their forms, but heaven within their  
eyes;

And yonder glooms Machpelah's ancient cave,  
The bartering sons of Heth to Abraham gave.  
Now giant stones protect that spot so blest,  
Where the great sire and Hebrew mother rest;  
Nor yet, perchance, the rock betrays its trust,  
Though forty ages brood above their dust.  
But sealed to Christians is that cell of gloom,  
The Turk's proud crescent glittering o'er the  
tomb?

For Moslems guard the spot with jealous care,  
And burn their lamps, and read their Koran  
there,

And pray to Allah in that worshipped place,  
E'en while they scorn and hate the patri-  
arch's race.

*Nicholas Michell.*

**3498. HELIODORUS, The Scourging of.**

2 Maccabees iii.

The Grecian kings of Syria, the proud Seleu-  
cid stock,

Filled Alexander's Asian throne in glorious  
Antioch;

From Hellas's isles to India's streams their  
banners, wide unfurled,

From Scythian wastes to Persian seas, waved  
o'er the orient world.

And Palestina, subject long beneath their  
conquering sway,

Though ravaged oft, now throve in peace  
through many a prosperous day,

While good Onias, wise and just, ruled in  
Jerusalem,  
Where Aaron's mitre long survived great  
David's diadem.

There mighty Cyrus, far revered, a name  
almost divine,

Inspired by Heaven had reared once more  
Jehovah's hallowed shrine;

And Gentile kings from far-off lands had  
crowned that holy fane

With gifts untold, and there asked peace  
and blessings on their reign.

All tributes paid, still gifts o'erflowed; and  
sumless treasures rare,

The wealth of merchants, princes, realms,  
sought sanctuary there;

The maiden's dower, the orphan's share, the  
widow's portion sure,

There slept inviolate, with tithes that fed  
the nation's poor.

But graceless Simon, sworn to guard that  
treasury divine,

'Gainst just Onias stirred with rage and envy  
most malign,

To heathen foes that trust betrayed, in in-  
famy untold,

And moved the Syrian tyrant's greed to  
grasp the hallowed gold.

Then King Seleucus sent with guile the  
warder of his hoard,

Bold Heliodorus, charged to rob the temple  
of the Lord:

Through Cœlosyria's subject towns, Phœni-  
cia's conquered powers,

In well-feigned state he strays, then speeds  
to Zion's holy towers.

Ah! who can tell what pall-like woe hung  
Salem's city o'er,

As Heliodorus's dire demand was told from  
door to door!

From street to street a doleful cry of anguish  
rent the air—

Ten thousand stretched their hands to  
Heaven, ten thousand bowed in prayer.

Fair women, girt with sackcloth harsh be-  
neath their tender breasts,

Wailed through the town, and virgins  
moaned, and tore their snowy vests;

The full-robed Levites, prostrate low, before  
God's altar lay,

And cried: "Jehovah, guard Thine own!  
Defend Thy law this day!"

But ah, that good and great high-priest!  
'Twas fearful to behold

What speechless agony of prayer his ghastly  
visage told!

What grief, what shame, for orphans robbed,  
for God's pure shrine profaned;

Yet on his mournful, awful face, a startling  
brightness reigned!

But Heliodorus, eager, rash, that ruthless  
mandate urged,  
And trod Jehovah's hallowed courts in Gen-  
tile guilt, unpurged;  
His bandit guard around him stood, the  
sacrilege began,  
When lo! God's instant glory blazed, to  
whelm the pride of man!

Forth rushed, caparisoned most fair, a steed  
of dazzling mould,  
Who bore a rider terrible, complete in har-  
nessed gold!  
And fierce with hoofs all shod with fire he  
smote the impious foe;  
His breath was flame! His eyes like coals!  
His mane a meteor's glow!

And two celestial youths stood there, in  
robes of lustrous white,  
Glorious in beauty, excellent in majesty and  
might,  
And swift with rods of baleful gleam, while  
quaking Antioch saw,  
They scourged, with sore and vengeful  
strokes, the scorner of God's law!

Down Heliodorus fell, amain, in dark and  
deathlike swoon,  
As fell proud Saul, when Christ from heaven  
outflashed the summer noon!  
Fainting with awe they bore him forth from  
that thrice direful place,  
Then flew to God's high-priest to crave in-  
censed Jehovah's grace.

The dread saint prays, the Gentile lives, and  
lies him to his lord;  
He tells the glorious power of Him on Zion's  
height adored;  
The king, enraged, asks: "Whom, once  
more, whom braver, shall I send?"  
"Thy foes, O king," the stern reply, "their  
madness thus shall end!"

Ah! ye who grasp at others' wealth, nor  
dread Heaven's righteous wrath;  
Whose hordes, like locust bands, devour the  
poor with wasting seath;  
Who rule for gain, whose law is self, whose  
god is sordid gold;  
Whose sway is outrage legalized; shame,  
conscience, manhood sold.

Woe! woe! to all your pirate crew! Wolves,  
vultures of your race!  
Plagues, pests, and vermin of mankind,  
whate'er your pride and place,  
Be warned! beware! crime's longest day  
must end, and judgment come;  
Haste! justice whets God's scourging sword,  
and mercy's lips grow dumb!

*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3499. HEIRSHIP, My.

Little store of wealth have I;  
Not a rood of land I own,

Nor a mansion fair and high,  
Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds, nor title-deeds,  
Flocks nor herds have I to show;  
When I ride, no Arab steeds  
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,  
Massive plate, nor jewels rare,  
Broidered silks of worth untold,  
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.

In my garden's narrow bound  
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,  
Laden'g all the air around  
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate  
Am I heir by grace of God—  
Richer, grander, than doth wait  
Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages, I,  
Heir of all that they have wrought,  
All their store of emprise high,  
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs  
Shed its lustre on thy way;  
All their labors, all their prayers,  
Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned  
By their passions and their tears,  
Heir of all that they have learned  
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,  
On whose wings they soared to heaven;  
Heir of every hope that Time  
To his fainting sons hath given!

Aspirations pure and high,  
Strength to do and to endure,  
Heir of all the ages, I;  
Lo! I am no longer poor!

*Julia, C. R. Dorr.*

### 3500. HERMON.

Matthew xvii : 4.

Lord! it is good for us to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee:  
Here in an ampler, purer air,  
Above the stir of toil and care,  
Of hearts oppressed with doubt and grief,  
Believing in their unbelief,  
Calling Thy servants all in vain  
To ease them of their bitter pain.

Lord! it is good for us to be  
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
The great old saints of other days,  
Who once received on Horeb's height  
The eternal laws of truth and right;  
Or caught the still, small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.



Lord! it is good for us to be  
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:  
 Here, where the apostle's heart of rock  
 Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
 Here, where the son of thunder learns  
 The thought that breathes, the word that  
     burns;  
 Here, where on eagles' wings we move  
 With Him whose last, best word is love.

Lord! it is good for us to be  
 Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,  
 Watching the glistening raiment glow  
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
 The human lineaments which shine  
 Irradiant with a light divine,  
 Till we, too, change from grace to grace,  
 Gazing on that transfigured face.

Lord! it is good for us to be  
 In life's worst anguish close to Thee,  
 Within the overshadowing cloud  
 Which wraps us in its awful shroud;  
 We wist not what to think or say,  
 Our spirits sink in sore dismay;  
 They tell us of the dread "decease;"  
 But yet to linger here is peace.

Lord! it is good for us to be  
 Here on the holy mount with Thee,  
 When darkling in the depths of night,  
 When dazzled with excess of light;  
 We bow before the heavenly voice  
 Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:  
 Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,  
 This is my Son; oh hear ye Him!

*A. P. Stanley.*

**3501. HERODIAS, The Daughter of.**  
 Matthew xiv : 6-9.

Serene in the moonlight the pure flowers lay;  
 All was still save the splash of the fountain's  
     soft play;  
 And white as its foam gleamed the walls of  
     the palace;  
 But within were hot lips quaffing fire from  
     the chalice;  
 For Herod, the tetrarch, was feasting that  
     night  
 The lords of Machærus, and brave was the  
     sight!  
 Yet mournful the contrast, without and  
     within,  
 Here were purity, peace; there were riot and  
     sin!  
 The vast and magnificent banqueting-room  
 Was of marble Egyptian, in form and in  
     gloom;  
 And around, wild and dark as a demon's  
     dread thought,  
 Strange shapes, full of terror, yet beauty,  
     were wrought.  
 Th' ineffable sorrow, that dwells in the face  
 Of the Sphinx, wore a soft and mysterious  
     grace,  
 Dim, even amid the full flood of light poured

From a thousand high clustering lamps on  
     the board;  
 Those lamps, each a serpent of jewels and  
     gold,  
 That seemed to hiss forth the fierce flame as  
     it rolled.  
 Back flashed to that ray the rich vessels that  
     lay  
 Profuse on the tables in brilliant array;  
 And clear through the crystal the glowing  
     wine gleamed,  
 And dazzling the robes of the revellers  
     seemed,  
 While Herod, the eagle-eyed, ruled o'er the  
 A lion in spirit, a monarch in mien. [scene,  
     The goblet was foaming, the revel rose  
     high,  
 There were pride and fierce joy in the  
     haughty king's eye,  
 For his chiefs and his captains bowed low at  
     his word,  
 And the feast was right royal that burdened  
     the board.  
 Lo! light as a star through a gathered cloud  
     stealing,  
 What spirit glanced in 'mid the guard at the  
     door?  
 Their stern bands divide, a fair figure re-  
     vealing;  
 She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold  
     o'er.  
 Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest  
     truth;  
 The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of  
     youth;  
 And a smile that steals through it is rich  
     with the ray  
 Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.  
 Soft fall her fair tresses her light form  
     around;  
 Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor  
     bound;  
 And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled  
     arms bare:  
 For she is but a child, without trouble or  
     care.  
 Now round the glad vision wild music is  
     heard:  
 Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird?  
 For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that  
     sound,  
 With white arms upwreathing, she floats  
     from the ground.  
 Still glistens the goblet: 'tis heeded no  
     more!  
 And the jest and the song of the banquet are  
     o'er;  
 For the revellers, spell-bound by beauty and  
     grace,  
 Have forgotten all earth, save that form and  
     that face.  
 It is done! for one moment, mute, motion-  
     less, fair,  
 The phantom of light pauses playfully there;  
 The next, blushing richly, once more it  
     takes wing,

And she kneels at the footstool of Herod the king.  
 Her young head is drooping, her eyes are bent low,  
 Her hands meekly crossed on her bosom of snow,  
 And, veiling her figure, her shining hair flows,  
 While Herod, flushed high with the revel, arose.  
 Outspoke the rash monarch: "Now, maiden, impart,  
 Ere thou leave us, the loftiest hope of thy heart!  
 By the God of my fathers! whate'er it may be—  
 To the half of my kingdom—'tis granted to thee!"  
 The girl, half bewildered, uplifted her eyes,  
 Dilated with timid delight and surprise,  
 And a swift, glowing smile o'er her happy face stole,  
 As if some sunny wish had just woke in her soul.  
 Will she tell it? Ah, no! She has caught the wild gleam  
 Of a soldier's dark eye, and she starts from her dream;  
 Falters forth her sweet gratitude, veils her fair frame,  
 And glides from the presence, all glowing with shame.  
 Of costly cedar, rarely carved,  
 The royal chambers ceiling,  
 The columned walls, of marble rich,  
 Its brightest hues revealing;  
 Around the room a starry smile  
 The lamp of crystal shed;  
 But warmest lay its lustre on  
 A noble lady's head;  
 Her dark hair bound with burning gems,  
 Whose fitful lightning-glow  
 Is tame beside the wild, black eyes  
 That proudly flash below:  
 The Jewish rose and olive blend  
 Their beauty in her face;  
 She bears her in her high estate  
 With an imperial grace;  
 All gorgeous glows with orient gold  
 The broidery of her vest;  
 With precious stones its purple fold  
 Is clasped upon her breast;  
 She gazes from her lattice forth:  
 What sees the lady there?  
 A strange, wild beauty crowns the scene;  
 But she has other care!  
 Far off fair Moab's emerald slopes,  
 And Jordan's lovely vale;  
 And nearer, heights where fleetest foot  
 Of wild gazelle would fail:  
 While crowning every verdant ridge,  
 Like drifts of moonlit snow,  
 Rich palaces and temples rise  
 Around, above, below,  
 Gleaming through groves of terebinth,  
 Of palm and sycamore,

Where the swift torrents, dashing free,  
 Their mountain music pour;  
 And arched o'er all, the eastern heaven  
 Lights up with glory rare  
 The landscape's wild magnificence;  
 But she has other care!  
 Why flings she thus, with gesture fierce,  
 Her silent lute aside?  
 Some deep emotion chafes her soul  
 With more than wanted pride;  
 But, hark! a sound has reached her heart,  
 Inaudible elsewhere,  
 And hushed to melting tenderness  
 The storm of passion there!  
 The far-off fall of fairy feet,  
 That fly in eager glee,  
 A voice that warbles wildly sweet,  
 Some Jewish melody!  
 She comes! her own Salomé comes!  
 Her pure and blooming child!  
 She comes and anger yields to love,  
 And sorrow is beguiled:  
 Her singing bird! low nestling now  
 Upon the parent breast,  
 She murmurs of the monarch's vow,  
 With girlish laugh and jest:  
 "Now choose me a gift and well!  
 There are so many joys I covet?  
 Shall I ask for a young gazelle?  
 'Twould be more than the world to me,  
 Fleet and wild as the wind,  
 Oh! how I would cherish and love it!  
 With flowers its neck I'd bind,  
 And joy in its graceful glee.  
 "Shall I ask for a gem of light,  
 To braid in my flowing ringlets?  
 Like a star through the veil of night,  
 Would glisten its glorious hue;  
 Or a radiant bird, to close  
 Its beautiful, waving winglets  
 On my bosom in soft repose,  
 And share my love with you!"  
 She paused, bewildered, terror-struck;  
 For, in her mother's soul,  
 Roused by the promise of the king,  
 Beyond her weak control,  
 The exulting tempest of revenge  
 And pride raged wild and high,  
 And sent its storm-cloud to her brow,  
 Its lightning to her eye!  
 Her haughty lip was quivering  
 With anger and disdain,  
 Her beauteous, jewelled hands were clinched  
 As if from sudden pain.  
 "Forgive," Salomé faltering cried,  
 "Forgive my childish glee!  
 'Twas selfish, vain; oh! look not thus,  
 But let me ask for thee!"  
 Then smiled—it was a deadly smile—  
 That lady on her child,  
 And, "Swear thou'lt do my bidding, now!"  
 She cried, in accents wild:

"Ah! when, from earliest childhood's hour,  
 Did I thine anger dare!  
 Yet, since an oath thy wish must seal,  
 By Judah's hopes, I swear!"  
 Herodias stooped—one whisper brief!—  
 Was it a serpent's hiss,  
 That thus the maiden starts and shrinks  
 Beneath the woman's kiss?  
 A moment's pause of doubt and dread!  
 Then wild the victim knelt:  
 "Take, take my worthless life, instead!  
 Oh! if thou e'er hast felt  
 A mother's love, thou canst not doom;  
 No, no! 'twas but a jest!  
 Speak! speak! and let me fly once more,  
 Confiding to thy breast!"  
 A hollow and sepulchral tone  
 Was hers who made reply:  
 "The oath! the oath! remember, girl!  
 'Tis registered on high!  
 Salomé rose, mute, moveless stood  
 As marble, save in breath,  
 Half senseless in her cold despair,  
 Her young cheek blanched like death;  
 But an hour since, so joyous, fond,  
 Without a grief or care,  
 Now struck with woe unspeakable,  
 How dread a change was there!  
 "It shall be done!" Was that the voice  
 That rang so gayly sweet,  
 When, innocent and blest, she came,  
 But now, with flying feet?  
 "It shall be done!" She turns to go,  
 But, ere she gains the door,  
 One look of wordless, deep reproach  
 She backward casts—no more!  
 But late she sprang the threshold o'er,  
 A light and blooming child,  
 Now, reckless, in her grief she goes  
 A woman stern and wild.  
  
 With pallid cheek, dishevelled hair,  
 And wildly gleaming eyes,  
 Once more before the banqueters  
 A fearful phantom flies;  
 Once more at Herod's feet it falls,  
 And, cold with nameless dread,  
 The wondering monarch bends to hear  
 A voice, as from the dead.  
 From those pale lips shrieks madly forth:  
 "Thy promise, king, I claim,  
 And if the grant be foulest guilt,  
 Not mine, not mine the blame!  
 Quick, quick recall that reckless vow,  
 Or strike thy dagger here,  
 Ere yet this voice demands a gift  
 That chills my soul with fear!  
 Heaven's curse upon the fatal grace  
 That idly charmed thine eyes!  
 Oh! better had I ne'er been born  
 Than be the sacrifice!  
 The word I speak will blanch thy cheek,  
 If human heart be thine;  
 It was a fiend in human form  
 That murmured it to mine.  
 To die for me! a thoughtless child!

For me must blood be shed!  
 Bend low, lest angels hear me ask!  
 O God! the Baptist's head!"

*Frances S. Osgood.*

### 3502. HERODIAS, The Daughter of.

Mark vi: 14-28.

Mother, I bring thy gift; [pray,  
 Take from my hand the dreaded boon. I  
 Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face  
 Hath left upon my soul its living trace,  
 Never to pass away,  
 Since from these lips one word of idle breath  
 Blanched that calm face. O mother! this  
 is death.

What is it that I see [gleaming?  
 From all the pure and settled features  
 Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange  
 and wild.

Mother, hadst thou not pity on thy child?  
 Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming  
 On the hushed lips; my mother! canst thou  
 brook  
 Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yester morn  
 My heart was light, and to the viol's sound  
 I gayly danced, while crowned with summer  
 flowers,  
 And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;  
 And all was joy around—  
 Not death! O mother! could I say thee nay?  
 Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon  
 away!

Take it, my heart is sad;  
 And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.  
 I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven  
 Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given;  
 And the pale face appalls me, cold and still,  
 With the closed lips. Oh, tell me! could I  
 know  
 That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away [his name  
 From the charmed brow; and I have heard  
 Even as a prophet by his people spoken;  
 And that high brow in death bears seal and  
 token  
 Of one whose words were flame.  
 O holy teacher! couldst thou rise and live,  
 Would not those hushed lips whisper, "I  
 forgive"?

Away with lute and harp,  
 With the glad heart forever, and the dance!  
 Never again shall tabret sound for me!  
 O fearful mother! I have brought to thee  
 The silent dead with his rebuking glance,  
 And the crushed heart of one to whom is  
 given  
 Wild dreams of judgment and offended  
 Heaven!  
*Lucy Hooper.*

**3503. HEZEKIAH, Pool of.**

Great King!

Not less the patriot than the man of faith,  
 How full of prayer and deed thy noble reign!  
 Before thy God how lowly and how meek;  
 Before Assyria's captains, strong and brave.  
 What did Jerusalem owe thee for thy love,  
 Thy wisdom, and thy faith! And that old  
 pool,  
 Poor and in ruins, as it now appears,  
 Yet tells of thee and of thy peaceful reign.

**3504. HID TREASURE.**

Matthew xiii : 44-46.

Not as the straws upon the billows strown,  
 But as the pearls that in the deep reside;  
 Not as the waifs upon the waters sown,  
 But something more than all the world beside  
 Is the rich treasure of the good man's heart;  
 Worth loss of all things to attain the prize:  
 Go, sell thy all, glad from thy all to part,  
 To gain the heavenly treasure in the skies.

'Tis not enough that God on earth is known,  
 Nor that His church is like a spreading tree;  
 'Tis not enough that seed of good is sown:  
 No blessing yet may fall therefrom on me:  
 It must be mine; all else I count but loss,  
 For this hid pearl, so priceless, so divine;  
 Ah! is it much to sell the worthless dross,  
 To gain the precious ore, and make it mine?

Vain are all worldly joys, all earthly things,  
 Earth's tinsel and caparison of gold;  
 The throne of emperors, the crown of kings,  
 What are they worth, when all of them are  
 told?  
 Earth's hopes and joys, its wishes and its  
 ties,  
 Its greed and gain, its proud sepulchral  
 urns—  
 What are they all, when this frail body dies,  
 And when the spirit to its God returns?

And yet for these men dig, and delve, and  
 die,  
 Forgetting that which is the one true prize—  
 The pearl, the hidden treasure, which to buy  
 We sell our all—field, fortune, merchandise.  
 This one thing needful let me seek, O Lord!  
 This costly pearl, this treasure, let me find;  
 Light, search, and patience, Lord, to me  
 afford;  
 Press on to this, and leave all else behind.

*Robert Maguire.***3505. HOLY LAND, Attractions of the.**

Across the plains of Europe, through the  
 smoke  
 Of its grim cities, bend thy gaze afar  
 To Syrian mountains, o'er whose tops first  
 woke  
 The youth and splendor of time's morning-  
 star.

Turn from thy native west, where daylight  
 dies,  
 And look to the fair lands where morning  
 springs;  
 Morn, with its fresh and fragrant ministries,  
 And resurrection-symbols on its wings.

Cradle of life and birth-land of the day,  
 How the heart turns to it in silent hours,  
 As to the home of true nativity,  
 Truer than this far western shore of ours.

Six thousand summers, each a golden dream,  
 Have flung their glowing mantles o'er its  
 hills;  
 Myriads of mornings, each a ruby gleam,  
 Have flushed in beauty o'er its lowly rills.

Turn from thy native north, where suns are  
 scant,  
 And stars are mute, and skies all sickly-  
 pale,  
 To purer climes where stars are eloquent,  
 Where suns and skies put on no cloudy veil.

O cliffs and vales, palm-groves and olive-  
 slopes,  
 Fountains and tranquil lakes, serenely bright,  
 Where sprung and blossomed earth's first  
 living hopes,  
 And darkness fled before the rising light!

Where heaven saluted earth, and God with  
 man,  
 As friend with friend, walked in communion  
 dear;  
 Where peace descended, and the ancient ban  
 Was cancelled that forbade us to draw near.

Where words were spoken and where deeds  
 were done  
 That changed the current of earth's history,  
 That overthrew old altars, one by one;  
 Where truth divine shook down each human  
 lie.

That spoke to weary souls of rest and peace,  
 Of the great love of God, so sure and true,  
 Of the wide open gate to heavenly bliss,  
 Of life through death, of old things all made  
 new.

It is not now what once it was of old,  
 Nor what it shall be in the age divine;  
 Yet still it beameth with a love untold,  
 That dear, dear Orient, light's authentic  
 shrine.

O land of morning, what a glory still  
 Above thee rests, though desolate thy ways!  
 We look from far to each once sacred hill,  
 And faith and hope grow stronger as we  
 gaze.

How doubly true seems truth when seen  
 through you,  
 Zion, and Lebanon, and Olivet!  
 How dear the Amen, old yet ever new,  
 That echoes to us from each ancient height!

Blessed the eyes that once upon you gazed,  
 Blessed the feet that once your highways  
 trod,  
 Blessed the ears that heard the hymns once  
 raised  
 In Salem's shrine, upon the Mount of God.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3506. HOLY LAND, Defilement of the.**

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,  
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep;  
 Yet there, even there, O God! Thy thunders  
 sleep:

There, where Thy finger scorched the tablet  
 stone;  
 There, where Thy shadow to Thy people  
 shone!  
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:  
 Thyself none living see, and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance appear;  
 Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's  
 spear:  
 How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod?  
 How long Thy temple worshipless, O God?  
*Lord Byron.*

**3507. HOLY LAND, Interest in the.**

O land of men of other days!  
 Where bards and ancient prophets trod.  
 The land of rapt Isaiah's lays,  
 The land of David's psalms of praise,  
 Land of the men of God.

And if 'tis not enough of fame  
 To be the home of prophets, then  
 From all thy hills and rocks proclaim  
 The higher and more glorious name  
 Of Him who died for men.

In vain, like birds on ocean's foam,  
 When tossed amid a troubled sea,  
 In vain the sad in spirit roam,  
 In search of resting-place or home,  
 Who turn away from Thee.

By Thee the seal of doubt is broken  
 Which long to human hearts had pressed;  
 By Thee alone the words are spoken,  
 Which "peace on earth" and love betoken,  
 And give the weary rest.

The clouds of Sinai's mount proclaim  
 The law that wakes the spirit's fears;  
 From Calvary's height the message came,  
 The law of love for that of flame,  
 Love for the coming years.

Land of the soul! forever dear;  
 Wide o'er the world the words impart,  
 Which turn to hope despairing fear;  
 Which dry the penitential tear,  
 And heal the bleeding heart.

*Thomas C. Upham.*

**3508. HOLY LAND, Our.**

Come! let us wander by the silent beach  
 Of this our mimic lake or inland sea,  
 Type of the haven where our souls would be,  
 And learn the lessons which its waters teach,  
 As all God's voiceless creatures use to preach.

We need not travel to the Holy Land,  
 To trace the sacred print of Jesus' feet,  
 Where, without ebb or flow, the wavelets  
 beat  
 With mystic murmur o'er the level sand  
 Of Galilee's world-venerated strand.

Sweet are the fountains of fair Jordan's lake,  
 Bitter the ocean-springs of yon sea-bay;  
 O'er both, most bright, most blue, the sun-  
 gleams play,  
 While fitful breezes solemn echoes wake,  
 And of the encircling crags in terror quake.

God's voice is heard in thunder underground;  
 The rumbling, reeling earth, man's last sole  
 stay,  
 Labors with gape and heave to roll away;  
 The seething billows, one huge tidal mound,  
 Pour their volcanic torrent far around.

Woe to Bethsaida! to Chorazin woe!—  
 Sad dirge of men's hearts failing them for  
 fear  
 At roaring sea and waves—thy doom is near;  
 Repent, or else expect thine overthrow;  
 Though high as heaven, as hell thou shalt  
 sink low.

Then all is calm and smiling as before;  
 The river cleaves the interlacing hills  
 With gentle flow, made musical by rills  
 From yonder snowy peak's perennial store,  
 Where many a grassy steep o'erhangs the  
 shore.

And many a Te-palm, many a tufted bush,  
 With blossoms glimmering red through pen-  
 dant leaves  
 Of creeping parasites, a garland weaves;  
 And giant trunks their festooned branches  
 push  
 Above the tangled scrub and feathery rush.

And many a fern-tree rears its lofty crest  
 Embowering leafy nooks of paler green  
 Than the deep umbrage of the forest screen,  
 Where birds of varied plumage shun their  
 nest  
 To bask in that sweet sunny realm of rest.

Their notes, like silver chimes, fill all the  
 grove  
 With modulated music, rich and clear,  
 Cheering the lonely fisher on the mere,  
 Or where his net upon the rock is hove,  
 While sportive shoals glance harmless  
 through the cove.

Here Jesus might have fed the famished  
host;  
Here wrought the miracle of frantic swine;  
On yonder mount, transfigured, shone divine;  
O'er yon calm water roamed from coast to  
coast,  
Or hushed them with His word when  
tempest-tost.

The gospel is not written in a book,  
A tale that may be read, and then forgot;  
Its work of love and truth endureth yet,  
Or in the silence of this desert nook,  
Or in the busy hum we late forsook.

Jesus is everywhere, is very nigh;  
The Holy Land is in us and around;  
Grace blends with nature, earth with heaven  
profound;  
To them of loving heart and single eye,  
Deep sacraments all creatures underlie.

Whoso is wise, like Jesus' self, will blend  
The active with the contemplative life;  
Leave for awhile the city's cares and strife,  
In solitude his proud heart's knee to bend,  
And in the wilderness seek One True Friend,

In calm or storm, in sunshine or in shade,  
His presence will go with thee and give rest,  
Soothing the stormy passions of the breast;  
Lo! I am with you always—so He said—  
Even to the end; 'tis I, be not afraid.

*Arthur Baker.*

### 3509. HORSEMEN, The Two.

Revelations vi.

He cometh! He cometh! the death-dealing  
king;  
His pale steed is fleet as the hurricane's wing;  
Around him are ravening the monsters of hell,  
Earth shrinks from their aspect, and shakes  
with their yell.

He cometh! He cometh! with sword drip-  
ping gore:  
Desolation behind him, and terror before:  
His banner of darkness above him is spread,  
With pestilent vapor earth smokes at his  
tread.

Her kings and her captains oppose him in  
vain;  
Her mantle no longer can cover her slain;  
The great are down-trampled, the mighty  
ones fail, [the gale,  
And their armies are scattered like leaves on

The beasts of the forest exult o'er their prey,  
Grim Slaughter mows onward his merciless  
way,  
Gaunt Famine, and livid Disease at his side,  
O'er monarchs and nations triumphantly ride.

And now from their slumber the tempests  
awaken:  
They rage, and the stars from their orbits  
are shaken;

The sun gathers blackness, the moon turns  
to blood,  
The heavens pass away; and the isles from  
the flood,

And the mountains from earth, at the tumult  
retreat:  
The prince and the peasant; the abject, the  
great;  
The youthful, the aged; the fearful, the  
brave;  
The strong man, the feeble; the freeman,  
the slave,

To caverns and dens for a hiding-place run;  
But who the keen eye of Jehovah can shun?  
From His face to conceal them, despairing  
they call  
To the rocks and the mountains upon them  
to fall:

In vain; for the day of decision at last  
Has dawned, and the season of mercy is past:  
He cometh from heaven, with the sword and  
the rod,  
Who shall tread in His fury the wine-press  
of God.

His angel the fowls is inviting aloud  
To the carnage of steeds and their riders to  
crowd,  
Whose flesh shall be mangled, whose blood  
shall be spilled,  
That the vultures and ravens may eat and be  
filled.

He cometh! He cometh! how glorious the  
sight!  
His horse as the snow newly fallen is white;  
On His head are the crowns that betoken  
His power,  
From His eyes flash red lightnings His foes  
to devour.

In blood has the vesture been dipped that  
He wears,  
And a name on His thigh and His vesture  
He bears;  
The Sovereign of sovereigns, that loftiest of  
names,  
And Lord of all lords, its possessor proclaims  
And white are the horses, as snow without  
stain,  
Of the thousands of thousands who ride in  
His train;  
And white and unspotted the robes He has  
given  
To be worn on this day by the armies of  
heaven.

The bow in His hand, lo! unerring He bends;  
With the sword from His mouth every spirit  
He rends;  
By His rod are down-smitten all they that  
oppose,  
And from conquering to conquer resistless  
He goes.

The beast, the false prophet, and Satan, and death,  
He thrusts to the pit that is yawning beneath;  
Where tortures unceasing their vitals shall rend,  
And the smoke of their torment forever ascend.

But see, where His presence the darkness illumines,  
How lovely the aspect creation assumes!  
New heavens, a new earth, a new ocean arise,  
That fill every heart with a welcome surprise.

A city majestic and spacious appears,  
Which sin cannot enter, where dried are all tears;  
With beauty resplendent, from dangers secure;  
Where fruits as perennial and waters as pure

As He who erects it the blessed await:  
With shoutings of triumph they enter the gate,  
With God, their Redeemer, forever to reign,  
And it closes on all but the Lamb and His train. *T. Greenwood.*

### 3510. HOST OF GOD, The.

Genesis xxxii : 1, 2.

"The Host of God!" From whence came  
And whither are they bound? [they,  
Are they of those that watch by day,  
And keep their nightly round?  
Come they from realms celestial, sent  
On God's high message here?  
Guide they the mighty firmament?  
Guide they the rolling sphere?

"The Host of God!" How seemed that  
In heavenly pomp arrayed? [show?  
Marched they in bright angelic row  
With glittering wings displayed?  
Or were they clad in flesh and bone,  
Like children of the earth,  
While but their stately step and tone  
Betrayed their glorious birth?

"The Host of God!" How did they greet  
Our faint and wandering sire?  
Passed they his train with flying feet,  
And chariot wheels like fire?  
Or did they cheer his spirit there  
Amid that desert lone—  
Tell him that granted was his prayer,  
His secret sorrows known?

"The Host of God!" How wild the thought  
That lowly man should meet,  
'Mid the drear realms of wolf and goat,  
The step of holy feet!  
Whence come they, whither go, is dark;  
Their purpose, all unknown;  
Yet shine they as a meteor spark  
Through midnight darkness thrown.

Still they may wheel their bright career  
By lonely rock or tree,  
Had we the patriarch's ear to hear,  
His holy eye to see!  
The desert wild, the crowded way,  
By heavenly step is trod;  
Through earth and air, by night, by day,  
Walks still "the Host of God!"

*R. P.*

### 3511. HOUSE, Building the.

I have a wondrous house to build,  
A dwelling humble yet divine;  
A lowly cottage to be filled  
With all the jewels of the mine.  
How shall I build it strong and fair,  
This noble house, this lodging rare,  
So small and modest, yet so great?  
How shall I fill its chambers bare,  
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay;  
'Tis I must fashion them aright;  
'Tis I must mould them day by day,  
And make my labor my delight.  
This cot, this palace, this fair home,  
This pleasure house, this holy dome,  
Must be in all proportions fit,  
That heavenly messengers may come  
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,  
To totter at each gale that starts;  
But of substantial masonry,  
Symmetrical in all its parts;  
Fit in its strength to stand sublime  
For seventy years of mortal time,  
Defiant of the storm and rain,  
And well attempered to the clime  
In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so that if the blast  
Around it whistle loud and long,  
The tempest, when its rage has passed,  
Shall leave its rafters doubly strong..  
I'll build it so that travellers by  
Shall view it with admiring eye,  
For its commodiousness and grace;  
Firm on the ground, straight to the sky,  
A meek but godly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,  
Within I'll build it clean and white;  
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,  
And ever open to the light.  
No tortuous passages or stair,  
No chamber foul or dungeon lair,  
No gloomy attic shall there be;  
But wide apartments ordered fair,  
And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well  
The house shall be a home complete,  
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,  
The humble tenant may retreat.

The first a room wherein to deal  
 With men for human nature's weal;  
 A room where he may work or play,  
 And all his social life reveal  
 In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,  
 Where, with his chosen book or friend,  
 He may employ his active thought  
 To virtuous and exalted end.  
 A chamber lofty and serene,  
 With a door window to the green,  
 Smooth shaven sward, and arching bowers,  
 Where lore, or talk, or song between  
 May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,  
 But beautiful; where he may raise,  
 Unheard of men, his daily hymn  
 Of love and gratitude and praise.  
 Where he may revel in the light  
 Of things unseen and infinite,  
 And learn how little he may be,  
 And yet how awful in thy sight,  
 Ineffable eternity.

Such is the house that I must build;  
 This is the cottage, this the dome,  
 And this the palace, treasure-filled  
 For an immortal's earthly home.  
 O noble work of toil and care!  
 O task most difficult and rare!  
 O simple but most arduous plan,  
 To raise a dwelling-place so fair,  
 The sanctuary of a man!

*Charles Mackay.*

**3512. HOUSE OF GOD, The.**  
 Genesis xxviii : 16.

Once slow and sad the evening fell  
 On desert path, on lonely dell,  
 As, sad and desolate,  
 One laid him down to sleep alone,  
 His couch the sand, his pillow stone,  
 The morning tide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight  
 A radiance more than morning light,  
 From opened portals given;  
 And on his charmed ear there rung  
 A sound more sweet than matin song:  
 The choral hymns of heaven.

He saw the glory of that place  
 Whose light is God the Saviour's face;  
 He saw its dwellers fair,  
 And learned that, desolate, alone,  
 A wanderer from his Father's home,  
 God's presence still was there.

So we, though often worn, oppressed,  
 We wander, seeking home and rest,  
 In sorrow's darkest hour,  
 May see, as Jacob saw of old,  
 God's sunbeams, bright and manifold,  
 The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,  
 In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,  
 Stands now God's house below;  
 But wheresoe'er His radiance bright  
 Gleams on our darkness and 'tis light,  
 His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His glory fair  
 The whole earth stands, one house of prayer,  
 One ante-room of heaven;  
 For surely, though we know it not,  
 God's presence is in every spot,  
 To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,  
 As those who see that opened gate,  
 That glory in our night;  
 So that at last, through Christ the way,  
 We too may tread that land of day,  
 Where God, the Lord, is light.

**3513. HOUSEHOLDER, Parable of the.**  
 Matthew xxi : 33-41.

The Householder in Canaan's land  
 Planted a church, and hedged it round;  
 His law and providential hand  
 Was then its sure protection found:  
 The wine-press digged where Salem stood;  
 The temple was their boasted tower;  
 The husbandmen were hired of God,  
 Who left His vineyard in their power.

He, when the time of fruit drew near,  
 His servants to the keepers sent,  
 And many a chosen messenger  
 To gather in His righteous rent;  
 The keepers on His servants flew,  
 Stopping their ears against the word,  
 Outraged, and beat, and stoned, and slew  
 The saints and prophets of their Lord.

The heavenly Householder at last  
 Vouchsafed to send His only Son;  
 They slew, out of the vineyard cast  
 The Heir, and seized it for their own;  
 Wherefore their Lord in vengeance came,  
 Those wicked husbandmen destroyed;  
 And now they bear the Christian name  
 Who keep and rule the church of God.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3514. HOUSEHOLDER sending forth HIS SON.**  
 PART I.

Night was resting on the people, sin was out  
 upon the world,  
 Darkness, ere the Prince of Darkness from  
 his citadel was hurled,  
 Ere the Prince of Peace His standard o'er  
 the realms of strife unfurled.

Heathen madly raged with heathen, each  
 with vain imagining;  
 Brother hated, slew his brother, king went  
 out to war with king,  
 Till at length all ill abounded, and the dove  
 of peace took wing.



All the nations sat in darkness, loving best  
the veil of night;

God they would not own as ruler, so they  
put Him out of sight,

Then the flames of hell they quickened,  
trampled on the true and right.

Thus the vineyard God had planted, very  
good from east to west,

Wicked husbandmen had ruined, eating,  
drinking, taking rest,

Cursing with their lusts and passions what  
the Householder had blest.

He had edged about the vineyard, dug the  
wine-press, built the tower,

Let it out and given orders, "Thou must  
serve and thou have power,"

So that He of fruit might gather treasure in  
the vintage-hour.

One by one He sent His servants till the time  
should fully come;

Some they beat and some they stoned, shame-  
fully entreated some,

They whose hearts were set on idols, gods  
they fashioned, senseless, dumb.

Last of all, the vineyard's Ruler, when the  
numbered days were run,

Thought upon His loving-kindness, sent the  
Sole Begotten One,

Sent His best Belovèd, saying, "They will  
reverence my Son."

Thus the Father, in His pity, healed the  
world by guilt oppressed,

Gave commandment to the lowly, bade her  
tabernacle rest,

He who made her, Israel's lily, slumbered on  
her spotless breast.

Oh the mystery of mercy! to the vineyard  
comes the Heir,

Leaves the Father's many mansions, faithless  
husbandmen to spare,

Clothes Himself with human nature, deigns  
our very flesh to wear.

Heir of all things, we adore Him, whom the  
wicked madly slew;

"This the Heir—come, let us kill Him."  
Thus of old that godless crew

Cast Him out the Father sent them; thus  
they paid their Lord His due.

## PART II.

Fair the vineyard which the Ageless pur-  
chased with His own right hand,

Where the husbandmen of Jesus in the place  
appointed stand,

Some to sow and some to gather, some to  
break the fallow land.

Hegged about by law and prophets, this  
inheritance Divine;

Deep therein dug the wine-press, whence  
flows precious blood for wine;

There the tower of ivory glitters, of incar-  
nate grace the shrine.

There the fourfold river waters with its  
crystal stream the ground;

Purest gold and precious onyx in its hidden  
depths abound;

There, or good for food or pleasant, every  
herb and tree are found.

Thus the Lord our God hath planted east-  
ward in the realm He made

A garden, unto which He sendeth, born to-  
day of spotless maid,

Him whose light the ancients longed for,  
Him for whom the prophets prayed.

Where are springing thorns and briars, He  
will make the curse to cease;

Are their captives fast in fetters? He will  
give the bound release,

Unto men of good-will saying, "On the  
earth be good-will, peace!"

Surely now the world will greet Him, Heir  
of all the worlds sublime;

Times, they say, are bad, disjointed: He is  
come, the Lord of time;

Men, they say, have grown more evil: He  
can stay the march of crime.

Do the hours of toil wax longer? He will  
share our weariness;

Are their hands uplift to curse us? His are  
lifted up to bless;

Are there words of hate about us? His are  
words of peacefulness.

Oh how happy the hereafter, when, the bet-  
ter Eden gained,

We look back upon the vineyard where the  
labor was sustained,

One hand working, one hand grasping  
weapon whilst a foe remained!

Peace! the will of God the Father, as in  
heaven, in earth is done;

Peace! the dreary years are ended; peace!  
the days of strife are run;

One the song of men and angels, we will  
reverence the Son.

Hid beneath His fleshly garment, many a  
crown and diadem

Brings the Heir this blessed morning, jour-  
neying from Bethlehem;

If He own us, if He bless us, who is he that  
dares condemn?

*W. Chatterton Dix.*

## 3515. HUSBANDMEN, The Wicked.

Matthew xxi : 33-44; Mark xii : 1-12; Luke xx : 9-18.

A vineyard planted, and to man was given

The charge of all the golden fruits it bore;

And He who owns it doth send down from

heaven

To claim its goodly store.

The rebel servants own no sovereign Lord;  
His message mocked, His messengers they  
slew;  
To such as these who thus despise His word  
What will the Owner do?

The earth is God's—God's vineyard and His  
field,  
Hedged round about with providence and  
care;  
'Tis given to man to till, its fruits to yield,  
And do God's service there.

The church is God's, a paradise of good,  
For growth of precious fruits and flowers  
divine;  
A wine-press digged to tread the vines of God,  
And tower to guard its shrine.

The Word is God's; go ye, this field is Mine;  
The soil, the seed, the plenteous fruits, and  
all;  
I let it out to thee; the work is thine,  
Obedient to My call.

The messengers are God's, sent forth to claim  
The vineyard's goodly fruits for their dear  
Lord;  
Some first, some next, and yet again they  
Obedient to His word. [came,

The Son is God's, His loved, His only Son,  
The royal heir of all the vineyard store;  
And in His Father's name this holy one  
Claimed what the vineyard bore.

The earth is God's, but man to God denies  
Those very fruits that God Himself supplies.

The church is God's, and yet its fruits, when  
given,  
Are held to earth, and are withheld from  
Heaven.

The Word is God's, but man refused to yield,  
Nor cared, nor tended, nor enlarged that field.

The messengers are God's, yet these they  
slew;  
"What will the Owner of that vineyard do?"

The Son is God's; He trod the wine-press  
floor;  
And lo! the cleansing fountain of His blood!

Salvation is of God; the Crucified  
For vineyard, fruit, and husbandmen hath  
died. *Robert Maguire.*

### 3516. HYMN, The Last.

Matthew xxvi : 30.

The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon  
Looks down on Zion's hill;  
The city sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon,  
And all the streets are still,

Save when along the shaded walks  
We hear the watchman's call,  
Or the guard's footstep as he stalks  
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy, is this light!  
And hark! a mournful song,  
As gentle as these dews of night,  
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,  
Are in that holy strain;  
'Tis resignation, not despair;  
'Tis triumph, though 'tis pain.

'Tis Jesus and His faithful few  
That pour that hymn of love;  
O God! may we the song renew  
Around Thy board above!

*John Pierpont.*

### 3517. IMAGE, Daniel's Vision of the. Daniel xi : 19.

An empire with its chieftain slumbered.  
Night

Seemed filled with all the deathful secrecy  
That broods upon her morn-approaching  
hours.

The lights of heaven around their silv'ry  
queen

Looked forth in all their pearly purity  
Upon the city of the hundred gates,  
And Babylon, in her magnificence,  
Her glitter, and her costliness, was there;  
But Babylon, in her tumultuous din,  
And clangor of the instruments that served  
Her greatness, was not there. Forth on the  
grand

Majestic spectacle that filled the view,  
Where art and nature mingled all their gems  
Of splendor, with an eye that scorned the  
power

Of boastful sleep's resistless chain—an eye  
Whose kindling brilliancy was lit with fires  
Which nothing save a spirit of the sky,  
Possessed of loftier aspect, could subdue—  
There gazed a prophet of the Lord.

The king  
Of kings had dreamed a dream, and blood  
must flow,

And man must die, except the magis tell  
The secret, known but to the God of dreams.  
And Learning wept, and Magic's spells were  
Because the mighty king was wroth. [dumb.

Far gazed  
That holy eye, as it would pierce behind  
Yon sky's cerulean adamant, and reach [lost  
The truths that be. Whole starry suns were  
Within its mighty vision, whose unmatched  
Swift-darting flight outstripped their rays,  
but on

And onward roamed, as it would reach His  
seat,

Whose throne infinitude, whose presence-  
chamber

Is the universe. No breath was heard;

The voiceless music of the prophet's prayer  
Was wafled to the bosom of Jehovah,  
Nor wakened there His disapproval; no,  
Omnipotence ne'er hushes mercy's breath,  
Nor shuts the beamings of celestial grace  
Against that spirit's prayer, that twice was  
Like to her God. [made

Swift sped the messenger  
That bore the heaven-commissioned answer  
Before his gaze the awful image rose, [down;  
Attired in robes of majesty and light.  
For lo! it boasts man's upward gazing form,  
Material gorgeousness is blended there,  
The beams of heaven are flashing from its  
front,  
The vision meets the eye of one whose soul  
Can feel the influence of its potent spell.

The glittering beams were shooting from  
the gold

That high upon the summit sat embossed,  
Refulgent orb; like the unborrowed rays  
Of molten glory gleaming from that prince  
Of sounding spheres, the sun, when in their  
might

His crimson beams pierce through the stormy  
blast

That strives to hide the dazzle of his light,  
The roundness of his form. What means  
this mass

Of saffron grandeur o'er the gold-crowned  
image?

Great Daniel reads it with a glowing eye:  
Chaldea's monarch is this head of gold!

As when the wat'ry foam in robes of white,  
Caught in her bounding march by sportive  
frost,

Quivers and stops, entranced with sudden  
charms,

Locked in his delicate white arm, and spark-  
In modest beauty at the gazer-on; [ling  
So in rich folds the silver breast and arms  
Of this great secret-teller float in gay,  
Unmingled, dazzling whiteness, and declare  
The less effulgent but more glorious reign  
Of Medo-Persia's power.

In gloomy strength  
The brazen thighs announced to Daniel's ken  
The self-willed Macedonian whose arm,  
In swift-winged speed, made thrones and  
empires yield;

Then, weeping for another world to slay,  
In lieu thereof destroyed himself.

Firm placed,  
The fabric stands on legs and feet of iron.  
Built and augmented from the first by men  
Who feared naught save a disappointed will,  
Who loved naught save the revelry of power,  
Great Rome, upmarching to its zenith,  
crushed

With its tough iron and trampled down the  
nations,

Until great Cæsar held beneath his foot  
The humbled, prostrate neck of conquered  
earth;

And, propping firmly all the other three,  
The fourth great empire stands alone in  
might.

All this the prophet saw, and more: he saw  
The haughtiness of Rome go down by steps,  
Divide, and, mingled with the weakening  
clay,

Sink down to utter nothingness of power.

All this the prophet saw, and more, and  
more—

Immensely, infinitely more. O God!  
Haste on the day, and smite with seven-fold  
Or rather give us patience to await [power,  
Thine own best day, when Thou in ire wilt  
smite

The lofty image with Thy mystic stone,  
Cut from the mountain without hands.  
Behold!

E'en now it trembles on its shaken base,  
And rocks aloft, and menaces the fall.  
Earth, trembling, fears the long-expected  
crash.

Oh, blest the eye that views its prostrate  
length!

Oh, blessed the ear that hears the ruin peal  
In echoed cadence round a startled world.

*The Classic.*

### 3518. IMPORTUNATE WIDOW, The.

Luke xviii : 1-8.

Oh let my prayer unceasing

Go up to God above;

The end of all my longing,

The fountain of all love;

May I not ask His favor,

Who hath so much bestowed,

The Author of all goodness,

The Giver of all good.

He bids me "ask;" so asking,

His power I humbly crave;

He bids me "seek;" so seeking,

I pray His arm to save;

He bids me "knock;" so knocking,

I plead His own command;

And knocking, seeking, asking,

Before His door I stand.

The judge, though oft refusing,

The anxious widow's plea,

Yet afterwards rewarded

Her importunity;

And for her often asking,

His favor did bestow;

And for her oft appealing,

Avenged her of her foe.

And shall not God, the Righteous,

Avenge His own elect;

Stretch forth His hand to help them,

And with His arm protect?

Yea, while He seems to slumber,

And though He beareth long,

He will arise and aid them;

He will avenge their wrong.

Oh happy consummation,  
 Oh blessed force of prayer;  
 Blest promise of salvation,  
 To those who linger there!  
 To humble patient waiting,  
 And suppliant complaint,  
 He gives His word of comfort,  
 "To pray and not to faint."

*Robert Maguire.*

**3519. IMPOTENT MAN,** Cure of the.

John v : 1-16.

Passover week: strange stillness reigns  
 O'er Palestina's towns and plains,  
 For all her tribes and thousands press  
 Up to the great metropolis;  
 And far o'er many a winding road  
 Wend onward toward the mount of God.

Through high Jerusalem's gates the throng,  
 Solemn and ceaseless, pours along;  
 The spotless lamb at midnight dies;  
 The smoke of offerings stains the skies;  
 From north to south, from west to east,  
 The mingling myriads bless the feast.

Three days go by, three sacred days,  
 Of sacrifice and prayer and praise,  
 And Sabbath comes, more sacred still;  
 Its holier rites the priests fulfil,  
 And psalms, and celebrated joy,  
 Its sweet successive hours employ.

Not thus the Saviour; worship done,  
 His feet on mercy's errands run,  
 And where Bethesda's healing tide  
 Five circling porches scarcely hide,  
 He seeks the blind, halt, withered, poor,  
 A multitude, who wait a cure.

For oft an angel, sent from God,  
 Viewless descending stirred the flood,  
 And to the troubled, transient wave  
 Such wealth of wondrous virtue gave,  
 That he who soonest then stepped down  
 Was healed at once from sole to crown.

One form lay there more sadly pressed  
 By wasting woe than all the rest,  
 Helpless for eight-and-thirty years!  
 The Saviour saw his secret tears,  
 And asked him, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
 "I've none to help me to the pool,

Kind sir," he faltering said. "In vain  
 I've tottered often and in pain  
 Adown the steep and toilsome stair,  
 Another steps before me there;  
 And thus, for many a year of woe,  
 I've seen the healing seasons go."

Then Jesus gently spake: "Arise,  
 Take up thy bed and walk." His eyes  
 The poor man lifts to Christ's; the sight  
 Made all his languid limbs grow light,  
 And conscious strength and courage came  
 Warming through all his withered frame!

He rose, unthinking aught of harm,  
 And rolled his pallet 'neath his arm;  
 And, finding not his unknown friend,  
 Flew toward the temple, to attend  
 The evening sacrifice and prayer,  
 And pour his grateful homage there.

But Jews, who met him in the way,  
 Cried, "Hold! This is the Sabbath-day!  
 The law forbids to bear thy bed!"  
 He answered, "He who healed me said,  
 'Take up thy bed and walk;' then they,  
 'Who dared to thus command thee? Say!'"

They asked not who such boon had wrought,  
 And he who had been healed knew not;  
 But toward the temple still he sped,  
 Where Christ once more he met, who said,  
 "Lo! thou art whole; sin now no more,  
 Lest worse befall thee than before."

Then straight, with grateful heart and bold,  
 The Saviour's wondrous work he told;  
 The Jews, unable to refute  
 The cure, its author persecute,  
 And, mad with malice, seek to slay  
 For healing on the holy day.

Then answered Jesus: "Hitherto  
 My Father wrought these cures for you;  
 I work them now, nor yet alone,  
 The Father works them through the Son,  
 And greater works than these shall show,  
 That yet our oneness thus may know."

O Christ, our passover, may we  
 Still find our spotless Lamb in Thee!  
 Our great Bethesda, may Thy side  
 Still pour for us a healing tide!  
 And let us prove, all else above,  
 Thy sole and sovereign law of love.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3520. IMMANUEL.**

Isaiah vii : 14.

How good a God have we! who for our sake,  
 To save us from the burning lake,  
 Did change the order of creation:

At first He made  
 Man like Himself in His own image; now  
 In the more blessed reparation,  
 The heavens bow,  
 Eternity took the measure of a span:

And said,  
 "Let us make ourselves like man;  
 And not from man the woman take,  
 But from the woman, man."

Hallelujah, we adore

His name, whose goodness hath no store.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**3521. INCARNATION,** Christ's.

John i : 14.

Time hath no brighter jewel on his brow  
 Than this, all worlds, all ages, wondering  
 scan:

Shall God in very deed Himself allow  
Limit and bound, and dwell on earth with  
man?

I marvel not that some should misconceive,  
I marvel one should easily believe;  
That when the tale is told  
(Sole tale which ne'er grows old)

How flesh and blood the Invisible once did  
shrine,

Rather all hearts incredulous not combine  
Such mightiest task of faith, unequal, to  
resign.

The fabled lore that lured the untutored ear  
Of the young world, ere fancy's vernal age  
Had ripened into reason—then more dear  
Than all the time-schooled wisdom of the  
sage—

The most unbounded flights e'er roved at will  
By lawless dreams, or thoughts more lawless  
Lose all their wild and strange, [still,  
To most experienced range

Brought meanly down, of credence easier far  
Than that the Word, He by whom all things  
are, [star.

Changed for His high abode one poor inferior

Down from the heavenly hills in love de-  
scending,

Far in the depths of night His eye descried  
The clusters of His universe, one blending  
Of infinite lights, stars in their courses, tied  
By order firm and ne'er-infringed law;  
A world of worlds, whereof each one doth  
draw

About the central bright  
Its duteous satellite;

Yet chose He not His palace in some sun,  
By heaven alone in native light outdone,  
But this our darker orb His radiant presence  
won.

There was no lack of sovereign seats and  
thrones

Worthy of His possessing; large domains  
Waited His lordly bidding; populous plains,  
The wealth of empires, all the mingled tones  
Of queenliest cities called Him—pomp and  
song

And loud applause of many a rapturous  
throng:

But such as these passed by,  
Beneath the Syrian sky

He sought the meanest state, the lowliest  
shed,

That earth's most bitter lot most throughly  
read,

No heart might sink so low but he might lift  
it high.

And therefore did the greatness of His scorn  
Vouchsafe the measure of His glorious rise;  
And they who here with Him that shame  
have borne

Shall share His crown and triumph in the  
skies:

He that descended is the same that rose  
Above all heavens, victorious o'er His foes,  
And evermore doth stand

A priest at God's right hand,  
Till, in the fulness of the times, once more  
He come with might and majesty, His floor  
In righteousness to purge, and all things to  
restore.

And thou and I (O wondrous thought and  
strange!)

May call Him brother; eat His flesh, and live;  
Drink of His blood, that with all-quickening  
change

Doth joy for grief, health for unsoundness  
give:

May love Him, though we see Him not;  
may hear

His voice behind us, feel His footstep near:  
Thou, Who dost all things fill,

Art with Thy children still,  
Who here through sighs and tears their  
voices raise,

Or round Thy throne, with rapt adoring gaze,  
Lift high the harmonious anthem of per-  
petual praise.

I will exult, my evil days and few  
Spending where God hath sojourned; His  
dear breath

Hath left a sweetness in the air, a new  
Celestial fragrance, all the damps of death  
Quite overmastering, filling with perfumes  
The grave unlovely, and dark funeral rooms;  
That each glad soul may spring  
Upward from earth, and sing,

Beholding in her tomb heaven's opened door,  
And hearing in her knell His summons ring,  
"Come up, dear child, and dwell in rest for  
evermore."

The earth He trod is consecrated ground;  
One stone His feet have touched hallows the  
whole, [round

Reclaimed for heaven's just uses, from the  
Of torrid heats, to either utmost pole:

Where He alighted, burst a spring that flows  
To every land, and ever widening goes,  
Sustained by what distils

From the everlasting hills,  
And still shall swell, a river broad and deep,  
Till its great flood, with all-compelling  
sweep, [o'erleap

The bars and gates of hell triumphantly

Whoso receiveth this, doth all receive:  
His faith can soar no further; all the train  
Of signs and wonders written, that doth leave  
A breach in nature's statutes to explain  
By reason's rules he aims not, lest as wise  
Himself professing, folly's meed he gain:

But in mute awe profound  
Upon that holy ground

Standing unshod He hears, amidst the cries  
Of jarring doubts and creeds, the still small  
voice [rejoice,

Speak to his inmost heart, and trembling doth

His the unfettered faith to childhood given,  
That questions not how such a thing might  
be;

Whom large experience hinders not that  
heaven

Should mix with earth, but whose clear eye  
doth see

In happy dreams the golden ladder bending,  
And angel feet for evermore descending:

Thus human and divine

To child-like hearts combine,

Who from the world's soul-deafening noise  
retreat,

And meekly sitting at the Master's feet

List to His heaven-bought words in contem-  
plation sweet. *C. L. Ford.*

### 3522. INFANTS, Slaughter of the.

Matthew ii : 18.

Hushed is the voice of Judah's mirth,  
And Judah's minstrels, too, are gone;  
And harps that told Messiah's birth  
Are hung on heaven's eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng  
That swelled on earth the welcome strain,  
And lost in air the choral song  
That floated wild on David's plain;

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate;  
Her valleys gush with human blood;  
Despair sits mourning at her gate,  
And murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn the mother's heart was light,  
Her infant bloomed upon her breast;  
At eve 'twas pale and withered quite,  
And gone to its eternal rest.

Weep on, ye childless mothers, weep;  
Your babes are hushed in one cold grave,  
In Jordan's streams their spirits sleep,  
Their blood is mingled with the wave.

### 3523. ISAAC.

Many the guileless years the patriarch spent,  
Blessed in the wife a father's foresight chose;  
Many the prayers and gracious deeds which  
rose,

Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.  
Yet these, though written in the heavens,  
are rent

From out truth's lower roll, which sternly  
shows

But one sad trespass at his history's close;  
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment,  
Not in their brightness, but their earthly  
stains,

Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.  
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace;  
So we move heavenward with averted face,  
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;  
And saints are lowered, that the world may  
rise. *John H. Newman.*

### 3524. ISAAC, Abraham's Sacrifice of. Genesis xxii : 2-18.

Tremendous oracle divine!

Who can the harsh command obey?

"That son, that only son of thine,

That son beloved, that Isaac slay!"

Who'er the God of Abraham know,

Their faith by like obedience prove,

And offering up their Isaacs show

The power supreme of Jesu's love.

Father, Thou call'st me by my name,

Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil,

And lo! through grace I ready am

To answer all thy awful will;

By faith I climb the mountain-top,

Thy blessings cheerfully resign,

And yield my dearest comforts up,

A bleeding sacrifice divine.

Resolved, O God! with all to part,

I bring the victim crowned;

The dearest partner of my heart

Is on the altar bound!

Spirit and soul asunder tear,

I say, Thy will be done;

And thus by Thee required, I bare

Mine arm to slay my son!

Let angels wonder at the sight!

Fond Abraham's laughter and delight

Is sacrificed at God's command:

The church's hope, behold him lie;

The promised heir, prepared to die;

To die by a paternal hand!

One only act did this exceed:

When Christ, our sacrifice, indeed,

Was by His Father's goodness given,

Delivered up for all to atone,

His Son beloved, His only Son,

The Lord, the joy of earth and heaven!

Safely we may our Isaacs give,

And leave them on the altar laid;

If best for us that they should live,

A way for their deliverance made

Shall lift our hearts to things above,

And perfect us in heavenly love.

Was not our father Abraham tried,

And found completely justified,

By offering up his only son?

The Lord His faithful servant blessed,

His offspring as the stars increased,

Because he had this action done;

The blessing of the promised Seed

(Received like Isaac from the dead),

Through him to all mankind is given,

And all who with their darlings part,

Shall find the blessing in their heart,

Joy, righteousness, and Christ and heaven.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3525. ISAAC, Antitype of.

St. Mark xv : 22.

Burdened with our griefs and cares,

That true Isaac from the skies,

Lo! Himself the wood He bears  
To the place of sacrifice;  
Bears it to Moriah's top;  
There, extended on the tree,  
Lo! the universal hope  
Hangs, and bleeds, and dies for me.

Suffering death without the gate,  
From Jerusalem He leads,  
Thus instructing us to wait  
Where the common Victim bleeds.  
After Him our hearts ascend,  
Lifted up 'twixt earth and skies;  
On His only death depend,  
Seek no other sacrifice.

Jesus lays the ransom down,  
Buys the nations with His blood,  
Doth for all our sins atone,  
Reconciles a world to God.  
Jesus purchases our peace  
(Peace which every soul may find),  
Pardon, grace, and holiness,  
Life, and heaven for all mankind.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3526. ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

Genesis xxiv : 63.

Praying! and to be married! it was rare,  
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care,  
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date  
That to renew't were to degenerate.  
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,  
And, offer'd up so early unto Heaven,  
Thy flames could not be out; religion was  
Ray'd into thee like beames into a glasse,  
Where, as thou grew'st, it multiply'd, and  
shin'd  
The sacred constellation of thy mind.  
But being for a bride, sure, prayer was  
Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy  
lasse:  
Hadst ne'er an oath nor complement? Thou  
wert  
An odde, coarse sutor: hadst thou but the art  
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coynd  
thee twenty  
New several oathes, and complements too  
plenty.  
O sad and wild excesse! and happy those  
White dayes that durst no impious mirth  
expose!  
When sinne by sinning oft had not lost  
sence,  
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd innocence!  
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor antick  
crowd  
O' young, gay swearers, with their needless,  
lowd  
Retinue; all was here smooth as thy bride,  
And calme like her, or that mild evening-  
tide.  
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did  
wind  
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;  
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all  
the way

Advis'd thy servant what to doe and say;  
These taught him at the well, and thither  
brought

The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.  
But here was ne'er a complement, not one  
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd looke put  
on.

All was plaine, modest truth: nor did she  
come

In rowles and curles, mincing and stately  
dumbe,

But in a frighted, virgin blush approach'd,  
Fresh as the morning when 'tis newly  
coach'd.

O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace  
Beyond a curled lock or painted face!

A pitcher, too, she had, nor thought it much  
To carry that which some would scorn to  
touch;

With which in mild, chaste language she  
did wooe

To draw him drinke, and for his camels too.  
And now thou knew'st her coming, it was  
time

To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe  
Unto thy God; for marriage of all states  
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.  
This brought thee forth, where now thou  
didst undresse

Thy soule, and with new pinions refresh  
Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did flye  
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;  
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre,  
Scatt'ring the myrrhe and incense of thy  
pray'r.

So from Lahairoi's well some spicie cloud,  
Woo'd by the sun, swels up to be his shrowd,  
And from her moist wombe sweeps a fragrant  
showre,

Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each  
flowre

And herb partakes; where having stood  
awhile,

And something cool'd the parch'd and thirsty  
isle,

The thankfull earth unlocks herself, and  
blends

A thousand odours, which, all mixt, she  
sends

Up in on cloud, and so returns the skies

That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young,  
didst inherit

Together with his bloud thy father's spirit,  
Whose active zeale and try'd faith were to  
Familiar ever since thy infancie. [thee  
Others were tym'd and train'd up to't, but  
thou

Didst thy swift years in piety outgrow.

Age made them rev'rend and a snowie head;  
But thou wert so ere time his snow could  
shed.

Then who would truly limne thee out must  
paint

First a young patriarch, then a married saint.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**3527. ISHMAEL, The Descendants of.**

Genesis xvii : 20.

Amid the wrecks of empire, still unchanged,  
The Arab ranges where his fathers ranged.  
Amid the roar of waters stands a rock,  
O'ertops the surge, and scorns the crested  
shock;

Like the tall pillars that o'erlook the moor,  
The Ishmaelite, disdainful, stands secure.  
Nor Greek, nor Roman, nor the Tartar khan,  
Nor Parthian, Persian, nor the Turcoman,  
Has ever turned a master's kindling eye  
Over the sandy wilds of Araby. [yields,

Some few have found the joy that conquest  
For a brief space, in Yemen's flowery fields;  
But Ishmael's nation never bowed the neck  
To conqueror's footsteps or a tyrant's beck.

Oft for their spoil the centaur-robbers roam;  
But still Arabia is the Arab's home;  
Still is he seen with glistening eyes to trace  
Each spot that keeps the record of his race;  
Still does he hold in legendary lore  
The names and fortunes of his sires of yore;

For him each Syrian flower that blooms and  
dies,

Stream, hill, and stone are kindred memories;  
Still does he haunt the dead and sinful sea,  
The hill of Jebus, lake of Galilee;  
To Belkas' pasture loves his flock to drive,  
And keeps in Paran Ishmael's name alive.

*M. J. Chapman.***3528. ISLES, He taketh up the.**

Isaiah xl : 15.

Each single soul is as a separate island,  
That hath its fauna and its flora meet,  
Its desert plain, its tree-grown, bird-voiced  
highland,  
Its wind-blown meadow and its foot-  
thronged street.

The vast, unsounded, and unmeasured ocean  
On whose broad breast they rest, is God's  
free grace.

Bow, hills of pride! that in thy deep devo-  
tion  
The healing waves may cleanse each secret  
place.

As flood-tide brings and, in its grand reces-  
sion,  
Leaves painted coral, pictured shell and  
fern,

So mortals find, at last, in their possession  
The precious promises for which they  
yearn.

And watered thus by love, at God's good  
pleasure

The desert shall become a flowery plain,  
The trees and vines bear fruit beyond all  
measure,  
And fertile fields grow golden with good  
grain.

And as the sea, in tribute rich increasing,  
Receives the rivers and the running rills,

So shall the Will Divine with power unceas-  
ing

Draw to Himself harmonious, human wills;

Until each island is a fitting dwelling  
For Him whose toil subdued the marly  
sward,

And they who thirst shall find a fountain  
welling

To everlasting life for their reward.

*- Simeon Tucker Clark.***3529. ISRAEL, Fallen.**

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!

Silence is o'er thy plains;

Thy dwellings all lie desolate,

Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee

On Etham's barren shore?

That fire from heaven which led thee

Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem:

Once she was all thy own;

Her love thy fairest heritage,

Her power thy glory's throne:

Till evil came, and blighted

Thy long-loved olive-tree;

And Salem's shrines were lighted

For other gods than thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma;

Then passed her glory's day,

Like heath that, in the wilderness,

The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers

Where once the mighty trod,

And sunk those guilty towers

While Baal reigned as god!

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors!

Steep in her blood your swords,

And raze to earth her battlements,

For they are not the Lord's!

Till Zion's mournful daughter

O'er kindred bones shall tread,

And Hinnom's vale of slaughter

Shall hide but half her dead!"

*Thomas Moore.***3530. ISRAEL, Hope of.**

Jeremiah xxx : 5.

We have heard the voice of trembling,

Voice of fear, but not of peace;

'Tis the wailing of the captive

As he sigheth for release:

Shall the bondage ne'er be broken,

Nor the sob of ages cease?

'Tis the hour of Israel's travail,

'Tis the darkness of her night,

'Tis the time of Jacob's trouble;

But beyond it beams the light,

And the star of Judah's morning

Is arising clear and bright.



Still the city sitteth lonely  
 In the twilight of the years,  
 In her silent sackcloth mourning,  
 On her cheeks the ancient tears;  
 For her lovers all have left her,  
 And her foes deride her fears.

But above the voice of weeping,  
 From a harp disused and dumb  
 She can hear the notes of gladness  
 Speaking sweetly of a home,  
 Of her ended exile telling,  
 As they say, "Thy King is come."

'Neath her olive's silver shadow,  
 There the turtle wakes her lay;  
 Winter vanishes, the splendor  
 Shineth out of endless day.  
 Wake, my love! wake up, my fair one!  
 It is morning, come away.

See! the King in beauty cometh,  
 He, thy long, long absent King;  
 As the light of dawn He shineth,  
 And His breath is that of spring.  
 From the dream of darkness waking,  
 Zion, lift thy voice and sing.

From the dust of ages rising,  
 Put on all thine ancient might,  
 For to Thee the crown belongeth,  
 And to Thee the raiment bright;  
 Of the coming age the glory,  
 Of the ransomed earth the light.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3531. ISRAEL, Restoration of.**  
 Isaiah ix.

Awake, arise, thy light is come:  
 The nations that before outshone thee  
 Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb;  
 The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise: the Gentiles to thy ray  
 From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;  
 And kings and princes haste to pay  
 Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see  
 O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,  
 Thy exiled sons return to thee,  
 To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,  
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee;  
 And Saba bring her gold and scents,  
 To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,  
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions  
 Like doves, long-absent, when allowed  
 Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me;  
 The ships of Tarshish round will hover,  
 To bring thy sons across the sea,  
 And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace;  
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious  
 Shall beautify our holy place,  
 And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,  
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;  
 But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,  
 And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,  
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;  
 But God Himself shall be thy light,  
 And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;  
 A ray, from heaven itself descended,  
 Shall light thy everlasting crown  
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous land!  
 The branch, forever green and vernal,  
 Which I have planted with this hand,  
 Live thou shalt in life eternal.

*Thomas Moore.*

**3532. ISRAEL, Restoration of.**  
 Revelation xxi : 3.

King of the dead! how long shall sweep  
 Thy wrath? how long Thy outcasts weep?  
 Two thousand agonizing years  
 Has Israel steeped her bread in tears;  
 The vial on her head been poured:  
 Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword!  
 'Tis done! Has breathed Thy trumpet-blast,  
 The tribes at length have wept their last!  
 On rolls the host! from land and wave  
 The earth sends up the unransomed slave:  
 There rides no glittering chivalry,  
 No banner purples in the sky;  
 The world within their hearts hath died;  
 Two thousand years have slain their pride!  
 The look of pale remorse is there,  
 The lips in voluntary prayer;  
 The form still marked with many a stain,  
 Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;  
 The serf of Afric's fiery ground;  
 The slave by Indian sun embrowned;  
 The weary drudges of the oar,  
 By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,  
 The gatherings of earth's wildest tract,  
 On bursts the living cataract!  
 What strength of man can check its speed?  
 They come, the nation of the freed;  
 Who leads their march? Beneath His wheel  
 Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!  
 Before their tread His trump is blown  
 Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!

King of the dead! Oh! not in vain  
 Was Thy long pilgrimage of pain;  
 Oh! not in vain arose Thy prayer  
 When pressed the thorn Thy temples bare;  
 Oh! not in vain the voice that cried  
 To spare Thy maddened homicide!  
 Even for this hour Thy heart's blood streamed!  
 They come, the host of the redeemed.

What flames upon the distant sky?  
 'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,  
 'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,  
 'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.  
 And now, as nearer speeds their march,  
 Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;  
 Though there has burst no thunder cloud,  
 No flash of death the soil has ploughed,  
 And still ascends before their gaze,  
 Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;  
 Still as the gorgeous clouds unfold  
 Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.  
 Scenes that the patriarch's visioned eye  
 Beheld, and then rejoiced to die;  
 That, like the altar's burning coal,  
 Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul;  
 That the throned seraphs long to see  
 Now given, thou Slave of slaves, to Thee!  
 Whose city this? What potentate  
 Sits there, the King of time and fate?  
 Whom glory covers like a robe,  
 Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,  
 Whom shapes of fire and splendor guard?  
 There sits the Man whose face was marred,  
 To whom archangels bow the knee—  
 The Weeper of Gethsemane!  
 Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel;  
 For now thy withered heart can feel!  
 Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame:  
 There sits the glory and thy shame!

*George Croly.*

### 3533. ISRAEL'S DELIVERANCE from EGYPT.

Tenfold vengeance wakens now  
 To lay the pride of Pharaoh low:  
 The desolating scourge has spread,  
 The last, the fatal bolt has sped;  
 From throne to cot they mourn the dead.

Israel, arise! no longer stand  
 A bond-slave in Egyptia's land;  
 Far from thee hurl the hated chain,  
 Bound into liberty again;  
 For the oppressor's rod is broke  
 As by a mighty thunder-stroke.  
 And who can tell thy feelings now?  
 The throbbing heart, the uplifted brow,  
 The limbs' elastic, joyous bound,  
 The voice with music in the sound,  
 The glowing face, the glistening eye,  
 Proclaim the charms of liberty.

The chosen race, in close array,  
 Now forward march, ere dawn of day;  
 Nor moon appears, nor glittering star,  
 To guide their footsteps from afar;  
 When quick descends upon the van,  
 'Mid shouts of joy from man to man,  
 The fiery column, sacred flame,  
 Where dwells the great Jehovah's name;  
 Their light and comfort, sword and shield,  
 For conquest in the battle-field.

Already passed the wall and tower,  
 The boast and pride of Memphian power;  
 Down the wide-spreading vale they go  
 Like torrents that in winter flow.

Soon they behold the mountains rise,  
 In forms gigantic, to the skies,  
 And riven rock, whose rugged brow  
 Frowns darkly on the pass below:  
 Awhile they rest beneath its shade,  
 From noontide heat a shelter made.

Meantime, the Egyptian king, in ire,  
 Vows vengeance and destruction dire.  
 "The base-born slaves! and have they fled?  
 Mourn not a moment o'er your dead;  
 Dash the fond tear-drop from your eye,  
 Pant but for blood and victory.  
 The rebel-foe shall shortly know  
 We yet can strike a dreadful blow;  
 Muster our forces for the war,  
 Put on the cuirass, man the car,  
 Take spear and bow, and shield and sword."  
 All, all obey the sovereign word.  
 Now banners wave, and clarions sound,  
 And the proud war-horse spurns the ground;  
 While rumbling wheel and martial tread  
 Resound as if to wake the dead.'

Long ere th' embattled host appears,  
 Israel its distant thunder hears;  
 Soon nodding plume and glittering spear  
 Tell them the enemy is near.  
 Then hearts are faint, and hands are wrung,  
 And minstrels' harps are left unstrung;  
 Terrible danger threatens now;  
 Despair is stamped on every brow.  
 On God they call, to Moses cry:  
 "Why did we not in Egypt die?  
 In bondage we had suffered less,  
 Nor perished in this wilderness."

"Fear not; stand still; behold and see  
 Pharaoh before Jehovah flee,  
 To-day his sun is shining bright,  
 Only to set in deeper night."

"Stretch out thine hand! extend the rod!  
 The waves shall own the voice of God;  
 And crystal walls, on either hand,  
 Firm as adamant shall stand,  
 Till Israel reach yon distant strand.  
 Speak to my people: Forward! Know  
 Your Saviour doth before you go."  
 The wondrous pillar, fiery red,  
 Gleams now upon the ocean-bed:  
 A light to Israel's chosen host,  
 But darkness to the Egyptian coast.  
 With hardened heart and haughty brow,  
 Pharaoh pursues the flying foe;  
 Fearing no danger or alarm,  
 Though visible Jehovah's arm.

The morning dawns; omnic power  
 Is seen and felt that awful hour;  
 A lurid gloom o'erspreads the ground,  
 While vivid lightning flames around.  
 New terrors seize th' impetuous king,  
 He sees destruction hovering:  
 "Resistless force our arms repel,  
 The Lord doth fight for Israel;

Hasten to the Egyptian coast —  
Retreat, retreat, our all is lost!"  
In vain they turn, in vain they flee:  
Deep in the bosom of the sea,  
Their chariot-wheels drag heavily.

"Israel is saved! stretch out the rod!"  
Moses obeys the voice of God;  
And wind and wave, with thund'ring roar,  
Convulse the sea from shore to shore;  
The water's mighty masses flow  
Back to their channel on the foe,  
With sudden, dreadful overthrow.  
A moment, on the billows tossed,  
Are seen the fragments of the host.  
A curse, a shriek, a feeble cry,  
Borne on the wind, ascend the sky;  
Then ceases all the din of war:  
The neighing steed, the rattling car,  
The captain's shout, the clarion shrill,  
All as the pulse of death are still.

Now sing to God who rules on high,  
For He hath triumphed gloriously.  
The great, the noble, and the brave  
Have sunk beneath the swelling wave;  
Their haughty boast and vain parade  
Are an eternal scoffing made.  
Who of the gods is like to Thee,  
O Lord of wondrous majesty!  
Profound Thy thought, fearful Thy praise,  
Holy and true are all Thy ways.  
Israel shall spread Thy matchless fame,  
And heathen nations learn Thy name.

W. G.

### 3534. ISRAEL, Song of.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;

No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are Mine accepted sacrifice."

John Scott.

### 3535. ISRAEL, The Return of.

Where is the beauty of that ancient land  
Where patriarchs fed their flocks by living  
streams? [grand,  
Still tower to heaven its mountain summits  
Still o'er them flings the sun his glorious  
beams;  
But bowed on Lebanon the cedar's pride,  
Nor vine nor olive waves on Carmel's rugged  
side.

Where is the melody of sacred song  
That floated tuneful down the vales of yore,  
Where David led triumphant choirs along,  
Or Miriam's timbrel swelled on Elim's shore?  
Faint are the quivering notes, and sad and  
low,  
That now, in doubt and gloom, from Judah's  
children flow.

For, be their dwellings in earth's fairest  
plains,  
They still an exile's pensive spirit bear;  
To them nor hope, nor joy, nor wish  
remains,  
But, turned to Zion, fondly centres there;  
They mourn it now as on the willow shore,  
Where far Euphrates rolls, of old they wept  
it sore.

A time draws nigh shall bid your sorrows  
cease,  
Seed of the Highest! yet a little while,  
And all your wanderings shall close in peace;  
Again for you shall Canaan's beauty smile;  
And where the cloud of Heaven's dire ven-  
geance lowered,  
O'er the rejoicing land, Heaven's sunshine  
shall be poured.

With trembling awe shall Judah's children  
throng  
To tread the sides of blood-stained Calvary,  
And bless the Man of woes, rejected long,  
For love that lived through all His agony,  
And watched, through ages, their ungrateful  
race,  
That hatred gave for love, and scorn for par-  
doning grace.

His pitying look shall melt their contrite  
souls,  
His smile celestial comfort shall infuse:  
As on to endless day time's chariot rolls,  
From pole to pole shall spread the joyful  
news;  
Till earth, with rays of Salem's glory bright,  
To darkness bids farewell, and springs to  
life and light. Mary Lundie Duncan.

**3536. ISRAEL**, The Wanderings of.

They trod in peace the Arab sand,  
 In martial pomp and show,  
 With banners spread, and swords in hand:  
 None dared to be a foe.  
 Though wandering o'er the earth's wide face,  
 None dared molest the sacred race.

For o'er the ark still hovered nigh  
 The mystic guide and shield;  
 A cloud when day o'erspread the sky,  
 A flame when night concealed.  
 This pointed out their devious way,  
 Or told their armies when to stay.

But oh! how changed from those glad times!  
 That wonder how reversed!  
 They wander still o'er different climes,  
 But joyless and accursed;  
 Their remnant scattered far and wide,  
 Without a God, without a guide.

*H. Rogers.*

**3537. ISRAEL**, The Woe upon.

Isaiah v : 1.

Israel, thou wert once a Vine,  
 Never clusters dropped such wine;  
 Round its beauty wreathed a bower,  
 O'er it watched a guardian tower;  
 But the dark Idolater,  
 Son of Sin and Spoil, was there,  
 And my vineyard was defiled,  
 All its glorious fruitage—wild!

But, a cloud shall blight thy bower;  
 But, a blast shall shake thy tower;  
 Branching stem, and sheltering hedge,  
 All, shall feel the axe's edge.  
 Then shall be the curse fulfilled,  
 Thou shalt lie a land untilled;  
 Anguish-ploughed and famine-worn,  
 Buried in the weed and thorn;  
 All thy beauty, swamp and sand:  
 Of all lands, the loneliest land!

Hark! I hear the dancers bound;  
 Hark! the maddening cups go round.  
 On the midnight revel swim  
 Frantic song and idol-hymn,  
 Day and night, still sin on sin,  
 Adding to the weight within,  
 Scarcely rescued from the chain,  
 Ripening for its links again!

Hell is longing for thy tread,  
 Living, yet already dead!  
 Now it opens its jaws of flame  
 For the remnant of thy name.  
 Idly wise, and weakly great,  
 Hourly tampering with thy fate,  
 Palace, cottage, temple, wall,  
 Mean or mighty, thou shalt fall!  
 Israel, where are now thy wise?  
 Woe to those who live by lies,  
 Calling (all their souls deceit)  
 Evil good, and bitter sweet,

Selling justice, pampering crime.  
 But revenge shall bide its time!  
 Like the chaff before the gale,  
 Like the harvest in the hail,  
 Like the stubble in the blaze,  
 Like the cluster that decays  
 Ere 'tis ripened on the tree—  
 Israel, thou and thine shall be!  
 Think'st thou that My wrath shall sleep  
 When I see the orphan weep?  
 When I see thy revels fed  
 With the lonely widow's bread?  
 Now the shaft is on the string  
 That shall strike thy haughty wing.

Listen, where in more than gloom  
 Rush the fillers of the tomb;  
 Come from regions fierce and far,  
 Come with more than mortal war.  
 Swift as eagles' wings they sweep,  
 None shall stumble, none shall sleep:  
 Strange their accents on thine ear;  
 All before them, flight and fear,  
 Flint their horses' hoofs, their wheel  
 Making all thy mountains reel;  
 Roaring, like the lion's roar,  
 Till their thirst is gorged with gore!

*George Croly.*

**3538. JACOB.**

Genesis xlix : 1.

My sons, and ye the children of my sons,  
 Jacob your father goes upon his way,  
 His pilgrimage is being accomplished.  
 Come near and hear him ere his words are  
 o'er:

Not as my father's or his father's days,  
 As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have been  
 mine;

Not as the days of those that in the field  
 Walked at the eventide to meditate,  
 And haply, to the tent returning, found  
 Angels at nightfall waiting at their door;  
 They communed, Israel wrestled with the  
 Lord.

No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,  
 My sons, have been Jacob your father's  
 days:

Evil and few, attaining not to theirs  
 In number, and in worth inferior much.  
 As a man with his friend walked they with  
 In His abiding presence they abode, [God,  
 And all their acts were open to His face.

But I have had to force mine eyes away,  
 To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I loved,  
 To bend down to the work, to bare the breast,  
 And struggle, feet and hands, with enemies;  
 To buffet and to battle with hard men,  
 With men of selfishness and violence;  
 To watch by day, and calculate by night,  
 To plot and think of plots, and through a  
 land

Ambushed with guile, and with strong foes  
 beset,

To win with art safe wisdom's peaceful way.  
 Alas! I know, and from the onset knew,

The first-born faith, the singleness of soul,  
The antique pure simplicity with which  
God and good angels communed undis-  
pleased,

Is not; it shall not any more be said  
That of a blameless and a holy kind  
The chosen race, the seed of promise, comes.  
The royal, high prerogatives, the dower  
Of innocence and perfectness of life,  
Pass not unto my children from their sire,  
As unto me they came of mine; they fit  
Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.

Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age  
And in this failing breath, that I forget  
How on the day when from my father's door,  
In bitterness and rucfulness of heart,  
I from my parents set my face, and felt  
I never more again should look on theirs,—  
How on that day I seemed unto myself  
Another Adam from his home cast out,  
And driven abroad unto a barren land  
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with  
thorns

And briers that labor and that sweat of brow  
He still must spend to live? Sick of my days,  
I wished not life, but cried out, Let me die;  
But at Luz God came to me; in my heart  
He put a better mind, and showed me how,  
While we discern it not, and least believe,  
On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven  
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth  
Celestial messengers of loftiest good  
Upward and downward pass continually.  
Many, since I upon the field of Luz  
Set up the stone I slept on unto God,  
Many have been the troubles of my life;  
Sins in the field, and sorrows in the tent,  
In mine own household anguish and despair,  
And gall and wormwood mingled with my  
love.

The time would fail me should I seek to tell  
Of a child wronged and cruelly revenged  
(Accursed was that anger, it was fierce;  
That wrath, for it was cruel); or of strife  
And jealousy and cowardice, with lies  
Mocking a father's misery; deeds of blood,  
Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden deaths.  
These many things against me many times  
The ploughers have ploughed deep upon my  
back,

And made deep furrows; blessed be His name  
Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,  
And left within his spirit of good.

Come near to me, my sons: your father goes,  
The hour of his departure draweth nigh.  
Ah me! this eager rivalry of life,  
This cruel conflict for pre-eminence,  
This keen supplanting of the dearest kin,  
Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold  
Of vantage-place; the stony hard resolve,  
The chase, the competition, and the craft  
Which seems to be the poison of our life,  
And yet is the condition of our life!  
To have done things on which the eye with  
shame

Looks back, the closed hand clutching still  
the prize!

Alas! what of all these things shall I say?  
Take me away unto Thy sleep, O God!  
I thank Thee it is over, yet I think  
It was a work appointed me of thee.  
How is it? I have striven all my days  
To do my duty to my house and hearth,  
And to the purpose of my father's race,  
Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

*Arthur H. Clough.*

### 3539. JACOB AT BETHEL.

Genesis xxviii : 12-15.

There closed in sleep his wearied eye  
The chief of tribes foreshown;  
His canopy the cloudless sky,  
His pillow was the stone.

A stranger's land his rest was found,  
The wilderness his bed;  
The silent stars of night around  
Kept watch above his head.

And glorious forms, descending, stood  
Around their mortal guest;  
That spot: it was no solitude,  
The wanderer's place of rest.

The stars that shone, they passed away,  
Or vanished from the sight,  
As brighter visitants than they  
Came in their path of light.

See, their celestial feet have trod  
That wondrous path to earth;  
And hark! He speaks, thy father's God,  
The blessing of thy birth.

A blessing on thy race. The sands  
Their type, that countless be;  
A blessing on the earth's fair lands  
That yet shall look to thee.

His presence till declining age  
Draw nigh, and life's last bound:  
Homeless no more! Thy heritage  
Is this wide land around. *H. W. J.*

### 3540. JACOB, Death of.

I read how Israel, after life's long Lent,  
Entered the quiet Easter-eve of faith;  
We do thee grievous wrong, O eloquent,  
And just and mighty death!

Life is a cave, where shadows gleam and  
glide  
Between our dim eyes and a distant light;  
Faint breaks the booming of the outer tide,  
Faint falls its line of white.

When in the cave our spirits darkling stand,  
When the light strangely flickers on the floor,  
Comes death, and gently leads us by the hand  
Unto the cavern-door.

## THE DREAM.

Genesis xxviii : 12.

I saw the Syrian sunset's meteor crown  
Hang over Bethel for a little space;  
I saw a gentle wanderer lie down  
With tears upon his face.

Sheer up the fathomless, transparent blue,  
Rose jasper battlement and crystal wall;  
Rung all the night air pierced through and  
With harps angelical. [through

And a great ladder was set up the while  
From earth to heaven, with angels on each  
round;  
Barks that bore precious freight to earth's  
Or sailed back homeward-bound. [far isle,

Ah, many a time we've looked on starlit  
nights  
Up to the skies as Jacob looked of old;  
Looked longing up to those eternal lights  
To spell their lines of gold.

But nevermore, as to that Hebrew boy,  
Each in his way the angels walk abroad;  
And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,  
The audible voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes that ladder still is set,  
And angel visitants still come and go;  
Many bright messengers are moving yet  
In this dark world below.

Thoughts that are red-crossed Faith's out-  
spreading wings,  
Prayers of the church, aye keeping time and  
tryst;  
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings;  
Their flower, the Eucharist;

Spirits elect, by suffering rendered meet  
For those high mansions; from the nursery  
door,  
Bright babes, that climb up with their clay-  
Unto the golden floor: [cold feet,

These are the messengers forever wending  
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may  
scan;  
These are the angels of our God, ascending  
Upon the Son of man!

## THE DEATH-BED OF JACOB.

Genesis xlviii : 29.

I saw a tent beside the lotus-river,  
I saw an old man bowed upon the bed;  
Methought the river sang, "I roll forever,  
But soon he will be dead!

"Long since his grandsire walked beside my  
stream;  
His wife a lily, lit my liliated meadows;  
Long since they glided, like a magic dream  
Into the old-world shadows.

"Up where the grandsire rests, the mummy  
goes,  
Up to the shrivelled lily's mask of clay;  
But on my music grandly flows,  
And it shall flow for aye."

Whereto another voice kept chanting on:  
"The shadows come, the shadows go, old  
river;  
But when thy music shall be mute and gone,  
He shall sing psalms forever."

And then, methought, beside that pastoral  
tent,  
The ladder rose from the green land below;  
Fair, spiritual creatures made descent,  
And beckoned him to go.

But up the stream of time he seemed to float,  
And twice seven years was toiling for his  
wife;  
And all his thoughts hung heaving, like a  
On the long swell of life! [boat,

How statue-like that shape in shadows deep,  
Like one of marble, in the minster's rest;  
With a pale babe, not dead, but gone to  
Forever, on her breast! [sleep

And the white mother's breast may seem to  
heave,  
And the white child to feel about her face:  
'Tis but our restless hearts that thus deceive  
The quiet of the place!

And Israel looked upon his Rachel wanned  
Like a white flower beneath long summer-  
rain;  
So she with sweat of childbirth her thin  
Laid on the counterpane. [hand

Near Ephrath there's a pillared tomb apart;  
It casts a shadow o'er her where she lies,  
As she a shadow o'er her husband's heart  
Of household memories.

## THE BLESSINGS.

Genesis xlviii : 10; xlix : 1.

Then by the death-bed two fair boys bent  
down,  
So bent two wild-flowers where the dark firs  
rise,  
Fell first upon the younger's golden crown,  
Faith's blessing, sunlight-wise.

Gather yourselves together, hear ye well,  
Your fair adventure from the lips of death;  
Gather yourselves together, sons of Israel;  
Hear what in song he saith!

That as the old men of the after-time  
May find the winged words by fancy sought,  
Tracing the golden feather of their rhyme  
Through the thick leaves of thought.

Hushed is the song; the tribesmen all are  
According to his blessing, every one; [blest,  
But still the old man's spirit may not rest,  
Until he charge each son.

Not where the Pharaohs lie, with incense  
breathed  
Round awful galleries, grim with shapes of  
wrath,  
Hawk-headed, vulture-pinioned, serpent-  
Hued like an Indian moth. [wreathed,

But lay him where, from forest or green slope,  
To Mamre's cave the low wind beateth balm,  
Chanteth a litany of immortal hope,  
Singeth a funeral psalm.

Then slowly upward did the cold death  
creep  
From foot to face, with its strange lines of  
white,  
Like foam-streaks on a river, dark and deep,  
Lashed by the winds all night.

And then the feet were gathered in the bed,  
The silver stairs were all astir with wings—  
Whatever lauds are sweetly sung, or said,  
Or struck on plausive strings.

Whatever harmony conch or trumpet rolls,  
From angels swelled, addressed to entertain,  
With gratulations high, those purged souls  
For which the Lamb was slain.

## HIS DYING PROPHECY.

We die, but no unearthly breezes bless,  
Blown from futurity, the passing soul;  
Through tangled mazes of our consciousness  
No prophet sunlights roll.

Yet as what time the softly floating mist  
Hangs o'er the hushed sea and the leafy land,  
Nature, a passionless pale evangelist,  
Takes pen and scroll in hand,

And, looking upward, writes beneath the sea  
A colorless story, beautiful but dim—  
So Jacob saw the Lord in mystery,  
And darkly sang of Him.

But unto us He comes in fuller light,  
His pale and dying lips with woe foredone;  
No need to seek through many a day and  
By starlight for the sun! [night

So come, O Shiloh! with the thorn-crowned  
head—  
Come with the fountain flowing forth abroad;  
Bring faith the sacred Eucharistic bread,  
Give her the wine of God.

Come, with the opened arms for sin to see,  
The sacramental side for sinners riven!  
Oh, in the hour of death we climb by Thee  
Up to the gate of heaven!

Like a tall ship that beareth slow and proud  
A fallen chief—for pall and plume in motion,  
The death-dark topmast and the death-white  
Drift o'er the silver ocean. [shroud

Silent the helmsman stands beside the wheel;  
Silent the mariners in their watches wait;  
And a great music rolls before the keel,  
As through an abbey gate.

Like that tall ship, a grand procession comes  
Up from old Father Nile to Hebron's hill;  
But no dead march is beat upon the drums,  
And every trump is still.

Heartsore and footsore with the march of  
life—  
Soldier of God, whose fields were foughten  
well—  
Resteth him from the cumbrance and the  
World-wearied Israel. [strife,

Twelve harps of life are round that string-  
less lyre,  
Twelve living flowers are round that with-  
ered one;  
Twelve clouds with his red sunset all on fire  
Are round that sunken sun.

Those twelve brave hearts are tolling ever-  
more,  
For every heart beats like a muffled bell,  
And still they ring "Thy march of life is  
O weary soul, rest well!" [o'er:

Still it sails onward, where the Red Sea fills  
With snowy drift of shells his coral bowers,  
Up through the wondrous land of rose-red  
To that of rose-red flowers: [hills,

The land where aye, through many a purple  
gap,  
The wanderer sees a mountain-wall up-  
spring;  
And ever in his ear the wild waves flap  
Like a great eagle's wing.

Meet battlement for the race that dwells  
alone!  
Music to match, monotonous and grave,  
The tongue whose dark old words are all its  
Pure as the mid-sea wave. [own,

Ever I walk with that funereal train;  
The stars shine over it for tapers tall,  
And Jordan's music is the requiem strain,  
Drawn out from fall to fall.

Come thou, O south-wind! with thy frag-  
rance faint,  
Bring from those grand old forests, on thy  
breath,  
Balm for the mummy, lying like a saint,  
Upon his ear of death.

## THE TOMB.

Bear him, ye bearers! lay him down at last  
In still Machpelah down by Leah's side;  
On that pale bridegroom shimmering light  
Laid by that awful bride. [is cast

Rests he not well, whose pilgrim staff and  
shoon

Lie in his tent, for through the golden street  
They walk, and stumble not, on roads star-  
With their unsandalled feet? [strewn,

Rests he not well, who keepeth watch and  
ward,

In sweet possession of the land loved most,  
Till, marshalled by the angel of the Lord,  
Shall come the heaven-sent host?

Who has not felt, within some churchyard  
spot,  
When evening's pencil shades the pale-gold  
sky.

"Here, at the closing of my life's calm lot,  
Here would I love to lie;

"Here, where the poet-thrush so often pours  
His requiem hidden in green aisles of lime,  
And bloody-red along the sycamores  
Creepeth the summer-time;

"Where through the ruined church's broken  
walls

Glimmers all night the vast and solemn sea,  
As through our broken hopes the brightness  
Of our eternity?" [falls

But, when we die, we rest, far, far away;  
Not over us the lime-trees lift their bowers,  
And the young sycamores their shadows  
O'er graves that are not ours. [sway

Yet he is happy, wheresoe'er he lie,  
Round whom the purple calms of Eden  
spread;

Who sees his Saviour with the heart's pure  
He is the happy dead! [eye,

By the rough brook of life no more he wres-  
tles,  
Huddling its hoarse waves till weary night  
depart;

No more the face of a Rachel nestles  
Upon his broken heart.

He is encircled by the quiet home  
From whose safe fold no little lamb is lost;  
The Jegar-sahadutha of the tomb  
No Laban ever crossed!

I saw again, Behold! heaven's open door,  
Behold! a throne; the seraphim stood o'er it;  
And white-robed elders fell upon the floor,  
And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book; an angel strong  
To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud ap-  
peals;

But a hush passed across the seraph's song,  
For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain to death-cry of the year,  
Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given;  
It was a wondrous thing to see a tear  
Fall on the floor of heaven!

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not; where-  
fore fails,

Eagle of God, thy heart the high and leal?  
The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails  
To loose the sevenfold seal!"

'Twas Israel's voice; and straightway, up  
above

Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow  
white;

Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wounds  
Eternal, infinite. [of love,

Then rose the song no ear had heard before;  
Then from the white-robed throng high an-  
them woke;  
And fast as spring-tide on the sealess shore,  
The hallelujahs broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth  
is high,

When first life's weary waste his feet have  
trod?

Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,  
Working the works of God?

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose;  
Through the dark woof of death's approach-  
ing night,

His faith shall shoot, at night's prophetic  
Some threads of golden light. [close,

For him the silver ladder shall be set;  
His Saviour shall receive his latest breath;  
He walketh to a fadeless coronet,  
Up through the gate of death!

*William Alexander.*

## 3541. JACOB'S BED.

The bed was earth, the raised pillow, stones,  
Whereon poor Jacob rests his head, his bones;  
Heaven was his canopy; the shades of night  
Were his drawn curtains to exclude the light.

Poor state for Israel's heir! It seems to me  
His cattle found as soft a bed as he:  
Yet God appeared there, his joy, his crown;  
God is not always seen in beds of down.

Oh, if that God shall please to make my bed,  
I care not where I rest my bones, my head!  
With Him my wants can never prove extreme;  
With Jacob's pillow give me Jacob's dream.

*Francis Quarles.*

## 3542. JACOB'S BLESSING.

*Genesis xxvii : 15-27.*

Father, to that first-born of Thine  
Thou hast the blessing given;  
The power and dignity divine,  
The inheritance of heaven.



Oh! how shall I, the younger son,  
The elder's right obtain?  
I'll put my brother's raiment on,  
And thus the blessing gain.

Father, I joyfully believe  
Thou art well pleased with me;  
Thou dost at my approach perceive  
An heavenly fragranc'y;  
Thou dost Thy gracious will declare,  
Thou dost delight to bless,  
And why?—my Brother's garb I wear,  
My Saviour's righteousnes.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3543. JACOB'S DREAM.**

Genesis xxviii : 10-22.

The sun was sinking on the mountain-zone  
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!  
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,  
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,  
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.  
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare  
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline  
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious  
air:  
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed  
his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered; dark-  
ness fell  
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound  
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;  
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered  
round,  
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;  
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,  
Gigantic volume upon volume wound:  
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky;  
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,  
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the  
rose; [wings;  
Then chariot wheels—the nearer rush of  
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,  
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose;  
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er  
height,

Rise fiery-waving wings, and star-crowned  
brows,  
Millions on millions, brighter and more  
bright, [light.  
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,  
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume.  
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high  
command:

They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom;  
Father of countless myriads that shall come,  
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,  
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's  
gloom,  
Till He is given whom angels long to see,  
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with  
Deity. *George Croly.*

**3544. JACOB'S LADDER.**

Genesis xxviii : 12.

If the Lord our leader be,  
We may follow without fear;  
East or west, by land or sea,  
Home with Him is ev'rywhere;  
When from Esau Jacob fled,  
Though his pillow was of stone,  
And the ground his humble bed,  
Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waiting kept,  
Racked with cares on beds of state,  
Never king like Jacob slept,  
For he lay at heaven's gate;  
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,  
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;  
At the top the Lord appeared,  
Spake, and claimed him for His own.

“Fear not, Jacob, thou art Mine,  
And My presence with thee goes;  
On thy heart My love shall shine,  
And My arm subdue thy foes;  
From My promise comfort take,  
For My help in trouble call;  
Never will I thee forsake,  
Till I have accomplished all.”

Well does Jacob's ladder suit,  
To the gospel-throne of grace;  
We are at the ladder's foot,  
Ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place.  
By assuming flesh and blood,  
Jesus heav'n and earth unites;  
We by faith ascend to God,  
God to dwell with us delights.

They who know the Saviour's name  
Are for all events prepared;  
What can changes do to them,  
Who have such a guide and guard?  
Should they traverse earth around,  
To the ladder still they come;  
Ev'ry spot is holy ground,  
God is there—and He's their home.

*John Newton.*

**3545. JACOB'S LADDER.**

What doth the ladder mean,  
Sent down from the Most High?  
Fastened to earth its foot is seen,  
Its summit to the sky.  
Lo! up and down the scale  
The angels swiftly move,  
And God, the great Invisible,  
Himself appears above!

Jesus that ladder is,  
Th' incarnate Deity,  
Partaker of celestial bliss  
And human misery;  
Sent from His high abode,  
To sleeping mortals given,  
He stands and man unites to God,  
And earth connects with heaven.

Let Jacob's favored race  
The wondrous scale approve,  
Through which alone we have access  
To that bright throne above.  
The foot on earth is fixed,  
He in our nature dwells,  
Sinners and God He stands betwixt,  
And God to man reveals.

The top our faith adores,  
The top transcends our sight,  
Above all earthly things it soars  
And all created height!  
His glorious majesty  
Our heavenly Lord maintains,  
As God He dwells above the sky,  
As God forever reigns.

Pursue the mystery!  
The duteous angel-train  
Ascending and descending see  
Upon the Son of Man!  
The ministerial host  
Their heavenly Lord attend;  
And us who in His mercy trusts  
He bids His guards defend.

Through Christ our living way,  
Sent from above they come,  
Our spirits safely to convey  
To our eternal home.  
They watch each glorious heir,  
And when from flesh released,  
Up to our Father's throne they bear,  
And lodge us in His breast.

Redeemer of mankind,  
Who on Thy name rely,  
A constant intercourse we find  
Opened 'twixt earth and sky:  
Mercy and grace and peace  
Descend through Thee alone;  
And Thou dost all our services  
Present before the throne.

On us Thy Father's love  
Is for Thy sake bestowed;  
Thou art our Advocate above,  
Thou art our way to God:  
Our way to God we trace,  
And through Thy name forgiven;  
From step to step, from grace to grace,  
On Thee we climb to heaven.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3546. JACOB'S LADDER.

When Jacob slept in Bethel, and there  
d dreamed  
Of angels ever climbing and descending  
A ladder, whose height of splendor seemed  
With glory of the Ineffable Presence blend-  
ing,  
The place grew sacred to his reverent  
thought;  
He said, "Lo! God is here: I knew it not."

The patriarch's vision—not for him alone  
Lighted that golden mystery his slumber;  
Beneath it slept a world of souls unknown.  
When God sets up a sign, no man may  
number

Its meanings infinite. Who runneth reads,  
And finds the interpretation that he needs.

Wherever upward, even the lowest round,  
Man by a hand's help lifts his feeble brother,  
There is the house of God and holy ground.  
The gate of heaven is love; there is none  
other.

When generous act blooms from unselfish  
thought,  
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.

This ladder is let down in every place  
Where unto nobler virtues men aspire.  
Our human lineaments gain angel grace,  
Leaving behind low aim and base desire.  
Deserts of earth are changed to Bethel thus:  
The vision is for every one of us.

### 3547. JACOB'S LADDER: Ours.

I read upon that book,  
Which down the golden gulf doth let us look  
On the sweet days of pastoral majesty;

I read upon that book  
How, when the shepherd prince did flee  
(Red Esau's twin), he desolate took  
The stone for a pillow; then he fell on sleep.  
And lo! there was a ladder. Lo! there hung  
A ladder from the star-place, and it clung  
To the earth: it tied her so to heaven; and oh!  
There fluttered wings;

There were ascending and descending things  
That stepped to him where he lay low:  
Then up the ladder would adrifting go  
(This feathered brood of heaven), and show  
Small as white flakes in winter that are blown  
Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said:  
"Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed  
Are not like Jacob's dream;  
Yet I have got it in my life; yes, I,  
And many more: it doth not us beseem,  
Therefore to sigh,

Is there not hung a ladder in our sky?  
Yea; and, moreover, all the way up on high  
Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.

We have no dream! What then?  
Like winged wayfarers the height they scale  
(By Him that offers them they shall prevail),  
The prayers of men. *Jean Ingelw.*

### 3548. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.

*John iv : 6-30.*

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,  
His daughters lingered round this well, new  
made;

Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,  
And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.  
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's  
mother

Sheltered its waters with a temple's shade.

Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,  
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters  
cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an  
hour,  
Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;  
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling  
power  
Has crumbled like these shafts and stones  
away;  
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,  
Come up as ever to the light of day;  
And still the maid bends downward with her  
urn,  
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face  
return.

And those few words of truth, first uttered  
here,  
Have sunk into the human soul and heart;  
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,  
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;  
The hour for God's true worshippers draws  
near;  
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art;  
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay;  
Nature moves on unchanged. Truths never  
pass away. *James P. Clarke.*

**3549. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.**

I hear the tinkling camel's bell  
Beneath the shade of Ebal's mount  
And man and beast, at Jacob's well,  
Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter too doth share  
The draught that early thirst can quell;  
But who is this that meets her there?  
What voice is this at Jacob's well?

"Ho! ask of Me, and I will give,  
From My own life, thy life's supply;  
I am the fount! drink, drink and live:  
No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange mystic words, but words of heaven;  
And they who drink to day, as then,  
To them shall inward life be given;  
Their souls shall never thirst again!  
*Thomas C. Upham.*

**3550. JACOB'S WELL, Christ at.**

He journeyed on to Galilee,  
Unheralded by fame,  
And wearily to Jacob's well  
The heavenly Teacher came.  
Upon that fountain's granite lip  
He leaned, and gazed below,  
Where the cool waters gushed and foamed,  
And leaped in frolic flow.

Who would have thought that weary man,  
Reclined in mean attire  
Here in Samaria, was the theme  
Of all the angel choir?

That for this wanderer, faint with thirst,  
Were heaven and hell at strife,  
That he possessed the crystal key  
Which opes the Well of Life?

Oh! when I meet, henceforth, the sad  
And humble child of care,  
Let me not scorn his presence, lest  
I weave myself a snare;  
For in that poor and broken wretch,  
By whom the dungbill's trod,  
Unerring Scrutiny may spy  
A sceptred son of God.

*William B. Tappan.*

**3551. JACOB'S WELL, The Rest by**  
John iv: 6.

Sweeter, O Lord! than rest to Thee,  
While seated by the well,  
Was Thine own task of love, to all  
Of grace and peace to tell.  
One thoughtless heart that never knew  
The pulse of life before,  
There learned to love—was taught to sigh  
For earthly joys no more.

Friend of the lost, O Lord! in Thee  
Samaria's daughter there  
Found One whom love had drawn to earth,  
Her weight of guilt to bear.  
Fair witness of Thy saving grace,  
In her, O Lord! we see  
The wandering soul by love subdued,  
The sinner drawn to Thee.

Through all that sweet and blessed scene,  
Dear Saviour, by the well,  
More than enough the trembler finds  
His guilty fears to quell.  
There, in the full repose of faith,  
The soul delights to see,  
Not only one who deeply loves,  
But Love itself in Thee. *Denny.*

**3552. JACOB'S WELL, The Woman at.**

Footsore and weary, and with thirst unslaked,  
His hunger unappeased, our Saviour sits  
On Jacob's well, whose deep dark waters  
seemed

To mock His fevered lips and burning brow.  
No discontented murmurs taint the air;  
But, calm, serene, and with a smile upon  
His face, He waits His followers' return.  
Soon comes a woman of Samaria  
Water to draw, and, with inquiring look,  
Beholds and hears one of that stiff-necked  
race

Who hate her nation, and esteem it cursed,  
Ask, in persuasive tones, if He may drink?  
As she complies, how little does she dream  
She stands before the Saviour of mankind!  
Soon in astonishment she hears Him speak  
Of "living water" which if one partakes  
He ne'er shall thirst again. "Give me to  
drink,"

Prays she, "that I may never be athirst."

And, while she speaks, to her unconscious  
soul [faith;  
There steals the answer for her prayer of  
And almost unawares she's passed from death  
Of sin and shame to life and peace in God.  
O woman! blest beyond comparison, [joys  
Who would not have foregone one half the  
Of this tempestuous life thus to have sat  
And drunk in words so precious, so divine?  
Methinks I see thee, with half-flaring voice  
And action, tell, twice o'er, the marvellous  
tale  
Of Him who spoke in words so wondrous  
sweet  
They melted quite thy heart enchained in sin.  
And, as they all about thee hang to hear,  
The dawning of a higher life is seen  
To break from eager eyes, and earnest looks,  
And hearts that throb with new-found love  
and life. *Alexander Macaulay.*

**3553. JACOB'S WRESTLING.**

Genesis xxxii : 26.

The struggle has been long,  
And strength is failing;  
I know that Thou art strong,  
And all-prevailing;  
But terrors thicker grow,  
And fears oppress me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

I know the night is past,  
And day is breaking;  
But I upon this east  
My all am staking;  
I cannot bear the blow  
If Thou repress me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

The morning light will bring  
Impending danger;  
To Thee alone I cling,  
A lonely stranger;  
Protect me from my foe,  
And now redress me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

On Thee, Thou great Unknown,  
I am dependent,  
For I am here alone,  
Without defendant;  
Thine arms around me throw,  
While perils press me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

I would not, though I fail,  
Be Thee impugning,  
But let me now prevail  
In importuning.  
Since all to Thee I owe,  
Bid hope possess me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

Thy seal Thou hast impressed,  
And I am halting:  
But though Thou hast distressed,  
Thou art exalting.  
Thou dost a name-bestow,  
As prince address me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

Thou Messenger divine,  
From heaven descended,  
Oh make me henceforth Thine,  
Till life is ended.  
Thou canst prevail, but oh!  
Do not suppress me:  
I will not let Thee go,  
Except Thou bless me.

*Oliver Crane.***3554. JAEL.**

Judges iv : 18-22.

A lonely woman's feeble hand,  
A mail-clad warrior in his might,  
At her tent-door behold her stand  
To greet the captain of the fight.

Stern greeting hers! for from on high  
Unbidden comes the Lord's behest,  
And fires with wrath her gentle eye,  
And arms with fraud her guileless breast.

Lord, whence is this? What spell is cast?  
Whence this upheaving flood within,  
This lightning-blaze, this whirlwind-blast,  
Too calm for rage, too pure for sin?

It comes, it comes: she may not pause;  
Herself the hammer of Heaven's will,  
She executes the unwritten laws,  
Nor wists the word that bids her kill.

One blow, and where is he whose head  
Gave strength and guidance to an host?  
Low at a woman's feet, and dead,  
Man's foe and God's lies ever lost.

And who shall doubt that in God's Book  
Hath scanned the Gospel through the veil,  
And learned beyond the law to look,  
Whose is the hammer and the nail?

The woman among women blest,  
Where but at Bethlehem is she?  
The victor vanquished in his rest,  
Where but on crimson Calvary?

'Twas she who, when the strife ran high,  
Gave flesh and birth to God's own Son,  
Gave to the life the power to die,  
And raise by death a world undone.

O Son of Mary! cheat our foe;  
Down with him even to the ground;  
In the grave's slumber lay death low,  
And in the weak let strength abound.

*R. Tomlins.*

**3555. JAFFA—JOPPA.**

Oldest of cities! linked with sacred truth  
 And classic fable from thy earliest dawn!  
 By name The Beautiful; still fair and stately  
 As seen by mariner that steers his course  
 From the far west, when summer's sun goes  
 down  
 Beneath yon level stretch of ocean-blue,  
 And flings the ripples of its dying light  
 Full on thy face! Nor less I call thee fair,  
 When wandering through thy shady orange-  
 groves  
 That scent the still noon-air; or 'neath thy  
 palms  
 That wave in beauty to the clear spring-  
 moon, [sands.  
 And shake their feathers o'er thy sea-swept

Oldest of cities! Sidon of the north.  
 And Kirjath-Arba of the rocky south,  
 And Egypt's Zoan, cannot equal thee!  
 Andromeda and Perseus, if the lay  
 Of classic fable speak the truth, were here.  
 Monarchs of Palestine and kings of Tyre,  
 And the brave Maccabee, have all been here;  
 And Cestius, with his Roman plunderers;  
 And Saladin and Baldwin, and the host  
 Of fierce crusaders from the British North,  
 Once shook their swords above thee, and thy  
 blood  
 Flowed down like water to thine ancient sea.

First city where the European wave  
 Of superstitious battle broke in fury  
 Over these surf-washed rocks that guard thy  
 haven.  
 Last city whence this dark crusading tide  
 Ebbed back in broken slowness and gloom,  
 Leaving thy bay as placid as before.  
 City of terror, when the rod of God  
 Pursued the flying prophet, and with storm  
 Brought back the unwilling messenger of ill.  
 City of gladness, when apostles' hands  
 Wrought miracles of love, and dried up tears,  
 And, with a word, unlocked the gate of death.

**3556. JAILER, Conversion of the.**  
 Acts xvi : 29-31.

A believer free from care  
 May in chains or dungeons sing,  
 If the Lord be with him there,  
 And be happier than a king:  
 Paul and Silas thus confined,  
 Though their backs were torn by whips,  
 Yet, possessing peace of mind,  
 Sung His praise with joyful lips.

Suddenly the prison shook,  
 Open flew the iron doors;  
 And the jailer, terror-struck,  
 Now his captives' help implores.  
 Trembling at their feet he fell:  
 "Tell me, sirs, what must I do,  
 To be saved from guilt and hell?  
 None can tell me this but you."

"Look to Jesus," they replied;  
 "If on Him thou canst believe,  
 By the death which He hath died  
 Thou salvation shalt receive."  
 While the living word he heard  
 Faith sprang up within his heart,  
 And, released from all he feared,  
 In their joy his soul had part.

Sinners, Christ is still the same;  
 Oh that you could likewise fear!  
 Then the mention of His name  
 Would be music to your ear.  
 Jesus rescues Satan's slaves;  
 His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"  
 Jesus to the utmost saves;  
 Sinners, look to Him and live.  
*John Newton.*

**3557. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.**  
 Matthew ix : 18-26.

Within the darkened chamber sat  
 A proud but stricken form,  
 Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks  
 The grief-wrung tears were warm;  
 And faster streamed they as she bent  
 Above the couch of pain,  
 Where lay a withering flower that wooed  
 Those fond eyes freshening rain.

The raven tress on that young brow  
 Was damp with dews of death;  
 And glassier grew her upraised eye  
 With every fluttering breath.  
 Coldly her slender fingers lay  
 Within the mourner's grasp;  
 Lightly they pressed that fostering hand,  
 And stiffened in its grasp.

Then low the mother bent her knee,  
 And cried in fervent prayer,  
 "Hear me, O God! mine own, my child,  
 O holy Father, spare!  
 My loved, my last, mine only one,  
 Tear her not yet away;  
 Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy:  
 Be merciful, I pray!"

A radiance lit the maiden's face,  
 Though fixed in death her eye;  
 A smile had met the angel's kiss  
 That stole her parting sigh!  
 And round her cold lips still that smile  
 A holy brightness shed,  
 As though she joyed her sinless soul  
 To Him who gave had fled.

The mother clasped the senseless form,  
 And shrieked in wild despair;  
 And kissed the icy lips and cheek,  
 And touched the dewy hair.  
 "No warmth, no life, my child, my child!  
 Oh for one parting word,  
 One murmur of that lute-like voice,  
 Though but an instant heard!

“She is not dead: she could not die,  
 So young, so fair, so pure;  
 Spare me, in pity spare this blow!  
 All else I can endure.  
 Take hope, take peace, this blighted heart  
 Strike with Thy heaviest rod;  
 But leave me this, Thy sweetest boon,  
 Give back my child, O God!”

The suppliant ceased; her tears were stayed;  
 Hushed were those wailings loud;  
 A hallowed peace crept o'er her soul;  
 Her head to earth was bowed  
 Low as her knee; for as she knelt,  
 About her, lo! a flood  
 Of soft celestial lustre fell,  
 A form beside her stood.

And slowly then her awe-struck face  
 And frightened eyes she raised;  
 Her heart leaped high: those clouded orbs  
 Grew brighter as she gazed;  
 For oh! they rested on a shape  
 Majestic, yet so mild,  
 Imperial dignity seemed blent  
 With sweetness of a child.

It spake not, but that saintlike smile  
 Was full of mercy's light,  
 And power and pity from those eyes  
 Looked forth in gentle might.  
 Those angel looks, that lofty mien,  
 Have breathed without a word,  
 “Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all:  
 Behold, I am thy Lord!”

He turns, and on that beauteous clay  
 His godlike glances rest;  
 Commandingly the pallid brow  
 His potent fingers pressed:  
 The frozen current flows anew  
 Beneath that quickening hand;  
 The pale lips, softly panting, move;  
 She breathes at His command!

The spirit in its kindred realm  
 Has heard its Master's call;  
 And back returning at that voice,  
 Resumes its earthly thrall.  
 And now from 'neath those snowy lids  
 It shines with meeker light,  
 As though 'twere chastened, purified,  
 By even that transient flight.

Loud swells the mother's cry of joy:  
 To Him how passing sweet!  
 Her child she snatches to her breast,  
 And sinks at Jesus' feet.  
 “Glory to Thee, Almighty God!  
 Who spared my heart this blow;  
 And glory to Thine only Son;  
 My Saviour's hand I know!”

*Anna C. M. Ritchie.*

### 3558. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

A father is praying  
 The Saviour to hear,

For his daughter is dying,  
 With no helper near.  
 Beseeching Him greatly,  
 He falls at His feet;  
 And his story of sorrow,  
 Oh! hear him repeat:

“My dear little daughter  
 I fear she will die!  
 O Thou merciful Saviour,  
 Attend to my cry!  
 If Thou wilt but touch her  
 She surely will live;  
 Then to Thee all the glory,  
 O Jesus! I'll give.”

And Jesus went with him;  
 But soon it was said  
 To the heart-stricken father,  
 “Thy daughter is dead!  
 Why trouble the Master  
 Thy woes to relieve?”  
 But the kind Saviour whispered,  
 “Now only believe.”

They came to the house,  
 And the mourners were there,  
 Who with weeping and wailing  
 Were rending the air;  
 But Jesus reproved them:  
 “Why thus do ye weep?  
 For the maid is not dead;  
 She is only asleep.”

Oh see! with a touch  
 How the maiden awakes  
 When the mighty Physician  
 Her hand gently takes!  
 And see! from her features  
 Pale death quickly flies  
 At the voice of the Saviour,  
 “O damsel, arise!”

*Mary S. B. Dana.*

### 3559. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

Luke viii : 41, 42, 49-56.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve  
 Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl  
 Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain  
 Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,  
 Her thin pale fingers clasped within the hand  
 Of the heart-broken ruler, and her breast,  
 Like the dead marble, white and motionless.  
 The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,  
 And as it stirred with the awakening wind,  
 The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,  
 And her slight fingers moved, and heavily  
 She turned upon her pillow. He was there—  
 The same loved, tireless watcher—and she  
 looked

Into his face until her sight grew dim  
 With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh  
 Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,  
 She gently drew his hand upon her lips,  
 And kissed it as she wept. The old man sunk  
 Upon his knees, and in the drapery

Of the rich curtains buried up his face;  
 And when the twilight fell, the silken folds  
 Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand  
 he held  
 Had ceased its pressure, and he could not  
 hear,  
 In the dead, utter silence, that a breath  
 Came through her nostrils, and her temples  
 gave  
 To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth  
 He held the lightest curl that on her neck  
 Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze  
 Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night;  
 And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee  
 Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the  
 shore,  
 Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.  
 The breaking waves played low upon the  
 beach

Their constant music, but the air beside  
 Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,  
 In its rich cadences unearthly sweet, [air,  
 Seemed like some just-born harmony in the  
 Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,  
 With the broad moonlight falling on His brow,  
 He stood and taught the people. At His feet  
 Lay His small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-  
 shell,

And staff; for they had waited by the sea  
 Till He came o'er from Gadarene, and prayed  
 For His wont teachings as He came to land.  
 His hair was parted meekly on His brow,  
 And the long curls from off His shoulders fell,  
 As He leaned forward earnestly, and still  
 The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,  
 And in His looks the same mild majesty,  
 And in His mien the sadness mixed with  
 power,

Filled them with love and wonder. Suddenly,  
 As on His words entrancedly they hung,  
 The crowd divided, and among them stood  
 Jairus the ruler. With his flowing robe  
 Gathered in haste about his loins, he came  
 And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew  
 The twelve disciples to their Master's side;  
 And silently the people shrunk away,  
 And left the haughty ruler in the midst  
 Alone. A moment longer on the face  
 Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,  
 And, as the twelve looked on him, by the  
 light

Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear  
 Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh  
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem  
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling  
 hands

Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured low,  
 "Master, my daughter!"

The same silvery light  
 That shone upon the lone rock by the sea  
 Slept on the ruler's lofty capitals,  
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in

Jesus and His disciples. All was still.  
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide  
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam  
 Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,  
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,  
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps  
 He trod the winding stair; but ere he touched  
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,  
 "Trouble the Master not, for she is dead!"  
 And his faint haud fell nerveless at his side,  
 And his steps faltered, and his broken voice  
 Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand  
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear  
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,  
 "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

They passed in.  
 The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns  
 Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant  
 smoke

Curled indolently on the chamber walls.  
 The silken curtains slumbered in their folds,  
 Not even a tassel stirring in the air;  
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,  
 And prayed inaudibly, the ruler heard  
 The quickening division of his breath  
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came  
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;  
 And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved  
 The silken curtains silently apart,  
 And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form  
 Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay,  
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,  
 And over it her white transparent hands,  
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.  
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,  
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,  
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life;  
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin  
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins;  
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,  
 Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.  
 Her hair had been unbound, and, falling loose  
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears  
 In curls of glossy blackness, and about  
 Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they  
 hung,

Like airy shadows floating as they slept.  
 'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised  
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out  
 The snowy fingers in His palm, and said,  
 "Maiden, arise!" and suddenly a flush  
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips  
 And through her cheek the rallied color ran;  
 And the still outline of her graceful form  
 Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped  
 The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark eyes  
 Full on His beaming countenance, arose!

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

### 3560. JAIURUS'S DAUGHTER.

Jesus, back from Gadara come,  
 Sits, a guest, in Matthew's home;  
 All the splendor of the East  
 Crowns the glad disciples' feast.

As the Saviour's band retire,  
 Envious Pharisees inquire,  
 "Why with comrades so unmeet  
 Doth your Master mix and eat?"

Then Himself, the Master, near,  
 Answered thus their hateful sneer:  
 "Not the healthful, but the ill,  
 Need the kind physician's skill.

"I came not to call the just,  
 But to lift the vile from dust;  
 Not self-righteous saints like you,  
 But the humble, contrite few."

Lo! while yet the Saviour spoke,  
 Through the gathering crowd there broke  
 One whom all the listeners knew;  
 Swift to Jesus' feet he flew!

"Lord!" he pleads in anguish wild,  
 "Save my loved, my only child!  
 At the point of death she lies!  
 Haste! Oh, haste! My daughter dies!

"Dead e'en now, but Thy command  
 Stays e'en death! Thy sovereign hand  
 Healing, balm, and joy can give;  
 Come and touch, and she shall live!"

Jesus hears the father's woes,  
 Rises instantly, and goes;  
 All His band their Lord attend;  
 All the throng of foe and friend.

But while hundreds round Him press,  
 One draws near, in sore distress:  
 Twelve long years a wasting flood  
 Drains the fountains of her blood.

Still it flows, her little wealth  
 Gone, with all her hope and health;  
 Nothing left her but to die;  
 Thus she sees the Lord go by.

Sees, and hope's forgotten flame  
 Fires once more her faltering frame;  
 "Oh, to call Him! Nay, I fear!  
 Must I perish, life so near?"

"Shall He pass, who life can give?  
 Nay! If I but touch, I live!"  
 Touching, lo! from crown to sole,  
 Instant all was healed and whole!

Straight, "Who touched me?" Jesus cries;  
 Peter answers with surprise,  
 "Lord, Thou seest the multitude  
 Deem not friendly jostlings rude."

But the woman, when she saw,  
 Though she feared the censoring law,  
 Hasted at His feet to fall,  
 Tremblingly, and told Him all.

"Fear not, daughter," Jesus said;  
 "Go in peace; thy plague is fled;  
 Dread no more its dire control;  
 Go: thy faith hath made thee whole."

While He spake the message sped:  
 "Lo! thy daughter now is dead;  
 Trouble not the Master more;"  
 Anguish smote the father sore.

"Fear not! Only dare believe!"  
 Cries the Lord: "thy child shall live!"  
 As the stricken home they near,  
 Mournful sounds of woe they hear.

"Why this clamor? Wherefore weep?  
 Dead she is not, but asleep:  
 Cease your outcry," Jesus said;  
 But they mocked, for she was dead.

These put forth, a chosen band  
 Now, alone, with Jesus stand;  
 Father, mother, pale as stone;  
 Peter, James, and faithful John.

Life scarce o'er, its recent ray  
 Tinged e'en yet the beauteous clay;  
 But the living soul had flown  
 Far, to blissful worlds unknown.

Hark! the strong, serene command,  
 "Maid, arise!" The void was spanned;  
 From its flight the spirit turned;  
 Life once more within her burned.

As from rest, she rose elate,  
 Smiled, and spake, and walked, and ate;  
 Dumb with awe the parents stand;  
 But the rumor fills the land.

Thou, whose touch salvation brings,  
 Sin's dark fountain in us springs;  
 Let us, through Thy mortal dress,  
 Touch Thy heavenly holiness.

Let us touch, believe, and feel  
 All Thy power to cleanse and heal;  
 Glory then to God we'll give,  
 And, though dead, our souls shall live.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3561. JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER, The Raising of.

Mark v : 22-43.

The boat that bore the Master had  
 Crossed the silver sea,  
 And all along the mountain paths  
 Of rugged Galilee  
 Were sounds of voices eager-pitched,  
 Was throng of hurrying feet,  
 For then, as now, were weary hearts,  
 And Jesus words were sweet.

With passion-freighted earnestness,  
 Intense and clear as flame,  
 Through tumult cleaving swift its way,  
 One prayer of pleading came:  
 "My little daughter lieth sick,  
 She lieth near to death;  
 Oh, on her lay Thy gentle hands,  
 Restore her fainting breath!"



The stately ruler bowed his head  
 Before the Nazarene,  
 And meekly led the way for Him  
 The surging ranks between.  
 But ere they reached the stricken house  
 Was message brought of woe!  
 "Thy daughter even now is dead;  
 Vex not the Master so!"

Dark grew the father's face with grief,  
 With tears his eyes were dim;  
 Who did not know this darling child  
 Was all the world to him?  
 How could they call her dead?—the dear,  
 The beautiful, the bright;  
 For him the summer lost its bloom,  
 The noonday lost its light.

Then tenderly unto his thought,  
 As if to soothe its ache,  
 "Be not afraid; still keep thy faith,"  
 With power the Master spake;  
 Though long and keen the mourners' wail  
 Was borne upon the air,  
 The bitter cry of agony,  
 The protest of despair.

The Master hushed the clamor  
 By the peace upon His face,  
 As up the stair He softly passed,  
 And stood within the place  
 Where, wan and pale, the maiden lay,  
 A lily frozen there,  
 And round her whiteness, like a cloud,  
 The darkness of her hair.

So still, the little feet that late  
 Had danced to meet her sire!  
 So still, the slender hands that swept  
 But now the golden lyre!  
 In this deep slumber can she hear  
 The thrilling word, "Arise!"  
 Oh, will she at that kingly look  
 Unclose those seal'd eyes?

She hears, she stirs, she lives once more.  
 What joys for some there be  
 When to their hour of gloom the Lord  
 Has crossed the silver sea!  
 And though to us He give not back  
 Our dead, yet, better far,  
 We know that where He dwells to-day,  
 In life our dear ones are.

**3562. JAIKUS, The Daughter of.**  
 Luke viii : 49-56.

Jairus heard, and doubt and fear  
 Passed from his wondering breast away;  
 Nor trembled in his eye the tear,  
 Nor shook his frame with sudden start,  
 Nor aught more quickly throbb'd his heart,  
 When now they meet the sad array  
 Which told at length that all was o'er,  
 And he a parent now no more!  
 Unmoved, the pageantry of death  
 He viewed, and heard the minstrel train

Their melody of sadness breathe;  
 The father could not doubt again,  
 Not when, with tears of fond regret,  
 Encountering friends and kinsmen said,  
 "Thy daughter even now is dead;  
 Why troublest thou the Master yet?"  
 Oh, no! he could not thus forget  
 All he had seen, and felt, and heard;  
 Yet Jesus spake one soothing word  
 To calm his fears, and fix his faith,  
 Then led him to the scene of death.  
 A mingled crowd had gathered near,  
 By friendship or by pity led,  
 To mourn a maid so justly dear,  
 And with the father's blend their tear.  
 "Give place!" th' advancing prophet said;  
 "The maiden sleeps, she is not dead!"  
 But they had gazed upon that form,  
 Which, calm and lovely as it lay,  
 Was but a mass of lifeless clay,  
 A banquet for the withering worm!  
 And they had seen her full dark eye,  
 Sealed in that stillness of repose,  
 Which follows instant on the close  
 Of suffering, frail mortality;  
 Yet seems so like a living sleep,  
 The mourner half forgets to weep;  
 And they had heard the mother's cry  
 Of loud and hopeless agony;  
 And seen the attendant maidens tear  
 Their robes, and rend their flowing hair;  
 And thence they knew that life was fled,  
 That all of human aid was vain,  
 And spoke derision and disdain  
 In whispered accents, as they said,  
 "What! will this dreamer raise the dead?"  
 'Twas but an instant! At His word,  
 Forth passed the unbelieving band,  
 For none withstood His high command,  
 Though none yet knew their Lord.  
 When all was still, and scarce a breath  
 Was heard within the house of death,  
 The childless parents first He led  
 Into the chamber of the dead,  
 Then of His train the chosen three:  
 Softly they stepped, and silently  
 They knelt around the bed  
 On which the just departed lay;  
 Yet the sad mother turned away  
 From that pale corpse, so coldly fair;  
 Faith yet was struggling with Despair;  
 And still on Jesus fixed her eye,  
 Lest Doubt should win the mastery.  
 The father's glance was rooted there.  
 Yes, on that form he seemed to look,  
 As if the spirit had not fled,  
 As if the grave would yield its prize,  
 And moved not till the Saviour spoke  
 His mandate to the unconscious dead:  
 "Maiden, I say to thee, arise!"  
 O father! dost thou view on earth  
 The marvel of a heavenly birth?  
 O mother! dost thou clasp again  
 Thy child without a mother's pain?  
 Do ye, O faithful, favored three!  
 Again behold the victory

O'er death, or is it on the dead  
 Your steadfast glance is riveted?  
 No! 'tis not on the dead thy gaze:  
 The wondering father looks not now  
 On the pale cheek, the still cold brow.  
 The mother, rapt in mute amaze,  
 No longer turns on that closed eye  
 The glance that vainly asks reply!  
 For lo! her fringed lids unclosed,  
 Her eyes with living lustre beam,  
 As if she woke from calm repose,  
 Or from a bright and blessed dream!  
 And look! again the faded rose  
 Glows round her lips; they seem to move!  
 Is it a warm and breathing smile?  
 Or doth the witchery of love  
 With false, illusive spell beguile?  
 Oh, no! she rises, she revives!  
 'Tis not a dream! she lives! she lives!  
 The life, the glad reality,  
 Beams on her cheek, burns in her eye!  
 Fresh graces to the maid are given,  
 As she had dwelt awhile in heaven;  
 And then returned to lower earth,  
 To show what forms of angel-birth  
 Are tenants of the sky!

They spoke not, moved not, all they could,  
 It was to glance from her to Him!  
 And if the dazzled eye was dim,  
 And scarce could look the gratitude  
 Which, e'en to bursting, filled each breast,  
 To Him it was not unexpressed;  
 Their hearts before Him open lay!  
 Emotions, that for utterance strove,  
 Joy, wonder, adoration, love,  
 Needed to Him no vain display  
 Of words: nor paused He but to say,  
 "Receive your daughter from the tomb,  
 Undoubting; for with mortal food  
 Soon shall ye hail her strength renewed,  
 And health restored in all its bloom.  
 Henceforth in solemn silence seal  
 The pangs ye felt, the joys ye feel;  
 For life restored, for guilt forgiven,  
 Your praises shall be heard in heaven!"

*Thomas Dale.*

### 3563. JAMES.

Acts xii : 2.

He hath at last his heart's desire,  
 Who did above the rest aspire  
 To sit with Jesus on His throne:  
 First of the twelve he drinks the cup,  
 He fills his Lord's afflictions up,  
 Baptized with God's expiring Son:  
 Ambitious of the foremost place,  
 He all outruns and wins the race;  
 With strength from Jesus's cross supplied,  
 He dies; and sits triumphant down,  
 Distinguished by a brighter crown,  
 And nearest to his Saviour's side.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3564. JAMES, The Apostle.

Matthew xx : 23.

Sit down and take thy fill of joy  
 At God's right hand, a bidden guest,

Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,  
 Eat of the bread that cannot waste.  
 O great apostle! rightly now  
 Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,  
 What time His grave yet gentle brow  
 In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

"Seek ye to sit enthroned by Me?  
 Alas! ye know not what ye ask!  
 The first in shame and agony,  
 The lowest in the meanest task.  
 This can ye be? and can ye drink  
 The cup that I in tears must steep,  
 Nor from the whelming waters shrink  
 That o'er Me roll so dark and deep?"

"We can. Thine are we, dearest Lord,  
 In glory and in agony,  
 To do and suffer all Thy word.  
 Only be Thou forever nigh."

"Then be it so; My cup receive,  
 And of My woes baptismal taste;  
 But for the crown that angels weave  
 For those next Me in glory placed,

"I give it not by partial love;  
 But in My Father's book are writ  
 What names on earth shall lowliest prove,  
 That they in heaven may highest sit."  
 Take up the lesson, O my heart!  
 Thou Lord of meekness, write it there;  
 Thine own meek self to me impart  
 Thy lofty hope, Thy lowly prayer.

If ever on the mount with Thee  
 I seem to soar in vision bright,  
 With thoughts of coming agony,  
 Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight;  
 Gently along the vale of tears  
 Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep;  
 Let me not grudge a few short years [weep:  
 With Thee toward heaven to walk and

Too happy, on my silent path,  
 If now and then allowed with Thee  
 Watching some placid holy death,  
 Thy secret work of love to see;  
 But oh! most happy should Thy call,  
 Thy welcome call at last be given;  
 "Come where thou long hast stored thy all,  
 Come see thy place prepared in heaven."  
*John Keble.*

### 3565. JAMES THE GREAT.

One of that chosen three, who found such  
 grace  
 To be admitted to the secret place  
 Of His life-giving presence, from the sight  
 Of the rude world there lost in radiant light.  
 Nor know we aught of thee, the great and  
 good,  
 The son of thunder, and baptized in blood,  
 Nor thought, nor word, nor deed. 'Tis ever  
 so:  
 In shadow of His hand He hides below  
 Those who His presence seek; Himself un-  
 seen,

And His good angels, in that blissful screen  
He gathers them in silence, to abide  
Beneath His shrouding wings and sheltering  
side.

Though visibly beheld 'mid suffering men,  
His name is "secret;" nor can mortals ken  
His Zion's haunts, the mount invisible  
Where He 'mid saints and angels deigns to  
dwell.

Whether allowed to Tabor's secret height,  
Or sorrows of Gethsemane, or sight  
And solemn chambers of relenting death,  
Where Heaven's full power is seen o'er part-  
ing breath;

The world but sees them share His humbling  
rod

Unto the door; then leaves them with their  
God.

*Isaac Williams.*

### 3566. JAMES THE LESS.

Mark ix : 29.

Where death's deep shade the ruined Salem  
shrouds,

A covenanted bow amid the clouds  
Opens a brighter city to disclose,  
Wherein the Son of man, in dread repose,  
Is walking 'mid the candlesticks of gold,  
And the seven stars in His right hand doth  
hold:

First in the kingdom of the Crucified,  
Unto the Son of God in flesh allied,  
And more allied in suffering, James, the  
Just,

Bears the new keys of apostolic trust.

And well we deem that 'twas thine only  
pride

To bear the cross on which thy Master died,  
In daily dying; by self-chast'ning care,  
Vigil, and fast, to unloose the wings of  
prayer

From bodily weight, and win faith's hallowed  
spell,

Which breaks from captive souls the chains  
of hell.

So putt'st thou on Christ's loyal poverty,  
Looking through earth as with an angel's  
eye,

With all its wealth, like the fair flow'ring  
grass,

Whereon Christ's words of woe already pass  
Like some hot burning wind; while patience  
mild

Drinks heaven's pure light and vigor unde-  
filed.

*Isaac Williams.*

### 3567. JEHOSEPHAT, The Valley of.

Come, son of Israel, scorned in every land,  
Outcast and wandering—come with mourn-  
ful step

Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat,  
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded gold  
To buy thyself a grave among the bones  
Of patriarchs and of prophets and of kings.

It is a glorious place to take thy rest,  
Poor child of Abraham, mid those awful  
scenes,

And sceptred monarchs, who, with Faith's  
keen eye

Piercing the midnight darkness that o'er-  
Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh  
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust  
In the strong promise of the invisible.

Here are damp gales to lull thy dreamless  
sleep,

And murmuring recollections of that lyre  
Whose passing sweetness bore King David's  
prayer

Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that strain  
With which the weeping prophet dirge-like  
sung

Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon rifted  
rocks,

So faintly purpled by the westering sun,  
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent  
towers,

Where, in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem  
Sleeps like a palsied princess, from whose  
head

The diadem hath fallen. Still half concealed  
In the deep bosom of that burial-vale  
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn arch  
Hurries with hoarse tale 'mid the echoing  
tombs.

Thou too art near, rude-featured Olivet,  
So honored of my Saviour.

Tell me where  
His blessed knees thy flinty bosom pressed,  
When all night long His wrestling prayer  
went up,

That I may pour my tear-wet orison  
Upon that sacred spot. Thou Lamb of God!  
Who for our sakes wert wounded unto death,  
Bid blinded Zion turn from Sinai's fires  
Her tortured foot, and from the thundering  
Her terror-stricken ear rejoicing raise [law  
Unto the gospel's music. Bring again

Thy scattered people who so long have borne  
A fearful punishment, so long wrung out  
The bitter dregs of pale astonishment

Into the wine-cup of the wondering earth.  
And oh! to us, who from our being's dawn  
Lisp out salvation's lessons, yet do stray  
Like erring sheep, to us Thy Spirit give

That we may keep Thy law and find Thy fold,  
Ere in the desolate city of the dead

We make our tenement, while earth doth blot  
Our history from the record of mankind.

*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

### 3568. JEHU, Zeal of.

2 Kings ii : 16.

Thou to wax fierce  
In the cause of the Lord,  
To threat and to pierce  
With the heavenly sword!  
Anger and zeal

And the joy of the brave,  
Who bade thee to feel  
Sin's slave.

The altar's pure flame  
Consumes as it soars;

Faith meekly may blame,  
 For it serves and adores.  
 Thou warnest and smitest!  
 Yet Christ must atone  
 For a soul that thou slightest,  
 Thine own. *J. H. Newman.*

### 3569. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Judges xi : 30-40.

On Gilead's hills a voice of wail is heard,  
 'Tis not the sighing wind or plaining bird;  
 Where you cool fountain flows, beneath the  
 shade  
 Of arching willows sits the Hebrew maid;  
 Young girls around her raise those cries of  
 woe,  
 But from sweet Miriam's lips no murmurs  
 flow:  
 Calm on that breast, which soon beneath the  
 knife  
 Must yield to Heaven its gentle springs of  
 life,  
 Droops her fair head, her rich locks, once  
 her pride,  
 In unbound masses floating by her side.  
 Like soft dark clouds which screen too bril-  
 liant skies  
 The silken fringe half veils those large black  
 eyes,  
 And as in that deep hush scarce comes her  
 breath,  
 She seems absorbed in thought, and dreams  
 of death.

Although weak shrinkings shake not Miri-  
 am's soul,

Regret's sad pangs she may not all control;  
 She feels how lovely Nature smiles around,  
 Joy in each beam, and music in each sound;  
 But soon for her the sun will quench its ray,  
 And all that's bright and glorious fade away;  
 No more for her will gush the bird's glad  
 song,

The lithe gazelle in beauty bound along!  
 No more, oh! nevermore, the much-loved  
 voice

Of sire or friend will bid her soul rejoice:  
 That young warm heart, now fond affection's  
 seat,

In soft response to love must cease to beat;  
 In Gilead's vales no bride shall Miriam smile,  
 No mother's joys shall e'er her heart beguile,  
 Her nuptial wreath must be death's plant of  
 gloom,

Hymen's sweet bower the cold undreaming  
 tomb.

Did fiends or angels prompt that fatal vow?  
 O Heaven, look down! support and pity  
 now!

Were ever woes so dark and crushing piled  
 On one fair head?—alas for Jephtha's child!

And there that maiden sat, but made no  
 moan;

Still drooped her beauteous brow, as turned  
 to stone;

The willow branches o'er her sighing spread,  
 Its crystal tears the bubbling fountain shed:  
 The fair attendants mourned to hill and dale,  
 And pitying echo caught the plaintive wail,  
 Ages have passed, poor ill-starred Hebrew  
 maid!

Thy heart is hushed, in long, long quiet laid,  
 Yet pilgrims drawing near this lonely spot,  
 Will ever think of thee, and mourn thy lot.

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3570. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our country, our God, O my sire!  
 Demand that thy daughter expire,  
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,  
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now?

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
 And the mountains behold me no more;  
 If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O my father! be sure,  
 That the blood of thy child is as pure  
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
 Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
 I have won the great battle for thee,  
 And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,  
 When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,  
 Let my memory still be thy pride,  
 And forget not I smiled as I died.

*Lord Byron.*

### 3571. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,  
 To listen for his coming. Her loose hair  
 Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud  
 Floating around a statue, and the wind,  
 Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape  
 Praxiteles might worship. She had clasped  
 Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised  
 Her beautiful, dark Jewish eyes to heaven,  
 Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.  
 Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft  
 Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,  
 Just where the cheek was melting to its  
 curve

With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,  
 Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,  
 Its surface was so polished. She was stilling  
 Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the  
 white rose

Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swelled,  
 Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,  
 To meet the arching of her queenly neck.  
 Her countenance was radiant with love.  
 She looked like one to die for it, a being  
 Whose whole existence was the pouring out  
 Of rich and deep affections. I have thought  
 A brother's and a sister's love were much;  
 I know a brother's is, for I have been

A sister's idol, and I know how full  
The heart may be of tenderness to her!  
But the affection of a delicate child  
For a fond father, gushing as it does  
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring  
on,  
Through all earth's changes, like a river's  
course,  
Chastened with reverence, and made more  
pure  
By the world's discipline of light and shade,  
'Tis deeper, holier.

The wind bore on  
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion  
notes  
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;  
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts  
Returning from the battle poured from far,  
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.  
They came, as earthly conquerors always  
come,  
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe.  
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath  
trod  
The brow of death as well. The chariot-  
wheels  
Of warriors roll magnificently on—  
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. Man  
is there,  
Majestic, lordly man, with his sublime  
And elevated brow, and godlike frame;  
Lifting his crest in triumph, for his heel  
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down.

The mighty Jephtha led his warriors on  
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was  
proudly set,  
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise  
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,  
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,  
Whose shackles none in Israel might bear,  
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.  
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look  
Of his dark, lofty eye, and bended brow,  
Might quell the lion. He led on; but  
thoughts  
Seemed gathering round which troubled  
him. The veins  
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,  
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.  
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye  
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill  
He dared not meet were there. His home  
was near;  
And men were thronging, with that strange  
delight  
They have in human passions, to observe  
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.  
He gazed intently forward. The tall firs  
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves  
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines  
Which half concealed his threshold, met his  
eye,  
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one  
The balsam, with its sweet distilling stems,  
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd

Of silent and familiar things stole up,  
Like the recovered passages of dreams.  
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,  
And he had reached his home; when lo!  
there sprang  
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow  
Of light, to meet him. Oh, how beautiful!  
Her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem,  
And her luxuriant hair! 'twas like the sweep  
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,  
As if the sight had withered him. She threw  
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.  
She called him "father," but he answered  
not.  
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he  
wroth?  
There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.  
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his  
helm,  
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,  
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like  
cords.  
The touch aroused him. He raised up his  
hands,  
And spoke the name of God in agony.  
She knew that he was stricken then, and  
rushed  
Again into his arms; and, with a flood  
Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer  
That he would breathe his agony in words.  
He told her, and a momentary flush  
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul  
Of Jephtha's daughter awakened; and she  
stood  
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well,  
And she would die.

The sun had well-nigh set.  
The fire was on the altar; and the priest  
Of the High God was there. A pallid man  
Was stretching out his trembling hands to  
heaven,  
As if he would have prayed, but had no  
words.  
And she who was to die, the calmest one  
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,  
And waited for the sun to set. Her face  
Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip  
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint  
Was deeper; but her countenance was like  
The majesty of angels.

The sun set,  
And she was dead, but not by violence.  
*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

**3572. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER**, Lamentation of  
Judges xi : 37-40.

Daughters of Israel, come with me,  
And let us to the mountains flee;  
There will I tell to echoing hills,  
The grief that now my bosom fills!  
Abdiel, to the hills I flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Torn from thy arms, Abdiel, now  
I yield me to a father's vow;

I fall, alas! no more to rise,  
To filial love a sacrifice!  
And now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Did not I see Abdiel brave,  
Undaunted plunge in Jordan's wave,  
And on the wings of honor fly,  
Resolved to conquer or to die?  
But now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

And as my father's chosen band  
Spread terror o'er a guilty land,  
Abdiel, foremost of the train,  
Drove Ammon's sons across the plain.  
But now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

I saw the valiant youth with joy,  
Covered with wounds and glory, fly;  
Impatient Israel's sons to tell  
How Ammon fought, how Ammon fell.  
But now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

And when I saw the battle cease,  
I fondly hailed returning peace;  
When I with thee should live and love,  
Nor ever from thy presence move;  
But now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Yes, now I to the mountains flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee;  
Torn from thy arms, Abdiel, now,  
I yield me to a father's vow;  
And to the mountains joyless flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

Daughters of Israel! join my cries,  
And let them pierce yon azure skies;  
When every rock and fruitful vale,  
Hears and reverberates my tale.  
Abdiel, to the hills I flee,  
To mourn my banishment from thee!

*Joseph Nitingale.*

### 3573. JEPHTHA'S VOW.

Judges xi: 31, 39.

The beast that meets him shall be slain;  
Resigned to God the child of man,  
A living sacrifice, restored  
Entire, devoted to the Lord;  
The Lord, He knows, so kind and good,  
Hath no delight in human blood,  
Or pleased accepts of One alone—  
That offering of His slaughtered Son.

His hands he washed not in her blood,  
But gave his child, his hope, to God  
(Hope of a long-continued line,  
Hope of the promised Seed Divine);  
His heart's delight, his age's prop,  
His only child he rendered up—  
An offering worthy of the sky,  
A virgin pure to live and die.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3574. JEPHTHA'S VOW.

From conquest Jephtha came with faltering  
step  
And troubled eye; his home appears in view;  
He trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes  
His vow will meet a victim in his child;  
For well he knows that, from her earliest  
years,  
She still was first to meet his homeward  
steps;  
Well he remembers how, with tottering gait,  
She ran and clasped his knees, and lisped,  
and looked  
Her joy; and how, when garlanding with  
flowers  
His helm, fearful, her infant hand would  
shrink  
Back from the lion crouched beneath the  
crest.  
What sound is that, which, from the palm-  
tree grove,  
Floats now with choral swell, now fainter  
falls  
Upon the ear? It is, it is the song  
He loved to hear; a song of thanks and  
praise,  
Sung by the patriarch for his ransomed son.  
Hope from the omen springs; oh, blessed  
hope!  
It may not be her voice! Fain would he  
think  
'Twas not his daughter's voice that still ap-  
proached  
Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth from  
the grove  
She foremost glides of all the minstrel band:  
Moveless he stands; then grasps his hilt,  
still red  
With hostile gore, but shuddering, quits the  
hold,  
And clasps in agony his hands, and cries,  
"Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me  
low!"  
The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

*James Grahame.*

### 3575. JEREMIAH.

Jeremiah xxxvii: 13.

They say, "The man is false, and falls away;"  
Yet sighs my soul in secret for their pride;  
Tears are mine hourly food, and night and day  
I plead for them, and may not be denied.

They say, "His words unnerve the warrior's  
hand,  
And dim the statesman's eye, and disunite  
The friends of Israel;" yet, in every land  
My words, to faith, are peace and hope and  
might.

They say, "The frenzied one is fain to see  
Glooms of his own; and gathering storms  
afar;  
But dungeons deep, and fetters strong have  
we."

Alas! heaven's lightning would ye chain and  
bar?

Ye scorners of the Eternal! wait one hour;  
In His seer's weakness ye shall see His power.

"The Lord hath set me o'er the kings of  
earth,

To fasten and uproot, to build and mar;  
Not by mine own fond will: else never war  
Had stilled in Anathoth the voice of mirth,  
Nor from my native tribe swept bower and  
hearth;

Ne'er had the light of Judah's royal star  
Failed in mid-heaven, nor trampling steed  
and car

Ceased from the courts that saw Josiah's  
birth.

'Tis not in me to give or take away,  
But He who guides the thunder-peals on  
high,

He tunes my voice the tones of His deep  
sway

Faintly to echo in the nether sky:  
Therefore I bid earth's glories set or shine,  
And it is so; my words are sacraments di-  
vine."

"No joy of mine to invite the thunder down,  
No pride the uprising whirlwind to survey;  
How gradual from the north, with hideous  
frown,

It veers in silence round the horizon gray,  
And one by one sweeps the bright isles  
away,

Where fondly gazed the men of worldly  
peace,

Dreaming fair weather would outlast their  
day.

Now the big storm-drops fall, their dream  
must cease,

They know it well, and fain their ire would  
wreak

On the dread arm that wields the bolt; but  
He

Is out of reach, therefore on me they turn;  
On me, that am but voice, fading and weak,

A withered leaf inscribed with Heaven's de-  
cree,

And blown where haply some in fear may  
learn."

"Sad privilege is mine, to show  
What hour, which way the bitter streams  
will flow.

Oft have I said, 'Enough; no more  
To uncharmed ears th' unearthly strain I  
pour!'

But the dread word its way would win,  
Even as a burning fire my bones within,

And I was forced to tell aloud  
My tale of warning to the reckless proud."

Awful warning! yet in love  
Breathed on each believing ear

How Heaven in wrath would seem to move  
The landmarks of a thousand year,

And from the tablets of th' eternal sky  
The covenant oath erase of God most high.

That hour full timely was the leaf unrolled,

Which to the man beloved the years of bond-  
age told,

And till his people's chain should be out-  
worn,

Assigned him for his lot times past and times  
unborn.

"Oh, sweetly timed, as e'er was gentle hand  
Of mother pressed on weeping infant's brow,

Is every sign that to His fallen land [now,  
Th' Almighty sends by prophet mourners

The glory from the ark is gone;  
The mystic cuirass gleams no more,

In answer from the Holy One;  
Low lies the temple, wondrous store

Of mercies sealed with blood each eve and  
morn;

Yet heaven hath tokens for faith's eye for-  
lorn.

"Heaven by my mouth was fain to stay  
The pride that, in our evil day,

Would fain have struggled in Chaldea's  
chain:

Nay, kiss the rod; th' Avenger needs must  
reign;

And now, though every shrine is still,  
Speaks out by me the unchanging will;

'Seek not to Egypt; there the curse will  
come;

But till the woe be past, round Canaan roam,  
And meekly 'bide your hour beside your

ruined home.'"  
*John Keble.*

### 3576. JERICHO, Conquest of.

Joshua vi : 6-21.

Oh, proud was thy battle-cry, Israel, given,  
When gathered thy host by the banner of  
Heaven;

Like the sweep of dark Kedron, the roll of  
this tide,

When the bands of thy chosen went forth in  
their pride.

Hark! hark to the trumpet, the echo from far,  
The leader of princes, he speeds to the war!

His arm is thy resting, His breath is thy  
sword,

And nations shall faint at the voice of His  
word.

Let the cheer of the foe o'er their battlements  
tower,

Ye shroud by the night-star the pride of their  
power;

All bright in the sunbeam their triumphs  
may wave,

To-morrow that glory is cold in the grave.

When pealed thy wild shout to the blue man-  
tled sky,

How the foeman shrunk back as he heard it  
pass by;

The torches grew pale in the halls of their  
mirth,

And turret and battlement crumbled to earth.

Oh, where is the name like thine, mighty in story!  
 The Lord with thy triumphs has blended His glory;  
 Then lift the dark eye to the azure that's o'er thee,  
 And rush for the chaplets that brighten before thee.  
*Mary E. Brooks.*

### 3577. JERICHO, Ruins of.

Where are thy walls, proud Jericho? the blast  
 Of Israel's horn to earth thy towers might cast,  
 But time more surely lays thy bulwarks low;  
 Yonder the Jordan sweeps with tireless flow,  
 And Pisgah rears his earth-o'ergazing brow,  
 Defying storm and thunder: where art thou?  
 Thy towers have left no stone; not e'en a palm  
 Waves on thy site amidst the burning calm:  
 A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,  
 Like those which rise on Troy's deserted plain,  
 Gone is that costly plant, a queen's fair hand  
 To Salem brought from Sheba's spicie land,  
 The weeping balsam, whose nectareous dew,  
 More prized than silver, well the trader knew;  
 Yet still one flower above its flinty bed,  
 Renowned by minstrels, lifts its lowly head;  
 White rose of Jericho! so small yet sweet,  
 That oft the way-worn traveller stoops to greet,  
 What dost thou in this desert? vain thy bloom  
 As the lamp's light that gilds the cheerless tomb;  
 Vain opens thy bosom to the thankless air,  
 No painted insect flies to nestle there;  
 Thy scents embalm the ground, but useless shed  
 As gifts of good upon the ungrateful head.  
 Alas! fair rose, the barren plain we see,  
 How can it warm to life, have charms for thee?  
 Yet here, exhaling sweets, thou dost remain,  
 Like hope fond lingering in this world of pain,  
 Whose bright and holy smiles will ne'er depart,  
 Though every joy beside may fly the heart.  
*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3578. JERICHO, The Taking of. Joshua vi.

Arise, ye men of war,  
 Prevent the morning ray;  
 Prepare, your Captain cries, prepare,  
 Your Captain leads the way;  
 He calls you forth to fight  
 Where yonder ramparts rise—  
 Ramparts of a stupendous height,  
 Ramparts that touch the skies.

Who dares approach those towers?  
 Who can those walls o'erturn?  
 The city braves all human powers,  
 And laughs a siege to scorn.

Who shall the city take,  
 The Jericho within?  
 Not all the powers of earth can shake  
 The strength of inbred sin.

Impregnable it stands,  
 Strong, and walled up to heaven;  
 But God into our Joshua's hands  
 The citadel hath given;  
 The fortress and its king,  
 And all his valiant men,  
 Our Captain to the ground shall bring,  
 And on their ruins reign.

All power He hath to quell,  
 And conquer and o'erthrow;  
 All power in heaven and earth and hell,  
 To root out every foe.  
 Through Him divinely bold,  
 Let all His soldiers fight;  
 Now of your Captain's strength take hold,  
 And conquer in His might.

Ye people all pass on;  
 Ye men of war surround  
 The city by your captain won;  
 Attend the trumpet's sound;  
 The priests whom He hath chose  
 Pass on before the Lord,  
 And each a ram's-horn trumpet blows—  
 The trumpet of the word.

The holy ark they bear,  
 The covenant of His grace,  
 And tidings of great joy declare  
 To all the fallen race;  
 They make His mercies known,  
 His promises they show:  
 Go in the track your guides have shown,  
 To certain conquest go.

In sight of God proceed,  
 Follow the ark divine,  
 In all the ways and statutes tread  
 Which He hath pleased t' enjoin.  
 Pray always, fast and pray,  
 And watch to do His will;  
 All His commands with joy obey,  
 All righteousness fulfil.

With patience persevere,  
 Still in His ways be found,  
 Still to the city walls draw near,  
 And day by day surround.  
 Continue in His word,  
 On all His means attend,  
 Bearing the burden of the Lord,  
 And hoping to the end.

Arise, your strength renew,  
 Your glorious toil repeat;  
 Follow the ark, your Lord pursue,  
 And for His promise wait;  
 In deepest silence go;  
 Your Joshua cries, Be still,  
 Assured His truth and power to know,  
 And prove His perfect will.



Tried to the uttermost  
 His faithful word shall be;  
 Who in the strength of Jesus' trust  
 Shall 'gain the victory.  
 But wait for your reward,  
 And give your clamors o'er;  
 Tarry the leisure of your Lord,  
 Nor ever murmur more.

The solemn day draws nigh,  
 When sin shall have its doom;  
 Faith sees it with an eagle's eye,  
 And cries: The day is come.  
 The seventh morn I see,  
 And hasten to be blest,  
 Enjoy an instant victory,  
 And antedated rest.

The walls are compassed round,  
 This circuit is the last;  
 The ark stands still: the trumpet sounds  
 A long-continued blast;  
 The people turn their eyes  
 On the devoted walls;  
 And shout, the mighty Joshua cries,  
 And lo! the city falls!

Its proud aspiring brow  
 Lies level with the ground;  
 It lies, and not one stone is now  
 Upon another found.  
 The walls are flat, the deep  
 Fountains are o'erthrown;  
 The lofty fortress is an heap,  
 And sin is trodden down.

The strength of sin is lost,  
 And Babylon the great  
 Is fallen, fallen to the dust,  
 Has found its final fate.  
 Partakers of our hope,  
 We seize what God hath given,  
 And trampling down all sin go up,  
 And straight ascend to heaven.

But shall not sin remain,  
 And in its ruins live?  
 No, Lord; we trust, and not in vain,  
 Thy fulness to receive;  
 Thy strength and saving grace  
 Thou shalt for us employ,  
 The being of all sin erase  
 And utterly destroy.

Actual and inbred sin  
 Shall feel Thy two-edged sword;  
 The city is, with all therein,  
 Devoted to the Lord.  
 Thy word cannot be broke;  
 Thou wilt Thine arm display;  
 Thou wilt with one continual stroke  
 Our sin forever slay.

Woman and man and beast,  
 And ox and ass and sheep,  
 All at once shall be oppressed  
 By death's eternal sleep;

Never to rise again,  
 Both young and old shall fall;  
 Not one shall 'scape, not one remain,  
 But die, and perish all.

The human beast and fiend,  
 Thou, Lord, shalt take away,  
 And make the old transgression end,  
 And all its relics slay;  
 The proud and carnal will,  
 The selfish, vain desire,  
 Thou all our sins at once shalt kill,  
 And burn them all with fire.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3579. JERUSALEM.

The ancient of cities! the lady of nations!  
 The home where the cherubim hovered in  
 light!  
 Where the breeze has a voice like those old  
 "lamentations"  
 That saddened thy day with their omens of  
 night,  
 And the river's low song seems to echo the  
 strain  
 Which the prophet poured out to thy spirit  
 in vain!

Bright land of the promise! whose vision of  
 glory  
 Had dazzled thy sense, till 'twas feeble to  
 see!  
 Oh, chosen for others to keep the high story  
 Whose record was vain for thy children and  
 thee!  
 Lone Esau of nations, that weepest away,  
 While the Gentile is rich in thy birthright  
 to-day!

Lost land of the minstrel! whose harp, in its  
 sadness,  
 Brought music from heaven, to play to thy  
 heart;  
 Whose spell of a moment came down on thy  
 madness,  
 And bade, for an hour, thy dark angel de-  
 part;  
 Till the power of its warning expired, with  
 its strain,  
 And the spirit of evil came o'er thee again!

High home of the temple! whose worship  
 did borrow  
 A voice from the thunder, a light from the  
 sky!  
 Blest soil, whence the vine, that was planted  
 in sorrow,  
 Hath hung o'er the nations its branches on  
 high;  
 That rocked the low couch where the sleep-  
 less One slept,  
 And kept the vain tomb where the Deathless  
 was kept!

And oh for the outcast who drank of thy  
 glory—  
 The lost one of Judah, the chosen of yore,

The priest of thy temple, the heir of thy story—  
Who dwelt in thy vineyards, that blossom  
no more!  
Afar, 'mid the heathen, he sitteth forlorn,  
And thy fruit is the bramble, thy greenness  
the thorn!

It was not for Edom that Zion was braided  
With crowns of the sunshine and garlands  
of bloom,  
Where the wild Arab wanders the cedar hath  
faded;  
The bird of the wild keepeth watch on the  
tomb;  
And the soil of simoom awaits the far day,  
When the rain shall return to the wilderness  
gray.

Pale daughter of Zion! all wasted with  
weeping,  
Thy footstool the desert, its dust on thy  
head;  
Thy long weary watch o'er the wilderness  
keeping,  
And sitting in darkness, like them that be  
dead:  
A veil like the widow's hath shadowed thy  
pride,  
And a sorrow is thine like no sorrow beside!

And sadly thy son by each far foreign river  
Sits, as he sat in the Babel of old;  
Lone 'mid the nations, all homeless forever,  
'Mid homes full of children, and poor 'mid  
his gold;  
With a mark on his brow of the brand in his  
brain,  
Like the record God wrote on the forehead  
of Cain!

Weary with wondering and wasted with  
sadness,  
And walking by lights that are all from the  
past;  
Wishes, scarce hopes, waken smiles without  
gladness,  
As backward his thoughts, like the mourn-  
er's, are cast;  
For the tale of the Hebrew who wanders  
always,  
Is the fable and type of his people to-day!

A proverb to most, and a moral to all,  
And a lamp unto others, though sitting in  
gloom,  
He seems like a mute in a festival hall,  
And is still looking forward for that which  
hath come;  
Like the children of Eblis, he hideth his  
smart,  
And walks through the world with his hand  
on his heart!

All lands are as Moab, all countries are  
Edom,  
To the Hebrew who sits in his sackcloth of  
sin,

Till the trumpets of God calling others to  
freedom,  
The Jew to that banner at length shall  
come in;  
And Salem must sit in her desert alone  
Till the seed of the Lord by all rivers be  
sown.

Then, daughter of Judah! look up from thy  
slumber!  
And lo! a bright vision of turrets and spires!  
A hymn o'er the desert, from harps without  
number!  
Thy children at rest by the shrine of their  
sires!  
The song-bird on Carmel, the rose in the  
plain,  
And the streams flowing backward to Zion  
again!  
*Thomas K. Hervey.*

### 3580. JERUSALEM.

Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty  
graves,  
Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian  
king;  
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,  
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim  
brings;  
While through the panelled roof the cedar  
flings  
Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and  
dome,  
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings  
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"  
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord! Thy  
kingdom come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent  
moons,  
And a clear voice called Mussulmans to  
prayer.  
There were the splendors of Judea's thrones,  
There were the trophies which its conquerors  
wear,  
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there;  
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,  
And him from the tall minaret you might  
hear,  
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,  
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God  
but God."

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?  
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?  
Those mighty hands the elements that wield,  
That mighty Power that knows to curse or  
Is over all; and in whatever dress [bless,  
His suppliants crowd around Him, He can  
Their heart, in city or in wilderness, [see  
And probe its core, and make its blindness  
flee,  
Owning Him very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy  
fane,  
Proud Julian; when (against the prophecy  
Of Him who lived and died and rose again,

"That one stone on another should not lie")  
 Thou wouldst rebuild that Jewish masonry  
 To mock the eternal Word. The earth below  
 Gushed out in fire; and from the brazen sky  
 And from the boiling seas such wrath did  
 flow  
 As saw not Shinar's plain nor Babel's over-  
 throw.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and  
 wall  
 Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank  
 And in the muddied stream the fragments  
 fall,  
 While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and  
 drank

At one huge draught the sediment, which  
 sank

In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!  
 Thou whom we all should worship, praise  
 and thank,

Where was Thy mercy in that awful hour,  
 When hell moved from beneath, and Thine  
 own heaven did lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces, proud Herod's towers;  
 Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches  
 quake?

Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with  
 showers?

Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?  
 Tomb of thee, Mary—Virgin—did it shake?  
 Glowed thy bought field, Aceldama, with  
 blood?

Where were the shudderings Calvary might  
 make?

Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood  
 To wash away the spot where once a God  
 had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre  
 Of all profane and of all holy things;  
 Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur  
 To make thee what thou art! thy history  
 brings

Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole  
 earth rings

With the sad truth which He has prophesied  
 Who would have sheltered with His holy  
 wings [defied:

Thee and thy children. You His power  
 You scourged Him while He lived, and  
 mocked Him as He died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky,  
 That caught the first light which its Maker  
 made;

It led the hymn of other orbs on high;  
 'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven  
 shall fade.

Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!  
 For it has kept its watch on Palestine!  
 Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,  
 Though broken is each consecrated shrine,  
 Though crushed and ruined all which men  
 have called divine.

*John G. C. Brainard.*

### 3581. JERUSALEM, Beauty of.

'Tis so; the hoary harper sings aright;  
 How beautiful is Zion! Like a queen,  
 Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,  
 Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,  
 She sits aloft, begirt with battlements  
 And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to  
 guard

The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,  
 Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the  
 woods

Which tuft her summit, and, like raven  
 tresses,

Waved their dark beauty round the tower of  
 David.

Resplendent with a thousand golden buck-  
 The embrasures of alabaster shine; [lers,  
 Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound  
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.  
 But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,  
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and  
 blessed

With golden fruits and gales of frankincense,  
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,  
 Where saints and prophets teach, where the  
 stern law

Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels  
 watch,

And where the glory hovers, here I war.

*James Abraham Hillhouse.*

### 3582. JERUSALEM, Christ Entering.

John xii : 12-19.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 Hark all the tribes Hosanna cry!  
 Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
 O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin  
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 The winged squadrons of the sky  
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on His sapphire throne  
 Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;  
 Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign.

*Henry H. Milman.*

### 3583. JERUSALEM, Christ Gazing on.

Mark xiii : 3, 4.

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,  
 His dovelike eyes with sorrow wet,  
 His bosom with compassion heaving,  
 His mighty heart with sorrow grieving?  
 Who searches with unerring eye  
 Into thy sad futurity,

Jerusalem! and sees thy doom  
 Written by imperial Rome;  
 Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed  
 On thy precious ones to feed,  
 Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,  
 And the pagan eagle flap  
 O'er the sacred mercy-seat?  
 Who is He that sees it all?  
 Sees, when sacrilegious feet  
 Tread on Zion—when the call  
 Is for vengeance most complete?  
 He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;  
 He, the very Son of God!  
 Years sweep on! Jerusalem!  
 Thee the Roman armies hem.  
 Countless legions on thee press;  
 Clouds of arrows thee distress;  
 Stone and dart and javelin  
 Entrance to thy treasures win.  
 Hippicus, Antonia, fall,  
 Mariamme, and thy wall  
 Pierced with gates of burnished gold,  
 And the holy house of old,  
 Yield unto the dreadful strife.  
 Heavens! the sacrifice of life!  
 Murder, plunder, leagued in band,  
 Stalk amid thee, hand in hand;  
 Cedron is a pool of gore,  
 Olivet is fortress made.  
 Mercy! that the towers of yore,  
 Courts that saw the world adore,  
 Should in dust and blood be laid!  
 Who directs the furious war?  
 He, alone, whose prescience saw—  
 Mightier than Vespasian's son—  
 He the ruthless fight has won.  
 He the wine-press here has trod,  
 He, the very Son of God!

*William B. Tappan.*

### 3584. JERUSALEM, Christ in.

Matthew xii : 4.

As on some queenly forehead shines a rare  
 and costly gem,  
 So shone the truth, all price beyond, in fair  
 Jerusalem;  
 The Truth Incarnate through her streets in  
 weary sojourn trod,  
 And, truer than her priesthood knew, her  
 temple guested God.

No timid prophet, frightened 'neath the  
 burden which he bore,  
 Spoke sadly in her stately halls one warning,  
 and no more;  
 But God's own Son revealed Himself by  
 many a healing sign,  
 And from their graves the dead came forth  
 to witness Him divine.

No lightnings clave the shuddering air  
 around His Saviour path;  
 No hearts turned, sick'ning, from a voice  
 which spake of naught but wrath:

But loving word and loving deed hope to  
 the vilest gave,  
 That He had come from foulest sin and  
 fiercest doom to save.

But as, when swept by angry winds, the  
 waves more angry swell,  
 So o'er that city proud and stern no contrite  
 silence fell;  
 But louder rang her rebel songs, and scorn-  
 ful in her pride,  
 Alike the love of Heaven she spurned, and  
 wrath of Heaven defied.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

### 3585. JERUSALEM, Christ's Entry into.

Matthew xxi : 1-11.

Look at His train, the dead are living there;  
 The lame are in His blessed footsteps bound-  
 ing;  
 The blind are gazing on their leader fair;  
 The deaf, the dumb, His perfect praise re-  
 sounding;  
 The widow on her raised son is leaning;  
 The father clasps his daughter roused from  
 sleep;  
 And broken hearts, through eyes of joyous  
 meaning,  
 Meet His kind glance who bade them not  
 to weep.

There is no banner waving o'er His head,  
 But the light blossoms of the palm-tree  
 bending;  
 Not with rich flowers or gems His path is  
 spread,  
 But there long robes in rainbow tints are  
 blending;  
 No herald trumpet of His coming tells;  
 But children carol in triumphant mirth,  
 And to the sky their sweet hosanna swells  
 The full, the joyous jubilee of earth.

Daughter of Zion! bow in holy shame;  
 Thou didst refuse thy rightful Lord to meet;  
 Unto His Father's house, to thee, He came,  
 Yet found not where to rest His weary feet.  
 Yes, scornful Judah! hadst thou known thy  
 day,  
 Thine were a splendid, a secure estate;  
 But when thy Sovereign turned in wrath  
 away,  
 Thy house was left unto thee desolate.

### 3586. JERUSALEM, Christ's Entry into.

Matthew xxi : 10, 11.

The air is filled with shouts, and trumpets'  
 sounding;  
 A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.  
 Now is thy van the Mount of Olives round-  
 ing;  
 Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,  
 Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful  
 stem.

Now swell the nearer sound of voice and string,  
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;  
And to the cloudless heaven hosannas ring:  
"The Son of David comes! the Conqueror!  
the King!"

The cuirassed Roman heard, and grasped his shield,  
And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower;  
The pontiff from his battlement beheld  
The host, and knew the falling of his power;

He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour,  
Still down the marble road the myriads come,  
Spreading the way with garment, branch,  
and flower,  
And deeper sounds are mingling, "Woe to Rome!"  
"The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel,  
from thy tomb!"

Temple of beauty, long that day is done;  
Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim  
In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone:  
The shades of ages on thy altars swim.  
Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;  
And has its holy lamp been watched in vain;  
Or lives it not until the finished time,  
When He who fixed, shall break His people's chain,  
And Sion be the loved, the crowned of God again?

He comes, yet with the burning bolt un-armed;  
Pale, pure, prophetic, God of majesty!  
Though thousands, tens of thousands, round Him swarmed,  
None durst abide that depth divine of eye;  
None durst the waving of His robe draw nigh.  
But at His feet was laid the Roman's sword:  
There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;  
There Jairus with his age's child adored.  
"He comes, the King of kings: hosanna to the Lord!" *George Croly.*

**3587. JERUSALEM, Christ's Public Entry into.**  
Luke xix: 29-44.

He sat upon the ass's foal and rode  
Toward Jerusalem. Beside Him walked,  
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,  
And on before Him went a multitude  
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands  
Strewing their garments thickly in His way.  
The unbroken foal beneath him gently stepped,  
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song  
Of "Welcome to the Son of David" burst  
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves  
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,

It turned its wild eye for a moment back,  
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,  
Meekly trod onward with its slender feet.  
The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone  
As He rode up Mount Olivet. The woods  
Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west,  
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,  
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way  
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind  
Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As He reached  
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised  
His calm blue eye: there stood Jerusalem!  
Eagerly He bent forward, and beneath  
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line  
Than the wont slightness of His perfect limbs  
Betrayed the swelling fulness of His heart.  
There stood Jerusalem. How fair she looked!  
The silver sun on all her palaces,  
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires  
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream  
Lacing the meadows with its silver band,  
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky  
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood,  
Jerusalem, the city of His love,  
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem,  
That knew Him not, and had rejected Him;  
Jerusalem, for whom He came to die!  
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips  
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang  
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled  
With odor from the trampled olive-leaves;  
But Jesus wept. The loved disciple saw  
His Master's tears, and closer to His side  
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck  
The Saviour leant with heavenly tenderness,  
And mourned: "How oft, Jerusalem!  
would I  
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen  
Her brood beneath her wings; but ye would not!"  
He thought not of the death that He should die;  
He thought not of the thorns He knew must pierce  
His forehead; of the buffet on the cheek,  
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn!  
Gethsemane stood out beneath His eye  
Clear in the morning sun, and there, He knew,  
While they who "could not watch with Him one hour"

Were sleeping, He should sweat great drops  
of blood,  
Praying the cup might pass. And Golgotha  
Stood bare and desert by the city wall,  
And in its midst, to His prophetic eye,  
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies  
Were numbered all: the nails were in His  
feet,  
The insulting sponge was pressing on His  
lips,  
The blood and water gushing from His side,  
The dizzy faintness swimming in His brain,  
And, while His own disciples fled in fear,  
A world's death-agonies all mixed in His!  
Ay! He forgot all this. He only saw  
Jerusalem, the chosen, the loved, the lost!  
He only felt that for her sake His life  
Was vainly given, and in His pitying love  
The sufferings that would clothe the heavens  
in black  
Were quite forgotten. Was there ever love,  
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

**3588. JERUSALEM, Christ's Sympathy for.**  
Matthew xxiii : 37.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Chief in thy Prince's diadem!  
Famous in story and in song,  
While countless ages rolled along;  
Of mighty name, of lofty line,  
Prophets and priests and kings were thine;  
In dust thou long hast cradled them;  
Their boast, their home, Jerusalem!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Proud flower of a lofty stem!  
The crimson blushes of the morn  
Shed blushes on its earliest born;  
But hues and odors must abide  
The mower's scythe at eventide:  
So perished from that lofty stem  
Thy glory, lost Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
One wept thee ere He did condemn:  
Looking from glorious Olivet,  
Filled with a pitying deep regret,  
He saw thy many children rise,  
Heedless of warnings from the skies,  
And therefore wept o'er thee and them,  
Who knew Him not, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
How would His hand have gathered them!  
Ah! had they known in that their hour  
Of visitation and of power!  
But vain each warning of their fate;  
The pop'lous place is desolate;  
Nation, and prince, and diadem  
Vanished alike, Jerusalem! *H. W. J.*

**3589. JERUSALEM: Christ's Triumphan' Entry.**  
Mark xi : 1-11.

Not upborne on glittering wheels;  
Not in gold, triumphant car,  
Purple clad, as monarchs are;

Not on plume-decked steed of war,  
Snorting fiery sparks afar,  
Prancing on his tutored heels,  
Foaming while the curb restrains  
Wayward will and boiling veins.

Not with civic swords and staves,  
Nor the tambour's doubling beat,  
Nor the trumpet's shrill repeat,  
Such as princely heroes greet,  
Welcoming victorious feat,  
When the flag of glory waves  
In the pomp of splendor high;  
But in silent majesty.

Not with mastic and with myrrh,  
Styrax leaves that crackling rise  
Incense curling to the skies,  
Sparks of gold to dim the eyes;  
But on beast that all despise  
Salem sees her conqueror:  
David's long-expected Son,  
He, too great for earthly throne.

Idumean palms they bear;  
See! a joyous fatherland  
Hails Him with uplifted hand;  
They are bound in transport's band;  
Eye and heart inflamed, they stand,  
Spreading out their garments there.  
'Tis the Prince of Judah's stem:  
Lo! He comes to reign o'er them.

Sing the glad hosanna! sing!  
Wilderness, and wind, and dell,  
Hail! the Hope of Israel!  
Mountains sink and valleys swell;  
Songs of victory, victory tell.  
Let heaven's highest arches ring:  
'Tis the angel's daily hymn,  
'Tis the theme of seraphim.

Blow the trump of victory, blow!  
Clash the cymbals, tune the flute,  
Harp, and horn, and lyre, and lute;  
Wake and shout, let none be mute.  
Laurel garlands shall be strewed;  
Ours are nobler victories now.  
This is Judah's lion heir:  
For His conquering march prepare.

Not with shouts of thundering power,  
Not with wild, delirious sound,  
Tearing through the clouds around,  
Shaking the affrighted ground,  
Rending heaven's o'ercircling bound,  
Like a storm in fearful hour;  
But in tenderness and rest,  
Lo! He comes serenely blest.

Peace is with Him, heaven and bliss;  
He hath vanquished death and hell—  
He, the great Immanuel,  
Of all blessings deepest well;  
Ruler of God's citadel,  
No vain sword of steel is His:  
'Tis with spirits purged from sins  
That He combats, that He wins.

He, the Prince of light and life,  
 He, our eldest brother, goes  
 To redeem us from our woes,  
 To subdue our mightiest foes,  
 Heaven to win and hell to oppose,  
 High above all mortal strife;  
 He, Redeemer, He shall save  
 From the prison of the grave.

Tyrant of the world, begone!  
 Thou hast reigned, thy rule is o'er;  
 Thou mayst sway the world no more.  
 Jesus drives thee from the door,  
 All-destroying, darkening power;  
 Monster, know thy reign is done;  
 Death and hell, receive your doom,  
 For your vanquisher is come.

Angels! that, ere morning's damps,  
 Told or sang the heavenly tale  
 To the shepherds in the vale,  
 And o'er Bethl'em's lowly stall  
 Poured out songs of joy for all—  
 Come with lyres and come with lamps;  
 Come in all your bright array:  
 'Tis your Monarch's festal day.

Hang no scarlet tapestry,  
 Spread no cloth of golden glare,  
 No emblazoned robes prepare;  
 This is David's Son and heir:  
 He is come to save and spare;  
 Bending from His throne on high  
 To earth's deepest misery,  
 On the cross for man to die!

Earth bow down—bow down in prayer;  
 Dust of earth! look round and see  
 When was greatness great as He?  
 Slaves! His death hath made ye free;  
 Men! through Him as God ye be.  
 Oh what brother love is here!  
 Did affection ever glow  
 In a heart like this? Oh no!

Melt to water, mortal men!  
 Glow and flame in joy and praise;  
 Sing in more than angel lays.  
 Jesse's branch, to Thee we raise  
 Deathless songs in deathful days.  
 Conscience turns to Thee again,  
 Bows the head and bends the knee;  
 Cleanse our hearts to hallow thee.

Know that He your griefs hath borne,  
 Purged your sins, ye Adam's clay!  
 Weakness, sighs, despair, away!  
 Heaviness and grief, be gay!  
 Pierce the night and spring to-day;  
 He hath saved ye. Why forlorn?  
 Hallelujah! hymns divine;  
 'Tis enough, for He is mine.

**3590. JERUSALEM, Christ Weeping Over.**

Luke xix : 41.

Why doth my Saviour weep  
 At sight of Sion's bowers?

Shows it not fair from yonder steep,  
 Her gorgeous crown of towers?  
 Mark well His holy pains:  
 'Tis not His pride or scorn  
 That Israel's King with sorrow stains  
 His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul  
 Is wandering sadly on,  
 In thought how soon at death's dark goal  
 Their course will all be run,  
 Who now are shouting round  
 Hosannah to their chief;  
 No thought like this in Him is found,  
 This were a conqueror's grief.

Or doth He feel the cross  
 Already in His heart,  
 The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss,  
 Feel e'en His God depart?  
 No: though He knew full well  
 The grief that then shall be,  
 The grief that angels cannot tell—  
 Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns;  
 Such might be martyrs' tears,  
 When His last lingering look He turns  
 On human hopes and fears:  
 But hero ne'er or saint  
 The secret load might know,  
 With which His spirit waxeth faint:  
 His is a Saviour's woe.

"If thou hadst known, even thou,  
 At least in this thy day,  
 The message of thy peace! but now  
 'Tis passed for aye away:  
 Now foes shall trench thee round,  
 And lay thee even with the earth,  
 And dash thy children to the ground,  
 Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep  
 Over His people's sin,  
 Because we will not let Him keep  
 The souls He died to win?  
 Ye hearts that love the Lord,  
 If at His sight ye burn,  
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,  
 Ye hate what made Him mourn.

*John Keble.*

**3591. JERUSALEM, Depart from.**

[Josephus says that a short time before the destruction of Jerusalem, the priests who served in the temple at night, at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking and heard a rushing noise and then a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart."]

Night hung on Salem's towers,  
 And a brooding hush profound  
 Lay where the Roman eagle shone,  
 High o'er the tents around.

The tents that rose by thousands  
 In the moonlight glimmering pale;  
 Like white waves of a frozen sea,  
 Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massive shadow  
Fell broad, and dark, and still,  
In peace as if the Holy One  
Yet watched His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
In that old fane's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city  
E'en then fierce discord raved,  
Though o'er night's heaven the comet-sword  
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
Through the dark streets ringing high,  
Though every sign was full which told  
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows  
Of many a meteor host  
Went flashing o'er the holy stars  
In the sky, now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
In the temple's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by  
And a voice cried mournfully,  
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city  
There was revelry that night;  
The wine-cup and the trimbrel note,  
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer  
Went bounding through the hall,  
And the music of the dulcimer  
Summoned to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons  
Made lightning in the air,  
And the dying at the palace gates  
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard  
At the temple's thrilling heart,  
As if mighty wings rushed by  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart!"

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

**3592. JERUSALEM,** Desire to see.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
How glad should I have been,  
Could I, in my lone wanderings,  
Thine aged walls have seen!  
Could I have gazed upon the dome  
Above thy towers that swells,  
And heard, as evening's sun went down,  
Thy parting camels' bells:

Could I have stood on Olivet,  
Where once the Saviour trod,  
And from its height looked down upon  
The city of our God;

For is it not, Almighty God,  
Thy holy city still;  
Though there thy prophets walk no more,  
That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,  
The streets of Salem now,  
Nor are their voices lifted up  
On Zion's saddened brow;  
Nor are their garnished sepulchres  
With pious sorrow kept,  
Where once the same Jerusalem  
That killed them came and wept.

Jerusalem, I would have seen  
Thy precipices steep,  
The trees of palm that overhang  
Thy gorges dark and deep,  
The goats that cling along thy cliffs  
And browse upon thy rocks,  
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike,  
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while night hung out  
Her silver lamp so pale,  
Beneath those ancient olive-trees  
That grow in Kedron's vale,  
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides  
The city's wall sublime,  
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks  
Defy the scythe of time.

The garden of Gethsemane  
Those aged olive-trees  
Are shading yet, and in their shade  
I would have sought the breeze  
That, like an angel, bathed the brow  
And bore to heaven the prayer  
Of Jesus when, in agony,  
He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,  
And where the Marys stood,  
Bewailing loud the Crucified,  
As near Him as they could,  
I would have stood till night o'er earth  
Her heavy pall had thrown,  
And thought upon my Saviour's cross  
And learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Thy cross thou bearest now!  
An iron yoke is on thy neck,  
And blood is on thy brow;  
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth,  
Thou didst reject as dross,  
And now thy cross is on thee laid—  
The crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be,  
To see the bloody rod  
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged,  
Thou city of our God!  
But round thy hill the spirits throng  
Of all thy murdered seers,  
And voices that went up from it  
Are ringing in my ears:



Went up that day when darkness fell  
 From all thy firmament,  
 And shrouded thee at noon; and when  
 Thy temple's veil was rent,  
 And graves of holy men, that touched  
 Thy feet, gave up their dead:  
 Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard,  
 His blood is on thy head!

*John Pierpont.*

**3593. JERUSALEM, Destruction of.**

From the last hill that looks on thy once  
 holy dome  
 I beheld thee, O Zion, when rendered to  
 Rome:  
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames  
 of thy fall  
 Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy  
 wall.

I looked for thy temple, I looked for my  
 home,  
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to  
 come;  
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy  
 fane,  
 And the fast-fettered hands that made ven-  
 geance in vain.

On many an eve the high spot whence I gazed  
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;  
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the  
 decline  
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on  
 thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that  
 day,  
 But I marked not the twilight beam melting  
 away!  
 Oh, would that the lightning had glared in  
 its stead,  
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conquer-  
 or's head!

But the gods of the pagan shall never profane  
 The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to  
 reign;  
 And scattered and scorned as Thy people  
 may be,  
 Our worship, O Father, is only for Thee.

*Lord Byron.*

**3594. JERUSALEM, Dying in.**

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Thou city of the blest,  
 I come, beneath thy hallowed soil  
 To lay my bones to rest.

It is not mine to see thee rise  
 In glory from the dust;  
 But God, the God of Abraham,  
 Is kind as well as just.  
 And, happy but to die in thee,  
 I hail the sacred ground  
 Where rest from all their wanderings  
 The sons of Jacob found.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Thy towers shall rise again  
 When comes the Lord's anointed One  
 In majesty to reign.  
 My sun will shortly set, but thou  
 In glory shalt appear:  
 Thy King, the God of all the earth;  
 Thy name, "The Lord is here."  
 And Gentiles who have spurned thee long  
 Shall make thy glory known;  
 While all conspire to honor thee,  
 My father's land! my own!

*Thomas Ragg.*

**3595. JERUSALEM IMMORTAL.**

Awake! behold! within the mountain zone  
 That, circling, girds her stern and desert  
 throne,

Immortal Salem sits, famed Zion's queen,  
 Stretching her hands, and weeping o'er the  
 scene.

Immortal?—yes, though ills have laid her low,  
 Patient in ruin, deathless in her woe!  
 And do we gaze, our weary wanderings past,  
 On Sheba's envy, David's pride at last?  
 The city prophets blessed, and kings revered,  
 The saintly loved, the barbarous nations  
 feared?

What lips have kissed these stones! what  
 holy sighs

And burning prayers have mounted to those  
 skies,

As zealous pilgrims, kneeling on the sod,  
 Have hailed the towers so favored once by  
 God!

Methinks we see those travellers from the  
 West,

With weary limb, and soiled and tattered  
 vest,

Just as they gain the last hill's stony brow,  
 And glorious Salem bursts upon them now.  
 The aged man, whom peril naught could  
 daunt,

With eager step still presses to the front,  
 Throws back his locks, and spread his hands  
 on high,

Light long-unknown rekindling in his eye,  
 And blesses Heaven 'tis his that scene to view,  
 Ere his bones rest beneath the funeral yew.

The maiden, taught from earliest hour to  
 That city holy as a seraph's dream, [deem  
 Half veils her face in awe, and, bending meek,  
 Vents in deep sobs all, all she may not speak.  
 E'en the small child, that ran beside his sire,  
 Hath caught from those around the hallowed  
 fire, [air,

Drops on his knees with calmed and solemn  
 And lisps from cherub mouth the simple  
 prayer,

Raises his eyes, each orb a sapphire gem,  
 And folds his hands, and cries "Jerusalem!"

Where through the world shall traveller  
 hope to tread

Soil blessed as this, though beauty long hath  
 fled?

With every scene we see is linked a spell,  
And every rock we climb a tale can tell.  
The ground is holy: sainted memories rise;  
Cities decay, but naught of spirit dies.

Salem! since David stormed her craggy  
height,  
And dwelt where scoffed the vaunting  
Jebusite,  
What stern, what varied fortunes has she  
known,  
Now conquering nations, now herself o'er-  
thrown!

To-day her Temple glitters wide and far,  
Shining in glory like a new-born star;  
Tyre gives her arts, and Ophir sends her gold,  
And monarchs burn at all their eyes behold.  
Chaldea comes: she darkens Salem's fame,  
Her walls are stormed, her Temple sinks in  
flame,

And distant far, where Babel's waters sweep,  
Her prophets pine, her captive children weep.  
Woe's midnight past, again dawn freedom's  
hours,

And Salem smiles, the new-built Temple  
towers;  
Once more the caravan from Yemen comes,  
The altar burns, and busy commerce hums;  
Once more his lion front stern Judah shows,  
And heroes rise to brave their country's foes.

But lo! o'er western hills that gathering  
cloud,  
Where muttering thunder peals more loud  
and loud,

And forked lightning glitters down the sky:  
'Tis the dread flash of Rome's avenging eye!  
The Titan stalks; beneath his coming tread  
Towns bow in dust, and Syria quakes with  
dread;

Where'er he moves the oldest empires fall,  
And Rome, wide-conquering Rome, seems  
lord of all.

Gihon's long hill presents a ridge of spears,  
And filled with bucklers Kedron's vale ap-  
pears;

While north and south the bristling troops  
advance,  
And bear war's engines on, and shake the  
lance.

Girt on all sides, doomed Salem sees her  
grave;  
Her cup of woe is full and naught can save.

O direst fruit of crime and hate and rage;  
O bloodiest leaf in history's warning page!  
Was it too little Rome besieged her wall,  
But Salem's sons by Salem's sons must fall?  
See! Hebrew chiefs above yon mangled heap,  
Their kindred slain, exult when all should  
weep;

In civil strife true valor ceased to glow, [foe.  
'Twas who should crush his fellow, not the

O Titus! Titus! "darling of mankind,"  
That saw his virtues, to his errors blind,

Extolled his feeling heart, his justice praised,  
And to his honor busts and arches raised;  
But Salem's name in blood must written be,  
The leprous spot that blasts his memory!  
What though he rears his countless captives  
high,

To crosses nailed, that friends may see  
them die,

The Hebrews shed no tears, for woe has worn  
Their senses dull, and more may scarce be  
borne:

Pangs, like old wounds, oft lull though will  
not heal,

Excess of feeling makes us cease to feel.  
Some fight despairing, some in caverns hide,  
These mope in madness, and their God deride;  
While others full of zeal, in frenzy strong,  
Still call on Heaven to avenge their country's  
wrong,

And half expect, down stooping from above,  
Messiah's form will come in power and love,  
And with one wave of glory's dazzling sword,  
Scare from their holy walls the pagan horde.

'Tis o'er; a deadlier struggle earth ne'er  
knew,

E'en fiends might shrink those scenes of blood  
to view;

'Tis o'er; a million hearts lie cold and still,  
And Rome's dread eagle soars on Zion's hill.  
Salem, the home of prophets, helpless lies,  
The mean one's jest, the raging heathen's  
prize.

Fire wraps her towers, her blazing Temple  
falls,

With all its golden spires and cedared halls.  
Yes, that proud fane, as by an earthquake's  
shock,

Is hurled to dust, and levelled with the rock;  
And o'er its site must pass the Latian plough;  
Seraphs! look down from heaven, and pity  
now!

And if in your blessed eyes grief e'er appears,  
For lost and ruined Salem shed your tears!

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3596. JERUSALEM, My Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,  
I see thy walls arise;  
There jasper clear and sardine stone  
Flash radiance through the skies.

In clouds of heaven descending,  
With angel train attending,  
Thy gates of glittering pearl unfold  
On streets of glassy gold.

No sun is there, no day or night;  
But of sevenfold splendors bright,  
Thy Temple is the Light of light,  
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,  
Where shines the royal throne,  
Each king casts down his golden crown  
Before the Lamb thereon.

Thence flows the crystal river,  
And flowing on forever,

With leaves and fruits on either hand,  
The tree of life shall stand.  
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,  
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,  
While clouds of incense fill the air,  
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,  
Where saints in triumph sing,  
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,  
Heaven's boundless arches ring.  
No more in tears and sighing,  
Our weak hosannas dying,  
But hallelujahs loud and high  
Roll thundering through the sky;  
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues  
Fill them with overwhelming songs,  
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,  
Thou sole all-glorious Bride,  
Creation shouts with joy to see  
Thy Bridegroom at thy side;  
The Man yet interceding,  
His hands and feet yet bleeding,  
And Him the billowy hosts adore  
Lord God for evermore;  
And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry  
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,  
Resounding everlastingly,  
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,  
Where saints in glory reign,  
Thy haven safe, oh! when shall I,  
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?  
At distance dark and dreary,  
With sin and sorrow weary,  
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,  
For thee I long away.  
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee too:  
Oh rend in twain, thou veil of blue,  
And let the Golden City through,  
Jerusalem, my Home!

*John Henry Hopkins, Jr.*

**3597. JERUSALEM, Ode to.**

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!  
If any love thee not, on them  
May all thy judgments fall;  
For every hope that crowns our earth,  
All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth,  
To thee she owes them all!

Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe;  
The brand of Cain upon thy brow,  
Each shore has felt thy tread:  
No altar now is thine; no priest;  
Upon thy hearth no paschal feast:  
The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the nations fall,  
The kind grave o'er them strews her pall;  
They die as mortals die:

But He who looked thee in the face  
Stamped there that look no years erase—  
His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet  
Confess thy greatness, own our debt,  
And trembling still revere  
The royal family of man,  
Supporting thus its blight and ban  
With constancy austere.

Those sciences by us so prized  
The sternness of thy strength despised,  
Deceives light and vain  
Of men who lack the might to live  
In that repose contemplative  
Which Asian souls maintain.

By thee the Book of Life was writ;  
And, wander where it may, with it  
Thy soul abroad is sent:  
Wherever towers a Christian church,  
Palace of earth, Heaven's sacred porch,  
It is thy monument.

Thy minstrel songs, like sounds wind-borne  
From harps on Babel boughs forlorn,  
O'er every clime have swept;  
And Christian mothers yet grow pale  
With echoes faint of Rachel's wail;  
Our maids with Ruth have wept.

Thou bind'st the present with the past,  
The prime of ages with the last;  
The golden chain art thou,  
On which alone all fates are hung  
Of nations springing or upspring,  
Earthward once more to bow.

Across the world's tumultuous gate  
Thou fling'st thy shadow's giant weight—  
The mightiest birth of Time;  
For all her pangs she may not bear  
Until her feasts she bids thee share  
And mount her throne sublime.

Far other gaze than that he pours  
On empires round thee sunk, and shores  
That once in victory shone,  
Far other gaze and paler frown  
The great Saturnian star bends down  
On cedared Lebanon.

He knows that thou, obscured and dim,  
Thus wrestling all night long with him,  
Shalt victor rise at last;  
Destined thy brows tower-crowned to rear  
More high than his declining sphere  
When, downward on the blast,

God's mightiest angel leaps, and stands  
A shape o'ershadowing seas and lands,  
And swears by him who swore  
A faithful oath and kind to man  
Ere worlds were shaped or years began,  
That "Time shall be no more."

*Aubrey de Vere.*

**3598. JERUSALEM, The Day of.**

Luke xix : 42.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,

Thou favored home of God on earth, thou Heaven below the sky!

Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the wing

Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,

Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,

And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

“And who art thou that mournest me?” replied the ruin gray,

“And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove a castaway?

I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee,

But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

“Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,

For heavy was my children’s crime, and strange their punishment;

Yet, gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be:

Who spared not His chosen seed, may send His wrath on thee!

“Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;

Oh turn and seek thy Saviour’s face in this accepted time!

So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,

And in the new Jerusalem thy home forever be!”

*Reginald Heber.*

**3599. JERUSALEM, The Fall of.**

*Titus, on the Mount of Olives, before Besieging the City.*

It must be;

And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds The counsels of my firm philosophy, [o’er,

That ruin’s merciless ploughshare must pass And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.

As on our olive-crownèd hill we stand, Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters

Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,

As through a valley sacred to sweet peace, How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!

Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside Is hung with marble fabrics, line o’er line,

Terrace o’er terrace, nearer still, and nearer

To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,

With cool and verdant gardens interspersed; Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,

While over all hangs the rich purple eve, As conscious of its being her last farewell

Of light and glory to that fated city. And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke

Are melted into air, behold the Temple, In undisturbed and lone serenity

Finding itself a solemn sanctuary [us In the profound of heaven! It stands before

A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!

The very sun, as though he worshipped Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs; [there,

And down the long and branching porticos, On every flowery-sculptured capital,

Glitters the homage of his parting beams. By Hercules! the sight might almost win

The offended majesty of Rome to mercy. Yon lofty city and yon gorgeous Temple

Are consecrate to ruin.

*JAVAN: Night before the Destruction of the Temple.*

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine

Poured o’er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of man Thy thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.

And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes, My country, in thy darker destiny

Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour; The signs are full, and never shall the sun

Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more; Her tale of splendor now is told and done:

Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt, And all is o’er, her grandeur and her guilt.

O fair and favored city, where of old The balmy airs were rich with melody,

That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky In vestments flaming with the orient gold!

Her gold is dim, and mute her music’s voice; The heathen o’er her perished pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-decked street,

Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!

How proud the elders in the lofty gate! How crowded all her nation’s solemn feasts

With white-robed Levites and high-mitred priests!

How gorgeous all her Temple’s sacred state! Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for

slaves, Her gates thrown down, her elders in their

graves;

Her feasts are holden ’mid the Gentile’s scorn, By stealth her priesthood’s holy garments

worn;

And where her Temple crowned the glittering rock,  
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?

When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin?

Aceldama! accursed and guilty ground,  
Gird all the city in thy dismal bound;  
Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;  
Let every ancient monument and tomb  
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,  
Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But nevermore shall yon lost city need  
Those secret places for her future dead;  
Of all her children when this night is passed,  
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last—  
Of all her children none is left to her,  
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?  
Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?  
Look down! look down! avenged Calvary,  
Upon thy late, yet dreadful expiation.  
Oh long foretold, though slow-accomplished fate,

“Her house is left unto her desolate;”  
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,  
Fulfills at length the tardy doom of Heaven;  
The wrathful vial's drops at length are poured  
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord!  
*Henry H. Milman.*

### 3600. JERUSALEM, The Golden.

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
I weary for one gleam  
Of all thy glory folden  
In distance and in dream!  
My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of thy dear country,  
That lies so far away!

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
Methinks each flower that blows,  
And every bird a-singing,  
Of thee some secret knows;  
I know not what the flowers  
Can feel, or singers see,  
But all these summer raptures  
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
When sunset's in the west,  
It seems thy gate of glory,  
Thou city of the blest!  
And midnight's starry-torches  
Through intermediate gloom  
Are waving with our welcome  
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
Where loftily they sing,

O'er pain and sorrows olden  
Forever triumphing;  
Lowly may be the portal,  
And dark may be the door,  
The mansion is immortal—  
God's palace for His poor!

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
There all our birds that flew—  
Our flowers but half unfolden,  
Our pearls that turned to dew,  
And all the glad life-music,  
Now heard no longer here,  
Shall come again to greet us  
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem, the Golden!  
I toil on day by day,  
Heart-sore each night with longing,  
I stretch my hands and pray,  
That 'mid Thy leaves of healing,  
My soul may find her nest;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
The weary are at rest!

*Gerald Massey.*

### 3601. JERUSALEM, The Jews Weeping in.

Why, trembling and sad, dost thou stand  
there and mourn,  
Son of Israel, the days that can never return?  
And why do those tear-drops of misery fall  
On the mouldering ruin, the perishing wall?  
Was yon city, in robes of the heathen now clad,  
Once the flourishing Zion, where Judah was glad?  
And those walls, that disjointed and scattered now lie,  
Were they once vowed to Heaven and hal-  
lowed on high?

Yet why dost thou mourn? Oh, to gladness  
awaken!  
Though Jehovah this city of God has for-  
saken,  
He preserves for His people a city more fair,  
Which a ruthless invader no longer shall share

No longer the tear for your city shall flow;  
No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow;  
But night shall be followed by glorious day,  
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

The Prince whom ye pierced and nailed to  
the tree  
There reigns in ineffable glory for thee;  
There Jesus, who died for your sins on earth,  
lives:  
Haste, haste to His bosom; He sees and  
forgives, *James Wallis Eastburn.*

### 3602. JERUSALEM, The Last Day of.

Flow on, for Zion, flow, my tears,  
Thou sepulchre of sepulchres,  
Thy glory but a gorgeous dream,  
Thy strength, a wasted summer stream;

Thy turban cloven on the ground,  
With all its jewels scattered round.  
Age upon age captivity  
Sits brooding on thy leafless tree;  
And where its branching glory stood,  
Is shame, and agony, and blood.

From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide  
Had dashed on Zion's haughty side;  
From morn to eve, the arrow shower  
Rained on her ranks from wall and tower.  
Now rose the shout of Israel;  
Now, like the sea's returning swell,  
Rushed up the mount the Roman charge,  
Again beat back by Judah's targe;  
Strewing with helm and shield the hill;  
All wearied, but th' unconquered will.

'Twas eve, and still was fought the field,  
Where none could win, and none would  
yield;  
Beneath the twilight's deepening shade  
Echoed the clash of blade on blade.  
Still rushing through the living cloud,  
Its path the lion-banner ploughed;  
And still the eagle's fiery wing  
Seemed from the living cloud to spring;  
Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,  
Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.  
That day the Roman learned to feel  
The biting of the Jewish steel.

'Twas night. The sounds of earth were  
hushed,  
Save where the palace-fountains gushed;  
Or from the myrtle-breathing vale,  
Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.  
Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour!  
The moonbeam silvered tent and tower,  
Touched into beauty grove and hill,  
And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.  
All loveliness, but where the gaze  
Shrank from the Roman camp-fire's blaze;  
All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,  
Omen of woe, the Roman mound!\*

'Twas midnight; ceased the heavy jar  
Of rampart-chain and portal-bar;  
That hour of doom, on Zion's wall  
No warrior's foot was heard to fall;  
No murmur of the mighty camp,  
No cohort's tread, no charger's champ,  
Gave sign that earth was living still;  
All hushed as by a mightier will;  
Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that weep,  
Were bound in one resistless sleep;  
Silence of silence, all around;  
Hushed as the grave—a death of sound!

What visioned forms, like things of dreams,  
Or like the pole's phosphoric streams,  
Or the wan clouds of winter's even,  
Now marshal on the fields of heaven,

\*The Romans surrounded the city with a trench and a mound, which prevented all escape, and formed a characteristic of the siege.

There gleam, in clouds of spectral light,  
The camp, the mound, th' embattled height;  
There moves the legion's brazen line;  
Ill-omened Israel, where is thine?  
Rolls up the visioned mount the charge;  
But where the turban and the targe?  
The cohort climbs the visioned tower,  
Yet sweeps its ranks no arrow shower;  
Pale flames from visioned altars rise;  
Israel, art thou the sacrifice!

But sudden roars the thunder-peat,  
The forests on the mountains reel,  
And, like the burst of mountain springs,  
Is heard a rush of mighty wings!  
And voices sweet of love and woe,  
(Love, such as spirits only know),  
Swell from the temple's cloisters dim,  
A mingled chant of dirge and hymn;  
Like grief, when help and hope have fled,  
Like anguish o'er the dying bed;  
Like pulses of a breaking heart:  
"We must depart, we must depart."  
And grandly o'er Moriah's height,  
Eneanopied in living light,  
Rose to that chant of dirge and hymn  
The squadrons of the seraphim.  
From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,  
Shone in that splendor hill and plain;  
Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,  
Then all was night and sleep once more.

But whence has come that sudden flash,  
And whence the shout, and whence the clash?  
The legions scale the temple wall!  
Its startled warriors fly or fall.  
Now swells the carnage wild and wide;  
Now dies the bridegroom by the bride;  
Peasant and noble, parent, child,  
In heaps of quivering carnage piled;  
On golden roof, on cedar floor,  
Still flames the torch, still flows the gore;  
Hour of consummate agony,  
When nations, God-deserted, die!

Yet still the native dirk and knife  
Wring blood for blood, and life for life.  
The priest, as to the veil he clung,  
With dying hand the javelin flung;  
The peasant on the Roman sprang,  
Armed but with panther's foot and fang,  
From his strong grasp the falchion tore,  
And died it in the robber's gore.  
That night who fought, that night who fell,  
No eye might see, no tongue might tell;  
That sanguine record must be read  
But when the grave gives up its dead;  
Then Judah's heart of pride was tame;  
The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame!

—Jerusalem a name!

*George Croly.*

### 3603. JERUSALEM, The Prophecy of.

'Twas eve on Jerusalem!  
Glorious its glow,  
On the vine-covered plain,  
On the Mount's marble brow;

On the temple's broad grandeur,  
 Enthroned on its height,  
 Like a golden-domed isle  
 In an ocean of light;  
 And the voice of her multitude  
 Rose on the air,  
 From the vale deep and dim,  
 Like a rich evening hymn.  
 But, whence comes that cry?  
 'Tis the cry of despair!

Who stands upon Zion?  
 The prophet of woe!  
 His frame, worn with travel,  
 His locks, living snow.  
 His hand grasps a trumpet.  
 Its sound gives a thrill

To each heart of the thousands!  
 The life-blood runs chill,  
 At that death-sounding blast!  
 All fixing their gaze,  
 Where, like one from the tomb,  
 The shroud seems to swim  
 Round the long, spectral limb,  
 And the ashy lip quivers  
 With judgment to come.

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem;  
 Lovely, yet stained;  
 A queen among nations,  
 Yet thou shalt be chained.  
 Thou'rt magnificent, Zion.  
 Yet thou shalt be lone.  
 The pilgrim of sorrow!  
 I see thy last stone.

"Hark, hark, to the tempest!  
 What roar fills mine ear?  
 'Tis the shout of the warrior,  
 The storm of the spear.  
 The eagle and wolf  
 On that tempest are rolled,  
 Twin demons of havoc,  
 To ravage thy fold.

"They rush through the land,  
 As through forests the fire:  
 Woe, woe to the infant;  
 Woe, woe to the sire.  
 Rejoice for the warrior  
 Who sinks to the grave;  
 But weep for the living,  
 A ransomless slave!

"But veiled be mine eyeballs;  
 The red torch is flung,  
 And the last dying hymn  
 Of the temple is sung;  
 The altar is vanished,  
 The glory is gone.  
 The vial is poured,  
 The high vengeance is done!

"Again all is silence,  
 But still the death-pall,  
 The flag of the Roman,  
 Is hung from the wall.

But the archers are coming,  
 Their shafts hide the heaven,  
 And the eagle's proud breast  
 By the Persian is riven.

"Hark! a sound from the south;  
 'Tis the echo of doom;  
 It comes from the desert,  
 The living simoom!  
 As fierce as its sun,  
 And as wild as its sand;  
 'Tis Amrou and his Saracens,  
 Curse of the land!

"Like the swamp-generated hornets,  
 They rush on the wing,  
 By thousands and thousands,  
 With death in their sting.  
 Like vultures, they sweep  
 O'er Moriah's loved hill,  
 And the corpse-covered valley  
 Of Cedron's red rill.

"Like the clouds on the mountains,  
 Like waves on the shore,  
 On sweep the swift chargers,  
 Whose hoof is in gore;  
 And Israel has fled  
 To the hill and the cave;  
 With slavery behind her,  
 Before her the grave.

"And the clashing of lances  
 And shaking of reins,  
 Are the sounds of the morning  
 On Galilee's plain;  
 And the desert tambour,  
 And the desert-horn shrill,  
 Are the sounds of the sunset  
 On Zion's loved hill.

"Where, where, sleeps the thunderbolt?  
 Heaven! hear the cries  
 Of the Ishmaelite slave  
 To his prophet of lies;  
 Hear the howl to his demons,  
 His frenzy of prayer;  
 And hear Israel's lament  
 Of disdain and despair!

"It has come! in the saddle  
 The robber has reeled,  
 And the turbans are floating  
 In blood on the field.  
 I see the proud chiefs  
 Of the cross in their mail:  
 And my soul loves the standard  
 They spread to the gale.

"Stay, vision of splendor:  
 On Jordan's broad marge  
 They rush to the battle;  
 Earth shakes with their charge.  
 Like lightning the blaze  
 From their panoply springs;  
 I see the gold helms  
 And crowned banners of kings.

"Yet, evil still smites thee,  
Thou daughter of tears!  
No trophy is thine,  
In the shock of the spears.  
The stately Crusader,  
And Saracen lord,  
But give thee the choice  
Of the chain or the sword!

"Again all is silence,  
The long grass has grown  
Where the cross-bearer sleeps,  
In his rich-sculptured stone;  
And the land trod by prophet,  
And chanted by bard,  
Is left to the foot  
Of the wolf and the pard."

But who ride the whirlwind?  
The drinkers of blood.  
From the summit of Lebanon  
Rushes the flood.  
'Tis the Turcoman, hovering  
For slaughter and spoil.  
O helpless gazelle!  
Thou art now in the toil!

King of kings! on our neck  
Sits the slave of a slave,  
As wild as his mountains,  
As cold as our grave;  
All his sceptre the scourge,  
All our freedom his will.  
Yet Thy children must tremble,  
Must agonize still.

Fly swift, ye dark years!  
Still the savage is there;  
The tiger of nations  
Is couched in his lair.  
The field is a thicket,  
The city a heap,  
And Israel on earth  
Can but wander and weep.

King of kings! shall she die?  
Hark! a trumpet afar;  
It pierces my soul,  
Yet no trumpet of war.  
I hear the deep trampling  
Of millions of feet,  
And the shoutings of millions  
Yet solemn and sweet,

Now the voices of thunders  
Are calling on high.  
The pomp has begun,  
The redemption is nigh.  
I see the crowned fathers,  
The prophets of fate,  
And the martyrs, whose souls  
Shot to heaven from the pyre.

Who comes in His glory,  
Pavilioned in cloud?  
Judah, cast off thy shame!  
Israel, spring from thy shroud!

Thy King has avenged thee,  
He comes to His own;  
With earth for His empire,  
And Zion His throne.

*George Croly.*

**3604. JERUSALEM, Woes of.**

Weep for your country, for your children  
weep!  
Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;  
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant  
blood.

Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,  
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.  
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,  
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:  
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,  
And war without, and death within the wall.  
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad  
despair,

And dire debate, and clamorous strife were  
there;  
Love, strong as death, retained his might no  
more,  
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.  
Yet they who wont to roam the ensanguined  
plain,  
And spurn with fell delight their kindred  
slain;

E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,  
Their burning temple rose in lurid light,  
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,  
And in their country's woes forgot their own.  
As 'mid the cedar courts and gates of gold  
The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,  
To save their temple every hand essayed,  
And with cold fingers grasped the feeble  
blade:

Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,  
And life's last anger warmed the dying man!

Ah! fruitful now no more, an empty coast,  
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories  
lost:

In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,  
There barked the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.  
Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,  
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;  
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
The checkered twilight of the olive grove;  
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,  
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb.

*Reginald Heber.*

**3605. JERUSALEM, Woe upon.**

*Voice.* Woe! woe! woe!

*First Jew.* Alas! The son of Hananiah?  
is't not he?

*Third Jew.* Whom said'st?

*Second Jew.* Art thou a stranger in Jeru-  
salem,

That thou rememberest not that fearful man?

*Fourth Jew.* Speak! speak! we know not  
all.

*Second Jew.* Why, thus it was:

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,



He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,  
When suddenly a spirit fell upon,  
Evil or good we know not. Ever since  
(And now seven years are past since it befell,  
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),  
He hath gone wandering through the dark-  
ling streets

At midnight, under the cold, quiet stars;  
He hath gone wandering through the crowded  
market

At noonday, under the bright blazing sun,  
With that one ominous cry of "Woe! woe!  
woe!"

Some scoffed and mocked him, some would  
give him food;

He neither cursed the one, nor thanked the  
other.

The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself  
Beheld him lashed till the bare bones stood  
out

Through the maimed flesh; still, still he only  
cried,

Woe to the city, till his patience wearied  
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,  
'Twas still the same—th' incessant Woe!  
woe! woe!

But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,  
As though his prophecy were fulfilled; till  
now,

We had not heard his dire and boding voice.  
*Voice.* Woe! woe! woe!

*Joshua, the Son of Hananiah.* Woe! woe!  
A voice from the east! a voice from the west!  
From the four winds a voice against Jerusa-  
lem!

A voice against the temple of the Lord!  
A voice against the bridegrooms and the  
brides!

A voice against all people of the land!  
Woe! woe! woe!

*Bursts away, followed by the Second Jew, who  
on returning reports:*

'Twas a true prophet!

*Jews.* Wherefore? Where went he?

*Second Jew.* To the outer wall;  
And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,  
"A voice against the son of Hananiah!  
Woe! woe!" and at the instant, whether  
struck

By a chance stone from the enemy's engines,  
down

He sank and died! *Henry H. Milman.*

**3606. JERUSALEM,** Worship in.  
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the blessing lingers  
yet

On the city of the chosen, where the Sab-  
bath seal was set;  
And though her sons are scattered, and her  
daughters weep apart,

While desolation, like a pall, weighs down  
each faithful heart,

As the palm beside the waters, as the cedar  
on the hills,

She shall rise in strength and beauty when  
the Lord Jehovah wills;

He has promised her protection, and His holy  
pledge is good:

'Tis whispered through the olive-groves and  
murmured by the flood,

As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow  
is heard,

And by the Sabbath breezes the hoary trees  
are stirred.

Oh! glorious were the Sabbaths Jerusalem  
has known,

Where the presence of the Highest was so  
wonderfully shown;

And the holy Law was guarded by cherubim  
divine;

And the temple's awful Worship drew the  
nation to its shrine;

And the "Song of songs" was sounded, till  
the melody profound

Shook the golden roof and arches with its  
ocean power of sound:

And wreathing clouds of incense rose, like  
doves upon the air,

Upbearing on their balmy wings the sacrifice  
of prayer;

And sweet as angel greetings, in the mansion  
of the blest,

O'er the heart of gathered Israel came the  
Sabbath and its rest.

But the glory all departed when the temple  
was laid low,

And like a childless mother, mourns the city  
in her woe;

Still a people never perish who in Sabbath  
worship bend:

God has kept his chosen; He will keep them  
to the end.

Soon the days of expectation and of exile  
will be o'er,

And Israel return to his heritage once more.  
Then shall bloom the rose of Sharon, and the  
lilies of the vale,

By the dews of Hermon freshened, breathe  
their fragrance on the gale:

As the seed for centuries buried, when laid  
open to the day,

Bursts forth in life and beauty 'neath the  
vivifying ray,

So Jerusalem shall triumph when her children  
are restored,

And with songs of peace and gladness hail  
the Sabbath of the Lord.

*Sarah Josepha Hale.*

**3607. JESUS,** Aaron and.

Heb. vii: 28.

Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold

A thousand glories more

Than the rich gems and polished gold

The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-off'rings brought

To purge themselves from sin;

Thy life was pure without a spot,

And all Thy nature clean.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altar spilt;  
But Thy one off'ring takes away  
Forever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,  
For mortal was their race;  
Thy never-changing office stands  
Eternal as Thy days.

Once, in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne.

But Christ by His own pow'rful blood  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows His own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns  
On Ziou's heav'nly hill;  
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
And wears His priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede  
Before His Father's face:  
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.  
*Isaac Watts.*

### 3608. JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John iv : 6.

I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou satest there,  
In drought and weariness, the well beside;  
A single palm-tree shields Thee from the  
glare.

I see the Syrian woman, wonder-eyed,  
Before Thee stand,  
The empty pitcher hanging from her hand.

I hear Thy words of warning mercy flow,  
Soft to the sinful while they chide the sin;  
I watch the graveness of her wonder grow  
As rises high an answering voice within,  
And straight she learns  
Her need, and for the draught diviner yearns.

It was in eastern summers, long gone by,  
Thou askedst water from the olden spring:  
Desiring eyes beheld Thee—Thou wert nigh  
To those that languished heavenly boons  
But now no more [to bring;  
Treadest the Shechem vale, the Jordan shore.

It was in Hebrew history, long gone by,  
And Thou wert walking toward the cross-  
crowned goal,  
A human sympathy was in Thine eye,  
A lonely sorrow in Thy burdened soul,  
And Thou didst bear [might share.  
For the world's weal a doom which none

Still is the blessèd story gospel-good:  
Thou by the wells of life art waiting yet

For peace and pardon to be sought and sued,  
And troubled men may still their guilt  
forget,  
And slake their pain,  
Quaff light and hope and love, nor thirst  
again. *Joseph Truman.*

### 3609. JESUS, Darkness at the Death of.

Matthew xxvii : 45.

Over each tower and minaret,  
And where in channel dark as jet  
The streams of Kedron toil and fret,

Falls the inexplicable veil,  
The sign when nature's powers shall fail  
Of universal woe and wail.

No light and shade, in interchange  
Softening the dark horizon's range,  
But sudden midnight, stern and strange!

Rushed the untreasured darkness from  
Its hidden, uncreated home  
To witness God's own martyrdom?

Or did the Lord who hides His face  
In shadows that betoken grace,  
And drapes in gloom His dwelling-place,

Did He in His most awful mood  
Curtain around the holy rood  
From man's unchastened neighborhood?

Or came the type and form wherein  
Wrong works, to watch the strife within,  
And learn the death of death and sin?

Thou God that hidest, who can tell  
Unless Thou teach us how to spell  
And learn aright the miracle?

It hushes all things; not a sound  
Or far or near is heard around;  
The guard seems rooted to the ground.

No word the divine Sufferer saith;  
Only is heard His heaving breath  
Fighting the duel fierce with death.

And breaking o'er His quivering lips:  
Only the blood that as it drips  
Throbs through the palpable eclipse!

O vanquished Light, return once more!  
O breaking Heart that we adore,  
When shall this travail pang be o'er?

When shall the day its fetters burst,  
And Jesus from the tree accurst  
Speak once, and own Himself athirst?

Last act of His humility  
Better to witness, than to see  
This still and voiceless agony.

*C. I. Black.*

**3610. JESUS IN THE STORM.**

Luke viii : 22-25.

While Jesus prays alone upon the mount,  
To gather strength to meet the pressing needs  
Of a lost, guilty world, whose outstretched  
Vainly reach after other help than His; [arms  
Upon the storm-tossed sea of Galilee,  
Beaten about by raging billows, were  
The chosen few Himself had loved and taught.  
And all the terror and the wild despair  
That come upon the ill-starred souls that cling  
In agony to vessel doomed to sink,  
Were theirs. Forgotten for the time their  
Or, if remembered, as of no avail [Lord;  
In strait like this, being so far away.  
But suddenly a wondrous form is seen  
To walk the waters as they were the land!  
In great dismay they cry "A spirit!" and,  
With fearful fingers, point each to the place  
Where Jesus walks upon the boisterous sea.  
Soon comes a voice of gentleness and love,  
Yet heard above the din of warring waves:  
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I; be not afraid!"  
And then they knew 'twas Jesus' self that  
spake.

And manly Peter, first in voice and deed,  
Asks that he, too, may walk the waves with  
Christ.

Which being granted, boldly leaves the ship  
And seeks to join his Master and his Lord.  
He straightway sinks, and utters that sole cry  
Which will avail us at the last, "Save, Lord!"  
Soon Jesus reassures, and takes his hand  
And leads him safely to the tossing ship.  
Then is a calm, more peaceful and more still  
Than lake unvisited by gentless winds.  
O Lord! when on death's dark and turbid  
My soul shall cry in agony to Thee, [stream  
Oh, then to feel thy loving fingers clasp  
My hand and lead me safely into rest—  
That were a joy more blissful and more worth  
Than Peter's when he trod the ship once more!

*Alexander Macaulay.***3611. JESUS, Life of.**

When Jesus in the wild the conquest won,  
Then His prophetic office was begun:  
He faithful, no one saving truth concealed;  
He gracious, the right way to heaven revealed.  
Some He exhorted, others He reproved,  
Our fears and hopes by threats and blessings  
moved,  
Condemned the errors which in public  
reigned,  
Mysterious types and prophecies explained,  
Spake things celestial with celestial grace,  
All prejudice inveterate to erase;  
In obvious parables taught truth sublime,  
Spent in illuminating souls His time,  
Disseminated light where'er He came,  
Breathed heavenly love the frozen to inflame,  
Confirmed by Sacred Writ what'er He taught,  
Down to our weakness all His precepts  
brought,  
Preached truths divine, few, necessary, clear,  
Which might to heaven a simple votary steer;

The worst of men He mildly would instruct,  
Glad when to bliss He sinners could conduct;  
No raptures, no austerities enjoined,  
Nothing too high, too grievous for mankind;  
No whips, no hair-cloth, His mild yoke im-  
posed,  
No souls in constant solitudes enclosed:  
Pagans in these of saints might have the start;  
They would the flesh, but cannot break the  
heart.

Saints heaven by prayer, alms, gentle fasting,  
scale;

The prophet could by single prayer prevail,  
While Baal's priests endured unpitied pain,  
Gashing their bodies all day long in vain.

His life the comment was on what He taught;  
That lovely image ravishes my thought;  
None could that life considerably know,  
But he of Jesus must enamored grow;  
In Him ideal graces all combined,  
Friend, benefactor, Saviour to mankind:  
Love incommunicable, filial fear,  
A conscience un-upbraidingly sincere;  
Obedience perfect, free from venial ill,  
Full resignation to His father's will;  
Propensions centrally to God inclined,  
Unshaken trust, a heaven-conversing mind;  
Intentions which at God's sole glory aimed,  
Zeal which for God's word, house, and wor-  
ship flamed;

A temperance, which all excesses curbed,  
Contentedness, by troubles undisturbed;  
Each sense subdued, affections all confined,  
The dove and serpent amicably joined;  
A meekness which no malice could provoke;  
A patience to endure a tyrant's stroke;  
A courage to encounter all things dire;  
A perseverance which could never tire;  
A purity which nothing could defile; [guile;  
A wisdom which hell's powers could not be-  
Humility, which all debasements prized,  
Exulting for God's sake to be despised;  
Which human confidence would ever waive,  
And of all good, to God the glory gave;  
Which made disciples, not deep-learned, but  
good, [stood;

Who, wise for heaven, heaven only under-  
Whose warm devotion kept its heaven-born  
Oft would to sacred solitudes retreat, [heat,  
In fasting, meditation, prayer, and praise,  
And frequent watching, spend whole nights  
and days;

No wanderings, damps, or chills His soul  
annoyed;

He no one minute ever misemployed;  
He troubled minds with consolations cheered,  
His sweet reproofs the guilty soul endeared.  
To all in need He pity showed divine,  
Which unregarded would no cry decline;  
His charity all malice could transcend,  
To lowest offices inured to bend;  
In good returned all evils to exceed,  
To save His foes, content Himself to bleed.  
He to gain souls wept, travelled, labored,  
prayed,

Their bliss eternal His sole business made;  
Discourse salvific He at meals instilled,  
And souls with food super-celestial filled;  
As they could bear, He dropped it by degrees;  
At once He sweetly could instruct and please.  
His justice rendered to all men their due,  
Would righteous ends by righteous means  
pursue;

To all estates He proper honors paid, [obeyed.  
Revered the priesthood, sovereign power  
His mind, His own inferior will denied,  
The transient world opposed, contemned,  
defied;

Its maxims, customs, companies, designs,  
All joys to which concupiscence inclines;  
He, Source and Lord of all, knew all things  
best,

And gave the world no harbor in His breast;  
He here below nor sought nor felt repose,  
Continued cross He for His portion chose;  
Gave highest proof of all that He revealed  
When His own blood its confirmation sealed.  
Angels their graces by His grace refined;  
His the aversion of the worldly mind.

His self-denials sensual men disgust,  
Vexed that He no indulgence gave to lust;  
Lust, which impostors patronize, and gain  
Of loose disciples an unnumbered train;  
All Jesus' graces had a godlike mien,  
By them His heavenly mission might be seen;  
That perfect goodness could no man deceive,  
That perfect goodness none could disbelieve.

When to His doctrine and His life divine  
His superhuman miracles we join,  
They love and admiration both excite,  
Conviction will attain its utmost height.  
He made all creatures serve His blessed de-  
Water transubstantiated to wine; [sign,  
He trod the wave, and bid the winds be still;  
He made rude storms submissive to His will;  
A fish to Him His tribute-money brought,  
Shoals, at His call, came crowding to be  
caught.

Cursed by His lips, the fig-tree straight de-  
Visible, He dangers could evade. [cayed;  
He feasted thousands with seven loaves of  
bread;

Two fishes and five loaves five thousand fed;  
And of the food thus multiplied remained  
Twelve baskets, which fresh followers sus-  
tained;

He made the lame walk, dumb speak, deaf  
to hear,

And men born blind to see all objects clear;  
He dropsies drained, and trembling palsies  
stilled,

The blood inflamed by fevers gently chilled;  
The lepers cleansed, restored the withered  
hand— [stand;

No ailment could His healing might with-  
The bloody flux which twelve long years  
had reigned,

The poor bowed woman twice six winters  
pained,

The wretch who thirty-eight his grief de-  
plored,

And multitudes to soundness he restored.  
Even at a distance, by His word alone,  
He made His power irrefragably known;  
He devils at His pleasure dispossessed,  
Constrained by Him. His Godhead they  
confessed;

Seven out of tortured Magdalen He drave,  
Chased in foul swine a legion to the wave;  
Jairus' young daughter, by her friends be-  
moaned,

The son for whom his widow-mother groaned,  
And Lazarus, who four days had been en-  
tomb'd,

All at His word their vital heat resumed;  
Saints at His rising, though long dead, re-  
And risen, at Jerusalem arrived. [vived,

From profanations He the temple cleared;  
Profaners His majestic voice revered,

Their treasures He o'erthrew, and at His look  
The avaricious their dear wealth forsook;

The worldly, at His heart-enamoring call,  
Became His votaries, and renounced their all.

He, God Incarnate, could the mind inspect,  
And with sweet force the heart to God infect.

His life, from His conception to His grave,  
Strong demonstrations of Messiah gave;

Divinity shone bright in all He taught,  
God-like benignity in all He wrought;

His miracles He graciously designed  
To cure, convince, convert, endear mankind.

Eternal Word, who, clothed in human dust,  
Didst teach lapsed man the wisdom of the

Illustrate by example Thy discourse, [just;  
Confirm it by a wonder-working force;

Open my ears, my eyes, my tongue unloose,  
Into my heart Thy heavenly truth infuse;

That I Thy praise incessantly may sing,  
That love may give my heart a heavenward  
spring!

That I may never more towards earth pro-  
pend,

In vigorous, sweet efforts to Thee ascend;  
Thy bright idea in my heart enchain,

To copy out each imitable grace.

All praise to our great Prophet, by whose  
light

The world, born blind, receives transforming  
sight;

Glory to Jesus, o'er the mount was heard,  
For doctrine, life, and miracles revered.

*Bishop Ken.*

### 3612. JESUS, Looking off to.

O, eyes that are weary,  
And hearts that are sore!

Look off unto Jesus,  
And sorrow no more.

The light of His countenance  
Shineth so bright,

That on earth, as in heaven,  
There need be "no night."

Looking off unto Jesus,  
My eyes cannot see  
The troubles and dangers  
That throng about me;  
They cannot be blinded  
With sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be shadowed  
With unbelief's fears.

Looking off unto Jesus,  
My spirit is blest;  
In the world I have turmoil,  
In Him I have rest.  
The sea of my life  
All around me may roar,  
When I look unto Jesus  
I hear it no more.

Looking off unto Jesus,  
I go not astray;  
My eyes are upon Him,  
He shows me the way.  
The path may seem dark  
As He leads me along,  
But following Jesus  
I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus,  
My heart cannot fear,  
Its trembling is still,  
When I see Jesus near;  
I know that His presence  
My safeguard will be,  
For "Why are ye troubled?"  
He saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus,  
Oh, may I be found,  
When the waters of Jordan  
Encompass me round!  
Let them bear me away  
In His presence to be:  
'Tis but seeing Him nearer  
Whom always I see.

Then, then shall I know  
The full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord,  
When I stand face to face;  
I shall know how His love  
Went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever  
My eyes turned away.

### 3613. JESUS, No Room for.

O plodding life! crowded so full  
Of earthly toil and care!  
The body's daily need receives  
The first and last concern, and leaves  
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day  
Working, with patience rare,  
Problems of worldly loss or gain,  
Thinking till thought becomes a pain—  
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel  
In others' woes a share,  
Yet human loves each power enthral,  
And sordid treasures fill it all—  
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul! thus to debase  
The being God thou spare!  
Blood-bought thou art! no more thine own;  
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone—  
Make room for Jesus there,

Lest soon the bitter day shall come  
When vain will be thy prayer  
To find in Jesus' heart a place:  
Forever closed the door of grace,  
Thou'lt gain no entrance there.

### 3614. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Luke xviii : 37.

What means this eager, anxious throng,  
Pressing our busy streets along?  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
Voices, in accents hushed, reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

E'en children feel the potent spell,  
And haste their new-found joy to tell;  
In crowds they to the place repair,  
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.  
Hosannas mingle with the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Who is this Jesus? Why should He  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has He skill  
To charm the multitude at will?  
Again the stirring tones reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened hearts, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;  
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Again He comes, from place to place  
His holy footprints we can trace.  
He pauses at our threshold, nay  
He enters, condescends to stay!  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Bring out your sick and blind and lame,  
'Tis to restore them Jesus came.  
Compassion infinite you'll find,  
With boundless power, in Him combined.  
Come quickly, while salvation's nigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ye sin-sick souls who feel your need,  
He comes to you a friend indeed.  
Rise from your weary, wakeful couch,  
Haste to secure His healing touch;  
No longer sadly wait and sigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home!  
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Ye who are buried in the grave  
Of sin, His power alone can save.  
His voice can bid your dead souls live,  
True spirit-life and freedom give.  
Awake! arise! for strength apply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

But if you still this call refuse,  
And dare such wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*"  
*Etta Campbell.*

### 3615. JESUS ON THE SEA.

Mark vi : 45-50.

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee  
And lifted its waters on high; [fell,  
And the faithless disciples were bound in  
the spell

Of mysterious alarm—their terrors to quell,  
Jesus whispered, "Fear not: it is I."

The storm could not bury that word in the  
wave,

For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;  
It shall reach His disciples in every clime,  
And His voice shall be near in each troublous  
Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I." [time,

When the spirit is broken with sickness or  
And comfort is ready to die; [sorrow,  
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-  
morrow,  
The wounded complete consolation shall  
borrow

From His life-giving word, "It is I."

When death is at hand, and the cottage of  
Is left with a tremulous sigh, [clay  
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the  
way

For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,  
Saying, "Be not afraid: it is I."

When the waters are passed, and the glories  
unknown

Burst forth on the wondering eye,  
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of  
the throne"

Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort His  
And say, "Be not afraid: it is I." [own,  
*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

### 3616. JESUS, The Hands of.

Luke xxiv : 50.

He lifts the hands stretched out so late  
And nailed to the accursed tree  
Which bore His sacred body's weight,  
With all our sin and misery;

The hands from which our blessings flow,  
Which every creature's wants supply;  
Fountains of grace to all below,  
They hold and bear us to the sky.

Those hands on which my hopes depend,  
My present and eternal peace,  
Lift up and over me extend,  
To guard and sanctify and bless;  
Bless me from Thy celestial throne,  
With more than heart can e'er conceive,  
And seal and take me for Thine own,  
Thy purchase, in Thy joy to live.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3617. JESUS, The Prayer of.

John xvii.

Father! Thy Son beholds the promised hour  
That beams Thy love and glorifies Thy power;  
As Thou hast given to Him the high behest  
To call the wanderer, give the weary rest,  
Eternal life, and peace, to man bestow,  
To those vouchsafed who Thee, the Father,  
know,

He hath fulfilled it, magnified Thy name,  
And earth, as heaven, attests Thy great ac-  
claim.

Now, O my Father! glorify Thou Me  
With the same love My spirit knew with  
Thee

Ere oceans flowed, or worlds in space were  
hung,

Or stars of morning in their orbits sung.  
Breathe on My soul Thy holy, balmy love,  
And heal the stricken from Thy stores above;  
On these Thy children deign a pitying eye,  
Wipe Thou the tear, soothe Thou the secret  
sigh;

I pray for these, yet not for these alone,  
But those who, through them, shall Thy gos-  
pel own.

Now in the world shall I be found no more;  
My mission ended, all my sufferings o'er,  
O righteous Father! I return to Thee,  
The Man of Sorrows, from each sorrow free;  
Glad rays ethereal wake the peerless morn,  
I see in vision nations hail Thy dawn,  
Swift as Thy car, I view its glories run,  
And kingdoms with Thee own Thy joyful  
Son. *William B. Tappan.*

### 3618. JESUS, The Tears of.

Luke xix : 41.

From Olivet the surging crowd  
Fill all the vale with cheerful voice;  
With one acclaim they sing aloud,  
They shout in triumph, and rejoice;  
With palms they come their Lord to greet,  
And spread their garments at His feet.

To Thee, O Lord, they offer praise;  
To Thee their cheerful homage bring;  
To Thee their grateful songs they raise;  
And yet, while loud hosannas ring,  
Thou didst Thy care for sinners prove;  
How great, how wonderful, Thy love!

Thou didst behold with pitying eye  
 Thy great Salvation scorned and spurned,  
 Didst see the prostrate city lie,  
 Ere long by judgments overturned;  
 Thy tears, O blessed Jesus, flowed,  
 Thy heart did break in tears of blood.

O blessed yearning of true love,  
 In these sad tears of Thine revealed;  
 The heart these fond compassions move  
 The truest sympathies can yield;  
 The tears that on that day did fall,  
 Thou still, O Lord, dost shed for all.

Now sitting on Thy glorious throne,  
 Thou dost in robes of light appear,  
 Encircled with Thy kingly crown,  
 With countless hosts of angels near;  
 Their highest praise to Thee is given,  
 Resounding through the courts of heaven.

And yet Thy faithful heart can feel  
 For those unmindful of Thy word;  
 Thy saving health sent forth to heal  
 Is proof Thou still dost love us, Lord;  
 For those now lost in sin, undone,  
 The tears of Jesus still flow on.

O man, behold in these sad tears  
 That flowed from thy dear Saviour's eyes  
 What love to thee His Spirit bears;  
 Come thou with penitential sighs,  
 That He may now thy soul redeem  
 Who once bewailed Jerusalem!

*Robert Maguire.*

**3619. JESUS, Under the Orders of.**  
 We know not what is expedient,  
 But we may know what is right;  
 And we never need grope in darkness  
 If we look to Heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel  
 The ponderous engine lies,  
 And faithfully there the engineer  
 His labor steadily plies.

He know ; not the course of the vessel,  
 He knows not the way he should go;  
 He minds his simple duty,  
 And keeps the fire aglow.

He knows not whether the billows  
 The bark may overwhelm;  
 He knows and obeys the orders  
 Of the pilot at the helm.

And so in the wearisome journey  
 Over life's troubled sea,  
 I know not the way I am going,  
 But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks ar l the quicksands,  
 For my sight is lull and dim;  
 But I know that Christ is my Captain,  
 And I take my orders from Him.

And so, when wearied and baffled,  
 And I know not which way to go,  
 I know that He can guide me,  
 And 'tis all that I need to know.

**3620. JESUS WEPT.**

*John xi : 35.*

Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-  
 hearted;

Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne:  
 Ye from whose path the light hath all de-  
 parted,

And ye who're left in solitude to mourn:  
 Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud  
 swept,  
 Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory  
 Wept for the woes of those He came to  
 save;

And angels wondered, when they heard the  
 story,

That He who conquered death wept o'er  
 the grave;

For 'twas not when His lonely watch He  
 kept

In dark Gethsemane that "Jesus wept;"

But with the friends He loved, whose hope  
 had perished,

The Saviour stood: and through His  
 bosom rushed

The tide of sympathy for those He cherished,  
 While from His eyes the burning tear-  
 drops gushed:

And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus  
 slept,

In agony of spirit "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath  
 broken,

And wiped the tear from sorrow's droop-  
 ing eye;

Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath  
 spoken:

"He that believes on Me shall never die."  
 Through faith and love your spirits shall be

kept;  
 Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus  
 wept."

**3621. JEWS, Dispersion of the.**  
 The wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
 Exulting yet may bound,  
 And drink from all the living rills  
 That gush on holy ground;  
 Its airy step and glorious eye  
 May glance in tameless transport by:

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
 Hath Judah witnessed there;

And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
 Inhabitants more fair.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains  
Than Israel's scattered race;  
For, taking root, it there remains  
In solitary grace:  
It cannot quit its place of birth,  
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly  
In other lands to die;  
And where our fathers' ashes be  
Our own may never lie:  
Our temple hath not left a stone,  
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

*Lord Byron.*

**3622. JEWS, King of the.**

John xviii : 33.

Behold your King! How like, yet how un-  
like,  
The King who suffers and the King who  
reigns;  
Both yonder! Sec, with reed and palm they  
strike,  
With mocking lip deriding His sharp pains.  
No royalty is here, no power, no throne,  
No homage shows itself, yet is He King.  
He cometh to His own, and yet His own  
Receive Him not, nor gifts nor service bring.

Behold the Man! The purple robe is His,  
The crown of thorns His only diadem.  
Is this the mighty Judge of all? Is this  
Judah's great King, the rod of Jesse's stem?  
And yet, with all that outward guise of  
scorn,  
The beams of heavenly majesty are seen  
Bright shining underneath each twisted  
thorn,  
Like sun behind the cloud's deep-veiling  
screen

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3623. JEWS, Return of the.**

Isaiah lxvi : 20.

They are coming, coming from the far East,  
With spoils of an empire laden;  
The eagles of Tartary scream for a feast,  
For the tones of the timbrel and harp have  
ceased,  
And weary are man and maiden.

They are coming, coming; as on they go,  
Ten thousand flock to greet them,  
From the heart of Mongolia's waste they flow,  
From groves of Bokhara a pilgrim row  
Of exulting thousands meet them.

They are coming, coming; from Toorkistan  
The desert hosts are streaming,  
And the shout is of "Beni-Israel;"—i' the  
van  
Are the flashing eyes of the wild Affghan,  
With his mountain-banner gleaming.

They are coming, coming, crest upon crest;  
All Asia swells their number;

In the land of Euphrates is strange unrest,  
And the sun-smitten waste of Edom unblest  
Awakes from its stony slumber.

**3624. JEWS, The Returned.**

Returning from a stranger-land,  
We come, a feeble, aged band,  
To linger out life's fading hours  
Beside our ruined Salem's towers;  
Where once exulting myriads trod  
To throng the fane of Judah's God,  
With trembling pace her exiles creep,  
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep.

The spicy breath of Lebanon  
Our welcome sighs, and passes on;  
We stand on Olivet's ascent,  
Where royal David weeping went:  
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,  
'Twas there our beauteous temple rose;  
But not a vestige, not a stone,  
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone!

Unmeet it were for us to dwell  
Where Paynim hymns through Zion swell;  
And day by day, with callous eye,  
Gaze on her faded majesty;  
And view the gorgeous mosque arise,  
Where blazed her holiest sacrifice.  
Beneath the crescent's impious pride  
It is not meet that we abide.

But oh, how pleasant 'tis to die  
Where Israel's ruined glories lie!  
How sweet to bid her children's bones  
Blend with the dust of Salem's stones!  
Hers is the mould beneath them spread,  
And hers the sod above their head.  
E'en the cold worm, with slimy coil,  
Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weary frames of ours  
Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers;  
Her outcast tribes no longer come  
To greet her as their hallowed home,  
But sadly joy to lay their head  
Beneath her foes' insulting tread;  
To fall by her they could not save;  
Their glory once, and now their grave!

*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

**3625. JEWS, Weeping Places of the.**

Jeremiah lx : 18, 19.

In Babylon they sat and wept,  
Down by the river's willow side;  
And when the breeze their harp-strings swept,  
The strings of breaking hearts repied:  
A deeper sorrow saw and wept,  
No Cyrus comes to set them free  
From ages of captivity.

All lands are Babylons to them,  
Exiles and fugitives they roam;  
What is their own Jerusalem?  
The place where they are least at home!  
Yet hither from all climes they come,



And pay their toll, for leave to shed  
Tears o'er the generations fled.

Still inexterminable, still  
Devoted to their mother-land,  
Her offspring haunt the temple-hill,  
Amidst her desecration stand,  
And bite the lip, and clench the hand ;  
To-day in that lone vale they weep,  
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets sleep.

Ha! what a spectacle of woe!  
In groups they settle on the ground ;  
Men, women, children gathering slow,  
Sink down in reverie profound ;  
There is no voice, no speech, no sound,  
But through the shuddering frame is thrown  
The heart's unutterable groan.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe,  
Themselves like spectres from the dead ;  
Where, shrined in rocks above, beneath,  
With clouds along the valley spread,  
Their ancestors, each on his own bed,  
Repose, till at the judgment-day  
Death and the grave give up their prey.

Before their eyes, as in a glass—  
Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—  
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass,  
But "Ichabod" on all they see  
Brands Israel's foul apostasy ;  
Then last and worst, and crowning all  
Their crimes and sufferings—Salem's fall.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree stirs,  
Kedron's unwatered brook is dumb ;  
But through the glen of sepulchres  
Is heard the city's fervid hum,  
Voices of dogs and children come :  
Till loud and long the medzin's cry,  
From Omar's mosque, peals round the sky.

Blight through their veins those accents send ;  
In agony of mute despair,  
Their garments, as by stealth, they rend ;  
Unconsciously they pluck their hair :  
This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!  
'Twas Judah's once, but fane and priest,  
Altar and sacrifice, have ceased.

And by the Gentiles, in their pride,  
Jerusalem is trodden down ;  
How long?—forever wilt thou hide  
Thy face, O Lord ; forever frown?  
Israel was once Thy glorious crown,  
In sight of all the nation worn ;  
Now from Thy brow in anger torn.

Zion, forsaken and forgot,  
Hath felt Thy stroke, and owns it just :  
O God, our God ! reject us not,  
Her sons take pleasure in her dust :  
How is the fine gold dimmed with rust !  
The city throned in gorgeous state,  
How doth she now sit desolate !

*James Montgomery.*

**3626. JOB, The Faith of.**

Job xix : 25-27.

I call the world's Redeemer mine :  
He lives who died for me, I know,  
Who bought my soul with blood divine ;  
Jesus shall reappear below,  
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,  
And fix on earth His heavenly throne.

Then the last judgment-day shall come,  
And though the worms this skin devour,  
The Judge shall call me from my tomb,  
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,  
And raise this individual me,  
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

In this identic body I,  
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,  
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh ;  
See for myself my smiling Lord ;  
See with ineffable delight,  
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

Then let the worms demand their prey,  
The greedy grave my reins consume ;  
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,  
And rest till my Redeemer come,  
On Christ my Life, in death rely,  
Secure that I can never die.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3627. JOHN, The Apostle.**

Matthew x : 2.

"Amen. E'en so, Lord Jesus, come." Oh! why  
Tarry so long Thy chariot-wheels, while I,  
I only yet remain, and, one by one,  
The tried companions of Thy love are gone!  
And I, all dearest treasures gone before,  
Am left upon the solitary shore?

So better may I learn "Thy will be done;"  
For whom have I in heaven, but Thee alone?  
And whom have I on earth, but only Thee?  
Therefore, with one foot on the stormy sea,  
And one foot fixed on the eternal strand,  
Thou hold'st me by Thy never-failing hand.  
Before Thy face, that bringeth in the day,  
The mountains and the hills shall flee away,  
The sun and stars in darkness make their bed,  
And forth the bridal city shall be led ;  
For Thy blest city needs not sun or moon,  
But in Thy face hath its unwaning noon.  
Therefore alone in Thy eternal love  
I seek for refuge ; Thee in heaven above,  
And Thee below! Blest they who, day and  
night,  
Serve Thee and have their dwelling in Thy  
sight!  
*Isaac Williams.*

**3628. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**

Matthew iii : 1-6.

Why rush the wild thousands  
From salem's proud towers?  
Why rush the wild thousands  
From Jericho's bowers?  
From the vine-covered valley,  
The olive-hill's side,

From the cot, from the palace,  
 Still rushes the tide!  
 The priest and the warrior,  
 The lord and the slave;  
 Still onward they pour  
 To the willow-wreathed shore,  
 Where the wilderness glitters  
 With Jordan's bright wave.

What seek they? A prince,  
 In his tunic of gold!  
 What seek they? A chief,  
 Like their warriors of old.  
 When the Maccabee scythe  
 Mowed the Syrian's mailed hordes,  
 And Arabia was tame  
 At the blaze of their swords.  
 But the Heaven-doomed Roman  
 Has levelled the throne;  
 And like dust on the gale,  
 And like rust on the mail,  
 The old lion-banner  
 Is shattered and gone.

Hark! the shouts of the host  
 As they sweep o'er the plain;  
 See their gesture of triumph,  
 Their glance of disdain.  
 "All hail to the prophet!  
 Four hundred long years  
 Have scourged us with scorpions,  
 Have steeped us in tears.  
 But the kingdom is coming,  
 Its Herald has come.  
 Now the Roman shall feel  
 The tramp of our heel,  
 And the gods of the Gentile  
 Shall plunge in the tomb."

'Tis the Prophet of prophets,  
 For ages forgot,  
 Of the race that the thunders  
 O'er Palestine rolled.  
 With a voice that now saves,  
 And a voice that now stings,  
 Rebuker of people,  
 Rebuker of kings.  
 His eye like the flash  
 As it darts from the cloud.  
 The camels'-hair fold  
 Round his limbs' giant mould,  
 And a forehead to all but  
 Jehovah unbowed.

He speaks—all are hushed.  
 On his lip burns the coal;  
 The flame from the altar,  
 The voice of the soul!  
 "Ho! leaders of Israel,  
 Blind guides of the blind,  
 With madness before you,  
 And vengeance behind;  
 Repent, for the time  
 Of Messiah is nigh;  
 For the firebrand shall glow  
 O'er your city of woe,  
 And the axe at the root  
 Of your grandeur shall lie.

"Why comes the proud Pharisee,  
 Scorn in his eye?  
 Why comes the proud Sadducee,  
 Looking a lie?  
 Ye sons of the hypocrites,  
 Howl in despair.  
 Ye kindred of Spoil,  
 In its doom ye shall share.  
 For the harvest is gathered,  
 The fan in the hand,  
 Ye bosoms of stone,  
 Ye infidels, groan;  
 In the day of His vengeance,  
 What mortal shall stand?"

"He stoops from His throne,  
 Yet is mighty to save;  
 The prisoner of Death,  
 Yet the Lord of the Grave!  
 The King of all kings  
 As a slave shall expire,

But His words shall be Spirit,  
 His baptism be fire.  
 Then Judah shall perish  
 In famine and gore,  
 Till the trumpet shall sound,  
 And the dead be unbound,  
 And Messiah be Monarch,  
 And time be no more."  
*George Croly.*

### 3629. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John i: 23.

Hark through the lonely waste  
 By foot of man unpaced,  
 Prepare the way! a warning voice resounds:  
 Level the opposing hill,  
 The hollow valley fill;  
 Make straight the crooked, smooth the  
 rugged grounds:  
 Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,  
 And through the desert make a highway for  
 our God!

Thine, Baptist, was the cry  
 In ages long gone by,  
 Heard in clear accents by the prophet's ear:  
 As if 'twere thine to wait,  
 And with imperial state  
 Herald some eastern monarch's proud career,  
 Who thus might march his host in full array,  
 And speed through trackless wilds his un-  
 resisted way.

But other task hadst thou  
 Than lofty hills to bow,  
 Make straight the crooked, the rough places  
 Thine was the harder part [plain:  
 To smooth the human heart,  
 The wilderness where sin had fixed his reign;  
 To make deceit his mazy wiles forego,  
 Bring down high-vaulting pride, and lay am-  
 bition low.

Such, Bapti-t, was thy care,  
That no obstruction there  
Might check the progress of the King of  
kings;  
But that a clear highway  
Might welcome the array  
Of heavenly graces which His presence  
brings;  
And where repentance had prepared the  
road,  
There faith might enter in, and love to man  
and God. *Bishop Munt.*

**3630. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Beheading of.**  
Matthew xiv : 3-12.

From forth the Tetrarch's palace shone afar  
The blazing lights, and floods of richest song  
Were poured into the heavy ear of night.  
'Twas Herod's birthday, and his endless praise  
Was sung and quaffed in flowing cups of  
All was revelry; and on every side [wine,  
Were beauteous women, lavishing their  
smiles  
On men distinguished at the battle's front.  
Soul spoke to soul set free with mirth and  
wine,  
And all were steeped in riotous delight.  
Suddenly came among them Salome  
In ravishing attire of Eastern clime.  
Enraptured with her faultless grace and skill  
In all the mazy rounds of giddy dance,  
And taken with the spell of loveliness  
That held his will in silken fetters bound,  
In utter madness, Herod then cried out:  
"Ask what thou wilt; it shall be truly thine,  
Even to the gift of half my kingdom."  
Salome panted, and each one held his breath  
And wondered what her fancy would dictate.  
Perchance 'twould be to gratify a love  
She dared not whisper in this royal court;  
Or else to satisfy some slight caprice  
Worth more than rubies to a maiden's heart.  
While she delayed not knowing what to ask,  
Her unnatural mother bade her say:  
"Give in a charger John the Baptist's head."  
This said she to the king, who, much amazed  
And grieved, yet gave consent to her request.  
And soon the Baptist's gory head is brought  
And laid in her cruel, pitiless hands,  
Belonging to a heart more hard than they.  
Methinks I see this damsel tripping go  
To her vile mother with the bleeding head,  
Which, when alive, durst speak her sin and  
shame,  
And now is deaf to vile reproach and scoff.  
'Tis said she much abused that saintly head,  
And at it uttered many gibes and taunts,  
And even slit its tongue with bodkin keen;  
But never, till she drew her latest breath,  
Could she blot out the image from her mind  
Of that good man, whose searching eyes,  
though dead,  
Seemed ever after to reveal her shame,  
And show her better self how base and vile  
Were all her bared deformities of soul.

*Alexander Macauley.*

**3631. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Death of.**

Mark vi : 17-29.

Herod heard him, and Herodias, seated on  
their ivory throne.  
Something in them craved an audience, and  
he spake to them alone;  
Spake of sin, and death, and judgment,  
things done wrong and undone things.  
What to him a royal sinner? He had seen  
the King of kings!  
Herod trembled; deeds of rapine clustered  
round his bygone path,  
Spectres of departed passions, harbingers of  
coming wrath.  
Bid them all avaunt forever! Blot them  
from his feverish view!  
Still forgotten crimes are rising, and his tor-  
tured soul pursue.  
He will doff his purple robes, in sackcloth  
and in ashes lie.  
What is time? A day-dream. Oh, that burn-  
ing word, eternity!  
Not enough? Why looks the Baptist with  
that fixed and solemn gaze?  
Gold and silver, pearls and rubies, on the  
temple gate shall blaze.  
Not enough! Why looks the Baptist pierc-  
ing through his soul and life?  
Ha! the queen, his royal consort! nay, his  
brother Philip's wife.  
Herod shrank, but smiled Herodias, though  
the gathering vengeance drained  
Lip of blood, and cheek of blushes. Further  
answer she disclaimed,  
But arose, drew forth the monarch, said  
their royal tryst was o'er;  
And that night in chains the Baptist pressed  
Macharus' dungeon floor.  
Mirth and music hand in hand were floating  
through the fairy scene;  
All were praising Herod's glory, all were  
lauding Herod's queen;  
When at given sign was silence, and the  
guests reclined around,  
And a lonely harper, waking from the chords  
a dreamlike sound,  
Breathed delight and soft enchantment over  
ear, and heart, and soul;  
None could choose but list, and listening,  
none their tenderest thoughts control;  
When the young, the fair Salome, from her  
chamber gently slid,  
Nor loose veil nor golden tresses half her  
mantling blushes hid:  
Young Salome, sixteen summers scarcely on  
her bloom had smiled;  
Art was none, but artless beauty; Nature's  
simplest, fondest child.  
At the banquet's edge she lingered, to her  
mother's side she pressed,  
And essayed to dance, and faltered trem-  
bling; but again caressed,  
As those wild notes with a stronger witchery  
on her spirit fell,  
Stole into the midst, and startled, timid as a  
young gazelle,

Trod the air with printless footsteps, as the breezes tread the sea.  
 Moved to every tone responsive, like embodied melody:  
 Till emboldened, as she floated like a cloud of light along,  
 Mingled with melodious music gentler cadences of song,  
 And when every ear was ravished, every heart subdued with love,  
 Dropped at length, as drops the skylark from its azure home above,  
 Swiftly, with an angel's swiftness, with a mortal's sweetness sweet,  
 Glowing, trembling, trusting, loving, dropped at length at Herod's feet.

Heaven be witness, Herod grants her the petition she prefers;  
 Half his kingdom were mean dowry for a loveliness like hers.

To Herodias young Salome fondly turns, with grateful smiles:  
 Gold of Ophir, pearls of ocean, nard and spice of happier isles,  
 What of choice and costly treasures, choicest, costliest shall she claim?

Then a glare of fiendish triumph in that cruel cold eye came;  
 And the queen's heart heaved with vengeance; and she gasped with quickened breath

Brief words of envenomed malice, warrant of the prophet's death.

Why that sudden ashy pallor? why that passionate caress?

Bends the sapling in the tempest; weakness yields to wickedness.

Hark! the bolt is drawn, how slowly; see! the dungeon door flung wide;

Weapons gleam along the passage; armed men are by his side.

In their looks he read his sentence, and he knew his hour was come,

And his proud neck meekly offered to the stroke of martyrdom:

And, as flashed the headsmen's broadsword, rose the sun on Pisgah's height;

And the morning star was hidden in the flood of golden light.

*E. H. Bickersteth.*

### 3632. JOHN THE BAPTIST, Life of.

Mark i : 6.

. . . Westward of that sea where plies no skiff,

On the bare bleak upland, nestling only to the rugged cliff,

Far from all the noise of cities, far from all their idle mirth,

Where God's voice was heard in whispers, and the heavens were near to earth,

There he grew, as grows the lonely pine upon the foreland's crest,

Fronting tempests, northward, southward, sweep they east, or sweep they west,

Wrapping round the rocks her roots like iron bands in breadth and length,

Here and there a moss or lichen shedding tenderness on strength.

Thus he grew: the child of age, no brother clasped in equal arms,

No sweet sister throwing o'er him the pure magic of her charms;

Heir of all his father's ripe experience both of things and men,

Ripened by the mellow suns that shine on threescore years and ten;

Heir of all his saintly mother's burning concentrated love,

Pent for decades and now loosened by a mandate from above.

For the rest, no human friendship shared his fellowship with God,

Lonely like the lonely Enoch was the path his spirit trod:

Meet for him whose fearless banner was ere long aloft unfurled,

God's ambassador, Christ's herald, in a lapsed and guilty world.

Gliding years passed on; and childhood grew to youth, and youth to prime:

Bodings filled the land, and rulers called the age a troublous time.

Let it be—all time is troublous; and there is no crystal sea

Betwixt Eden and the trumpet ushering in the great To be.

Nathless storms were rife, and rumors each the other chased from Rome,

Though their echo knocked but feebly at the porch of that far home;

And they scarcely stirred the pulses in the old man's languid heart,

As he pled the prayer of Simeon, "Let me now in peace depart;"

Scarcely jarred the heavenly foretastes of the rapt Elizabeth,

Of as was her wont repeating, "Welcome life, thrice welcome death."

Drooped they both with drooping autumn, with the dying year they died,

And in one deep stony chamber slumber sweetly side by side;

But before they slept confided to the Baptist's ear a story,

Richer heirloom, loftier honor than the wide world's wealth and glory:

From his sire he heard the marvel of his own predestined birth,

From his mother's lips a mystery which transcends all things of earth.

Now the lonely home was lonelier, now the silence more unmarred,

Now his rough-spun dress was rougher, and his hardy fare more hard.

Yet he moved not. God who guided Israel o'er the trackless waste,

When his hour was come, would call him;  
and with God there is no haste.  
Meanwhile of all sacred stories, which his  
bosom fired and filled,  
One, the Tishbite, more intensely through  
and through his bosom thrilled.  
O that sacrifice on Carmel; O that fire that  
fell from heaven:  
O that nation's shout "Jehovah;" O that  
bloody, stormy even;  
O that solitary cavern; O that strong and  
dreadful wind;  
Rocking earthquake, flames of vengeance;  
O that still small Voice behind:  
Those long years of patient witness, crowned  
by victory at last:  
Israel's chariot, Israel's horsemen! like a  
dream the vision passed.  
"Would to God the prophet's mantle might  
but fall upon my soul!  
Would to God a seraph touch me with Esaias'  
living coal!"

As he prayed, his soul was troubled with a  
sudden storm of thought,  
And again was hushed in silence with pro-  
founder feeling fraught:  
And the Spirit's accents, whether on his mortal  
ear they fell,  
Or without such audience trembled on his  
spirit, none might tell.  
But they came to him. The altar had been  
built and piled and laid:  
God Himself alone must kindle that which He  
alone had made.  
Through the crowded streets of Salem, see,  
they whisper man to man,  
Like a flash of summer lightning through  
the heavens, the tidings ran:  
"In the wilderness by Jordan unto us a Voice  
is sent,  
God is on His way. His herald cries before  
He comes, Repent."

On the mart of busy traffic, on the merchant's  
growing hoard.  
On the bridegroom's perfumed chamber, on  
the banquet's festive board,  
On the halls where pleasure squandered all  
the heaps of avarice,  
On the dreams of blind devotion, on the loath-  
some haunts of vice,  
Like a thunder-roll the tidings fell, and lo!  
the sudden gloom  
Then and there gave fearful presage of the  
coming day of doom.  
But the workman left his workshop, and the  
merchant left his wares,  
And the miser left his coffers, and the Phari-  
see his prayers:  
From Jerusalem to Jordan, see they pour a  
motley group,  
Young men, maidens, old men, children,  
priests and people, troop on troop;  
Neighbor thought not now of neighbor, pa-  
rent scarcely thought of child;

There were few who spoke or answered, there  
were none who jeered or smiled:  
No one wept: tyrannic conscience sealed  
their eyes and ears and lips,  
And Eternity was shadowing Time with ter-  
rible eclipse.

There it wound that ancient river; there he  
stood, that lonely man.  
Is it yet too late? to rearmost some shrank  
back, some forward ran:  
Brave men quailed, and timid women bolder  
seemed beneath his eye:  
Age grew flushed, and youth grew paler, and  
the voice was heard to cry,  
"God is on His way. The Judge already  
stands before the gate.  
Make the lofty low before Him, rugged  
smooth, and crooked straight."  
As the multitudes in thousands round Him  
thronged, a timorous flock,  
Fell his words like hail in harvest, like the  
hammer on the rock,  
Breaking stony hearts to shivers, cloaking,  
sparing, softening naught,  
But with lightning flash revealing midnight  
mysteries of thought.  
God was Master, man was servant; right was  
right, and wrong was wrong:  
Signers might dream on a little, but the re-  
spite was not long.  
Good or evil fruit-trees—whether of the  
twain? no test but fruit:  
Cut it down; the fire is kindled, and the axe  
lies at the root.  
Wherefore call themselves the children of the  
God-like Abraham?  
Things that are alone are precious unto the  
supreme I AM. [pale and dumb?  
Generation bred of vipers, wherefore are they  
Will they flee? oh! who hath warned them of  
the dreadful wrath to come?  
Are the dry bones stirring, breathing? God  
can raise up men from stones.  
See the Lamb, the dying Victim! only life for  
life atones:  
And the deep red current, flowing from the  
firstlings Abel vowed,  
Cries from age to age for mercy, louder yet,  
and yet more loud,  
Till the sacrifice be offered for the world's  
stupendous guilt,  
And the Lamb of God is smitten on the altar  
God has built.  
Is the hard heart bruised and contrite? Do  
they weep and vow and pray?  
It is well; let Jordan's waters wash their  
loathed stains away.  
But the coming One, whose coming now was  
every moment nigher,  
He, the Son of God, baptizes with the Holy  
Ghost and fire:  
In His hand the fan that winnows; at His  
feet the harvest floor;  
Chaff the food for quenchless burnings; gar-  
nered wheat for evermore.

So it was from dawn to sunset, so it was from  
day to day,  
Thousands coming, thousands going, till  
the summer wore away:

Ever seemed the voice more solemn, and the  
message more sublime:  
Jordan's lonesome fords were crowded like  
God's hill at paschal time.

When one eve—the roseate west was watch-  
ing for the tardy sun,—  
Mingling with that throng of sinners came  
the Only Sinless One;

And the Master knelt a suppliant, and  
abashed the servant stood,  
While the holy Christ demanded baptism in  
that cleansing flood.

It is done: Messiah rises from the parted  
waves; and lo!  
The blue heavens are rent asunder, and a  
dove, more white than snow,  
From the gates of light descending like a  
crown of glory glowed,

Moving towards Him, hovering o'er Him,  
brooding on His head, abode:  
And a Voice more deep than thunder from  
the everlasting throne,

“Thou, my Son, my well Beloved, Thou art  
my delight alone.”

This the Baptist heard. And straightway  
love divine his soul possessed.  
Henceforth all his yearning spirit found its  
centre, knew its rest.

Solitudes no more were lonely, wildernesses  
were not wild:

He had seen the Word Incarnate, seen the  
Father's Holy Child.

And the pure ideal imaged in his heart of  
hearts was such

That no earthly joys could dim it, and no  
human sorrows touch.

Let the vexed waves surge around him!  
Welcome, weariness and strife!

Christ was now his peace, his passion—the  
one passion of his life.

He must decrease, Christ must increase, and  
His kingdom know no end.

He had heard the Bridegroom's accents, he  
was called the Bridegroom's friend.

Be it that his days were numbered: this was  
joy enough for him;

And his cup of life was mantling to the over-  
flowing brim.

Let his lamp grow pale and paler; only let  
the Sun be bright,

And the day-star hide its radiance in that  
perfect Light of light.

So his breast grew calm and calmer, less of  
self and selfish leaven;

So the fire burned pure and purer, less of  
earth and more of heaven;

And a loftier hope sustained him as his des-  
tined path he trod,

Preaching a world-wide salvation, heralding  
the Lamb of God!

And the voice rang in the palace, as in hovel  
and in tent,

“Lo! the coming One is come; His kingdom  
is at hand: repent.”

*E. H. Bickersteth.*

### 3633. JOHN, The Forerunner.

Luke i : 76.

Before the summer comes the spring;  
And buds the autumn fruits forerun;  
The trumpeter precedes the king;  
The morning-star before the sun.

Before Messiah's earthly reign,  
Ere yet He was revealed to sight;  
Before the Holy Nazarene,  
Came John, the lowly Nazarite.

Most simple was his rustic fare;  
Wild and uncouth his Arab dress;  
His constant habitations were  
Wild places of the wilderness.

He was the witness of his Lord,  
The herald of the coming King,  
The preacher of his Master's word,  
The tidings of His grace to bring.

The people flocked from every side,  
And multitudes from all the land  
Now heard the voice of him that cried,  
“Repent, the kingdom is at hand!”

He was a bold, unswerving man:  
Stern messenger sent on before,  
To wield the searching, sifting fan, [floor];  
And throughly purge the threshing-

A man of strong and earnest might,  
No bending reed before the wind;  
A burning and a shining light,  
Until the Greater Light had shined.

This was the path the Baptist trod:  
By true repentance, fasting, prayer,  
To guide to Jesus, Son of God,  
And leave his Master matchless there.

And as the morning sun mounts high,  
The morning-star must needs decrease,  
Until “the Mightier than I”  
Commands the servant's work to cease.

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3634. JONAH FLEEING FROM DUTY.

Jonah i : 5-14.

Dark is the night;  
The waves run high;  
In dread affright  
The voyagers cry,  
And muttering thunders make reply.

“O Ashteroth,  
We love thee well!”  
“Oh hear us, Bel!  
Why art thou wroth?  
What power of hell  
Has sent this storm? O Baal, tell!”

Is it thy crime,  
 O helmsman? say,  
 What doleful day,  
 What distant clime,  
 What unpropitious hour of time  
 Has seen thy sin? Oh tell us, pray!

What oarsman's guile  
 Thus finds him out?  
 Who dares defile  
 With scornful smile  
 With undevout  
 And impious shout  
 His household gods, and thus defile  
 And wreck the stout,  
 Brave ship in which he sails, the while?

"It is my sin,"  
 A voice replies  
 From deep within  
 The ship, where lies  
 A prophet, who from duty flies!

"Let me be cast  
 Where yawns the wave,  
 If there at last  
 Remains a grave  
 A Jonah from himself to save!"

Vain is the plea!  
 It cannot be!  
 Thou canst not flee  
 From sin that is a part of thee!  
 Nor wave, nor grave  
 Can ever save  
 A sinner from Divinity!  
 Repent and live,  
 And God shall give  
 Forgiveness for eternity!

*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

### 3635. JONAH, Sins of.

Jonah iv : 4.

Deep in his meditative bower  
 The tranquil seer reclined,  
 Numbering the creepers of an hour,  
 The gourds which o'er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit  
 Which soothes the languid sense,  
 He deemed a safe, refined pursuit—  
 His Lord an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,  
 "Lift thou the prophet's rod!"  
 But sloth had sapped the prophet's strength  
 He feared and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,  
 He threatens the offending race;  
 God spares: he murmurs, pride-inflamed,  
 His threat made void by grace.

What? pride and sloth! man's worst of foes  
 And can such guests invade  
 Our choicest bliss, the green repose  
 Of the sweet garden-shade?

*J. H. Newman.*

### 3636. JONAH'S GOURD.

Jonah iv : 6-10.

Where is the gourd that sudden rose  
 To screen a weary pilgrim's head,  
 T' assuage the violence of my woes,  
 And bless me with its cooling shade,  
 Make all my cares and sorrows cease,  
 And turn my anguish into ease?

A worm hath smote my verdant bower,  
 And lo! how soon it fades away!  
 It could not stand the morning hour,  
 Or bear the scorching heat of day.  
 My withered joy, alas! is fled;  
 My fence is gone—my friend is dead.

Dead, dead are all my hopes below,  
 On earth I look for no relief;  
 No pause, or interval of woe,  
 No respite, or suspense of grief;  
 My short-lived happiness is o'er,  
 And human friendship is no more.

The fiery sun's directest ray,  
 The vehement wind's severest blast,  
 Beat on me in this evil day;  
 Oh might I now complain my last,  
 Now, now lay down my fainting head,  
 And weary sink among the dead!

Better for me to die than live  
 An useless life of grief and pain;  
 Oh wouldst Thou, Lord, my spirit receive!  
 But purge it first from every stain,  
 From all my foes and friends set free,  
 And then receive me up to Thee.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3637. JONATHAN'S ARMOR-BEARER.

1 Samuel xiv : 6, 7.

Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,  
 Waiting to follow at the King's command;  
 Marching if "onward" shall the order be,  
 Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward!" the call!  
 See! see the faltering ones! backward they  
 fall!

Surely the Captain may depend on me,  
 Though but an armor-bearer I may be.

Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,  
 Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,  
 Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,  
 Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share  
 Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;  
 If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,  
 Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

*P. P. Bliss.*

**3638. JORDAN BY MOONLIGHT.**

Moonlight upon this sacred stream!  
How softly glad its waters gleam,  
Like infant's smile or childhood's dream;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the shaggy wood  
That, age on age, has calmly stood,  
Fringing this river's holy flood;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these hills of gloom,  
Old Moab's watch-tower and his tomb,  
Each peak a monumental dome;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the lone unrest  
Of yon dark sea's slow-heaving breast,  
Unloved, untenanted, unblest;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these yellow sands,  
Where yonder wan ruin crumbling stands,  
The savage home of Arab bands;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on yon far western height,  
At whose green base, a gem of light,  
Jerusalem sits fair and bright;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon yon nearer hill,  
Whence springs the prophet-healed rill,  
Fruitful and sweet, and pleasant still;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight in yonder matchless sky,  
In which, bright bending from on high,  
Star seems with star in light to vie;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Pisgah's watch-tower grand,  
Whence the loved prophet saw the land,  
Stretching afar from strand to strand;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Nebo's peak and cave,  
Where, looking down on Jordan's wave,  
God for His prophet dug the grave;—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon my lonely tent,  
Which, like some marble monument,  
Gleams to a spotless firmament;—  
Beautiful!

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3639. JORDAN, Passage of the.**

Joshua iii : 14-17.

My feet are treading on the very brink  
Of death's swift-rolling waters, and my heart,  
That longed in weariness of earth for this,  
Grows trembling and amazed. The wilder-  
ness,  
Hot with its burning sands and poisoned  
winds,  
Rugged with toilsome paths and frowning  
steeps,

Loses its frightful aspect, and invites [ways.  
The wanderer back to tread once more its  
There were some palm-trees in the trackless  
waste,  
Some flowers that grew beneath their kindly  
shade;

All was not desolate, and dark, and drear,  
And I may find a rest and gather strength  
Ere I go hence. For now my heart is low,  
My pulses flutter faintly, and a mist  
Is gathering o'er my eyes; the fearful roar  
Of wild and stormy waters fills my soul.  
I have no power to breast the foaming waves:  
Already do I shudder as the spray  
Dashes upon my brow with ice-cold kiss.  
So, when the tribes of Israel stood beside  
The Jordan's swollen, turbid stream of old,  
May one amid the joyful host have stayed:  
Some fair young girl whose robes were soiled  
with dust,  
Whose sandalled feet had longed for this  
repose.

Perhaps with all the rest this hour had  
seemed  
The blest fulfilment of a life-long prayer;  
And now the toil was o'er, it but remained  
To enter into rest. The deep wild flood,  
How could its waves be trod? What new  
support  
Would be vouchsafed to lead her safely  
through?

A shout of triumph rose from all around;  
None noticed that her cheek grew ashen pale,  
Or marked the trembling of her folded hands:  
When lo! the waves divide, as when at first  
Her father's band had crossed the angry sea  
That welm'd the horse and rider in its  
depths.

The ark of God, supported by His priests,  
Sent back the billows heaped on either side;  
And now with eyes upraised, as if to seek  
The cloudy pillar which had ever been  
A guide through all their wanderings, and  
with trust

Serene and child-like in the hand that gave  
The food of angels daily from on high,  
The maiden joined the glad thanksgiving  
song,  
And passed dry-shod where she had feared  
to tread.

So let it be. The ark has gone before,  
The white-robed priests point to its onward  
way.

Friends, kindred, beckon from the other  
side;

Oh, craven souls, to shrink from what they  
love,

To dream of turning back from promised rest,  
Back to the fearful wilderness of sin!  
So leaning on the arm that hath upheld  
My footsteps since I faltered near the cross,  
Looking for courage to the patient eyes  
That watched my wanderings with forgiving  
glance,—



My friends! my Master! see, I brave with  
Thee  
The flood that closes round me as I pass.  
My lips, no longer trembling with affright,  
Murmur, "O grave! where is thy victory  
now?"

O death! thy victim robs thee of thy sting."  
*Alice B. Neal.*

**3640. JORDAN, Smitten.**

*2 Kings ii : 8.*

When God receives His servants up,  
As at the stream of death we stop,  
On Jordan's brink a moment stay:  
But Jesus, our immortal guide,  
Did by His death the waves divide,  
And shows our souls an open way.

Christ and the promised land in view,  
His ransomed pass securely through,  
How'er the idle billows roar;  
In our Elijah's mantle clad,  
By His eternal Spirit stayed,  
We reach with songs the heavenly shore!  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3641. JORDAN, The Banks of.**

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks;  
More golden where the sunlight falls;  
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls  
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,  
As they were all alive with light.  
And yet were splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm west, as if inlaid  
With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
The unclouded skies of Peristân.  
And then the mingling sounds that come  
Of shepherds' ancient reed, with hum  
Of the wild bees of Palestine.  
Banqueting through the flowery vales;  
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine;  
And woods so full of nightingales.

*Thomas Moore.*

**3642. JORDAN. The Other Side.**

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,  
Yet oft there comes a shining beam  
Across from yonder shore;  
While visions of a holy throng,  
And sound of harp and seraph song,  
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! ah, there's the place  
Where saints in joy past time retrace,  
And think of trials gone;  
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see  
That all on earth had need to be,  
To bring them safely home.

The other side! No sin is there  
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear,

Made white in Jesus' blood;  
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,  
To mar the peace their spirits know,  
Their constant peace with God.

The other side! Its shore so bright  
Is radiant with the golden light  
Of Zion's city fair;  
And many dear ones, gone before,  
Already tread the happy shore;  
I seem to see them there.

The other side! Oh charming sight!  
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,  
For me a loved one waits;  
Over the stream he calls to me:  
Fear not, I am thy guide to be  
Up to the pearly gates.

The other side! His well-known voice  
And dear bright face will me rejoice;  
Will me in fond embrace;  
He'll lead me on until we stand,  
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,  
Before the Saviour's face.

The other side! The other side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
Of earthly toil and care  
To wake one day, when life is past,  
Over the stream, at home at last,  
With all the blessed ones there!

**3643. JORDAN, The Passage of.**

*Joshua iii.*

The mighty Jordan's flood  
Rools on in front, by turbid waters swelled,  
That long amid the mountain heights had  
In icy bondage held. [stood,

But 'tis the Lord's command,  
"Arise, ye priests, and still move on before,  
Bearing the ark, even till your feet shall stand  
On this proud river's shore:

"And where the ark shall lead,  
Follow, ye tribes; but move with holy fear;  
With reverend silence follow, and take heed  
That ye approach not near:

"For ye shall see, this day, [God,  
The outstretched arm of your protecting  
And He shall lead you in a wondrous way  
Ye ne'er before have trod."

The tribes, obedient, move;  
The priests bear on the ark to Jordan's strand;  
When lo! the waters, rushing from above,  
Heaped up and moveless stand!

While, falling more and more. [die,  
The floods that downward flow subside and  
And Israel finds to Canaan's promised shore  
A passage safe and dry!

So o'er this mortal scene [Ark,  
Heavenward let us still follow Christ our  
Nor stand dismayed, though Jordan roll  
His waters deep and dark. [between

For while, with trusting heart,  
We look to Him, our Guardian and our Guide,  
The swelling waters of that flood shall part,  
And more and more subside.

As nearer draws the hour [cease,  
That sees at last our pilgrim-wanderings  
[its terrors more and more shall lose their  
Till all is joy and peace! [power,  
Small.

### 3644. JORDAN, The River.

Like an arrow from the quiver,  
To the sad and lone Dead Sea  
Thou art rushing, rapid river,  
Swift, and strong, and silently.

Through the dark green foliage stealing,  
Like a silver ray of light,  
Who can tell the pilgrim's feeling  
When thy waters meet his sight?

All the deeds of sacred story,  
All its marvels great and true,  
All that gives the Jordan glory,  
Rush upon his raptured view!

Nature! here thy laws were altered,  
Jordan's bed became a track;  
Man at God's command has faltered,  
Willing rolled the Jordan back.

Like a wall, its wondrous waters  
Shining rise and solid stand,  
Israel, till thy sons and daughters  
Safely reach the promised land.

Pilgrim's garb aside now laying,  
Let thy garments shining flow,  
Spear and standard wide displaying,  
Army, forth with banners go!

Humbly to thy brink descending,  
Syria's proud lord was seen,  
Seven times 'neath thy waters bending,  
Lo! the leper rises clean.

Symbol of the blood of Jesus,  
Shed upon the sacred tree,  
This has made thy water precious,  
Jordan, and a joy to see.

Blood of cleansing, blood most holy,  
Shed for sinners such as me,  
Let me, like the leper lowly,  
Wash away my sins in thee.

Emblem bright of Death's dark river,  
Long I linger on thy shore;  
All its waves can harm me never,  
Now the Ark has gone before.

*Anderson.*

### 3645. JORDAN, The River.

Few ruins now those willowy banks disclose,  
But fresh as in old days the current flows;  
Here lofty reeds and palms shut out the  
beam,

And there romantic rocks o'erhang the  
stream.

Rare flowers, man trains not, deck the mossy  
ground,

And each slight breeze wafts almond-blooms  
around;

The bee secure along the liliated shore [store;  
Winds her blithe horn, and steals her honeyed  
Blue skies look down on bluer waves; the air  
Is soft and fragrant, as some angel there,

Just flown from paradise, had spread his  
plume,

Hushing the earth, and shaking round per-  
fume. [rest,

Sweet Jordan! surely here sad hearts might  
And calm Religion love a scene so blest.

How famed this lonely tract in sacred lore!  
'Twas here the desert prophet roamed of yore;

Far south dark Nebo lifts its hoary head,  
Whence Moses viewed the land he could not  
tread,

Toward Canaan cast his dim-beholding eye,  
And blessed the scene before he sank to die.

Here, too, the mighty seer Elijah came,  
And rose to heaven, upborne by steeds of  
flame.

In yon wild valley mouldered Ammon lowers,  
And shattered walls are seen, and fallen  
towers;

There reigned a king who swayed these palmy  
plains;

No child of Lot, no subject now remains;  
Lone sits the stork in Ammon's royal halls,  
And from her reed-grown courts the bull-frog  
calls. *Nicholas Michell.*

### 3646. JOSEPH.

O purest semblance of the Eternal Son!  
Who dwelt in thee as in some blessed shrine,  
To draw hearts after thee and make them  
thine;

Not parent only by that light was won,  
And brethren crouched who had in wrath  
begun:

E'en heathen pomp abased her at the sign  
Of a hid God, and drank the sound divine,  
Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was  
done.

Then was fulfilled Nature's dim augury,  
That "Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be  
So fair that all must love and bow the knee;"  
Lest it might seem what time the Substance  
came,

Truth lacked a sceptre when It but laid by  
Its beaming front and bore a willing shame.

*John H. Newman.*

### 3647. JOSEPH.

Into some wave, which heedless night-winds  
rock,

The moon comes down with all her starry flock  
Her glorious imagery around her brings,

And forms a temple of celestial things. [on,  
Thus, sweet-souled Joseph, as thy life ran  
Each scene disclosed anew th' eternal Son,  
Till all thou didst, on thy meek purpose  
Became in thee divinely eloquent, [bent,  
Presenting thee, in all that hurried by,  
The mirror of some holier history.

Tried by th' adult'rous world, temptation-  
proof,  
But "numbered with transgressors." Now  
aloof  
Thou sitt'st on high: around the heathen  
press,  
And from thine hand are filled with plente-  
ousness.

But who are these? lift up thine eyes: behold  
Thy brethren—they who set at naught, and  
sold!

Bid all depart. Ye little company,  
Come ye around, behold Me! "it is I!"  
Feel me, fear not! the prisoner's chain un-  
bind:

But who is he that lingers yet behind,  
"Out of due time"? Let ye the stranger in:  
'Tis mine own Paul, mine own loved Benja-  
min. *Isaac Williams.*

**3648. JOSEPH.**

Heaven's favorite down a darksome pit they  
cast,

His rich-hued robe and lofty dreams deriding;  
Then, from his tears their ruthless faces  
hiding,

Sell him to merchants who with spicery past.  
The changeful years o'er that fair slave fied  
fast:

Behold him now in glorious chariot riding,  
Arrayed in shining vesture, and presiding  
O'er Egypt's councils, owned by Heaven at  
last.

In pit or palace, God's own hand was weaving  
The "many-colored" texture of his days,  
The brightest tints till last in wisdom leaving  
So when in dismal paths our feet are sinking,  
Let us be looking soon for lightsome rays,  
For our wise Father "thoughts of peace is  
thinking." *R. Wilton.*

**3649. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.**

Genesis xlv : 1.

"Come near to me, I pray you?"

It is the Saviour speaking!

His loving condescension

An interview is seeking!

I tremble at His love, but I draw near,  
In sweet confusedness of joy and fear.

Behold in Me your Brother,  
The Brother whom you sold!

Yet fear not, for I love you  
With love that grows not cold.

Through death and resurrection I have passed,  
And now I claim you for My own at last.

Behold Me in My glory!  
And oh! believe Me true,

When I declare that mansions  
Are here prepared for you.  
God sent Me here before you: come and be  
The sharers of My throne; joint heirs with Me

It is My heart's desire  
To have you here with Me,  
That you may see My glory  
And share as well as see.

Then come unto Me! Tarry not, I pray!  
Yet there is room! No need to turn away!

Room, in the land of Goshen,  
The goodly land you see,  
Room, room, for many others:  
Oh, fetch them home to Me?

Go down, on messages of love, below: [go!  
But leave your heart behind you when you

Then give to each this message:  
"Thou shalt be near to Me,  
And there, in My own presence,  
There will I nourish thee.

O famine-stricken soul! why wilt thou die?  
Come unto Me, for I can satisfy."

Describe the land of plenty,  
Where you, by faith, have been;  
Tell them of all the glory

That your own eyes have seen.  
And if they hesitate, and wish to stay,  
Then show them My provision for the way!

Tell them that He yet liveth,  
Whom they have mourned as dead;  
Tell them that I, their Brother,  
Will do as I have said, [strength,

And they shall surely go from strength to  
Until they see My loving face at length.

And do not let them linger  
To gather up their "stuff,"  
For in the land of Goshen  
They all will have enough!

No poverty or famine waits them here:  
The very trace of grief shall disappear.

One word of loving caution,  
Before I let you go.  
You are too richly laden

To escape the watchful foe:  
Keep close together! And again I say,  
Keep close together, and you win the day!

Go then on this My errand  
Of mercy and of love,  
And win the hearts of thousands  
To seek a home above!

Give them the message, for you know it's true,  
Jesus is yet alive, and lives for you!"

*Catharine Hankey.*

**3650. JOSEPH, Antitype of.**

Acts vii : 9-12.

Jesus, the Father's darling Son,  
In Joseph we behold,  
The Man with God forever one,  
By envious brethren sold;

To Gentile hands delivered o'er,  
Whom God did soon release,  
Whom every knee shall bow before,  
And every tongue confess.

Redeemed from all His sufferings here,  
All power to Him is given,  
Advanced in His own right t' appear  
Before the King of heaven;  
The Spirit He hath received above  
Of wisdom and of grace,  
The fulness of His Father's love  
For Jacob's favored race.

The church His house and kingdom stands,  
And, subjected to Him,  
Acknowledges the mild commands  
Of its great Head supreme;  
Not of a servant, but a Son,  
Jesus the power maintains,  
With full authority alone  
O'er earth and heaven He reigns.

Where the true Joseph is not seen  
To show His providential care,  
Pining distress and famine lean,  
And want of every good is there;  
For Jesus is the real Bread,  
Who gives Himself our souls to feed.

We hear the word which faith conveys,  
That corn is still in Egypt found;  
That mercy rich and gospel grace  
Doth for the worst of men abound,  
And sinners taste their Lord revealed,  
And heathens with His love are filled.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3651. JOSEPH, Type of Christ.

Sold by them that should have loved thee,  
Prisoner in the heathen's land;  
Given by him who best had proved thee  
To the dungeon and the band;  
From the land of flowers and rain  
Borne to Egypt's dewless plain,  
Leaving tent and pastoral dell,  
And the sire that loved thee well;  
And the airs on upland breezy,  
Where the scented cedars grow;  
For the servant's toil uneasy,  
And the captive's weary woe.

Out of grief to honor risen,  
Winning rapture for thy pain;  
And a palace for thy prison,  
And a sceptre to thy chain;  
Ruling with a gentle art  
Over many a grateful heart;  
Melting with a brother's love  
Those thine anguish could not move;  
Wearing graciously thy glory  
Through the land thy wisdom won;  
How should Christians read thy story,  
Aged Israel's favored son?

As the little sapling tender  
Shows the great oak waving proud;  
As the cold lake burns with splendor  
From the crimson sunset-cloud;  
So in sufferings of thine  
Trace we out a gift divine;  
And thy sorrows throb and glow  
With a pulse of heavenly woe!  
Type thou art of One more holy,  
Who His glory laid aside,  
Took the form of servant lowly,  
Stooped to suffering man, and died.

He was scorned and sold and hated  
By the men He came to save,  
With a cruel wrath unsated,  
Followed to His three-days' grave.  
Not one pitying thought for Him,  
When His failing eye waxed dim;  
Not one note in sympathy  
With that love so full and free,  
When His tender spirit, yearning,  
Wept those tears of godlike grief,  
O'er the lawless city spurning  
Help and safety and relief.

Now He reigneth high exalted  
Where the white-robed elders stand,  
By the great throne rainbow-vaulted,  
Each with golden harp in hand.  
Thousand, thousand harps adoring,  
Thousand, thousand vials pouring  
Odors sweet of saintly prayers,  
That embalm those heavenly airs,  
Round the Lamb once slain and wounded,  
Breathing till that awful hour,  
When, by heaven's high host surrounded,  
He shall come again in power.

For behind each image saintly  
Burns the light of Jesus' name;  
As the lines lie dim and faintly  
In the Gothic window frame,  
Till the sunlight touch the pane,  
Rising o'er the fretted fane,  
And each form and gorgeous hue  
Starts to sight distinct and true—  
So doth many a sin-stained creature  
Catch a glory from Christ's face,  
And a light is on his features  
That our eyes should love to trace.  
*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

### 3652. JOSHUA.

Joshua v : 15.

By Jericho's doomed towers who stands on  
high,  
With helmet, spear, and glittering panoply?  
"The Christian soldier, like a gleaming star,  
Trained in the wilderness to iron war."  
Take off thy shoes; thy promised land is  
found;  
The place thou standest on is holy ground.  
"Take Thou the shield and buckler, stop  
the way  
Against mine enemies! Be Thou my stay!"

I am thy rock, thy castle: I am He  
Whose feet have dried up the Egyptian sea;  
Fear not, for I am with thee; put on might;  
'Gainst thrones and powers of darkness is  
the fight."

"I go, if Thou go with me; ope the skies,  
And lend me heaven-attemper'd armories."  
Gird truth about thee for thy mailed dress,  
And for thy breast-plate put on righteousness;  
For sandals, beauteous peace; and for thy  
sword,

The two-edged might of God's unfailling  
word;

Make golden hope thy helmet: on, and  
strive;

He that o'ercometh in those courts shall live,  
Whose crystal floor by heavenly shapes is  
trod,

"A pillar in the temple of my God."

*Isaac Williams.*

### 3653. JOSHUA, Miracle of.

Joshua x : 12-14.

See Israel's conquering captain, spear in hand,  
As on the surging battle's foremost crest  
Against those mighty banded hosts he prest;  
With sudden touch of inspiration grand,  
He cried aloud: "O sun! I bid thee stand  
Still upon Gibeon, nor approach the west;  
And thou, O moon! in Ajalon's valley rest;"  
And sun and moon stood still at his com-  
mand.

The world before or since saw no such day,  
When the Lord hearkened to that strange  
behest,

And deigned the rolling orbs of heaven to  
stay;

Yet when Christ's humblest soldier kneels  
to pray,

A power as wondrous clothes His meek re-  
quest,

For His dear sake whom all the worlds obey.

*R. Wilton.*

### 3654. JOSHUA, Miracle of.

The day rose clear on Gibeon. Her bright  
towers

Flashed the red sunbeams gloriously back;  
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel  
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly  
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock  
Played a soft glow, that as a mockery seemed  
To the stern men who girded by its light,  
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath  
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,  
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet  
Wild spices, and the trees of gum which  
shook

By the rude armor on their branches hung.  
Suddenly in the camp, without the walls,  
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war  
Gathered around their kings, and "Joshua!  
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whispered low,  
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,  
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood  
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then

Raised he his helm, and with his temples  
bare,

And hands uplifted to the sky, he prayed:  
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun  
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon  
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased:

And, lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth  
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun  
Pours the unmoving column of his rays  
In undiminished heat; the hours stand still;  
The shade hath stopped upon the dial's face;  
The clouds and vapors, that at night are wont  
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,  
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking  
them up,

Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,  
Glancing o'er mountain-tops, and shining  
down

In broken masses on the astonished plains.  
The fevered cattle group in wondering herds;  
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,  
But find no darkness there, and wander forth  
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;  
The parched, baked earth, undamped by usual  
dews,

Has gaped and cracked, and heat, dry mid-  
day heat,

Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the  
heart,

On with thy armies, Joshua! the Lord  
God of Sabaoth is the avenger now!  
His voice is in the thunder, and His wrath  
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,  
With the keen strength of arrows, on their  
sight.

The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky;  
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,  
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.  
On! till avenging swords have drunk the  
Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till [blood  
Thy banners in retu'ning triumph wave;  
Then yonder orb shall set 'mid golden clouds,  
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,  
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,  
Shining, the rainbow banner of the skies.

*John B. Van Schaick.*

### 3655. JOSIAH, Death of.

2 Chronicles xxxv : 23-25.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Behold your vanquished king;  
The fairest flower of David's stem  
Is blasted in its spring.  
Then spare not, spare not of your tears,  
But let them freely flow,  
Since sceptreless his hand appears,  
And laureless his brow.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Who now shall fill the throne?  
Who wear the royal diadem  
Of Jesse's righteous son?  
Oh! weep for him who hath resigned  
Thy sceptre, seat, and crown;  
For where shalt thou a monarch find  
Like him of fair renown?

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Thy gladsome psalms shall cease,  
And thou shalt be the sport of them  
Who scoff at Heaven's decrees;  
Who laugh at thy Jehovah's name,  
The great eternal One,  
Yet worship an unhallowed flame  
And bow to wood and stone.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Weep for the royal dead,  
And cast aside each costly gem  
That glitters round thy head.  
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn  
Thy dark and cheerless gloom;  
Behold thy monarch slowly borne  
To his ancestral tomb.

### 3656. JUDE.

Jude 3.

One glory kindles night's ærial blue, [hue;  
But clothes each star with its distinctive  
One light from crystal dew-drops on the  
thorn

Calls forth the varied jewels of the morn:  
And, in that little band of Jesus blest,  
To whom our Lord "Himself did manifest,"  
And who on Him in answering love are bent,  
Faith doth in each a varying form present

Thus that deep voice, O Jude! is all thine  
own,  
Though Christ is heard in thy dread warning  
tone,  
And speaks in thee, exhorting with armed  
heed

To wrestle for the everlasting creed.  
Unfolding ever to our feeble sight  
In endless forms, we see the Infinite;  
Nor doth the varied human countenance,  
So manifold in shape and speaking glance,  
Range through more boundless changes,  
than doth love

In spirits which are born of God above.

Thus, Lord, when from Thy vessels of  
rude clay,  
Thou makest up Thy jewels on that day,  
Their diverse hues, with Thy pure lustre  
sown,  
Shall blend to form Thy many-colored  
crown. *Isaac Williams.*

### 3657. JUDEA DESOLATE.

Isaiah 3 : 26.

She sits beneath her with'ring palm,  
With desolation round;  
And Gilead's self can drop no balm  
To heal her cureless wound:  
Her hands upheld to heaven in vain,  
Are compassed with the victor's chain.

And Salem's might is fallen now,  
The temple razed and strown;  
And e'en what war had left, laid low,  
Its ruins overthrown;  
Her warriors—slain on battle day;  
Her daughters—captives far away!

The fire is burning in her heart,  
Though quenched within her eye,  
And though she weeps, those tears impart  
No joy to misery;  
Those tears are like the streams which flow  
From tracks of burning fire below.

She sits beneath her with'ring palm  
In solitary state:  
With not a hope to cheer or calm  
The horrors of her fate:  
And He who once illumed her path  
Hath now withdrawn His face in wrath.

### 3658. JUDAE, The Curse of.

Matthew xxvii : 25.

"Upon us let His blood," they cried,  
"And on our children come!"  
In heaven 'twas heard, though naught re-  
And earth and air were dumb. [plied,  
Time rolled along: reserved on high,  
Remained that awful curse,  
Burden of loftiest prophecy,  
Theme of mysterious verse.

Thou who hast ne'er in peace or war  
To strangers bowed the knee,  
Thy princes like the morning-star,  
Thy people as the sea!  
The blood; the curse, invoked that day  
O'er thee in vengeance came,  
Thy brightness in the dust to lay,  
Thy princes and their fame.

It came thy lofty heart to bow,  
And waste thy pleasant land;  
It swept the glory from thy brow,  
The sceptre from thy hand;  
It met thee on the tented field,  
It met in tower and hall;  
It weighed to earth the warrior's shield,  
And burst thy rampart wall!

It hurled thy temple from its base;  
And still that curse denies  
On ev'ry shore a resting-place  
Beneath th' eternal skies.  
On land, on sea, in storm, in calm,  
Th' avenger shall not sleep;  
And still beneath the ruined palm  
Must Judah sit and weep.

Weep, Judah, weep! Thy lonely shore  
Is emblemed by that tree;  
Thy "milk and honey" flow no more,  
Or flow no more for thee.  
Yet shalt thou turn thee to that blood,  
And, from the curse set free,  
Thy might be as the river flood,  
Thy people as the sea! *H. W. J.*

### 3659. JUDAS.

Matthew xxvii : 3-5.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,  
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,  
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,

Pursued eagerly, nor ever stayed  
Till the betrayer's self it had betrayed.  
Oft changed the place; in hope away to wind;  
But change of place could never change his  
mind;  
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to  
find.

With that, a flaming brand a Fury caught  
And shook and tossed it round in his wild  
thought;

So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatched  
With every star of hope; and as he sought  
(With present fear, and future grief dis-  
traught)

To fly from his own heart, and aid implore  
Of Him, the more he gives, that hath the  
more,  
Whose storehouse is the heavens, too little for  
his store:

And when wild Pentheus, grown mad with  
fear,  
Whole troops of hellish hags about him  
spies;

Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,  
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes;  
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,  
With eyes flung back upon his mother's  
ghost,

That with infernal serpents all embossed  
And torches quenched in blood, doth her  
stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms  
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,  
That now unable to endure their storms,  
"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself whate'er thou  
art,

Hell, hell, already burns in every part."  
So down into his torturer's arms he fell.

Yet off he snatched and started as he hung;  
So, when the senses half enslumbered lie,  
The headlong body ready to be flung  
By the deluding fancy from some high  
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,  
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,  
And, as from heaven it tumbled to the deep,  
Feels a cold sweat through every member  
creep. *Giles Fletcher.*

### 3660. JUDAS'S BETRAYAL OF CHRIST.

Matthew xxvi : 47-50.

Cold is the wind, the scene is drear,  
No ray of comfort can appear  
For Him who comforts all.  
Angels reluctant fold their plumes  
As the great foe his post assumes  
Upon the field to fall.

For, lo! o'er Cedron's shallow stream  
See how those lurid torches gleam  
In fitful streaks of light:  
Weapons of war are glittering there,  
The sword that knows not how to spare  
Either by day or night.

And one before the rest advances,  
Just as a demon when he glances  
Upon some spotless prey;  
And clothes himself in gentle form,  
Lest, prescient of the coming storm,  
The prize should pass away.

O meek Redeemer! dost Thou move  
To meet the traitor, and reprove  
That execrable kiss?  
Yielding Thyself for sinful man,  
Whose life on earth is but a span—  
Was ever love like this?

Alas for me! the guilt is mine  
Whene'er against Thy will benign  
My treacherous heart hath stood;  
Mine are the lips that have betrayed,  
Mine is the debt which must be paid  
With groans and tears and blood.

*M. Bridges.*

### 3661. JUDAS, Doom of.

Matthew xxvii : 3-5.

Satan, who in false Judas kept abode,  
And in his heart fixed his malicious goad,  
Since he had now played all the traitor's  
parts,

A fierce despair into his conscience darts;  
With horror tortured, and confounding  
shame,

Too great to lay to any pardon claim,  
He to the council hastes, confession made  
That he had spotless innocence betrayed;  
His bribe he would refund, which they reject,  
Treating him with contemptuous neglect.

Swelled up with rage, he to the temple goes,  
And on the floor the thirty pieces throws:

'Twas the vile price of a despised slave,  
Which vilest Jews for God incarnate gave.

All there conclude the price of blood not fit  
Into the hallowed treasure to admit,

And bought with that cursed sum the pot-  
ter's field,

Which should a burying-place to strangers  
yield,

Now stiled the field of blood, that all might  
own

'Twas the event by prophecy foreshown.

Judas, of mercy having lost the hope,  
Resolved his life to shorten by a rope;  
A sliding cord he threw his neck around,  
One end upon a lofty bough was bound,  
Then headlong falling, that he soon might  
choke,

His heavy carcass the strong halter broke,  
And falling on a stake, the wretch accursed,  
In horrid manner straight asunder burst,  
And while his limbs in blood and bowels roll,  
He devils importunes to snatch his soul.

Oh unrepeatable and dreadful doom  
Of those who to betray their Lord presume!

*Bishop Ken.*

**3662. JUDAS, The Remorse of.**

Matthew xxvii : 5.

The thirty pieces down he flung,  
 For which his Lord he sold;  
 And turned away his murderous face  
 From that accursed gold.  
 He cannot sleep, he dares not watch;  
 That weight is on his heart, [hope,  
 For which, nor earth nor heaven have  
 Which never can depart.

A curse is on his memory:  
 We shudder at his name;  
 At once we loathe and scorn his guilt,  
 And yet we do the same.  
 Alas! the sinfulness of man,  
 How oft in deed and word  
 We act the traitor's part again,  
 And do betray our Lord!

We bend the knee, record the vow,  
 And breathe the fervent prayer:  
 How soon are prayer and vow forgot,  
 Amid life's crime and care!  
 The Saviour's passion, cross, and blood,  
 Of what avail are they  
 If first that Saviour we forget,  
 And next we disobey?

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,  
 The compact we renew,  
 And Judas rises in our hearts—  
 We sell our Saviour too.  
 How for some moment's vain delight  
 We will embitter years,  
 And in our youth lay up for age  
 Only remorse and tears,

Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord,  
 The souls that turn to Thee;  
 And from the devil and the world  
 Our guard and solace be.  
 And as the mariners at sea  
 Still watch some guiding star,  
 So fix our hearts and hopes on Thee  
 Until Thine own they are.

*Miss L. E. Landon.***3663. JUDAS, The Repentance of.**

Matthew xxvii : 3.

Still echoed through the dark divan  
 The shouts that hailed the doom of blood;  
 When lo! a pale and haggard man  
 Before the stern tribunal stood!  
 He strove to speak, awhile his breath  
 Came fitful as the gasp of death;  
 Nor aught those hollow sounds express,  
 Save guilt and utter wretchedness!

Yet in his wildly glaring eye  
 Such fierce unnatural brightness shone,  
 They deemed some outcast maniac nigh,  
 Some victim of the Evil One;  
 Even the high-priest, in mute amaze,  
 Fixed on that form a shuddering gaze;  
 As if a spectre near him stood  
 That chained his eye and chilled his blood.

An instant, and the stern old man  
 Grew cold and reckless as before;  
 A moment flushed his aspect wan;  
 It passed as in a moment o'er:  
 He knew the form that trembled there,  
 Knew whence the madness and despair,  
 And the brief awe his brow had worn  
 Changed to a smile of withering scorn.

There on his knees the traitor fell,  
 There dashed to earth the price of blood,  
 And twice essayed his tale to tell, [stood.  
 And twice the o'ermastering fiend with-  
 Faltering, at length, his accents came,  
 Words more than anguish, worse than shame:  
 "Oh, I have sinned! I have sold  
 The guiltless blood for guilty gold!"

Then curled that proud priest's lip of scorn,  
 Hate flashed from his indignant eye;  
 And "Go," he cried, "thou wretch foresworn;  
 Accursed live, unpardoned die!  
 The deed is done, the price is paid,  
 For Him thy coward soul betrayed,  
 His blood may sate the wrath divine,  
 But who, foul traitor, recks of thine?"

He heard, and with a frantic yell  
 Of agony and wild despair,  
 With guilt that not a Cain could tell,  
 Remorse that not a Cain could bear,  
 He rushed—oh, whither? Human eye  
 Saw not the doomed apostate die;  
 He fell, unpitied, unforgiven,  
 Outcast alike of earth and heaven!

*Thomas Dale.***3664. JUDGE, The Unjust.**

Luke xviii : 2-8.

A widow, poor, forlorn, oppressed,  
 Importunate her suit could gain;  
 And shall not we our joint request  
 By persevering prayer obtain?

A stranger to the judge she was,  
 But we God's chosen people are;  
 And wishing us to gain our cause,  
 Himself doth all our burdens bear.

To an unrighteous judge she came,  
 But to a righteous Father we,  
 Who bids us confidently claim  
 His grace for needy sinners free:

The widow's and the orphan's Friend  
 Kindly commands us to draw nigh:  
 And lo! our hearts to heaven ascend,  
 And boldly Abba, Father, cry!

She had no promise to succeed,  
 And but at times could find access;  
 Encouraged we, and sure to speed,  
 Both day and night our suit may press.

Her vehemence did the judge provoke;  
 But God our earnestness approves,  
 Watches our every sigh and look,  
 And most the boldest suitor loves.



She had no friend or patron kind  
To enforce and make her suit his own;  
But we a powerful spokesman find  
Before us at the Father's throne.

Our Advocate forever lives  
For us in heaven to intercede,  
For us the Comforter receives,  
And sends Him in our hearts to plead.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3665. JUDGMENT, Day of.**

1 Thessalonians iv : 15-17.

Rise, O Lord! in all Thy glory  
On the last and dreadful day:  
Lo, the lofty hills are hoary,  
Trembling ere they melt away!  
Come to judgment, come to judgment;  
Let Thy wheels no longer stay.

Crash on crash of distant thunder  
Peals aloud from pole to pole,  
As in wrath they burst asunder,  
And the skies together roll;  
Clothed in sackcloth, clothed in sackcloth,  
Withering like a parchment scroll.

Now the universe in motion  
Sinks upon her funeral pyre;  
Earth dissolving, and the ocean  
Vanishing in final fire:  
Hark the trumpet, hark the trumpet  
Loud proclaims the hour of ire!

Graves have yawned in countless numbers,  
From the dust the dead arise;  
Legions out of silent slumbers  
Wake in overwhelmed surprise:  
Where all nature, where all nature  
Wrecked and torn in ruin lies.

Lo, that last long separation  
As the cleaving crowds divide,  
And one dread adjudication  
Sends each soul to either side!  
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Mercy,  
How shall I that day abide?

Sign of safety, see it lightening,  
Once the Cross of crimson shame;  
And with heavenly lustre brightening  
Those who suffered in its name:  
Mighty millions, mighty millions,  
Radiant with their wings of flame.

Rise, O Lord! in all Thy glory  
On Thine amaranthine throne;  
Thousand, thousand worlds adore Thee  
From the centre to the zone;  
Hail! Emmanuel, hail! Emmanuel,  
Let our hearts be all Thine own.

*M. Bridges.*

**3666. JUDGMENT, The.**

Matthew xxiv : 29-35; Revelations i : 7.

Hark! the judgment trump has blown!  
How it rolls along the air!

Time and Hope forever flown,  
Sinners, for your doom prepare.

Slowly o'er the lurid sky  
Rolls a dark, terrific storm,  
Showing to the startled eye  
On its skirts a giant Form.

Hark! the rattling hail descends;  
See! the forked lightnings glow  
As that Form in auger bends,  
Frowning on the world below.

Riding on the whirlwind's wing,  
Canopied in clouds He flies;  
With His voice the mountains ring,  
With His presence glow the skies.

Earthquakes roar and rocks the ground,  
Tyrants bow before His rod,  
Nations tremble at the sound,  
When they hear the voice of God.

Lo! the God! He comes in wrath;  
Vengeance drives His iron car,  
Lightnings pave His flaming path,  
As He hurries to the war.

"I have waited long, and spared  
Ingrates on My bounty fed;  
Now My red right arm is bared,  
Now your day of hope is fled.

"I have bid My sun to shine,  
I have bid My dews to fall,  
I have sent My love divine;  
You have spurned and wasted all.

"Now, the day of trial o'er,  
I My fatal shaft let fly;  
Mercy can endure no more:  
Time must end, and you must die."

Ripe with sin, the harvest bends;  
See the mighty reaper stand!  
There his burning scythe he sends,  
And with fury sweeps the land.

See the field and forests glow!  
See the mounting flame aspire!  
Hark the sinner's yell of woe,  
Gasping in a world of fire!

Helpless wretches! whither fly?  
In what den a shelter find?  
See! the blasting bolt is nigh,  
Flame before and wrath behind.

Like the chaff by whirlwinds driven,  
Like the earthquake-shattered rock,  
Like the oak by tempest riven,  
Torn and splintered with the shock—

So they fly, a quivering throng,  
Urged by shame, despair, and fear;  
Hurried by the sword along,  
Flashing, falling on their rear.

Hear the crackling whirlwind roar;  
Sheets of flame ascend the sky;  
Now the feeble cry is o'er,  
Quenched in dark eternity.

Now the hills and mountains melt,  
Rocks in flashing torrents run,  
To earth's heart the rage is felt:  
Now the work of wrath is done.

Curling like a lettered scroll,  
Crisped and crackling in the flame,  
Now heaven's vaulted arches roll;  
Falls the universal frame.

Now the circling blue has fled,  
Suns wax faint and stars grow dim;  
Heaven and earth away have sped,  
Time's last trump their dying hymn.

Matter now has ceased to be,  
All its pure ethereal light;  
Saints, from all that bound them free,  
To the empyrean wing their flight.

In that fount their beings blend,  
All their thoughts, their views, the same;  
See creation's essence end  
In one flood of viewless flame!

*J. G. Percival.*

**3667. JUDGMENT, The Day of.**

*2 Peter iii : 10.*

As, unwatched, the midnight thief doth  
break the good man's hoard,  
So, when we least expect, will haste the  
great day of the Lord.

Briefly, lust will walk abroad, as in the time  
before,  
And then the sign will manifest that time  
shall be no more.

Clearly ringing through the earth, and equal  
near or far,  
The trump will cite both quick and dead  
before the judgment bar.

Decked in gorgeous majesty, the Judge from  
heaven will come,  
With holy angels compassed round, to pass  
the final doom.

Ebon-black the sun will turn, the moon in  
blood be whirled,  
And paling stars, like hail, will fall, to smite  
the reeling world.

Fiercely streams of vengeful wrath before His  
face shall leap,  
Whose flame the earth and sky will melt  
and dry the nether deep.

Glorious in His might, the King His throne  
will then ascend,  
And, filled with awe, the heavenly ranks, in  
silent homage, bend.

His elect will, on the right, be set at His  
command;  
While, on the left, like filthy goats, the  
trembling sinners stand.

Instant, then the King will say: "Ye bless-  
ed, come and heir  
The kingdom which, at first, for you, my  
Father did prepare.

"Kindly, ye my poor estate as brethren did  
regard,  
And now, for this sweet charity, receive a  
rich reward."

Listening, they will gladly ask, "O Christ!  
when saw we Thee  
In sickness, or did bring relief unto Thy  
penury?"

Mildly thus will He reply, "To whom of  
low degree  
Ye shelter, food, or raiment gave, ye did it  
unto Me."

Nothing slow, against the left, will turn His  
righteous ire:  
"Depart, ye cursed, into realms of everlast-  
ing fire.

"Often have ye spurned My prayer when  
hungry I did plead,  
No drink ye gave to quench My thirst, nor  
clothing to My need."

Piteous then will sinners cry: "O Christ!  
when did we see  
Thy hunger, thirst, or nakedness, nor min-  
istered to Thee?"

Quickly back will answer come, "So oft was  
I oppressed  
As ye have failed to help the poor or succor  
the distressed."

Rushing down, the guilty crowd will plunge,  
through fiery storm,  
Amid the lake of living flame, where gnaws  
the deathless worm.

Satan here, securely bound, and rebel angels  
dwell,  
'Mid tears and groans and gnashing teeth—  
their prison-house of hell.

Then the faithful, upward borne, will seek  
the realms on high,  
While "welcome home" the welkin rings,  
with music of the sky.

Unto them will be prepared Jerusalem above,  
Whose only sun, the Source of Light, whose  
perfect law is love;

Where, redeemed, the saints will praise the  
Christ who still sustains,  
And, clothed in all the brightness of His  
Father's glory, reigns.

Yearning for the blissful land, the serpent's  
guile beware,  
Despising wealth, avoiding lust, each other's  
burdens bear.

Zone of grace, your loins to gird, let chastity  
afford,

And watchful wait, with burning lamps, the  
coming of the Lord.

*Tr. from Latin, by N. B. Smithers.*

**3668. JUPITER,** Hymn to.

Referred to by St. Paul, Acts xviii : 28.

Ἐκ οὐ γὰρ γένος ἔομεν ("For we are thy  
offspring").

O thou, most glorious of th' immortal train,  
By names unnumbered known, almighty  
Jove!

Sovereign of nature, hail! by whose just laws  
All things are governed. Meet it is that all  
Should raise their voice to thee; for thine  
we are,

Thy offspring; and of mortal creatures all  
That live and move below, to us alone  
Is granted speech to praise thee. In my songs  
Will I forever celebrate thy power.

This beauteous frame entire, which round  
our earth

Revolving rolls, acknowledges thy sway,  
By thee directed, and by thee sustained.  
Sharp, flaming thunderbolts, with life en-  
dued,

Commissioned as thy ministers, are hurled  
From thy unconquered hand; beneath whose  
shock

All nature stands aghast. Thou guidest thus  
That common reason, which pervades the  
whole,

With every light commingling, great and  
small.

Thou over all exalted, king supreme!

O god! without thee naught on earth is done,  
Nor in the deep, nor in the ethereal realms,  
Except the foolish deeds of impious men,  
Who relish not thy beauty, whose delight  
Is what thy soul abhors. For all things so,  
Both good and ill, thou hast in one con-  
joined,

That all the same eternal reason show,  
Which wicked mortals vainly hope to shun.  
Unhappy creatures! anxious to obtain  
Unmixed enjoyment, heedless of the law,  
The common law of heaven; for if their mind  
Submitted to obey, they too might lead  
A life of happiness. But now they rush  
In quest of various objects, all astray:  
With misspent labor, some for glory toil;  
While some vile lucre shamefully pursue;  
But others take a widely different course,  
Seeking for ease and sensual delights.

All-bounteous Jove! by clouds encircled,  
prince

Of thunder! Oh, deliver helpless man  
From this sad ignorance! disperse it all  
From out his mind, and grant him to acquire

Knowledge, by aid of which thou all things  
here

With equity dost rule. Thus honored, we  
Shall honor thee with hymns of praise, and  
sing

Continually thy works, as well becomes  
Mortals like us; for neither gods nor men  
Have greater honor than to celebrate  
In worthy strains the universal law.

*Tr. from Greek of Uleanthes.*

**3669. KEDRON.**

We enter Kedron's vale: the stony height,  
Once crowned with olive-forests, bounds our  
right;

Age after age men yielded up their breath,  
Till millions slumbered in this glen of death;  
And here with those he loves, in peace to lie,  
Is still the hapless Hebrew's latest sigh.

Ah! where so sadly sweet may scene be found?  
Though flowers no longer deck the shrunken  
mound,

And plane and yew have ceased their shade  
to cast,—

They, voiceless mourners, dead themselves at  
last,—

Here, deep below sad Salem's eastern walls,  
The garish sunbeam mildly tempered falls;  
Perched on the tombs, soft plains the her-  
mit-bird,

And scarce the pagan's Allah-cry is heard:  
Through all the Kedron pours its placid rill,  
Sweet Nature's child mid death surviving  
still;

Its low-breathed voice like whispers from  
the graves,

As their stone fronts its limpid wavelet laves.  
The rocks of Olivet are piled above, [love,  
Whose shade steals down, as if in hallowing  
In such a spot the soul, till judgment-day,  
Might wish to leave her frail and cumbering  
Revisiting, at moonlight's holy hour, [clay,  
That vale of peace where Death has built his  
bower.

Stately are Kedron's tombs; in yon gray pile  
Frowns Egypt's strength, while Attic graces  
smile;

Cornice and base are hewn from living rock,  
Its pointed summit braves Time's lengthened  
shock:

The murdered rests within; those breezes  
bear

To Fancy's ear his last and anguished prayer.  
Pause we awhile before this columned grot;  
Meet for calm musing seems the quiet spot,  
For here, tradition tells, the apostles came,  
To hear those words which touched their  
hearts with flame.

Still further, near yon bridge, whose arch of  
stone

By modern hand across the stream is thrown,  
A pile more massive, and of statelier height,  
Like Petra's cliff-hewn temples, meets the  
sight.

Strange towers its form, and well may wake  
surprise;

Its top, like flame, is pointing to the skies;  
And yet no saint, a rebel slumbers here,  
But ah! to one fond heart how passing dear!  
The fair-haired Absalom, the gay of mien,  
Who proud and graceful as a god was seen:  
Hark to the royal father's heart-breathed sigh!  
See his rent robe and sorrow-streaming eye!  
The crime of him no more he all forgave,  
And only mourned in dust the lost, the brave!

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3670. KEDRON AND OLIVET.

Thou sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver  
streams  
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's  
pale beams  
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently  
stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on His  
head!  
How hard was His pillow, how humble His  
bed!

The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
And followed their Master with solem delight.

O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs  
above;

The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.  
*Maria De Fleury.*

### 3671. KENITE, Doom of the.

Numbers xxiv : 21, 22.

Child of a mighty race!  
Strong is thy dwelling-place,  
And thy high nest is the rock of the mountain;  
Many a vale is thine,  
Rich with the corn and wine, [fountain.  
Flowers of the hill-side, and streams of the

Sad yet thy doom shall be:  
Foemen shall carry thee [barrier;  
Far from thy blue hills and rock-guarded  
Strewn on the battle-field,  
Banner and spear and shield, [rior.  
Helmet and plume and the pride of the war-

Fierce and resistlessly  
Assur shall burst on thee, [him;  
Princes and chieftains be scattered before  
Lo! on the battle-day  
Far on his vengeful way, [him.  
Heaven is his guide, and its banner is o'er

Child of a lofty race!  
Dark is thy dwelling-place, [tion;  
Darker the storm that shall break on thy na-  
Lone as the wilderness,  
Prey to the merciless,  
Gloom for thy brightness; for joy, desolation!  
*H. W. J.*

### 3672. KINGDOM, Not far from the.

Mark xii : 34.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,  
Yet in the shadow of sin,  
How many are coming and going,  
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gateway,  
Where voices whisper and wait;  
Fearing to enter in boldly,  
So lingering still at the gate;

Catching the strain of the music  
Floating so sweetly along,  
Knowing the song they are singing,  
Yet joining not in the song.

Seeing the warmth and the beauty,  
The infinite love and the light;  
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,  
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,  
Out in the night and the cold;  
Though He is longing to lead them  
Tenderly into the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,  
'Tis only a little space;  
But it may be at last, and forever,  
Out of the resting-place.

A ship came sailing and sailing  
Over a murmuring sea,  
And just in sight of the haven  
Down in the waves went she.

And the spars and the broken timbers  
Were cast on a storm-beat strand;  
And a cry went up in the darkness,  
Not far, not far from the land!  
*English Congregationalist.*

### 3673. KING'S SON, Wedding of the.

Matthew xxi : 12, 13.

King of kings Jehovah made  
A marriage for His Son,  
Jesus in our flesh arrayed,  
And partner of His throne;  
Angels asked how could it be:  
God most high to worms allied,  
Fell in love with misery  
And came to seek His bride.

First His own peculiar race  
The Father sent to invite,  
Wooded them Jesus to embrace,  
And in His love delight;  
Moses showed the Bridegroom near,  
The prophets all confirmed the word:  
Israel heard, yet would not hear,  
Or turn to meet their Lord.

God in mercy sent again  
His gospel-ministers,  
Tell them now that God is man,  
And in their flesh appears!

Blessed in Him, supremely blessed,  
To Jesus' name, ye sinners, bow;  
Come and share the marriage-feast,  
For all is ready now.

O the vile ungrateful race,  
His offers to despise!  
Some to pleasure went their ways,  
Some to their merchandise:  
Sons of violent wickedness,  
The rest, His messenger abhorred,  
Bold to mock, and wound, and seize,  
And kill them with the sword.

The great King of earth and sky,  
The wicked to consume,  
Hastened at His martyr's cry,  
And sealed the murderers' doom;  
By His Roman armies slew  
The men that dared His utmost ire,  
Burned their city up, and threw  
Their souls into the fire.

Lo, the wedding is prepared,  
He to His servant said,  
Call who will the call regard,  
In faithless Israel's stead:  
Bidden first, since they refuse.  
And all my invitations scorn,  
Leave the reprobated Jews,  
And to the Gentiles turn.

To the broad, frequented ways  
With my commission go,  
Tidings glad, of pardoning grace,  
To wandering sinners show:  
Every soul may be my guest:  
Bring in every soul ye find,  
Press them to the gospel-feast,  
A feast for all mankind.

Forth the zealous servants went,  
And preached the welcome word:  
Sinners heard with glad consent,  
And ran to meet their Lord;  
Gentiles, Jews, obeyed the call,  
High and low, a countless crowd,  
Rushed into the nuptial-hall,  
And filled the church of God.

When the King of Israel came  
His joyful guests to view,  
Looking with His eyes of flame,  
He looked the sinner through;  
One observed with angry frown,  
One type of millions more,  
Bold with Jesus to sit down,  
And only seem to adore.

Unadorned and unarrayed  
With Jesus' righteousness,  
In his filthy garments clad,  
And destitute of grace;  
Naked in his Maker's sight,  
Without the covering from above,  
Dress of saints, the linen white,  
The robe of faith and love.

Friend, how darest thou enter in  
And unprepared intrude,  
Show thyself, a slave of sin,  
Among the saints of God?  
Hand and foot the intruder bind,  
Through guilt impenitently dumb;  
Cast him out, to woes consigned  
And hell's eternal gloom.

No more feet from wrath to flee,  
Or hands to work for God;  
No more light His face to see,  
In that profound abode!  
What doth now for souls remain  
Cast out, to be tormented there?  
Darkness, grief and rage, and pain,  
And blasphemous despair!

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3674. KINGS, The three.**

Matthew ii: 1-12.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the  
desert's sandy road,  
That have tracked the Red Sea shore and  
have swum the torrents broad;  
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the  
long and starry night—  
For they ride like men pursued, like the  
vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are  
eastern monarchs three,  
Who have laid aside their crowns and re-  
nounced their high degree;  
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize,  
the well-known voices kind,  
Their people's tents, their native plains,  
they've left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on  
them from afar,  
And that same hour they rose from off their  
thrones to track a star;  
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those  
who call them mad;  
Messiah's star was shining, and their royal  
hearts were glad.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncer-  
tain, dim, and far,  
And their hearts were pure, and heard a  
voice proclaim Messiah's star;  
And in its golden twinkling they saw more  
than common light,  
The Mother and the Child they saw in  
Bethlehem by night!

And what were crowns, and what were  
thrones, to such a sight as that?  
So straight away they left their tents, and  
bade not grace to wait;  
They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the  
desert's limpid springs,  
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how  
sweet the skylark sings!

Whole cities have turned our to meet the  
royal cavalcade,  
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom  
have displayed;

And when the star was dim, they knocked  
at Herod's palace-gate,  
And troubled with the news of faith his po-  
litic estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The  
everlasting Child

They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's  
monarch, meek and mild;

His little feet, with Mary's leave, they  
pressed with loving kiss;

Oh! what were thrones, oh! what were  
crowns, to such a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many  
years,

One look at Him their stay and staff in the  
dismal vale of tears:

Their people for that sight of Him they gal-  
lantly withstood,

They taught His faith, they preached His  
word, and for Him shed their blood.

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our  
thankless souls receive,

How much we know of Jesus, and how easy  
to believe;

'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun  
that setteth never;

Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings,  
and our kingdom is forever!

Oh! glory be to God on high for these  
Arabian kings,

These miracles of royal faith, with eastern  
offerings:

For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar,  
who from far

Found Mary out, and Jesus, by the shining of  
a star! *F. W. Faber.*

### 3675. KNOCKING, The Lord's.

Revelation iii : 20.

The night is far spent, and the day is at hand,  
There are signs in the heaven, and signs on  
the land,

In the wavering earth, and the drouth of  
the sea;

But He stands and He knocks, sinner, nearer  
to thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day  
break

To the bride, for in slumber her heart is  
awake:

He must knock at the sleep where the revel-  
lers toss,

With the dint of the nails and the shock of  
the cross.

Look out at the casement; see how He ap-  
pears;

Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears;

Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in His  
solitude crowned

With the drops of the night and the dews of  
the ground.

Will you wait? Will you slumber until He  
is gone,

Till the beam of the timber cry out to the  
stone;

Till He shout at the sepulchre, tear it apart,  
And knock at thy dust, who would speak to  
thy heart? *H. Kynaston.*

### 3676. KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM.

Numbers xvi : 1-35.

*Dathan and Abiram.*

"How long endure this priestly scorn,  
Ye sons of Israel's eldest-born?

Shall two, the meanest of their tribe,  
To the Lord's host the way prescribe,

And feed our wildering phantasy  
With every soothing dream and lie

Their craft can coin? We see our woe,  
Lost Egypt's plenty well we know:

But where the milk and honey? where  
The promised fields and vineyards fair?

Lo! wise of heart and keen of sight  
Are these—ye cannot blind them quite—

Not as our sires are we: we fear not open  
light."

*Korah.*

"And we too, Levites though we be,  
We love the song of liberty.

Did we not hear the Mountain Voice  
Proclaim the Lord's impartial choice?

The camp is holy, great and small,  
Levites and Danites, one and all;

Our God His home in all will make.  
What if no priestly finger strake

Or blood or oil o'er robe or brow,  
Will He not hear His people's vow?

Lord of all earth, will He no sign  
Grant but to Aaron's haughty line?

Our censurers are as yours: we dare you to the  
shrine."

Thus spake the proud at prime of morn;

Where was their place at eve? Ye know,  
Rocks of the wild in sunder torn,

And altars scathed with fires of woe!

Earth heard and sank, and they were gone;  
Only their dismal parting groan

The shuddering car long time will haunt.  
Thus rebels fare: but ye, profane,

Who dared th' anointing Power disdain  
For freedom's rude unpriestly vaunt,

Dire is the fame for you in store:  
Your molten censurers evermore

Th' atoning altar must inlay;  
Memorial to the kneeling quires

That Mercy's God hath judgment-fires  
For high-voiced Korahs in their day.

*John Keble.*

**3677. LABORERS, Call for.**

Matthew xx : 1-16.

Hast thou then been hired to labor  
In the vineyard of the Lord,  
With the promise that if faithful  
Thou shalt win a sure reward?  
Look, the tireless sun is hastening  
Towards the zenith, and the day  
Which in vanity thou'rt wasting  
Speedeth rapidly away!

Lo! the field is white for harvest,  
And the laborers are few;  
Canst thou then, O slothful servant,  
Find no work that thou canst do?  
Sitting idle in the vineyard;  
Sleeping while the noonday flies;  
Dreaming while with every pulse-beat  
Some frail mortal droops and dies.

Waken! overburdened laborers,  
Fainting in the sultry ray,  
Cry against thee to the Master  
As thou dream'st the hours away:  
Waken! patient angels, bearing  
Home earth's harvest, grieving see  
One by one the bright hours waning,  
And no sheaf secured by thee.

When at last the summer's ended,  
And the song of "Harvest home,"  
By God's blessed angels chanted,  
Swells through heaven's celestial dome,  
What wilt thou do, slothful servant,  
With no gathered sheaf to bring?  
How wilt thou feel, empty-handed,  
In the presence of thy King?

Lo! the field is white for harvest,  
And the laborers are few;  
Canst thou then, O slothful servant,  
Find no work that thou canst do?  
Angels wait to bear the tidings  
Of some good that thou hast done;  
Then to patient, faithful labor  
Waken ere the set of sun!

**3678. LABORERS, Christ's Call for.**

Matthew xxi : 28.

Thou sayest to us, "Go!  
And work while it is called to-day; the sun  
Is high in heaven, the harvest but begun;  
Can hands oft raised in prayer, can hearts  
that know  
The beat of Mine through love and pain, be  
slow  
To soothe and strengthen?" Still Thou  
sayest, "Go!  
Lift up your eyes and see where now the  
line  
Of God hath fallen for you, one with Mine  
Your lot and portion. Go! where none  
relieves,  
Where no one pities; thrust the sickle in,  
And reap and bind, where toil and want and  
sin

Are standing white, for here My harvests  
grow:  
Go! glean for Me mid wasted frames out-  
worn,  
Mid souls uncheered, uncared for; hearts  
forlorn,  
With care and grief acquainted long, un-  
known  
To earthly friend, of heaven unmindful  
grown;  
In homes where no one loves, where none  
believes,  
For here I gather in My goodly sheaves."  
Thou sayest to us, "Go!"

Thou sayest to us, "Go!  
To conflict and to death." While friends  
are few  
And foes are many, what hast Thou to do  
With peace, Thou son of peace? A man of  
war  
Art Thou from youth! when Thou dost  
girded ride,  
Two stern instructors, truth and mercy,  
guide  
Thy hand to things of terror; friends and  
foes  
Thine arrows feel; a sword before Thee  
goes,  
And after Thee a fire, confusion stirred  
Among the nations even by the word [eat  
Of meekness and of right. "Yea, take and  
Of these My words." Thou sayest, "They  
are sweet  
As honey; yet this roll that now I press  
Upon your lips will turn to bitterness  
When ye shall speak its message; lo! a cry  
Of wrath and madness, ere the ancient lie  
That wraps the roots of earth will quit its  
hold,  
A shriek, a wretch abhorred; and yet be  
bold,  
O ye My servants! take My rod and stand  
Before the king, nor fear if in your hand  
It seem unto a serpent's form to grow;  
Rise up, My priests! My mighty men, with  
sound  
Of solemn trumpet, walk this city round,  
A blast will come from God, His word and  
will  
Through hail and storm and ruin to fulfil;  
Then shall ye see the towers roll down, the  
wall  
Built up with blood and tears and tortures  
fall,  
And from the living grave the living dead  
Will rise, as from their sleep disquieted;  
O Earth, this baptism of thine is slow!  
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle  
rains  
That drop all night, can wash away thy  
stains.  
The fire must fall from heaven; the blood  
must flow  
All round the altar." Still Thou sayest,  
"Go!"

And that Thou sayest, "Go!"  
 Our hearts are glad; for he is still Thy friend  
 And best beloved of all whom Thou dost send  
 The furthest from Thee; this Thy servants know;  
 Oh, send by whom Thou wilt, for they are blest  
 Who go Thy errands! Not upon Thy breast  
 We learn Thy secrets! Long beside Thy tomb  
 We wept, and lingered in the garden's gloom;  
 And oft we sought Thee in Thy house of prayer,  
 And in the desert, yet Thou wert not there.  
 But as we journeyed sadly through a place  
 Obscure and mean, we lighted on the trace  
 Of Thy fresh footprints, and a whisper clear  
 Fell on our spirits: Thou Thyself wert near;  
 And from Thy servants' hearts Thy name adored  
 Brake forth in fire; we said, "It is the Lord."

Our eyes were no more holden; on Thy face  
 We looked, and it was comely, full of grace,  
 And fair Thy lips; we held Thee by the feet;  
 We listened to Thy voice, and it was sweet,  
 And sweet the silence of our spirits; dumb  
 All other voices in the world that be  
 The while Thou saidest, "Come ye unto Me!"  
 The while Thou saidest, "Come!"

We said to Thee, "Abide  
 With us! the night draws on apace; but, lo!  
 The cloud received Thee, parted from our side,  
 In blessing parted us! Even so  
 The heaven of heavens must still receive  
 Thee! Dark  
 And moonless skies bend o'er us as we row;  
 No stars appear, and sore against our bark  
 The current sets; yet nearer grows the shore  
 Where we shall see Thee standing, never more  
 To bid us leave Thee! though Thy realm is wide,  
 And mansions many, never from Thy side  
 Thou sendest us again; by springs serene  
 Thou guidest us, and now to battle keen  
 We follow Thee, yet still in peace or war  
 Thou leadest us. Oh! not to sun or star  
 Thou sendest us, but sayest, "Come to Me!  
 And where I am, there shall My servants be."  
 Thou sayest to us, "Come!"

*D. Greenwell.*

**3679. LAME MAN, Healing the.**

Acts iii : 6.

Forth at the hour of prayer  
 Went the apostles to the holy place;  
 The sacred temple of the living God,  
 Where praise was offered, and His creatures bowed

In humble adoration at His throne,  
 Asking remission of their sins, and grace  
 And strength to guide their timid, wavering  
 In the true way of life. [steps]

Onward they passed,  
 With hearts o'erflowing with a fervent zeal  
 To do their Master's service. In their path,  
 Near by the temple's gate, lay one who had,  
 From the first era of existence, borne  
 Suffering and sore affliction. Life to him  
 Was as a cheerless waste, for he had known  
 No spring-time of enjoyment, when gay youth  
 Could speed, exulting, on the ardent race,  
 Or spend the sunny hours in sportive glee.  
 All the heart's impulses were crushed and chilled;

For, though the eye might mark the beautiful,  
 And the soul pine for freedom, or aspire  
 To high and lofty things, the maimed limbs,  
 And marred and wretched frame, like prison-gates

Held him a mourning captive, until all  
 Of life within, e'en hope itself, had died,  
 And there was left nor tint upon his cheek  
 Nor lustre in his eye.

There he reclined,  
 Where pitying hands had borne, as they  
 were wont,  
 The feeble, helpless mendicant. And as  
 Th' apostles passed his cheerless resting-  
 place,  
 His trembling voice was raised, imploring  
 alms.

They stayed their footsteps. Was there e'er  
 a time  
 When the sad wail of sorrow failed to reach  
 His ear whose faithful followers they were?  
 His was compassion, boundless, infinite;  
 Nor creed, nor sect, nor station could  
 The welling up of sacred sympathy [impede  
 Within His bosom!

Like their blessed Lord,  
 They felt the holy impulse, and their hearts  
 Were touched with pity as they stopped and  
 turned

Their steadfast eyes upon the suffering man.  
 Then Peter said, "Look on us!" and he  
 looked,

With expectation kindling in his glance  
 And thankfulness awakened in his heart;  
 For, from the hand outstretched, with open  
 palm,  
 The alms he craved, he thought, would surely  
 come.

Once more th' apostle spoke: "Silver and  
 Belong not to me, nor can I bestow [gold  
 These, but the gifts I have I freely give;  
 In the blessed name of Christ of Nazareth,  
 I bid thee rise and walk!" And lifting him  
 Upon his feet, he stood in manhood's  
 No longer impotent. [strength,

Then went he forth,  
 And entered with them in the temple gate,



Walking, and leaping, and adoring God,  
Who sent His faithful ministers to raise  
Him from the lowest depths of misery  
And fill his heart with joy.

So, Christian soul,  
Though darkly round thee lower the tempest  
cloud,  
Veiling the brightness of thy spirit's joy,  
And filling thee with trembling and with  
fear:  
Though pain and anguish rack thee, and the  
weak  
And stricken body sink beneath the load  
Of speechless agony, and prostrate lie  
In helpless wretchedness: remember still  
That there is One above whose watchful eye  
Notes all thy sufferings, and marks thy fears;  
Who tries and proves thy faith, that thou  
mayst be  
Made meet partaker of the bliss that waits  
Believers in the bright, celestial home  
Prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

*Samuel D. Patterson.*

**3680.** LAW, The Giving of the.

Exodus xix : 16-19; xx : 18.

Israel passed the Arabian bay,  
And marched between the cleaving sea;  
The rising waves stood guardian of their  
wond'rous way,  
But fell with most impetuous force  
On the pursuing swarms,  
And buried Egypt all in arms,  
Blending in watery death the rider and the  
horse.  
O'er struggling Pharaoh rolled the mighty  
tide,  
And saved the labors of a pyramid.  
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,  
And all his horned gods beside:  
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,  
And cursed the Hebrews as he died.

Ah, foolish Israel, to comply  
With Memphian idolatry,  
And bow to brutes, a stupid slave,  
To idols impotent to save!  
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the sky,  
Has wrought salvation in the deep,  
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,  
And raised thine honors high.  
His grace forgives thy follies past;  
Behold He comes in majesty,  
And Sinai's top proclaims His law!  
Prepare to meet thy God in haste!  
But keep an awful distance still:  
Let Moses round the sacred hill  
The circling limits draw.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,  
And call the trembling armies near;  
Slow and unwilling they appear;  
Rails kept them from the mount before,  
Now from the rails their fear. [same  
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the

Which shall be blown by high command,  
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,  
And Heaven's eternal will proclaim,  
That "Time shall be no more."

Thus, while the laboring angel swelled the  
sound,  
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,  
Up rose the Almighty: round His sapphire  
seat  
Adorning thrones in order fell;  
The lesser powers at distance dwell,  
And cast their glories down successive at  
His feet.  
Gabriel the Great prepares His way:  
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," He cries;  
The eternal doors His word obey,  
Open, and shoot celestial day  
Upon the lower skies.  
Heaven's mighty pillars bowed their head  
As their Creator bid,  
And down Jehovah rode from the superior  
sphere,  
A thousand guards before, and myriads in  
the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,  
The wheels beset with burning gems;  
The winds, in harness with the flames,  
Flew o'er the ethereal road.  
Down through His magazines He past  
Of hail and ice and fleecy snow;  
Swift rolled the triumph, and as fast  
Did hail and ice in melted rivers flow.  
The day was mingled with the night,  
His feet on solid darkness trod,  
His radiant eyes proclaimed the God,  
And scattered dreadful light;  
He breathed, and sulphur ran a fiery stream;  
He spoke, and, though with unknown speed  
He came,  
Chid the slow tempest and the lagging flame.

Sinai received His glorious flight;  
With axle red, and glowing wheel,  
Did the winged chariot light,  
And rising smoke obscured the burning hill.  
Lo! it mounts in curling waves;  
Lo! the gloomy pride outraves  
The stately pyramids of fire:  
The pyramids to heaven aspire,  
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy  
offspring higher.

Let not the burning hills of old  
With Sinai be compared;  
Nor all that lying Greece has told,  
Or learned Rome has heard;  
Ætna shall be named no more—  
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;  
Not half so high  
Her lightnings fly,  
Not half so loud her thunders roar  
'Cross the Sicilian sea, to fright the Italian  
shore.  
Behold the sacred hill: its trembling spire

Quakes at the terrors of the fire,  
 While all below its verdant feet  
 Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight:  
 Pressed with a greater than feigned Atlas'  
 load,  
 Deep groaned the mount; it never bore  
 Infinity before  
 It bowed and shook beneath the burden of  
 a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp; despair  
 And dying groans torment the air,  
 And shrieks and swoons and deaths were  
 there;  
 The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's  
 blaze.  
 Spread through the host a wild amaze;  
 Darkness on every soul, and pale was every  
 Confused and dismal were the cries, [face.  
 "Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:"  
 Moses the spreading terror feels;  
 No more the man of God conceals  
 His shivering and surprise;  
 Yet, with recovering mind, commands  
 Silence and deep attention through the  
 Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,  
 All armed and feathered with the same,  
 Majestic sounds break through the smoky  
 cloud:  
 Sent from the all-creating tongue,  
 A flight of cherubs guard the words along,  
 And bear their fiery law to the retreating  
 crowd.

"I am the Lord; 'tis I proclaim  
 That glorious and that fearful name,  
 Thy God and King; 'twas I that broke  
 Thy bondage, and the Egyptian yoke:  
 Mine is the right to speak My will,  
 And thine the duty to fulfil.  
 Adore no god beside Me, to provoke Mine  
 eyes;  
 Nor worship Me in shapes and forms that  
 men devise:  
 With reverence use My name, nor turn My  
 words to jest:  
 Observe My Sabbath well, nor dare profane  
 My rest:  
 Honor and due obedience to thy parents  
 give;  
 Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the  
 guilty live:  
 Preserve thy body chaste, and flee the un-  
 lawful bed;  
 Nor steal thy neighbor's gold, his garment,  
 or his bread:  
 Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or  
 deceit;  
 Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large  
 estate."  
*Isaac Watts.*

### 3681. LAZARUS.

John xi : 43-45.

The grave, that never loosed its hold,  
 But on its prey insatiate fed,

Restores a victim, pale and cold:  
 He cometh forth, the sheeted dead.  
 Ah! wherefore com'st thou? safely past  
 The gate of agony and pain,  
 That pang endured, the worst, the last,  
 Why dar'st thou thus that strife again?  
 Com'st thou to share the traitor-kiss,  
 That earth bestows at wisdom's cost?  
 Com'st thou to gather pearls of bliss,  
 And find them broken, strewed, and lost?  
 True, Bethany's green vales are bright,  
 Thy sister's home is sad for thee;  
 But paradise hath purer light,  
 And love without infirmity.

Methought he spake, that fearful form,  
 The sleeper, 'neath the burial sod,  
 The accepted brother of the worm,  
 "Behold my Saviour, and my God!"  
 And if in time's remoter hour  
 Cold doubt should rise, from error bred,  
 Through me proclaim His godlike power  
 Who ruled the tomb and raised the dead.  
*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

### 3682. LAZARUS AND DIVES.

Luke xvi : 20-25.

Behold a favorite of the skies!  
 Before the glutton's gate he lies  
 In pining want and pain,  
 Covered with wounds and loathsome sores,  
 Relief he silently implores,  
 But asks the crumbs in vain.

The dogs some small relief afford,  
 Kinder than their hard-hearted lord;  
 The wretch he passes by:  
 Sufficient that his beasts he feeds,  
 He slights his fellow-creature's needs,  
 And lets the beggar die.

Worn out with grief, and want, and pain,  
 The beggar dies, and lives again,  
 Beyond conception blessed;  
 By flaming ministers conveyed  
 To realms of joy, he rests his head  
 On his Redeemer's breast.

Gripped by th' arresting hand of death,  
 The glutton too resigns his breath,  
 Lodged in a stately tomb!  
 His carcass leaves its bliss behind;  
 His soul, with torturing fiends confined,  
 Receives its fearful doom.

Below he lifts his haggard eyes,  
 Cursed with a glimpse of paradise,  
 And sees the beggar there:  
 The loss of heavenly happiness  
 Doth all his raging pangs increase,  
 And deepens his despair.

Thou epicure not yet in hell,  
 Thy danger now submit to feel,  
 While thy damnation stays;

Awake out of thy worldly dream,  
Lift up thine eyes in prayer to Him  
Who offers all His grace.

Thou need'st not feel th' infernal woe,  
Or to that place of torment go,  
That endless misery:  
Repent! renounce thy wealth and ease,  
Sell all for Jesu's love, and seize  
The heaven prepared for thee.

In hell he pours a fruitless prayer:  
No mercy for a suppliant there  
Who would not hear the poor:  
Unheard he must, unpitied, cry,  
The gnawing worm that cannot die,  
The quenchless fire, endure.

How righteous is the sinner's doom!  
He who refused the poor a crumb  
Desires a drop in vain;  
Who sold his God for pleasures base  
Is justly driven from His face  
To everlasting pain. *J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3683. LAZARUS AND MARY.

John xi : 1-44.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints  
Of His departing feet were at the door;  
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible  
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;  
And in the low rooms 'twas as if the air,  
Hushed with his going forth, had been the  
breath  
Of angels left on watch, so conscious still  
The place seemed of his presence! Yet, within,  
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,  
For Lazarus lay dead.

And Mary sat  
By the pale sleeper. He was young to die.  
The countenance whereon the Saviour dwelt  
With His benignant smile—the soft, fair lines  
Breathing of hope, were still all eloquent,  
Like life well mocked in marble. That the  
voice,  
Gone from those pallid lips, was heard in  
heaven,  
Toned with unearthly sweetness; that the  
light,  
Quenched in the closing of those stirless lids,  
Was veiling before God its timid fire,  
New-lit, and brightening like a star at eve;  
That Lazarus, her brother, was in bliss,  
Not with this cold clay sleeping—Mary knew.  
Her heaviness of heart was not for him!  
But close had been the tie by death divided.  
The intertwining locks of that bright hair  
That wiped the feet of Jesus, the fair hands  
Clasped in her breathless wonder while he  
taught,  
Scarce to one pulse thrilled more in unison,  
Than with one soul this sister and her brother  
Had locked their lives together. In this love,  
Hallowed from stain, the woman's heart of  
Mary

Was, with its rich affections, all bound up.  
Of an unblemished beauty, as became  
An office by archangels filled till now;  
She walked with a celestial halo clad;  
And while, to the apostles' eyes, it seemed  
She but fulfilled her errand out of heaven,  
Sharing her low roof with the Son of God,  
She was a woman, fond and mortal still;  
And the deep fervor, lost to passion's fire,  
Breathed through the sister's tenderness. In  
vain

Knew Mary, gazing on that face of clay,  
That it was not her brother. He was there,  
Swathed in that linen vesture for the grave—  
The same loved one in all his comeliness,  
And with him to the grave her heart must go.  
What though he talked of her to angels—nay,  
Hovered in spirit near her? 'Twas that arm,  
Palsied in death, whose fond caress she knew!  
It was that lip of marble with whose kiss,  
Morning and eve, love hemmed the sweet  
day in;

This was the form by the Judean maids  
Praised for its palm-like stature, as he walked  
With her by Kedron in the eventide:  
The dead was Lazarus!

The burial was over, and the night  
Fell upon Bethany, and morn, and noon.  
And comforters and mourners went their way,  
But death stayed on! They had been oft  
alone,

When Lazarus had followed Christ to hear  
His teachings in Jerusalem; but this  
Was more than solitude. The silence now  
Was void of expectation. Something felt  
Always before, and loved without a name—  
Joy from the air, hope from the opening door,  
Welcome and life from off the very walls—  
Seemed gone, and in the chamber where he  
lay

There was a fearful and unbreathing hush,  
Stillter than night's last hour. So fell on Mary  
The shadows all have known who, from their  
hearts,

Have released friends to heaven. The part-  
ing soul  
Spreads wing betwixt the mourner and the  
sky!

As if its path lay, from the tie last broken,  
Straight through the cheering gateway of the  
sun;

And, to the eye strained after, 'tis a cloud  
That bars the light from all things.

Now as Christ  
Drew near to Bethany, the Jews went forth  
With Martha, mourning Lazarus. But Mary  
Sat in the house. She knew the hour was  
nigh

When He would go again, as He had said,  
Unto His father; and she felt that He,  
Who loved her brother Lazarus in life,  
Had chose the hour to bring him home  
through death

In no unkind forgetfulness. Alone,  
She could lift up the bitter prayer to heaven,

“Thy will be done, O God!” But that dear brother  
 Had filled the cup and broke the bread for Christ;  
 And ever, at the morn, when she had knelt  
 And washed those holy feet, came Lazarus  
 To bind His sandals on, and follow forth  
 With drooped eyes, like an angel, sad and  
 Intent upon the Master's need alone. [fair—  
 Indissolubly linked were they! And now,  
 To go to meet Him, Lazarus not there,  
 And to His greeting answer, “It is well!”  
 And without tears (since grief would trouble  
 Him

Whose soul was always sorrowful) to kneel  
 And minister alone—her heart gave way!  
 She covered up her face and turned again  
 To wait within for Jesus. But once more  
 Came Martha, saying, “Lo! the Lord is here,  
 And calleth for thee, Mary!” Then arose  
 The mourner from the ground, whereon she  
 sat

Shrouded in sackcloth, and bound quickly up  
 The golden locks of her dishevelled hair,  
 And o'er her ashy garments drew a veil  
 Hiding the eyes she could not trust. And  
 still,

As she made ready to go forth, a calm  
 As in a dream fell on her.

At a fount  
 Hard by the sepulchre, without the wall,  
 Jesus awaited Mary. Seated near  
 Were the wayworn disciples in the shade;  
 But, of Himself forgetful, Jesus leaned  
 Upon His staff, and watched where she should  
 come

To whose one sorrow—but a sparrow's fall-  
 ing—

The pity that redeemed a world could bleed!  
 And as she came, with that uncertain step,  
 Eager, yet weak, her hands upon her breast,  
 And they who followed her all fallen back  
 To leave her with her sacred grief alone,  
 The heart of Christ was troubled. She drew  
 near,

And the disciples rose up from the fount,  
 Moved by her look of woe, and gathered  
 round;

And Mary, for a moment, ere she looked  
 Upon the Saviour, stayed her faltering feet,  
 And straightened her veiled form, and  
 tighter drew

Her clasp upon the folds across her breast:  
 Then, with a vain strife to control her tears,  
 She staggered to their midst, and at His feet  
 Fell prostrate, saying, “Lord! hadst Thou  
 been here,

My brother had not died!” The Saviour  
 groaned

In spirit, and stooped tenderly, and raised  
 The mourner from the ground, and in a voice,  
 Broke in its utterancelike her own, He said,  
 “Where have ye laid him?” Then the Jews  
 who came,

Following Mary, answered through their  
 tears,

“Lord, come and see!” But lo! the mighty  
 heart

That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,  
 Taking for us the cup that might not pass;  
 The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross  
 Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid  
 To look upon His agony—the heart  
 Of a lost world's Redeemer—o'erflowed,  
 Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept.

Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly  
 brooding

Upon the thought that Christ so loved her  
 brother,

Stood Mary there; but that last burden now  
 Lay on His heart who pitied her; and Christ,  
 Following slow, and groaning in Himself,  
 Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,  
 And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,  
 “Take ye away the stone!” Then lifted He  
 His moistened eyes to heaven, and while the  
 Jews

And the disciples bent their heads in awe,  
 And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,  
 The Son of God prayed audibly. He ceased,  
 And for a minute's space there was a hush,  
 As if the angelic watchers of the world  
 Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things,  
 To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ  
 Shone as He stood, and over Him there came  
 Command, as 'twere the living face of God,  
 And with a loud voice He cried, “Lazarus!  
 Come forth!” And instantly, bound hand  
 and foot,

And borne by unseen angels from the cave,  
 He that was dead stood with them. At the  
 word

Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed  
 The bands from off the foldings of his shroud;  
 And Mary, with her dark veil thrown aside,  
 Ran to him swiftly, and cried, “Lazarus!  
 My brother, Lazarus!” and tore away  
 The napkin she had bound about his head,  
 And touched the warm lips with her fearful  
 hand,

And on his neck fell weeping. And while all  
 Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus  
 Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down  
 And worshipped Him who loved them.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

### 3684. LAZARUS, Silence of.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave  
 And home to Mary's house returned,  
 Was this demanded: if he yearned  
 To hear her weeping by his grave?

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?  
 There lives no record of reply,  
 Which telling what it is to die  
 Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,  
 The streets were filled with joyful sound,  
 A solemn gladness even crowned  
 The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unrevealed;  
He told it not; or something sealed  
The lips of the evangelist. *A. Tennyson.*

**3685.** LAZARUS, The Raising of.

*John xi : 32-44.*

"He cometh not, although we sent Him tidings

Soon as around our hearts the darkness grew,  
He whom, till now, not love, though prone  
Could deem untrue. [to chidings,

"Ah me! our eyes were weary with their straining,

To see Him traversing the olived slope;  
Died one by one, out of hearts bruised and  
Hope after hope. [paining,

"And through the leaden hours we watched him fading,

With whom the sun and stars went from the day;

Till, spite of tears and tenderest upbraiding,  
He slept away.

"Now this poor swept home does but mock the other,

Where the kind lightnings played from side to side;

"Ah, Lord, if Thou hadst but been here, our  
Would not have died!" [brother

But soon, as shoots a star to sight, a rumour  
Strikes on the ear and heart that Jesus nears;  
How at the sound each wild resentful humor  
Dissolves in tears!

He comes too late! the loved one hath departed;

The covetous grave hath opened for its own;  
Loud is the wailing of the broken-hearted  
Above the stone.

"Take ye away the stone!" It will encumber  
The living in his passage from the dead. [ber  
The sleeper rose, cast off his desert slumber,  
And left his bed.

Vain is the tomb's embrace, the spoiler's malice,

To him who drank himself the bitter cup;  
He speaks: the life-wine mantleth in the  
And brimmeth up. [chalice,

"Not unto death, but for the Father's glory."  
Through the hushed world the purpose is complete,

For they who mourned, and we who read  
Bow at His feet. [the story,

Dear human Friend, who wept before His praying,

Such tears as fall from our own weary eyes!  
But through those tears there shone the God-  
"Lazarus, arise!" [head, saying,

Restored again to the deep joy of being,  
How the fond heart with love is ne'er sufficed!  
"The eye is" never "satisfied with seeing"  
The face of Christ.

And all the soul bends forth, entranced to listen,

While grace and truth come sparkling in each word,

As on the spray the morning dewdrops  
For bee or bird. [glisten

What wonder Love's sweet incense shed around Him

Her wealth of spikenard, in libation poured!  
What wonder Faith, with royal reverence,  
Her God and Lord! [crowned Him

He loves the human yet, with love undying,  
And stills heaven's music while He leaves  
His throne,

From every charnel where our love is lying  
To roll the stone.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**3686.** LAZARUS, The Raising of.

*John xi : 1-44.*

The sepulchre was open wide,  
Its closing-stone was rolled aside,

And curious crowds pressed round to see  
What passing wonder there might be.

There, groaning deep for him who slept,  
E'en Christ stood at the grave and wept.

He wept! but His was not the tear  
Of human grief on human bier,

That gushes, trustless of to-morrow,  
In unassuaged excess of sorrow.

And yet He wept, though there He stood,  
In power's unquestioned plenitude,

While every sacred drop that fell  
Was life to death, and death to hell!

But closer now, and closer grew

The press of the surrounding crew,  
Who deemed He came to mourn, not save,

As He stooped o'er the dead man's grave,  
And gazed with self-communing air

For a short space in silence there.

Nearer He stooped, and yet more near;  
Hark! heard ye not, like trumpet clear,

His life-shout in that mouldering ear?

Forth sent the tomb its hidden birth,

For He who called was God on earth!

Then, following that resistless word,

The dead sprang forth before his Lord,  
Bound hand and foot with funeral clothes;

In life, in breathing life, he rose,

And cast amid the astonished crowd,

From his freed limbs, the loosened shroud!

Health's crimson light o'erspread his face,

His eye was fire, his step was grace;

No trace of what it was before

The metamorphosed body wore;

But, like the first-formed of mankind,  
Ere his full heart might utterance find,

Complete in sense, and limb, and motion,  
 Absorbed he stood in rapt devotion,  
 While through each uncollapsing vein  
 The rushing life-streams burst again.

All turned to Christ; but He, with eye  
 Serenely lifted to the sky,  
 Symbol or sign of outward power,  
 Distinguished in that holy hour:  
 His hand yet on the marble rested  
 Where late the revelling worm was rife,  
 And awe-struck multitudes attested  
 "The Resurrection and the Life!"

*Lionel T. Berquer.*

**3687. LAZARUS, The Raising of.**

John xi : 38-44.

'Tis still thine hour, O Death!  
 Thine, lord of Hades, is the kingdom still;  
 Yet twice thy sword unstained hath sought  
 its sheath,  
 Though twice upraised to kill;  
 And once again the tomb  
 Shall yield its captured prey;  
 A mightier Arm shall pierce the pathless  
 gloom  
 And rend the prize away:  
 Nor comes thy Conqueror armed with spear  
 or sword;  
 He hath no arms but prayer, no weapon but  
 His Word.

'Tis now the fourth sad morn  
 Since Lazarus, the pious and the just,  
 To his last home by sorrowing kinsmen  
 borne,  
 Hath parted, dust to dust.  
 The grave-worm revels now  
 Upon his mouldering clay;  
 And He before whose car the mountains bow,  
 The rivers roll away  
 In conscious awe—He only can revive  
 Corruption's withering prey and call the dead  
 to life!

Yet still the sisters keep  
 Their sad and silent vigil at the grave,  
 Watching for Jesus: "Comes He not to  
 weep?  
 He did not come to save!"  
 But now one straining eye  
 Th' advancing Form hath traced;  
 And soon in wild resistless agony  
 Have Martha's arms embraced  
 The Saviour's feet: "O Lord! hadst Thou  
 been nigh—  
 But speak the word e'en now; it shall be  
 heard on high."

They led Him to the cave,  
 The rocky bed where now in darkness slept  
 Their brother and His friend; then at the  
 grave  
 They paused, for "Jesus wept."  
 O love sublime and deep!  
 O hand and heart divine!

He comes to rescue, though He deigns to  
 The captive is not thine, [weep.  
 O Death! thy bands are burst asunder now:  
 There stands beside the grave a Mightier far  
 than thou.

"Come forth," He cries, "thou dead!"  
 O God! what means that strange and sudden  
 sound,  
 That murmurs from the tomb—that ghastly  
 head  
 With funeral fillets bound?  
 It is a living form,  
 The loved, the lost, the won—  
 Won from the grave, corruption, and the  
 worm.

"And is not this the Son  
 Of God?" they whispered; while the sisters  
 poured  
 Their gratitude in tears, for they had known  
 the Lord.

Yet know the Son of God— [hour  
 For such He was in truth—approached the  
 For which alone the path of thorns He trod,  
 In which to thee the power,  
 O Death! should be restored,  
 And yet restored in vain; [poured,  
 For though the blood of ransom must be  
 The spotless Victim slain,  
 He shall but yield to conquer, fall to rise,  
 And make the cold, dark grave a portal to  
 the skies!  
*Thomas Dale.*

**3688. LAZARUS, The Sister of.**

John xi : 28.

A sister in anguish lamented the loved,  
 And tears of affliction streamed fast from her  
 eyes,  
 As she bowed 'neath the rod of the chastener,  
 and proved  
 That those blessings fly fast which most  
 fondly we prize.  
 She mused on his virtues, his kindness, his  
 truth;  
 On the love that was borne her, so fervent  
 and high,  
 By the playmate of childhood, companion of  
 youth,  
 Thus called, in the fresh bloom of vigor, to  
 die!  
 And her burdened heart sunk in the dark-  
 ness of woe,  
 As the fond sister mourned for the cherished  
 laid low.

But listen! a voice by the mourner is heard  
 Whose tones send the music of peace to her  
 soul;  
 The loud sobs of anguish are calmed at a  
 word,  
 And the tear-drops no longer in bitterness  
 roll;  
 Hope breaks through the gloom that en-  
 shrouds her sad heart,  
 And her bosom expands with a rapturous  
 glow;

Firm faith and full trust their best com-  
forts impart  
As she hears from the lips of the messenger  
flow  
Sweet tidings to bid her deep agony flee:  
"The Master is come, and He calleth for  
thee."

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be  
thy days,  
And the tempests of sorrow encompass thee  
black;  
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds  
its rays  
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate  
track:  
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and  
bitter tears flow  
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleed-  
ing heart riven,  
Check thy sorrowing murmurs, thou lorn  
one, and know  
That the chastened on earth are the purest  
for heaven:  
And remember, though gloomy the present  
may be,  
That the Master is coming, and coming to  
thee. *S. D. Patterson.*

**3689. LEBANON.**

Now upon Syria's land of roses  
Softly the light of eve roposes;  
And, like a glory, the broad sun  
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;  
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

*Thomas Moore.***3690. LEBANON, Sighing for.**

There is none like her, none;  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
Oh! art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy deli-  
Sighing for Lebanon, [licious East,  
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here in-  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair, [creased,  
And looking to the south, and fed  
With honeyed rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;  
And over whom thy darkness must have  
spread  
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom  
she came. *Alfred Tennyson.*

**3691. LEBANON, The Cedars of.**

But the just like palms shall flourish,  
Which the plains of Judah nourish:  
Like tall cedars mounted on  
Cloud-ascending Lebanon.

Plants set in thy courts, below  
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;  
Fruit in their old age shall bring;  
Ever fat and flourishing.  
This God's justice celebrates;  
He, my Rock, injustice hates.

*G. Sandys.***3692. LEBANON, The Cedars of.**

Ye ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade  
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest  
kings,  
When millions for a battle were arrayed,  
And the sky darkened with the vulture's  
wings.

Long silence followed on the battle-cries;  
First the bones whitened, then were seen no  
more;  
The summer grasses sprang for summer  
skies,  
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,  
Men left the desert tents for marble walls;  
Then rose the towers from whence they  
watched the stars,  
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perished, those imperial  
towers,  
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom;  
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours  
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees, are somewhat shorn  
Of the first strength that marked earth's ear-  
lier clime;  
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,  
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witnessed, but yet more re-  
mains;  
The mind's great empire is but just begun;  
The desert beauty of your distant plains  
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold  
The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and  
free;  
More glorious than the glories known of old,  
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea?

All that the past has taught is not in vain:  
Wisdom is garnered up from centuries gone;  
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign  
Than ye have known, cedars of Lebanon!  
*Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*

**3693. LEPER CLEANSED.**

Luke v: 12, 13.

A leper once to Jesus came,  
Believing only in His name,  
And trusting in His love:  
"Thou seest, Lord, my direst need,

Unclean and dying! Yet I plead,  
Thou canst my curse remove!"

"I will! Be clean!" the Lord replied,  
And straightway thrilled the healthful tide  
Of life along his veins;  
His leprosy was cleansed away,  
His heart was filled with joy that day,  
Departed all his pains.

Lord, I a suppliant also bow,  
For I Thy power have need of now,  
To cleanse away my guilt;  
The leprosy of sin I feel,  
Its woe, its curse; but Thou canst heal—  
Thou canst, if but Thou wilt.

Oh, let Thy power again be seen!  
Speak Thou the word: "I will! Be clean!"  
On me let mercy shine,  
My guilt be pardoned, heart be healed,  
My soul for Thy salvation sealed;  
The glory shall be Thine.

**3694. LEPER, Healing a.**

Luke v : 12-15.

A leprous soul that feels  
The loathsomeness of sin  
To Christ his case reveals,  
And longs to be made clean;  
His humble faith to Christ applies,  
But little speaks, but much it sighs.

O'erwhelmed beneath the load  
Of his impurity,  
A long-offended God  
Ashamed he is to see;  
Low in the dust he hides his face,  
And, conscious of his vileness, prays:

My universal sin,  
Lord, I to Thee confess;  
Corrupt without, within,  
Full of a sore disease,  
Of bruises, wounds, and putrid sores,  
My spirit at Thy feet adores.

Of grace I never will,  
But of myself, despair;  
Able Thou art to heal,  
Thou hear'st a sinner's prayer;  
My faith is strong, my hope is sure,  
A touch of Thine can make me pure.

Thy Spirit's hand apply  
My pardoned sin to seal,  
My soul to purify;  
Assure me now "I will,"  
And all my guilt shall now depart,  
And sin shall leave me pure in heart.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3695. LEPER, The.**

Mark i : 40-42.

Alone on Jordan's plain,  
His head all bare to sun and rain,

A leper roamed with garments rent,  
And wailing voice, still crying as he went,  
Unclean! unclean! unclean!

But Jesus passed by,  
And as His blessed feet drew nigh  
He listened while the suppliant prayed;  
And kindly to that dying soul He said,  
Be clean! be clean! be clean!

By sin thus tainted sore,  
I roam earth's barren desert o'er;  
My head is bare to storms of woe,  
My dreary voice still crying as I go,  
Unclean! unclean! unclean!

O Thou who on the tree  
Of agony once died for me,  
With pitying mercy hear my cry,  
And kindly to my guilty soul reply,  
Be clean! be clean! be clean!

**3696. LEPERS, The Ten.**

Luke xvii : 12-18.

Ten cleansed, and only one remain!  
Who would have thought our nature's stain  
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?

Even He who reads the heart  
Knows what He gave and what we lost,  
Sin's forfeit and redemption's cost,  
By a short pang of wonder crossed  
Seems at the sight to start.

Yet 'twas not wonder, but His love  
Our wavering spirits would reprove,  
That heavenward seem so free to move  
When earth can yield no more:  
Then from afar on God we cry;  
But should the mist of woe roll by,  
Not showers across an April sky  
Drift, when the storm is o'er,

Faster than those false drops and few  
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.  
What sadder scene can angels view  
Than self-deceiving tears,  
Poured idly over some dark page  
Of earlier life, though pride or rage  
The record of to-day engage,  
A woe for future years?

Spirits that round the sick man's bed  
Watched, noting down each prayer he made,  
Were your unerring roll displayed,  
His pride of health t' abase;  
Or, when soft showers in season fall,  
Answering a famished nation's call,  
Should unseen fingers on the wall  
Our vows forgotten trace;

How should we gaze in trance of fear!  
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear  
From heaven upon that scroll severe,  
"Ten cleansed and one remain!"

Nor surer would the blessing prove  
Of humbled hearts, that own Thy love,  
Should choral welcome from above  
Visit our senses plain:



Than by Thy placid voice and brow,  
 With healing first, with comfort now,  
 Turned upon him, who hastes to bow  
 Before Thee, heart and knee;  
 "Oh! thou, who only wouldst be blest,  
 On thee alone My blessing rest!  
 Rise, go thy way in peace, possessed  
 For evermore of Me." *John Keble.*

**3697. LEPERS, The Ungrateful.**

Luke xvii : 12-19.

Wand'ring afar from the dwellings of men,  
 Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten;  
 "Jesus, have mercy!" brings healing divine;  
 One came to worship, but where are the nine?

Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord,  
 Knowing the cure had been wrought by His  
 word,  
 Gratefully owning the Healer Divine;  
 Jesus says tenderly, "Where are the nine?"

"Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;  
 "Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."  
 Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,  
 Show them His mighty works—Where are  
 the nine?

Jesus on trial to-day we can see;  
 Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"  
 How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and  
 mine!  
 Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?  
*P. P. Bliss.*

**3698. LIFE, Contraction of.**

I looked on the dead, and bethought me  
 Of a story strange and wild,  
 That has haunted my wayward fancy  
 Since e'er I was a child.

Six windows a prisoner counted  
 As he entered his spacious cell;  
 On the beams of the sunset in streaming  
 He gazed, and he said, "It is well!"

He sleeps, and his dreams are of freedom,  
 Till the clock of the castle strikes one;  
 'Tis an earthquake! the prison is moving!  
 He wakes—and a window is gone!

From morning till eve, in his terror  
 He ponders this mystery o'er:  
 'Tis midnight again. Hark! a jarring!  
 Of the windows there only are four!

Now nearer the floor and the ceiling,  
 And nearer the walls set to be;  
 The door where he entered has vanished:  
 That night he counts windows but three!

The sweat on his brow cold and clammy,  
 Oozes thick as the new-fallen dew;  
 With fear and with trembling he watches:  
 In vain! there are windows but two!

He lays himself down not to slumber;  
 The fatal sound cometh once more;  
 The ponderous walls crush together:  
 A shriek—and his sorrows are o'er!

This story long slept without moral,  
 Yet one raiseth it now from the past:  
 Though the earth seems at first a large prison,  
 To the coffin we come at the last.

Each year, as it closes around us,  
 Unto death more and more gives control:  
 Oh! his grasp to the body is fearful;  
 Then what must it be to the soul?

**3699. LIFE, Loom of.**

All day, all night, I can hear the jar  
 Of the loom of life, and near and far  
 It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,  
 As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom;  
 In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,  
 The wheels are turning early and late,  
 And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove  
 Click, clack! another of wrong and sin; [in;  
 What a checkered thing will this life be  
 When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,  
 And hands as busy as hands can be,  
 Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,  
 To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?  
 In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;  
 Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,  
 But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web—  
 say?  
 Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?  
 It were better, then, O my friend! to spin  
 A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver! the years are slow,  
 But each one is nearer the end, I know;  
 And some day the last thread shall be woven  
 God grant it be love instead of sin. [in.

**3700. LIFE, Our Years of.**

Our years of life, our years of life, ah me,  
 how swift they fly!  
 Nor toil, nor care, nor grief, nor joy, can  
 stay them, hurrying by;  
 As clouds before the summer wind, as waves  
 along the sea,  
 So life's short years of smiles and tears sweep  
 to eternity.

Last year I looked along the past with heart-  
 ache and with shame,  
 For all the years of emptiness when life was  
 but the name;

I saw its vanity in spring, its summer's fruit-  
less show,  
And 'round my way already heard sad winds  
of autumn blow;

I saw my strong and high resolves, my hopes  
that burned like flame,  
Dragged down to weakness that I scorned,  
so paltry, poor, and tame;  
That nameless dream that fired my soul and  
lit me like a star,  
Alas! how dim through mists it shone, how  
rayless and how far.

That lip I vowed, unheard by man, should  
soar so fair and grand,  
That, like the sun, its beams should bless  
and brighten every land,  
O God! I wept, and weep again; I dreamed  
it might be mine,  
And held my dew-drop forth to flash white  
seas of day divine!

O fool! O child! in pain I cry; all lights but  
hide the sun,  
And streak with shade those prismatic tides  
that through creation run.  
Drink! drink the sun! and then, though  
frail and trembling like the dew,  
Thy trembling shall but more reveal the God-  
light leaping through!

"It might have been!" What might have  
been? And is it yet too late  
To work for good? to work for God? or ask  
His will and wait?  
Then working most, perchance, when least  
in my own strength is done;  
For what avails the tempest's toil to match  
the silent sun?

O years of life! O years of life! your flight  
can ne'er return,  
And vain are all the tears that fall above  
youth's ashy urn;  
But love like Thine, O heart divine! thy  
pureness, meekness, truth,  
Thy teeming calm—these breathe the balm of  
heaven's eternal youth.

For what is youth but guileless truth and  
glowing hope and love?  
These grace and warm each seraph form that  
floats in light above.  
If these be mine, O Thou divine! through  
all earth's warring life,  
My heart, like gold, shall ne'er grow old, nor  
scarred with sin and strife.

O years of life! O years of life! roll on your  
squadrons dark.  
My heart like rock shall stand your shock;  
your surge shall lift my ark.  
O'er waves beneath or clouds above my soul  
shall sail or soar,  
On eagle's wing exulting sing, and steer for  
heaven's bright shore.

O years of life! I hail your strife, I shout  
amid your storm,  
For o'er life's sea walks forth toward me a  
bright supernal form!

And lo! where lifts through golden rifts a  
headland far and white.

That looms alone through calms unknown,  
and props a sphere of light!

*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3701. LILIES AND BIRDS.

Luke xii : 27.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant  
eye

Fell on your gentle beauty, when from you  
That heavenly lesson from all hearts He drew,  
Eternal, universal as the sky:

Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,  
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass  
you by,

Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

And though too oft its low, celestial sound,  
By the harsh notes of work-day care is  
drowned,

And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,  
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's  
hushed hour,

Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!

Ye too, the free and fearless birds of the air,  
Were charged that hour on missionary wing,  
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,  
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of  
spring?

Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!  
A call to your echoing woods away  
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring  
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.  
So may those blessed vernal strains renew  
Childhood; a childhood yet more pure and  
true  
E'en than the first, within th' awakened  
mind:

While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,  
That know no doubts, no questionings, no  
strife,

But hangs upon its God, unconsciously re-  
signed. *Felicia D. Hemans.*

### 3702. LILIES, Consider the.

Matthew vi : 28.

Consider the lilies so gracefully bending,  
In beauty and brilliance arrayed,  
Unwatched and uncared for, yet cheerfully  
lending

Their charms to the field and the glade.  
Consider them well, for instruction may dwell  
In the form of the lowliest flower,  
And a lesson of truth for the season of youth  
Is the lily's unchangeable dower.

O ye that are proud of your outward adorning,  
Your charms to the lilies must yield,

And turn to your mirrors with blushing and  
scorning,  
Outdone by the flowers of the field.  
Old age will come on, and your beauty be  
gone,

As the lilies that fade with the light;  
Then earnestly seek to be lowly and meek—  
The beauty that nothing can blight.

Consider the lilies, O timid and fearful!  
They grow without trouble or care,  
And seem in a whisper to bid you be cheerful,  
And never give way to despair;  
Look up to the sky, to your Father on high;  
Let His promises comfort thine heart,  
And doubt and dismay shall pass quickly  
away,  
In the light that His love can impart.

And you whose young bosoms with ardor are  
glowing  
For fame and distinction on earth,  
May learn from the flowers that around you  
are growing  
How little these honors are worth.  
Earth's proudest array fades soonest away,  
And only leaves sorrow behind;  
While those who confide in His name who  
hath died  
The highest promotion shall find.

### 3703. LILIES OF JERUSALEM.

Matthew vi : 28.

Fair lilies of Jerusalem!  
Ye wear the same array  
As when imperial Judah's stem  
Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide,  
As bright ye blossom on  
As when your simple charms outvied  
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled  
With holiest themes divine,  
When first he sees your colors gild  
The fields of Palestine.

Fresh springing from the emerald sod,  
As beautiful to see  
As when the meek, incarnate God,  
Took parable from ye.

What rose, amidst her fragrant bowers,  
That steals the morning's glow,  
Or tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,  
Was ever honored so?

But ye are of the lowly train  
Which He delights to raise;  
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,  
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled with anxious care,  
From silken threads to spin  
That living gold, refined and rare,  
Which God hath clothed ye in;

That ye, His simplest works, should shine,  
In such adornment dressed,  
That mightiest kings of Judah's line  
Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand  
Of Scripture's sacred page,  
Sweet lilies of the Holy Land!  
And bloom in every age.

Ye've seen the terrors of the Lord  
By signs and wonders shown,  
And kingly rebels to His power  
Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,  
By prophets warned in vain,  
Were led to fair Euphrates' strand  
From Jordan's pleasant plain;

In hostile lands to weep and dream  
Of things that still were free,  
And sigh to see your golden gleam,  
Sweet flowers of Galilee!

And ye have seen a darker hour  
On Zion's children fall,  
Than when Chaldea's vengeful power  
Assailed her leaguered wall:

Ye saw the eagles from afar  
On wing of terror come;  
And godless priests maintain a war  
'Gainst earth-subduing Rome.

The meteor sword that high in air  
O'er guilty Salem swept,  
And all her burden of despair  
O'er which Messiah wept.

Ye bloomed unscathed, meek, lovely flow-  
On that terrific night, [ers]  
While marble fanes and rock-built towers  
Crashed downward from their height.

Ye have survived Judea's throne,  
Her temple's overthrow,  
And seen proud Salem sitting lone,  
A widow in her woe:

Her children from that pleasant place  
As outcasts sent to roam;  
While Ishmael's unbelieving race  
Lay waste their forfeit home.

But, lilies of Jerusalem!  
Through every change ye shine;  
Your golden urns unfading gem  
The fields of Palestine! *Strickland.*

3704. LILIES, The Corn and the.  
Luke xii : 27; Canticles ii : 2.  
Said the corn to the lilies,  
"Press not near my feet;  
You are only lilies,  
Neither corn nor wheat:  
Does one earn a living  
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,  
Neither yea nor nay,  
Only they grew sweeter  
All the livelong day;  
And at last the Teacher  
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples  
Rested at His feet,  
And the proud corn rustled,  
Bidding them to eat;  
"Children," said the Teacher,  
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the lilies,  
How beautiful they grow!  
Never king had such glory,  
Yet no toil they know."  
Oh happy were the lilies  
That He loved them so!

*Emily A. Braddock.*

### 3705. LION'S WHELPS.

Ezekiel xix : 1.

Israel was a lioness!  
Mother of a lion brood,  
Training in her fierce caress  
All her whelps to gorge on blood.  
Red the surge of Jordan ran,  
For their fearful meal was man!

One she sent, a forest king,  
Rushing over hill and plain,  
Rapid as the eagle's wing,  
Scorning lance, defying chain;  
Hebron's mountains heard his roar,  
Heard it Jordan's sedgy shore.

Sharp the talon, fierce the fang,  
When his lair the hunter found,  
When he on the hunter sprang,  
Making all the man a wound.  
But her lion-whelp is gone,  
Chained to Egypt's tyrant throne!

Then from Israel's lion-den  
Rushed another of her brood.  
Ambushed in his mountain glen,  
Hate his thirst, revenge his food;  
Loving night and shunning day,  
Keen to scent, and strong to slay.

Laying waste the palace hall,  
Laying waste the city gate,  
Glutting his revenge on all;  
Dark as death and fixed as fate.  
Slaughter tainted earth and air  
Round that lion's mountain lair!

Tore his fang the serpent's scale?  
Chased his foot the flying deer?  
No, the monarch in his mail,  
No, the biting of the spear,  
Only worthy of his spring,  
Banqueted the forest king!

But the nations round him rose,  
And the iron net was flung

By the noblest of thy foes  
O'er the fiercest of thy young.  
Now his fetter is undone;  
Death is lord—in Babylon!

*George Croly.*

### 3706. LOAVES, Boy with the Five.

John vi : 5-12.

What time the Saviour spread His feast  
For thousands on the mountain's side,  
One of the last and least  
The abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,  
A boy, 'mid other boys he came,  
A lamb of Jesus' fold,  
Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet, obedient ways,  
The apostles brought him near, to share  
Their Lord's laborious days,  
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart  
That led him sacrifice to bring,  
For his own simple part,  
To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glowed his cheek;  
How he looked down, half pride, half fear;  
Far off he saw one speak  
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad, five loaves hath he,  
And fishes twain; but what are they  
Where hungry thousands be?"  
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,  
The mighty Shepherd ranks His sheep,  
By tens and fifties, still  
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Or who can tell the trembling joy,  
Who paint the grave, endearing look,  
When from that favored boy  
The wondrous pledge he took?

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word;  
Bring Him thy best: who knows but He  
For His eternal board  
May take some gift of thee?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet;  
But kneel in faith: an arm benign  
Such prayers will duly set  
Within the holiest shrine.

And prayer has might to spread and grow;  
Thy childish darts, right-aimed on high,  
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow  
Far on the eternal sky:

Even as He made that stripling's store  
Type of the feast by Him decreed,  
When angels might adore  
And souls forever feed.

*Lyra Innocentium.*

**3707. LOAVES, Miracle of the.**

Matthew xiv : 15-21.

Thousands completely fed  
 With a few loaves of bread, [fare;  
 Such as would barely form one household's  
 And, when the feast was o'er,  
 The fragments were a store  
 Enough for needy hundreds still to share.

What was the power that wrought  
 This wonder passing thought? [yore  
 What but that word divine, which called of  
 Systems and suns to grace  
 The mighty realms of space, [o'er?  
 And then with life and beauty spread them

God only can create;  
 None less could arrogate  
 The power to sway all nature with a rod:  
 O Christ! be Thou adored;  
 For that creative word [art God.  
 Which blessed the bread was God, and Thou  
*Joseph H. Clinch.*

**3708. LOAVES, The Lad with the Barley.**

John vi : 5-13.

Sandalled with green luxuriance the hills  
 That sloped to meet the Galilean sea;  
 One voice alone the charmed silence fills,  
 One face alone the earnest thousands see.  
 Hour after hour held by most holy spell,  
 Till the day passed and shades of evening fell.

Then they were faint and weary; so the Lord,  
 Touched with their suffering said, "Give  
 them to eat."

And doubting Philip, when he heard that  
 word,

Wondered and questioned, "Where shall we  
 get meat?"

But Andrew's eye o'er the vast concourse  
 roves,

To find a "lad who had five barley loaves."

A stripling of few years; what brought him  
 The wonder of some miracle to see? [there?  
 Or had it been his blessed lot to share  
 The Saviour's love, and climb upon His knee?  
 O happy child! I know thy joyful pride,  
 When Andrew called thee to the Master's side.

'Twas angel's food that mortals ate that day,  
 Although no bright-stoled angel brought it  
 down;

But from the basket of a child at play,  
 And from the little hands all sunburnt brown,  
 Divinity did take, and bless, and share  
 Five barley loaves among five thousand there.

Not the boy priest who served the temple's  
 shrine,

And heard Jehovah's voice call him by name,  
 Had honor half so great, dear child, as thine,  
 Linked with the Christ in such a tender fame;  
 Not angels came the humble meal to spread,  
 But from thy hands He took the barley bread.

*Lilly E. Barr.***3709. LOAVES AND FISHES, Miracle of the.**

Mark viii : 4.

Go not away, thou weary soul:  
 Heaven has in store a precious dole  
 Here on Bethsaida's cold and darksome  
 Where over rocks and sands arise [height,  
 Proud Sirion in the northern skies,  
 And Tabor's lonely peak, 'twixt thee and  
 noonday light.

And, far below, Gennesaret's main  
 Spreads many a mile of liquid plain,  
 Though all seem gathered in one eager bound,  
 Then narrowing cleaves yon palmy lea,  
 Towards that deep sulphureous sea,  
 Where five proud cities lie, by one dire sen-  
 tence drowned.

Landscape of fear! yet, weary heart,  
 Thou need'st not in thy gloom depart,  
 Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant home:  
 Sweetly thy sickening throbs are eyed  
 By the kind Saviour at thy side;  
 For healing and for balm even now thine hour  
 is come.

No fiery wing is seen to glide,  
 No cates ambrosial are supplied;  
 But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store  
 Is all He asks and more than needs  
 Who men and angels daily feeds, [shore.  
 And stills the wailing sea-bird on the hungry

The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,  
 And over all that upland lone  
 The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of old;  
 But far unlike the former dreams,  
 The heart's sweet moonlight softly gleams  
 Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst and  
 cold.

As mountain travellers in the night,  
 When heaven by fits is dark and bright,  
 Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear  
 Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,  
 Then bolder scale the rugged fell,  
 Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen, yet  
 ever near:

So when the tones of rapture gay  
 On the lorn ear die quite away,  
 The lonely world seems lifted nearer heaven;  
 Seen daily, yet unmarked before,  
 Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er  
 With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of  
 man forgiven.

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre  
 No more on listless ears expire,  
 Nor vainly smiles along the shady way  
 The primrose in her vernal nest,  
 Nor unlamented sink to rest [decay.  
 Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves

There's not a star the heaven can show,  
 There's not a cottage hearth below,

But feeds with solace kind the willing soul;  
Men love us, or they need our love;  
Freely they own, or heedless prove  
The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,  
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,  
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,  
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least  
Into a conqueror's royal feast:  
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be  
beguiled. *John Keble.*

**3710. LOAVES AND FISHES, Miracle of the.**

Matthew xv : 16-21.

A voice amid the desert.

Not of him [fed  
Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-  
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claimed  
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge  
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,  
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening  
throng.

Benignant pity moved Him as He saw  
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch

The springs of every nature. The high lore  
Of heaven He humbled to the simplest child,  
And in the guise of parable allured  
The sluggish mind to follow truth and live.  
They whom the thunders of the Law had  
stunned

Woke to the Gospel's melody with tears;  
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe  
High in her arms, that its young eye might  
Jesus of Nazareth. [meet

It was so still,  
Though thousands clustered there, that not a  
sound  
Brake the strong spell of eloquence which  
held

The wilderness in chains, save now and then,  
As the gale freshened, came the murmured  
speech

Of distant billows, chafing with the shores  
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,  
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows  
brought

The unexpected eve. They lingered still,  
Eyes fixed and lips apart; the very breath  
Constrained, lest some escaping sigh might  
break

The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their  
souls

Like a strange, raptured dream. They heeded  
not

The spent sun, closing at the curtained west  
His burning journey. What was time to  
them,

Who heard entranced the eternal Word of  
Life?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger  
came,

Sharpening each feature, and to faintness  
drained

Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt  
Compassion for them. His disciples press,  
Care-stricken, to His side: "Where shall we  
find

Bread in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eye,  
He blessed, and brake, the slender store of  
food,

And fed the famished thousands. Wonder-  
ing awe

With renovated strength inspired their souls,  
As, gazing on the miracle, they marked  
The gathered fragments of their feast, and heard

Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man  
Had never uttered.

Thou, whose pitying heart  
Yearned o'er the countless miseries of those  
Whom Thou didst die to save, touch Thou  
our souls

With the same spirit of untiring love.  
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow-man,  
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjointed,  
Be as a brother in his hour of need.

*L. H. Sigourney.*

**3711. LOCUSTS, Cloud of.**

Then Moath pointed where a cloud  
Of locusts, from the desolated fields  
Of Syria, winged their way.  
"Lo! how created things  
Obey the written doom."

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud  
Of congregated myriads numberless,  
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound  
Of some broad river, headlong in its course  
Plunged from a mountain summit; or the  
roar

Of a wild ocean in the autumnal storm,  
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.  
Onward they came, the winds impelled them  
on,

Their work was done, their path of ruin past,  
Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

*Robert Southey.*

**3712. LORD'S SUPPER, Institution of the.**

1 Corinthians xi : 23.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed Him to His foes;

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:  
What love through all His actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"This is My Body, broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food."  
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:  
"This the new covenant in My Blood.

For us His flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn;  
And justice poured upon His head  
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

For us His vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt!  
When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave His soul a sacrifice.

“Do this,” He cried, “till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend;  
Meet at My Table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord.”

Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate;  
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,  
Till Thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

**3713. LORD'S SUPPER, Intent of the.**  
Mark xiv : 22-24.

When the paschal evening fell  
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,  
When around the festal board  
Sate the apostles with their Lord,  
Then His parting word He said,  
Blessed the cup and broke the bread:  
“This whenever ye do see,  
Evermore remember me.”

Years have passed; in every clime,  
Changing with the changing time,  
Varying through a thousand forms,  
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,  
Still the sacred table spread,  
Flowing cup and broken bread,  
With that parting word agree,  
“Drink and eat—remember Me.”

When by treason, doubt, unrest,  
Sinks the soul, dismayed, opprest;  
When the shadows of the tomb  
Close us round with deep'ning gloom;  
Then bethink us at that board  
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,  
Who, when tried and grieved as we,  
Dying, said “Remember Me.”

When through all the scenes of life,  
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,  
Friends or foes together meet,  
Now to part and now to greet,  
Let those holy tokens tell  
Of that sweet and sad farewell,  
And, in mingled grief or glee,  
Whisper still “Remember Me.”

When diverging creeds shall learn  
Towards their central Source to turn;  
When contending churches tire  
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;  
Here let strife and clamor cease  
At that still, small voice of peace—  
“May they all united be  
In the Father and in Me.”

When as rolls the sacred year,  
Each fresh note of love we hear;  
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,  
Full of grace divine we scan;  
When the mournful way we tread,  
Where for us His blood He shed;  
When on Easter morn we tell  
How He conquered death and hell;  
When we watch His Spirit true  
Heaven and earth transform anew;  
Then with quickened sense we see  
Why He said “Remember Me.”

When in this thanksgiving feast  
We would give to God our best,  
From the treasures of His might  
Seeking life and love and light;  
Then, O Friend of humankind!  
Make us true and firm of mind,  
Pure of heart, in spirit free—  
Thus may we remember Thee.

*A. P. Stanley.*

**3714. LORD'S SUPPER, Suggestions of the.**

1 Corinthians xi : 25.

According to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord—  
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee!

Gethsemane can I forget,  
Or there Thy conflict see;  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee!

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee!

And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

*James Montgomery.*

**3715. LORD'S SUPPER, Unworthy of the.**

1 Corinthians xi : 27-29.

The board is spread with meats divine,  
O worn with strife and soiled with sin;  
Draw near, love-thirsting soul of mine,  
Draw near and take thy Saviour in.

I see the white prepared board,  
I hear the words of love and grace;  
But canst Thou deign to dwell, O Lord!  
Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the prophet chief  
 Made for Thy dwelling place of old,  
 With curtain fine, and almond leaf,  
 And Shittim shaft, and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast  
 The house the monarch reared for Thee,  
 With costly gems and odors drest,  
 With burning lamp and molten sea.

With cedar flower and carven palm,  
 In purest gold of Parvaim set,  
 And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,  
 Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart! ah, where thy hallowed fires,  
 Thy gold of consecrated days,  
 The broidered veil of pure desires,  
 The cedar-scented songs of praise.

Ah me! the world has come between  
 Thy soul and Christ! the gold is dim,  
 The floor is soiled He made so clean:  
 Is this a dwelling fit for Him.

Yet come! I see the wine, the bread!  
 That blood can wash away thy sin;  
 Draw near, my soul, and be thou fed,  
 Nor doubt that Christ will enter in!  
*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

**3716. LOST PIECE OF MONEY, The.**  
 Luke xv : 8-10.

'Tis lost! one silvered treasure of the ten,  
 From the lone widow's scanty stock and  
 store;  
 For this she searched with diligence, and  
 then,  
 Soon as she found it, she rejoiced the more.  
 Not for the nine, but for the tenth, the lost,  
 She sought, and sighed, and agonized the  
 most.

For this she lit the candle and the light,  
 And sought and searched in every darkened  
 place;

For this she swept till, brought at last to  
 sight,

Joy beamed upon the widow's anxious face.  
 Who have but little have the less to share,  
 And loss of aught is more than they can spare.

Like that lost coin, the soul by nature lies,  
 In dark and dust, all-passive of its state;  
 Unsought, it cannot of itself arise;  
 Unfound, abides unconscious of its fate:  
 Such loss to lose, but oh! such gain to find;  
 How great the love of Jesus, and how kind!

His fold is but a "little flock," indeed;  
 His sheep are numbered, like the widow's  
 gain;

One lost is missed, and must be sought with  
 speed,  
 Till, found, He brings it to the fold again.

Rejoice with Me; that which was lost is  
 found;  
 Like angels' joy, so let your joy abound!  
*Robert Maguire.*

**3717. LOST SHEEP, Parable of the.**  
 Luke xv : 3-7.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold,  
 But one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold—  
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine :  
 Art they not enough for Thee?" [mine  
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This of  
 Has wandered away from Me;  
 And although the road be rough and steep  
 I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed;  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
 passed through  
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
 Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the  
 way  
 That mark out the mountain's track?"  
 "They were shed for one who had gone  
 astray  
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
 torn?"  
 "They are pierced to-night by many a  
 thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven:  
 "Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"  
*Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.*

**3718. LOST SHEEP, The.**

Matthew xviii : 12-14.

This Man receiveth sinners: these He sought;  
 For them the great salvation He hath  
 wrought.

Oh! blessed thought.

He came to seek the strayed, to save the lost;  
 He bought them with His blood, and such a  
 A countless cost! [cost—

Yet, when the Shepherd's eye surveys the  
 fold,  
 One lamb is missed when all the flock is told;  
 One sheep untold.

The sheep thus gone astray stands all in  
 doubt,  
 Knows no way in, when once it strays with-  
 Oh, seek it out! [out;



So with the soul, when straying thus abroad,  
 Conscious of wrong, it cannot find the road,  
 Nor way to God.

Of which does that fond Father think the  
 most—

The child that is safe, or him that's tempest-  
 The tempest-tost! [tost?

It is a tiny plant, exotic, rare;  
 The night is cold, sharp bites the outer air;  
 Don't leave it there!

The child that once was safe enclosed within,  
 Is now without, in atmosphere of sin:  
 Take that child in!

And so the Saviour seeks the lost, the strayed;  
 The frightened lamb He in His bosom laid.  
 Be not afraid!

*Robert Maguire.*

**3719. LOT IN SODOM.**

Genesis xliii : 10.

How hurtful was the choice of Lot,  
 Who took up his abode,  
 Because it was a fruitful spot,  
 With them who feared not God!

A pris'ner he was quickly made,  
 Bereaved of all his store;  
 And, but for Abraham's timely aid,  
 He had returned no more.

Yet still he seemed resolved to stay,  
 As if it were his rest;  
 Although their sins from day to day  
 His righteous soul distressed.

A while he stayed with anxious mind,  
 Exposed to scorn and strife;  
 At last he left us all behind,  
 And fled to save his life.

In vain his sons-in-law he warned:  
 They thought he told his dreams;  
 His daughters, too, of them had learned,  
 And perished in the flames.

His wife escaped a little way,  
 But died for looking back;  
 Does not her case to pilgrims say,  
 "Beware of growing slack"?

Yea, Lot himself could ling'ring stand,  
 Though vengeance was in view;  
 'Twas mercy plucked him by the hand,  
 Or he had perished too.

*John Newton.*

**3720. LUCIFER.**

Dark spirit! blasting in thy fall,  
 As lightning-bolt athwart the gloom,  
 Behold the man's hand on the wall,  
 And hear thy doom!

Proud reveller, bold God's shrine to flout,  
 Thy years are told, thy empire riven;  
 And thou shalt fall, from earth cast out,  
 As erst from heaven.

Back through the infinite march and roll  
 Of years on years thy grim thought cast,  
 In memory's yet uncancelled scroll  
 Reads the bright past:

But all that glory fades and dies  
 With dwindled rays, as the round sun  
 Of twinkling points on midnight skies  
 Becomes but one,

By distance dimmed; or as a dream  
 Of palaces and gorgeous things,  
 And love and joy, wherein we seem  
 Wafted with wings,

Dissolves by slow degrees, or so  
 Remains as only more to prove,  
 By contrast, all our depth of woe,  
 Our dearth of love.

And what thou couldst not choose but bring  
 Of lustre from thy native throne—  
 So bright, that when high poets sing  
 In loftiest tone,

They cannot paint thee wholly vile,  
 But somewhat leave that charms our  
 Some angel-grace amidst thy guile,[thought,  
 More than they ought—

Now like a flickering marsh-fire frowns  
 Round thy dark brow, with ages dim,  
 Poor parody of light that crowns  
 The seraphim.

And if thy foul and shameful fall  
 Left, in good sooth, some spark of grace,  
 Yet lapse of years shall quench out all,  
 And leave no trace.

For evil waxeth more and more,  
 Till evil is its only boast;  
 Hating what'er it loved before,  
 And God the most.

Too long beneath thy iron reign  
 Hath this fair world been stamped and  
 In far millenniums, ere one Cain [trod,  
 Purpled the sod.

Too long, since first thy sharp eye scanned  
 The intruder on thy weird domain;  
 And all too well thy spite hath planned  
 God's work to stain.

And ah! too long, e'en since that hour  
 When, in disguise, thy fated Foe  
 In weakness struck thy ripest power  
 Its deadliest blow.

Too long, alas! we catch the falls  
 Of thy dread footsteps to and fro,  
 As kings unthroned their ancient halls  
 Pace, loth to go.

But, as that crownèd madman bold,  
 Who, e'en as his proud eyes he passed  
 O'er all that Babylon of gold,  
 Was outward cast,

So thou, who falsely nam'st thine own  
The kingdoms never meant for thee,  
Thrust forth with shame, shalt make thy  
Eternally. [moan]

Then, when the final angel stands  
With the irrevocable key,  
The watchers shall proclaim the lands  
At rest, and free;

And then from all the earth shall rise  
Pure alleluia, loud and long;  
While downward from the happy skies  
Shall sweep the song:

"How art thou fallen from thy place,  
Dread meteor of the night—how far!  
How riseth o'er the hills with grace  
The Morning Star!"

*Charles Lawrence Ford.*

### 3721. LUKE AND DEMAS.

Colossians iv : 14; 2 Timothy iv : 10, 11.

Two clouds before the summer gale  
In equal race fleet o'er the sky;  
Two flowers, when wintry blasts assail,  
Together pine, together die.

But two capricious human hearts—  
No sage's rod may track their ways,  
No eye pursue their lawless starts  
Along their wild self-chosen maze.

He only, by whose sovereign Hand  
Even sinners for the evil day [planned,  
Were made; who rules the world He  
Turning our worst His own good way—

He only can the cause reveal,  
Why, at the same fond bosom fed,  
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel  
Till the same prayer was duly said,

Brothers in blood and nurture too,  
Aliens in heart so oft should prove;  
One lose, the other keep heaven's clue;  
One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He only knows, for He can read  
The mystery of the wicked heart,  
Why vainly oft our arrows speed  
When aimed with most unerring art;

While from some rude and powerless arm  
A random shaft, in season sent,  
Shall light upon some lurking harm,  
And work some wonder little meant.

Doubt we how souls to wanton change,  
Leaving their own experienced rest?  
Need not around the world to range;  
One narrow cell may teach us best.

Look in and see Christ's chosen saint  
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;  
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;  
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."

Two converts, watching by his side,  
Alike His love and greetings share:  
Luke the beloved, the sick soul's guide;  
And Demas, named in faltering prayer.

Pass a few years; look in once more:  
The saint is in his bonds again;  
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,  
He and his lot unchanged remain.

But only Luke is with him now;  
Alas! that even the martyr's cell,  
Heaven's verge, should scope allow  
For the false world's seducing spell.

'Tis sad; but yet 'tis well, be sure,  
We on the sight should muse awhile,  
Nor deem our shelter all secure  
Even in the church's holiest aisle.

Vainly before the shrine he bends  
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part:  
The martyr's cell no safety lends  
To him who wants the martyr's heart.

But if there be who follows Paul,  
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,  
Where'er an aching heart may call  
Ready to speed and take no breath;

Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep,  
To tell of the great Shepherd's love;  
To learn of mourners while they weep  
The music that makes mirth above;

Who makes the Saviour all his theme,  
The gospel all his pride and praise—  
Approach, for thou canst see the gleam  
That round the martyr's death-bed plays;

Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,  
A breath the gospel trump to fill,  
And taught by thee the church prolongs  
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.

Ah, dearest mother, since too oft  
The world yet wins some Demas frail  
Even from thine arms, so kind and soft,  
May thy tried comforts never fail!

When faithless ones forsake thy wing,  
Be it vouchsafed thee still to see  
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,  
Cling closer to their Lord and thee.

*John Keble.*

### 3722. LUNATIC CHILD, The.

Mark ix : 14-29.

The word is not, what Christ can do,  
But, what can we believe?  
Faith is the moving power, and lo!  
Believing we receive.

"If Thou canst aught effect, O Lord"  
Is doubt and unbelief;  
"If thou canst but believe my word"  
Is joy and sweet relief.

The "if" that thus to man applies,  
Doth not to God belong;  
He is omniscient and all-wise,  
Omnipotent and strong.

All boundless, surely, as that will  
That made the earth and sky,  
Must be the power of Jesus still  
To heal this lunacy.

'Tis not His power that we must doubt,  
But our own doubting faith;  
He can cast fierce diseases out,  
And life restore from death.

Not what the flowing stream can give,  
That from the fountain flows;  
But what the pitcher can receive,  
That to the fountain goes.

The empty pitcher need not say,  
"Fail not, O stream, for me!"  
That stream can neither fail nor stay;  
It ever flows for thee?

Whate'er the vessel doth contain,  
Is all the vessel gives;  
It may be filled again, again:  
'Tis thus the heart receives.

Oh! come again, as oft before,  
The stream flows on apace;  
And new and fresh fill up thy store,  
Receiving grace for grace.

'Tis not the measure of the light  
That shines from yonder sky  
That gives to man the power of sight,  
But 'tis the human eye.

If that be blind, it cannot see,  
Howe'er the sun may shine;  
So, as our faith and trust may be,  
We see the light divine.

The market store is full and free,  
For all to come and share;  
But no advantage can it be,  
If hunger be not there.

As men have appetite for food,  
They come to fill their store;  
And as they find the food is good,  
They come again for more.

The harbor's bosom, deep and wide,  
Doubts not the mighty sway  
By which the strong incoming tide  
Doth fill it day by day.

It saith not, "If thou canst, O tide!"  
But, "What can I receive?"  
Then, open thou thy flood-gates wide,  
And take the gifts I give!

Not as my scanty stock and store,  
The harvest field doth bloom;

The plenty of Thy threshing-floor  
Shouts for the harvest-home.

And if my basket wants for bread,  
Let me believe Thy word;  
Then heap Thy blessings on my head,  
Because Thou canst, O Lord.

"According to thy faith," saith He;  
If thou canst but believe,  
So shall My gifts and graces be,  
And so shalt thou receive.

Then, "If thou canst" is not the word;  
But, "Is there faith in me?"  
For Thou canst give me all, O Lord!  
If I believe in Thee.

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3723. LYDIA.

Acts xvi: 14.

Seller of purple! listener to the word  
Brought to thy heart by Silas and by Paul,  
Baptized with all thy household; thou wast  
stirred

By the great debt incurred to grace, by all  
The blessed love that converts have for them  
Who teach stray feet the way to Bethlehem,  
To show true hospitality of heart,  
To entertain each God-sent gracious guest,  
Unwilling from such benison to part,  
Thy humble dome with such how greatly  
blest!

Thou wast indeed judged faithful in thy love,  
And holy footsteps honored thy abode;  
Nobler, thus sheltering heralds from above,  
Than proudest hall by proudest monarch  
trod. *William B. Tappan.*

### 3724. LYSTRA, Paul and Barnabas at.

Acts xiv: 11.

Emerging from the whirlwind and the storm  
Of persecution, Paul, with Barnabas,  
To Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims  
Redemption, judgment; heraldry divine,  
Tidings melodious as angelic bliss,  
And sovereign as the harp of Jesse's son  
To heal distempered minds: his ardent  
speech [ears

Rebukes, exhorts; now thundering in their  
The terror of the Lord, unfolding now  
Mystery of love omnipotent. "Awake,  
Arise, benighted sleepers, from the dead,  
And Christ shall give you wisdom, and in-  
struct [gleams

To checker life's dark vale with sunny  
Of truth and virtue, 'till salvation open  
Her portals and her mansions, to receive  
And welcome you to rapture!" Crowds,  
athirst

For novelty, around th' apostle press,  
Lightly to hear, and lightly to depart,  
Relapsing to oblivion; while obdured  
By vain philosophy, high-reaching power,  
Patrician eminence, voluptuous ease,  
The children of prosperity deride  
Contrition's call. Far other passion moves

Yon loathed beggar, cripple from the womb,  
 On the cold earth extended, and embossed  
 With leprosy; yet glorious all within,  
 Arrayed in righteousness, and eagle-winged  
 With piety and hope; thence happier far  
 Than they from whom this supplication  
 wrings [dreams  
 A scanty alms. (Ambition's blaze, the  
 Of fame and riches, vanish and decay;  
 But virtues vanish not, to paradise  
 Translated with empyreal youth to bloom.)  
 In squalor and in dereliction scorned,  
 Outcast of human pity, but upheld  
 By grace and guardian seraphim, and  
 doomed  
 On earth to suffer, but rejoice in heaven,  
 The mourner lay; when he of Tarsus saw  
 His misery, and with thought-exploring eye  
 Discerned his faith, and issued thus com-  
 mand:

“Arise, forlorn and helpless, from the dust;  
 Forget thy desolation; in the name  
 Of Jesus rise and walk!” While yet he  
 spake,  
 Through the shrunk sinews and contracted  
 limbs  
 Ethereal vigor darts like lightning flame,  
 Enkindling health, and purging off in scales  
 Leprous pollution; through each pulse and  
 vein,  
 Through sense and motion, heart and eye  
 and soul,  
 The genial spirits dance; and the gaunt  
 frame,  
 Late the mind's noisome dungeon, spheres  
 her now  
 In palace of delight. The cripple rose [ran  
 Exulting, walked and leaped and bounding  
 Light as the roebuck; yet in frantic joy  
 Not thankless, or unmindful to extol  
 Supernal mercy. Him the multitude  
 Pursued and held; insatiate to survey  
 In speculation mute his altered form,  
 Athletic beauty: some, half fearful, touched  
 The withered lazar hands, now warm with  
 blood  
 Salubrious, and with pliant muscles strung;  
 Some lifted up his garments, to behold  
 The well-compacted knees, th' elastic feet,  
 And ankles firm; while round the whisper  
 flew,  
 “Is this the suppliant stretched so late su-  
 pine,  
 Fed by precarious bounty, and with groans  
 Saddening the day?” Confusion of applause,  
 Tempest of acclamation, next ensued  
 From young and old: “The deities descend  
 In mortal shape!” they cried; “to Lystra's  
 domes  
 And honored temples, welcome and all hail,  
 Dread-thundering monarch, cloud-compell-  
 ing Jove!  
 Bright son of Maia, hail!” The city swarms  
 In wild commotion, roused as by affright  
 Of midnight conflagration or the din

Of battle: streets and avenues disgorge  
 Augmenting thousand; matrons, children,  
 climb)  
 The roofs and walls, and in astonishment  
 Sit gazing there. So all was ecstasy  
 And tumult all, 'till veneration hushed  
 Their thronged idolatry: for now the priest  
 Of Jupiter advancing, oxen brought  
 And garlands, and the sanctimonious rites  
 Solemn prepared, though with disordered  
 pomp,  
 As summoned hasty; now the goblet foamed  
 Libation, and the victim's neck was bowed;  
 Spices in odorous piles already blazed,  
 Already the grim sacrificer stood [shame,  
 In act to strike; when, with indignant  
 Th' ambassadors of Majesty divine,  
 Perceiving their intent, among them rushed  
 Precipitate, and boldly overthrew  
 Each instrument of worship, and reproved  
 Their impious folly. “Cease ye, nor present  
 Knee-tribute, nor to us the name ascribe  
 Of Godhead; wanderers we, of earthly  
 mould;  
 Of peril, woe, disaster, and disease  
 Partakers, and of death. But would ye learn  
 Whom and how best to worship, that our lips,  
 Instructed and commissioned, shall declare.  
 “Can the dumb idol measure in his hand  
 The floods of ocean, or in the balance weigh  
 The mountains and the valleys, or convulse  
 The steadfast earth, alternate rouse and quell  
 The stormy winds, and bid conflicting clouds  
 Dissolve in deluge? or will thunders roar,  
 And lightnings flash, obsequious to his call?  
 Say, can the molten image look abroad [orb  
 Through depths of ether, and appoint each  
 To come and go, refulgent now t'illumine  
 The firmamental concave, now withdraw  
 To dimness and extinction? can such eye,  
 Like sunbeam, search affection and desire?  
 Hath motionless and chiselled marble power  
 And wisdom? can it punish and reward  
 Guilt undivulged and virtues yet unknown,  
 Judge by the heart, and equity dispense  
 To empires and to worlds? He only can,  
 Whom, Lord of immortality and life,  
 Supreme, invisible, Almighty King,  
 Sole Godhead I proclaim. Ye heavens,  
 attend!  
 Give ear, O earth! all-radiant sun, confess  
 Thine Author! Times and seasons, months  
 and years,  
 And all that live or live not, record join,  
 His wonders of perfection to display!  
 Him, the one God and true, through youth  
 and age,  
 Through peril and through safety, joy and  
 woe,  
 Perpetual will we worship and extol  
 His wondrous name, in bounty wondrous  
 found  
 To all that live; who chiefly who confess  
 His empire, while their holiness and truth  
 (Faith's proper sign) like lamps celestial burn,

Dispelling death, and darkness, and the way  
Illuminating to Jehovah's throne."

The congregation heard,  
Awe-struck, yet unrepentant, murmuring  
Obedience, and reluctantly dismissed [paid  
The sacrifices: then with cloudy front  
And troubled rumination, sad and slow  
Dispersing, to their several homes returned.

And couldst thou, Lystra, thus ungracious  
hear

Such exhortation, or the following morn  
With arms and murderous insurrection chase  
Heaven's ministers, while the converted few  
Aloof stood mourning, powerless to resist  
The popular frenzy? So Jerusalem  
Carolled hosannas to th' approaching Son  
Of David; but in little space how changed!  
That triumph yet re-echoing in mid air,  
Her fierce impiety with uproar doomed  
Messiah to the cross! So scorns the world  
Each admonition that from idol vows  
Of pleasure, avarice, or ambitious power  
Adjures them to return, and find repose  
And pardon from the Mediatorial Grace  
That ransomed man. O high and lofty Sire,  
Inhabiting eternity, incline

A wayward world to fear Thee, and devote  
To Thee each word and action, heart and  
soul. *Charles Hoyle.*

### 3725. MACEDONIA, The Man of.

Acts xvi : 6-10.

O for a vision and a voice to lead me,  
To show me plainly where my work should  
lie!

Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede  
me;

Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blind-  
ness,

But for thine own impatience and self-will,  
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving-kind-  
ness,

Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He Who of old through Phrygia and Galatia  
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,  
If He forbid to "preach the Word in Asia,"  
Must have prepared for thee a work else-  
where.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleep-  
Has He no plan, no purposes, of love? [ing?  
What though awhile His counsel He is keep-  
It is maturing in the world above. [ing?

Wait on the Lord! In His right hand be  
hidden,

And go not forth in haste to strive alone:  
Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work "for-  
bidden:"

God's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine  
own.

The Master cares. Why feel, or seem, so  
lonely?

Nothing can interrupt real work for God:  
Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if  
only

We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord.

None are good works, for thee, but works  
appointed:

Ask to be filled with knowledge of His will,  
Cost what it may! Why live a life dis-  
jointed?

One work throughout! God's pleasure to  
fulfil!

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,  
Canst thou afford this waiting-time to lose?  
By each successive task God educates thee;  
What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mor-  
tar?

Or fish be caught in the unended snare?  
Must not the metal pass through fire and  
water,

If for the battle-field it would prepare?

O thou unpolished shaft! why leave the  
quiver?

O thou blunt axe! what forest canst thou  
hew?

Unsharpened sword! Canst thou the op-  
pressed deliver?

Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to God for preparation:  
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!  
Call it not "zeal!" It is a base temptation:  
Satan is pleased, when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance  
trample

On each self-flattering fancy that appears!  
Did not the Lord Himself, for our example,  
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,  
Lest by the Tempter's wiles thou be en-  
snared!

Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!  
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared!

*Catharine Hankey.*

### 3726. MACHPELAH, The Cave of.

Genesis xxiii : 17-20.

Beneath the stately Pyramids of old  
Cheops might bury his imperial bones,  
And all his sons, in fragrant cerements rolled,  
Crowd the dark vaults with royal skeletons;  
As if a king required an ampler space  
To sleep in than the rabble of the race.

That wonder of the elder world, the pile  
By faithful Artemisia sadly raised  
To her loved Carian, hoping to beguile  
A life-long grief, might merit to be praised:

A dome, the memory of whose antique fame  
Has given each sumptuous sepulchre a name,

But thou, Judean sepulchre and cave!  
By no such hands was hewn, nor wert thou  
decked

With fluted column, frieze, and architrave,  
Elaborate sculpture of the architect!  
Yet at the thought of thee my bosom swells,  
And oft beside thee mournful memory dwells.

I see where, in the depth of pastoral hills,  
An Eastern city lies, and near the gates  
The solemn grove that shades thee: Fancy fills  
The interspace with forms which it creates;  
And all thy dead, before my dreamy eyes,  
In long and shadowy procession rise.

My mind recalls thee on that doleful day,  
When from his place, beside his Sarah's bier,  
The patriarch rose, and calmed his passion's  
sway—

While all the darked-robed Hittites gathered  
near—

And courteously entreated for his dead  
A sepulchre, and bowed his reverent head.

The children of the land with grief were  
touched,

And Ephron with mild dignity arose;  
Quick to the generous impulse, he avouched  
His wish to yield him freely what he chose.  
Then in thy empty vault he sought the right  
To bury his beloved from his sight.

Strange that the first inheritance he owned  
In all the breadth of Canaan was a grave,  
And a few roods around; that the sole bond  
Or charter, God, through years of trial, gave  
To him whose seed was Canaan's later heir,  
Was that by which he claimed a sepulchre!

It seemed a slender and a mournful tie  
From which to hang so much; but that old  
faith

Sought not a stronger pledge; yea, could rely  
Through life on the bare promise, and in  
death;

Brought future hopes within the sphere of  
sense,  
And gave the unseen a present evidence.

No patriarch had a home: the grassy dells,  
In which his sheep and camels browse to-day,  
To-morrow are deserted, and their wells  
Forsaken; the long line resumed its way  
Once more, and in perpetual pilgrimage  
They passed their lives from infancy to age.

This sepulchre was all their home; no force  
Could seize it, no disquietude molest;  
They filled its vacant vaults till in the course  
Of their succession each contained its guest;  
And thus in resting from life's fevered toil,  
Each with his dust took seisin of the soil.

So, too, it seemed each hoary-headed sire,  
When slow-paced age with its infirmities

Sounded death's soft alarum, would retire  
To this lone spot; the while from his old eyes  
The world was fading, calmly to prepare  
For its approach, in thoughtfulness and  
prayer.

Under the shadow of these murmuring trees,  
While vigor fails and outward sight grows  
dim,

Each gathers up his thoughts, and by degrees  
Beholds heaven's portals opening for him—  
Feels his transfiguration near at hand,  
And treads the borders of the silent land.

O blessed close of lives outworn with toils  
And wanderings! O sacred time of rest!  
These holy hours when God Himself assails  
The soul about to mingle with the blest:  
Evening of preparation, calm and clear,  
For the eternal Sabbath now so near:

A tranquil eve, that shuts a stormy day,  
When westerling clouds are drenched with  
dews of gold,  
And crimson mists steam upwards, and we  
say,

The morrow will serener skies unfold,  
And all the stainless body of heaven is bare,  
And quivering stars glance through the azuro  
air.

The Eden of their earth lay all around  
Machpelah; there God came down in the cool  
Of even to walk with them, and all the  
ground

Was therefore holy, therefore beautiful;  
And their free spirits panted for the time  
When they would soar to an unwithering  
clime.

To them it ceased to be a place of death;  
It was the porch within whose solemn glooms  
They stood till the temple opened; the sweet  
breath

Of heaven here soothed their hearts; the  
lovely blooms

Of that fair land refreshed their drooping  
eyes;

And glimpses came to them from other skies.

As mariners, long driven through unknown  
seas

By stress of tempest, if, when steering on,  
Or ever land appear, the evening breeze  
Blow faint with sandal-wood or cinnamon,  
Look out for the blue haze of spicy isles,  
And trim their sails, and no more grudge  
their toils.

These weary voyagers here drew to shores  
Bathed in eternal sunshine, and the past  
Was all forgotten as the surge that roars  
Beyond the reef; in this still bay they cast  
Their anchor; watched the waves glide up  
the sand,

And wondered at the beauty of the land.

Around that cherished sepulchre they died,  
Heirs of a vault—lords only of a grave;  
And after all, is he who looks with pride  
Upon his ample lands, whose forests wave  
On hills unseen from his baronial door,  
The absolute lord and master of much more?

The lands that may descend from sire to son  
Are not inalienable: time or chance,  
Proud lord! may challenge what thou call'st  
thine own,  
And wrest from thee the old inheritance;  
Thou art a tenant at God's will: thy lease  
Many run out long before thine own decease.

But thou hast a Machpelah: this is thine,  
And this alone; thou art the absolute  
Possessor of a sepulchre or shrine  
To lay thy bones in: none will dare dispute  
Thy right to rest there, till the knell of doom  
Shall startle even the silence of the tomb.

Nor force shall wrest, no time shall alienate  
This sure possession from thy coming heirs:  
Contract thy mind into this small estate,  
And give thy soul to nobler thoughts and  
cares;

Thus thou shalt plant a garden round the  
tomb,  
Where golden hopes may flower, and fruits  
immortal bloom. *Burns.*

### 3727. MACHPELAH, The Cave of.

Calm is it in the dim cathedral cloister,  
Where lie the dead all couched in marble  
rare,  
Where the shades thicken, and the breath  
hangs moister  
Than in the sunlit air.

Where the chance ray that makes the carved  
stone whiter,  
Tints with a crimson or a violet light,  
Some pale old bishop with his staff and  
mitre,  
Some stiff crusading knight!

Sweet is it where the little graves fling shad-  
ows  
In the green churchyard, on the shaven  
grass,  
And a faint cowslip fragrance from the  
meadows  
O'er the low wall doth pass!

More sweet, more calm in that fair valley's  
bosom,  
The burial-place in Ephron's pasture ground,  
Where the oil-olive shed her snowy blossom,  
And the red grape was found;

When the great pastoral prince, with love  
undying,  
Rose up in anguish from the face of death,  
And weighed the silver shekels for its buying  
Before the sons of Heth.

Here, when the measure of his days was  
numbered—  
Days few and evil in this vale of tears—  
At Sarah's side the faithful patriarch slum-  
bered,  
An old man full of years.

Here holy Isaac, meek of heart and gentle,  
And the fair maid who came to him from far,  
And the sad sire who knew all throes pa-  
rental,  
And the meek-eyed Leah, are;

She rests not here, the beautiful of feature,  
For whom her Jacob wrought his years twice  
o'er,  
And deemed them but as one, for that fair  
creature,  
So dear the love he bore!

Nor Israel's son beloved, who brought him  
sleeping,  
With a long pomp of woe, to Canaan's shade,  
Till all the people wondered at the weeping  
By the Egyptians made.

Like roses from the same tree gathered  
yearly,  
And flung together in one vase to keep,  
Some, but not all who loved so well and  
dearly,  
Lie here in quiet sleep.

What though the Moslem mosque be in the  
valley,  
Though faithless hands have sealed the sa-  
cred cave,  
And the red prophet's children shout "El  
Allah!"  
Over the Hebrew's grave;

Yet a day cometh when those white walls  
shaking,  
Shall give again to light the living dead,  
And Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, reawaking,  
Spring from their rocky bed.

*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

### 3728. MAGI, The.

#### I. THE ARRIVAL.

In summer sunset stood Jerusalem,  
Framed round with mountains like a well-  
set gem,  
A mighty cameo carved on Zion's crest;  
All bathed in glory from the amber west  
That streamed o'er wall and gate, o'er tower  
and shrine,  
Till earthly temples glowed with light divine.

Amid that splendor of departing day,  
A stately caravan ascends the way  
From Kedron's vale to Herod's royal gate,  
A thoughtful train, that moves in solemn  
state,  
On some great errand bent; the portal's  
passed;  
Silence and twilight wrap the world at last.

## II. THE AUDIENCE.

Lo! in yonder palace hall,  
 Waiting stand three strangers tall.  
 Not the Arab, lean and swart;  
 Not the Hebrew, stout and short;  
 Not the Egyptian, brown and mild;  
 Not the Syrian, strong and wild;  
 Not the Greek, with auburn hair;  
 Not the Roman's haughty air,  
 Not the Ethiop's sunburnt face,  
 Not the Scythian's savage race,  
 In the monarch's hall are seen.  
 Men of calm, majestic mien,  
 Clad in robes of mystic white,  
 Greet Judea's king to-night:  
 Greet him as his equals born,  
 All too great for slight or scorn.  
 Seers of Persia's ancient clime,  
 Here they stand, in port sublime;  
 Seers from Zoroaster taught  
 Through two thousand years of thought,  
 Poring deep on earth and sky,  
 And the soul's strange mystery,  
 Born to mount, a spark of fire,  
 Deathless still when suns expire!  
 Sages, skilled in all earth's lore,  
 Gathered through the centuries hoar;  
 Masters of the magian line,  
 Versed in starry fates divine.  
 Such the men whose search for God  
 Now the heights of Salem trod;  
 Such the seers whose wondrous tale  
 Bids the astonished tyrant quail.

## III. THE INQUIRY.

"O king of Judah's favored land,  
 Before thy throne this day we stand,  
 To ask where dwells that Child, whose birth  
 Fulfills the eldest lore of earth;  
 To greet whose reign new stars arise,  
 And strange conjunctions mark the skies.  
 For twice a thousand years are flown  
 Since Iran's awful sage made known,  
 Sitama, far by Oxus' wave,  
 That one should come the world to save.  
 For Zerdasht, sent by Ormuzd, said [dead,  
 That One, whose power would wake the  
 Should rise from out the distant west,  
 And reign through ages long and blest,  
 And fifteen centuries now have rolled  
 Since Aram's seer his star foretold;  
 A sceptred star, with beams benign,  
 From Jacob's seed o'er earth to shine.  
 And Judah's captive prince and sage,  
 Who 'scaped unharmed the lions' rage;  
 Who read th' Assyrian's dreams profound,  
 And swayed great Cyrus, far-renowned;  
 Who saved Chaldea's starmen hoar,  
 And taught our sires profounder lore—  
 He, helped of favoring Heaven, alone  
 Of mortal men the years made known;  
 Gifted from God with glance divine,  
 He fasted, prayed, and read the sign.  
 And now, the years fulfilled, behold  
 The starry sign revealed of old!  
 For, as we passed from Iran's height

To Babel's plain, behold by night,  
 The star of war, the star of peace,  
 The star of Jove that gives increase;  
 Beneath that arch of power and hope  
 The fiery trigon's horoscope,  
 Joined thrice their threefold splendor grand  
 Above Judea's favored land!  
 And central, 'mid their triune blaze,  
 Burst a strange orb, whose dazzling rays  
 Proclaimed—so taught Chaldea's seers—  
 The finished round of fated years  
 That bring th' Anointed, long foretold,  
 And earth's far-cycling age of gold.  
 And when the grand portent we saw  
 Flashed out by heaven's unerring law,  
 Planets and constellations blent  
 In that resplendent firmament—  
 His world-wide sign at last unfurled,  
 Whose world-old promise cheers the world;  
 We bowed beneath that splendor's span,  
 And praised the Lord of heaven and man;  
 We sang old hymns of ancient seers,  
 The hoary songs of nameless years,  
 Till, dumb for joy, we gazed and wept,  
 The mighty, world-old promise kept!  
 No more the wondering East could hold  
 Our rapturous thoughts that westward  
 The desert saw our midnight march [rolled.  
 Still lit by that imperial arch;  
 The toiling camels in long line,  
 Instinctive owned the mystic sign,  
 And turned, without command, each day,  
 Where heaven and nature led the way;  
 Till here we stand on Salem's height,  
 And ask where rests the World's Delight,  
 What path to Him our homage brings,  
 Born King of Jews, and King of kings."

## IV. THE REVELATION.

A nameless terror on the tyrant fell,  
 Who, base usurper, ruled o'er Judah's state!  
 The false Idumean owned the unknown spell,  
 And shook beneath the shadow of his fate!

Apostate Salem heard the rumor spread,  
 A tale to thrill with speechless joy profound!  
 She heard, and shuddering shrank, with  
 guilty dread,  
 And strange forebodings brooded dark  
 around.

Then spake the monarch: "Call the priests  
 and scribes,  
 The skilled expounders of the prophets old;  
 The august senate of these anxious tribes,  
 To read what seers and oracles have told.

"Tell me, ye mitred pontiffs of your race,  
 Who scan the lore of time's primeval morn,  
 Whence comes th' Anointed, heir of David's  
 place?  
 And say what favored town shall hail Him  
 born?"

Lo! Judah's white-haired sages swift attend;  
 The imperious mandate none can disobey;



O'er many a hallowed presage now they bend,  
O'er many a vision bright, and rapturous lay.

Then came the answer: "Monarch, we unroll  
Seven centuries' flight, to Móresheth's rapt  
seer;

Read thou, for thou canst read, the sacred  
scroll,

That marks Messiah's birthplace bold and  
clear:

"Thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah, erst David's  
town,

Shalt not be least of Judah's princely name;  
Thy future yet shall dim thy past renown,  
Decreed to changeless, everlasting fame;

"For out of thee shall Israel's Shepherd rise,  
Of mortal born, but hailed by seraph lays;  
Adored as God through all the earth and  
skies,  
Whose goings forth are from eternal days."

The despot hears; his dreams of empire  
wane,

Vain all his long career of craft and crime;  
Esau and earth shall bow at Shiloh's fane,  
Whose grandeur looms to fill the world and  
time.

But that dark mind still gropes amid the  
blaze

Of oracles from man and nature given;  
A dazzling focus of concentrated rays,  
From Jew and Gentile, earth and answering  
heaven.

#### V. THE RECOGNITION.

"Call the seers of Iran now,"

Spake the monarch's tones of wrath;  
Vengeance brooding on his brow,  
Plotting deep a direful scath.

"Tell me, wise and holy men,  
When did yon strange star appear?"

Grave and calm, they spake again:

"Lo! it shineth now a year."

"Speed to Bethlehem; Him ye ask  
Slumbers there in infant grace.

Haste, fulfil your pious task,  
Search with care through all the place.

When ye find him bring me word,  
I would join your pilgrim band;

Heaven's great Heir should be adored,  
Known, revered, through all the land."

Salem's gates once more unfold,  
Winds the throng o'er Judah's hills;

Sunset slants its darts of gold,  
All the soundless silence thrills,

All the poms of nature wait—  
Wait till twilight zephyrs sigh.  
Sudden there, o'er Bethlehem's gate,  
Streams a splendor down the sky.

Lo! that star in Iran hailed,  
Star by Babel's sages read;

All its beams once more unveiled,  
Swims in seas of light o'erhead!

Pours its soft and silvery tide,  
Bathing wall and tower and fane;

Refluent waves that tremble wide  
Over mountain, field, and plain.

Guided by the lamp from heaven,  
On the raptured Magi speed;

Grateful for such witness given,  
They have found the Child indeed.

Now it hangs above the place  
Where His humble roof is spread;

Heir of Glory, King of Grace,  
Rocked in infant's cradle-bed.

#### VI. THE ADORATION.

Lo! the sages prostrate falling,  
On the infant Saviour calling;

Wisest seers of far-off nations  
Round Him blend their supplications.

Praise and prayer like incense pouring,  
Rapt, illumed, inspired, adoring!

Hymns of joy with rapture swelling,  
O'er and o'er with transport telling

All the weird and wondrous story,  
All its faith, its toil, its glory!

Not vain babblers they, with mystic  
Signs, and secrets cabalistic;

Not false wizards, foul, infernal,  
Conjuring with the name supernal;

Not black magic's league with devils,  
Theirs, nor witchcraft's midnight revels;

Not the stark fakeer's pain braving,  
Not the howling dervish's raving,

Not idolatry's brute vision,  
Not the Greek's fond dream elysian.

Men were they whose sires through ages  
Kept the world's primeval pages,

Kept and conned the faith once cherished,  
When a world apostate perished,

And whose kings God's shrine and nation  
Reared, with world-wide proclamation.

Men were they whose search had wandered  
Wide through nature, prayed and pondered,

Seeking one great truth supernal—  
God th' all-perfect, God th' eternal.

Men were they austere and awful,  
Men who' abhorred th' impure, unlawful;

Men with souls on fire for union  
With their source—sublime communion!

Such were they. Not souls more fitting  
In proud Salem's shrine are sitting;

Souls of nobler, purer merit  
Not the globe's wide realms inherit:

Meet to bring earth's best oblations,  
Great first-fruits of all the nations.

Homage glad for Him whose greeting  
Jew and Gentile join, completing,

Let them bring, and bow, and offer.  
Lo! from many a jewelled coffer,

Many a casket rare and shining,  
Pour forth treasures past divining!

#### 1. Gold.

And first imperial gold they bring—  
Grand service, meet for sceptred king;

For Him whose right to reign alone,  
Wide subject realms with tributes own.  
Bright coins of many a mint are there,  
And many a blazoned crown they bear,  
Broad arms and seals of towns and states,  
From Egypt's Nile to Indus' gates;  
From shores that drink Atlantic's spray  
To sands that slope to far Cathay:  
Earth's empires round that infant rolled,  
Their royal duty paid in gold,  
The pledge of earth's uncounted hoards,  
Whose wealth and power are all her Lord's,  
Whose mines and gems and treasures won,  
Shall serve the kingdom of God's Son.

2. *Frankincense.*

Divine frankincense next exhales  
Its odor on the ravished gales:  
That balsam owned o'er all the earth  
A gift too rare for mortal worth;  
Fragrance too fine for crumbling clod,  
And only breathed in flame to God.  
That sacred incense Heaven denied  
To mortal joy or mortal pride,  
Beneath the conscious infant's eye  
Now rolls its volumes toward the sky,  
And sense of Heaven's accepting grace  
With joyous sweetness fills the place.  
Not spicy gales from Yemen bring  
Such balm, while birds of evening sing;  
Not Hermon's cedar, Ural's pine,  
Expire so sweet in flames divine;  
Nor sandal, fetched from far Malay,  
So steals the sense and soul away.  
So prayer from contrite souls ascends.  
So faith with pure forgiveness blends.  
So orisons of souls sincere  
Accepted greet Jehovah's ear;  
And guilt and pain find glad release,  
When heaven's blest Spirit whispers peace.

3. *Myrrh.*

And now, at last, the myrrh's sad breath  
Reluctant sighs of woe and death;  
Of grief and bitterness it tells,  
And sorrow in its sweetness dwells.  
No flame its pungent soul sublimes,  
No temple's arch its vapor climbs;  
No pestle grinds it with sweet spice  
To burn—a costly sacrifice.  
Its heavy perfumes stifling roll,  
Its power benumbs both sense and soul.  
The wretch condemned to pangs untold  
It soothes with stupors dull and cold;  
E'en rank corruption's hosts obey,  
And quit the corpse that owns its sway.  
Then why, ah! why, this gift of fear,  
This omened sorrow, blending here  
With royal gold and incense sweet,  
For King and God a gift complete?  
Ah Calvary! thy tale was known  
Ere eldest angels hymned the throne.  
That lamb of virgin-mother born,  
Was slain ere chaos blushed with morn.  
Before the founded world God's plan  
Forestalled the sin, the shame of man,  
And mercy gave God's only Son  
Ere mortal joy or woe begun.

The myrrh before all else is His;  
For this He quit the bowers of bliss,  
For this the stable heard His cries;  
For this He lives, for this He dies.  
And royal gold and incense breath  
Are His by right of myrrh and death,  
For, conquering death, He yet shall rise  
To crowns and anthems in the skies!  
O King! O Christ! what sorrows stir,  
What raptures, at thy gift of myrrh!

VII. POSTLUDE.

'Tis done. They give their gifts, they give  
themselves—

Themselves Philosophy's first-fruits to faith;  
First-fruits of Science; howsoe'er she delves,  
Or soars through all that is, above, beneath.  
The universe explored is but the breath  
Of that Intelligence incarnate now,  
And minds that scan His power, His love,  
His death,  
His life o'er death, through worlds and æons  
bow,  
And crown with many crowns the great  
Creator's brow.

'Tis done. Th' adoring Magi, warned by  
Heaven,

To their own climes return another way.

'Tis done. This mystic sign to mortals given,  
Shall teach the nations to times farthest day.  
For unknown tribes their homage yet shall  
pay,

And mightiest empires on His nod attend;  
To Him shall endless generations pray,  
And praise like incense evermore ascend,  
Till earth and heaven at last their alleluiahs  
blend.

'Tis done. My soul, what offering canst thou  
bring,  
Meet gift for Him who chose the myrrh for  
thee?

What fit oblation for such hero-King,  
Who mounts the awful throne of Deity?  
O Child, O Conqueror, hear my spirit's plea!  
Teach me Thy sovereign, self-renouncing  
love;

Help me, by mount or cross, Thy path to see,  
And, upward drawn, like homeward-circling  
dove,

A child-like soul, to find sire, brother, home,  
above. *Geo. Lansing Taylor.*

3729. MAGI, Visit of the.

Matthew ii : 1-12.

Three kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;  
Three wise men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they slept  
by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful  
star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,

And by this they knew that the coming was  
near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the three kings rode into the west,  
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on  
breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some wayside  
well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;  
For we in the east have seen His star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;  
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"  
They thought the wise men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain,  
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the wise men and questioned them;  
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn;  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free  
will,

Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three kings rode through the gate  
and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses  
turned

And neighed as they entered the great inn-  
yard;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors  
were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little Child in the manger lay,  
The Child, that would be King one day  
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,  
Sat watching beside His place of rest—  
Watching the even flow of His breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:  
The gold was a tribute to the King;  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,

Was for the Priest, the Paraclete;  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her  
head,

And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

### 3730. MALACHI.

Malachi iii : 3, and iv : 5.

A sound on the rampart,  
A sound at the gate!  
I hear the roused lions  
Howl to her mate:  
In the thicket, at midnight,  
They crouch for the prey  
That shall glut their red jaws  
At the rising of day.  
For wrath is descending  
On Zion's proud tower;  
It shall come like a cloud,  
It shall wrap like a shroud,  
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps  
In a sulphurous shower.

For, behold! the day cometh,  
When all shall be flame,  
Thy robe shall be sackcloth,  
Thy glory be shame.  
When thy tree by the lightnings  
From earth shall be riven,  
When thy bark o'er the billows  
Of death shall be driven;  
When the oven, unkindled  
By mortal, shall burn,  
And, like chaff, thou shalt glow  
In that furnace of woe,  
And, dust as thou art,  
Thou to dust shalt return.

Thou shalt die, and yet know not  
The rest of the grave;  
Thou shalt live, and yet live  
To be only a slave!  
Thou shalt die, and yet shrink  
At thy conqueror's tread;  
Thou shalt live, yet the sword  
With thy carnage be fed!  
The pilgrim of nations!  
Still destined to roam,  
On thy neck, on thy brain,  
Still feeling the chain,  
And, though wandering through earth,  
Never finding a home!

As the surges of war  
O'er earth's diadems roll,  
Still, Judah, the iron  
Shall enter thy soul;

The eagle, the cross,  
And the crescent shall shine,  
But earth shall awake  
To no banner of thine!  
Thy morning in sorrow,  
Thy evening in fear.  
They shall rise, they shall fall,  
Thou the serf of them all!  
Thy haunt be the dungeon,  
Thy bed be the bier.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,  
The midnight of soul!  
No moon on the depths  
Of that midnight shall roll;  
No starlight shall pierce  
Through that life-chilling haze,  
No torch from the roof  
Of the temple shall blaze.  
But, when Israel is buried  
To final despair,  
From a height o'er all height,  
God of God, Light of Light,  
Her Sun shall arise,  
Her Redeemer be there!

Who rushes from heaven?  
The angel of wrath!  
The whirlwind his wing,  
And the lightning his path;  
His hand is uplifted,  
It carries a sword;  
'Tis Elijah! he heralds  
The march of his Lord!  
Sun! sink in eclipse,  
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,  
When the cherubim wings  
Bear the King of all kings.  
Woe, woe to the ocean!  
Woe, woe to the land!

Then the sparkles of flame,  
From His chariot-wheels hurled,  
Shall smite the crowned brow  
Of the god of this world;  
Then, captive of ages!  
The trumpet shall thrill  
From the lips of the seraph,  
On Zion's proud hill!  
For, vested in glory,  
Thy Monarch shall come,  
And from dungeon and cave  
Shall ascend the pale slave;  
Lost Judah shall rise,  
Like the soul from the tomb!

'Tis the day long foretold,  
'Tis the judgment begun;  
Gird Thy sword, Thou most Mighty,  
Thy triumph is won;  
The idol shall burn  
In his own gory shrine,  
Then, daughter of anguish,  
Thy dayspring shall shine!  
Loved Zion, thy vale  
With the vineyard shall bloom,

And the musk-rose distil  
Its sweet dew on thy hill;  
For earth is restored,  
The great kingdom is come!  
*George Croly.*

**3731. MANNA, Coming of the.**  
Exodus xvi : 14, 15.

Silently it fell,  
Whence, no man might tell,  
Like good dreams from heaven  
Unto mortals given,  
Like a snowy flock [rock;  
Of strange sea-birds alighting on a shore of  
Silent thus and bright  
Fell the manna in the night.

Silently thus and bright,  
In our starless night,  
God's sweet mercy comes  
All about our homes;  
Whence, no man can see,  
In a soft shower drifting, drifting ceaselessly,  
Till the morning light  
Falls the manna in the night.

Thus His mercy's crown,  
Bread of life, came down;  
At our doors it fell,  
Whence, no man might tell,  
Silent to the ground; [around,  
Softly shining thus through the darkness all  
Snowy, pure, and white,  
Fell the manna in the night.

**3732. MANSIONS, The Many.**  
John xiv : 2.

The stars are out in their eternal youth,  
That such a wealth of fancies nightly yield,  
The golden corn-drop call them of a field  
Where the moon glideth like the gleaner  
Ruth;

And some look on their company in sooth  
For poesy, some for love of loving eyes,  
Who see the same things in the same blue  
skies; [truth.  
And some in search of hope and some of  
I have my starry thought: the twelve are up,  
The door is opened, and they linger yet:  
Christ's wine is in the eucharistic cup;  
Christ's chalice waiteth Him in Olivet;  
While he, His eye on the star-sown expan-  
sions,  
Saith, "In my Father's house are many man-  
sions." *Wm. Alexander.*

**3733. MARAH, Healing the Waters of.**  
Exodus xv : 23-25.

Where is the tree the prophet threw  
Into the bitter wave?  
Left it no scion where it grew  
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
Its precious foliage shed?  
Is there no distant eastern bower  
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours  
Which yet may well imbue  
Earth's many troubled fountains with showers  
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh! mingled with the cup of grief  
Let faith's deep spirit be,  
And every prayer shall win a leaf  
From that blest healing tree!

*Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

**3734. MARAH, Waters of.**  
Exodus xv : 23-25.

By Marah's stream of bitterness,  
When Moses stood and cried,  
Jehovah heard his fervent prayer,  
And instant help supplied;  
The prophet sought the precious tree,  
With prompt obedient feet;  
'Twas cast into the fount, and made  
The bitter waters sweet.

Whene'er affliction o'er thee sheds  
Its influence malign,  
Then, sufferer, be the prophet's prayer  
And prompt obedience thine;  
'Tis but a Marah's fount, ordained  
Thy faith in God to prove,  
And prayer and resignation shall  
Its bitterness remove.

*George W. Doane.*

**3735. MARK, The Apostle.**  
Acts xv : 39; 2 Timothy iv : 11.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene  
On holiest, happiest thoughts to lean,  
On friendship, kindred, or on love?  
Since not apostles' hands can clasp  
Each other in so firm a grasp,  
But they shall change and variance prove.

Yet deem not on such parting sad  
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad:  
Divided in their earthly race,  
Together at the glorious goal,  
Each leading many a rescued soul,  
The faithful champions shall embrace.

For even as those mysterious four  
Who the bright whirling wheels up bore  
By Chebar in the fiery blast,  
So on their tasks of love and praise  
The saints of God their several ways  
Right onward speed, yet join at last.

And sometimes even beneath the moon  
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,  
When reconciled Christians meet,  
And face to face, and heart to heart,  
High thoughts of holy love impart  
In silence meek, or converse sweet.

Companion of the saints! 'twas thine  
To taste that drop of peace divine,  
When the great soldier of the Lord  
Called thee to take his last farewell,  
Teaching the church with joy to tell  
The story of your love restored.

Oh then the glory and the bliss,  
When all that pained or seemed amiss  
Shall melt with earth and sin away!  
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,  
Filled with each other's company,  
Shall spend in love the eternal day!

*John Keble.*

**3736. MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON.**  
Matthew xxii : 1-14.

The kingdom of our Lord,  
The kingdom He hath won,  
Is like as when a king hath made  
A marriage for his son.

The bride, in bridal dress,  
The bridegroom comes to greet,  
And take her to His Father's house,  
His favored friends to meet.

He bids the wedding-guests,  
Come at your master's call;  
Come, for your father's board is spread;  
Come to the festival.

“All things are ready”—come;  
An open door and free;  
The bride is taken to her home  
The bridegroom calleth thee.

But nearer calls than this,  
And dearer claims arise;  
Their farm and merchandise they seek,  
The Master's call despise.

Out to the highways go;  
Bid strangers to the feast  
And say, Your King invites you all,  
Each one, to be His guest.

How welcome was the word!  
With joy the strangers came,  
And furnished full the festive hall—  
The halt, the blind, the lame.

But one unlike the rest  
Did tread that festal floor,  
Unclothed upon with courtly dress,  
Nor wedding garment wore.

What meaneth this, my God,  
From glow of festive light,  
Thus called within, yet cast without,  
To everlasting night?

To give that robe was Mine;  
'Twas his to put it on;  
And thus arrayed, to celebrate  
The marriage of My Son.

Nor money and nor price,  
Free as the air of heaven,  
This royal robe of righteousness  
Of God is freely given.

Come, sinner, as thou art;  
Come to the marriage-feast;  
Put on this robe, and thou shalt be  
A “called” and “chosen” guest.

Just as I am, I come;  
 And Thou dost give me dress;  
 I but receive what Thou dost give—  
 The robe of righteousness.

## INVITATION.

“All things are ready” for the marriage-feast,  
 All, save the heart of each invited guest;  
 The farm and merchandise  
 Have made them all unwise. [blind;  
 Then bid the poor, the maimed, the halt, the  
 All that will come are sure a place to find,  
 But see that they put on the courtly dress,  
 The royal robe, the robe of righteousness.

*Robert Maguire.*

**3737. MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.**

The marriage-feast is ready,  
 The marriage of the Lamb,  
 He calls the faithful children  
 Of faithful Abraham;  
 He calls them from their sojourn  
 To come to their abode—  
 The children of the Promise,  
 The Israel of God.

He calls them from their prison  
 Fast bound in iron chains,  
 Whose cup is mixed with weeping,  
 Where sin with Satan reigns;  
 And from the golden portals  
 The sounds of triumph ring—  
 The triumph of the Incarnate,  
 The marriage of the King.

They come! the saints of Zion  
 With dance and timbrel come,  
 Where gleam the emerald meadows,  
 The meadows of our home.  
 Nor eye hath seen the glory,  
 Nor heart of man may tell  
 How bright the plains of Zion,  
 The meads of Ashdod.

Nor sigh nor sorrow enter  
 Where Jesus leads them in,  
 Nor death may cross the threshold,  
 Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin;  
 And shades of night and darkness  
 Are past and fled away,  
 Before the irradiant brightness  
 Of everlasting day.

No tear-drops stain that threshold,  
 No weeping eyes are there;  
 For God hath wiped all tear-drops,  
 And God hath stilled all care;  
 The sunlight of the Presence,  
 The bright Shechinah flame  
 Lights up the bridal banquet  
 Of God and of the Lamb.

The Rainbow of the Promise  
 Around the throne hath gleamed,  
 To welcome them forever  
 To joys of the Redeemed;

They enter to their glory,  
 The feast for them is spread,  
 The bridal feast of Jesus,  
 The first-fruits of the dead.  
*Gerard Moultrie.*

**3738. MARTHA.**

Luke x : 38-42.

With joyful pride her heart is high:  
 Her humble chambers hold  
 The man prophetic destiny  
 Long centuries hath foretold.

Poor is He? Yes, and lowly born:  
 Her woman-soul is proud  
 To know and hail the coming morn  
 Before the eyeless crowd.

At her poor table will He eat?  
 He shall be served there  
 With honor and devotion meet  
 For any king that were.

'Tis all she can: she does her part,  
 Profuse in sacrifice;  
 Nor knows that in her unknown heart  
 A better offering lies.

But many crosses she must bear;  
 Her plans are turned and bent;  
 Do all she can, things will not wear  
 The form of her intent.

With idle hands, and drooping lid,  
 See Mary sit at rest!  
 Shameful it was her sister did  
 No service for their Guest.

But Martha one day Mary's lot  
 Must share with hands and eyes;  
 Must, all her household cares forgot,  
 Sit down as idly wise.

Ere-long they both in Jesus' ear  
 Shall make the self-same moan:  
 “Lord, if Thou only hadst been here,  
 My brother had not gone.”

Then once will Martha set her word,  
 Yet once to bar His ways,  
 Crying: “By this he stinketh, Lord;  
 He hath been dead four days.”

When Lazarus drags his trammelled clay  
 Forth with half-opened eyes,  
 Her buried best will hear, obey,  
 And with the dead man rise.  
*George Macdonald.*

**3739. MARTHA AND MARY.**

Luke x : 38-42.

Martha's faith in active life  
 Was laudably employed;  
 Tending Christ with zealous strife,  
 She served the eternal God.

Mary waiting at His feet  
The life contemplative expressed;  
Let the happy sisters meet,  
For joined they both are blessed.

Oh, that I might humbly sit  
With His beloved ones,  
Happier at my Saviour's feet  
Than monarchs on their thrones!  
Who before His footstool bow  
Are sure His quickening voice to hear;  
Jesus, speak: I listen now,  
And all my soul is ear!

Martha's chosen work is good,  
But Mary's better still;  
Mary rests on earth employed  
Like those on Zion's hill,  
Antedates th' immortal joys,  
Partaker with the heavenly powers,  
Hears her dear Redeemer's voice,  
And lost in love adores.

Rest, thou favored spirit, rest,  
Who in His presence art,  
Of the needful thing possessed,  
And Mary's better part;  
Choose who will that happy place,  
He shall there unmolested sit;  
Never can the Saviour chase  
A sinner from His feet.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3740. MARTHA OR MARY?**

I cannot choose; I should have liked so much  
To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch  
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head  
While drinking in the gracious words He  
said.

And yet to serve Him! oh, divine employ,  
To minister and give the Master joy,  
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,  
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah! that is best  
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest,  
To labor for Him in life's busy stir,  
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us: we are not strong  
To make the choice; perhaps we should go  
wrong,

Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth  
For loving worship, and so fail of both.

*Caroline A. Mason.*

**3741. MARTYR, The First Christian.**

Acts vii : 59, 61.

Offering up his soul in prayer,  
Stephen on his God relies,  
Called the Saviour's death to share,  
Joined to Jesu's sacrifice;  
"Trusting in Thy only merit,  
Thee my Lord and God I own;  
Oh receive my ransomed spirit,  
Take a sinner to Thy throne."

Rival meek of Jesu's passion,  
Lo! the lamblike victim bleeds;  
Breathes the final supplication,  
For his murderers intercedes;  
Loudly in his spirit crying,  
Through whose only death we live,  
Echoes the Redeemer dying,  
Bows his head, and gasps "Forgive!"

See the first-expiring witness  
Qualified for glorious rest,  
Meet with love's celestial meekness,  
Sinks on his Redeemer's breast.  
Safe his soul in Jesu's keeping,  
Dust to dust his body borne  
Lies reposed, and sweetly sleeping,  
Till his heavenly Lord return.

Oh how infinite the price is  
Of a slaughtered Christian's prayer!  
Oh how vast a harvest rises  
From the seed that's buried there!  
Sinful souls by grace forgiven  
Rise, a countless multitude,  
Spread, and fill both earth and heaven  
From a single martyr's blood!

Saul, the furious Saul, confesses  
First the power of Stephen's cries;  
Jesu's witnesses increases,  
For his Saviour lives and dies!  
Myriads since have vied with Stephen,  
Raised the martyrs' noble host,  
Died, and in the highest heaven  
Found the life on earth they lost.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3742. MARTYRS, Triumph of the.**

They seemed to die on battle-field,  
To die with justice, truth, and law;  
The bloody corpse, the broken shield,  
Were all that senseless folly saw.  
But, like Antæus, from the turf,  
They sprung refreshed, to strive again,  
Where'er the savage and the serf  
Rise to the rank of men.

They seemed to die by sword and fire,  
Their voices hushed in endless sleep;  
Well might the noblest cause expire  
Beneath that mangled, smouldering heap!  
Yet that wan band, unarmed, defied  
The legions of their pagan foes;  
And in the truths they testified,  
From out the ashes rose.

**3743. MARY.**

Luke x : 38-42.

I.

She sitteth at the Master's feet  
In motionless employ;  
Her ears, her heart, her soul complete  
Drinks in the tide of joy.

In her still ear His thoughts of grace  
Incarnate are in voice;  
Her thoughts, the people of the place,  
Receive them, and rejoice.

Her eyes, with heavenly reason bright,  
Are on the ground cast low;  
It is His words of truth and light  
That sets them shining so.

But see! a face is at the door  
Whose eyes are not at rest;  
A voice breaks in on wisest lore  
With petulant request.

"Lord," Martha says, "dost Thou not care  
She lets me serve alone?  
Tell her to come and take her share."  
Still Mary's eyes shine on.

Calmly she lifts a questioning glance  
To Him who calmly heard;  
The merest sign, she'll rise at once,  
Nor wait the uttered word.

The other, standing by the door,  
Waits too what He will say.  
His "Martha, Martha" with it bore  
A sense of coming nay.

Gently her troubled heart He chid;  
Rebuked its needless care;  
Methinks her face she turned and hid  
With shame that bordered prayer.

What needful thing is Mary's choice,  
Nor shall be taken away?  
There is but one—'tis Jesus' voice;  
And listening she shall stay.

## II.

Not now the living words are poured  
Into her single heart;  
For many guests are at the board,  
And many tongues take part.

With sacred foot, refrained and slow,  
With daring, trembling tread  
She comes, with worship bending low  
Behind the godlike head.

The costly chrism, in snowy stone,  
A gracious odor sends.  
Her little hoard, so slowly grown,  
In one full act she spends.

She breaks the box, the honored thing!  
And down its riches pour;  
Her priestly hands anoint her King,  
To reign for evermore.

With murmur and nod they called it waste:  
Their love they could endure;  
Hers ached a prisoner in her breast,  
And she forgot the poor.

She meant it for His coming state;  
He took it for His doom.  
The other women were too late,  
For He had left the tomb.

*George Macdonald.*

## 3744. MARY.

Luke x : 39.

Happy Mary! oh how sweet  
Thus to sit at Jesu's feet;  
With a true, unwavering heart  
Thus to choose the better part!

Happy Mary! thus to hear  
Holy words of heavenly cheer:  
'Tis no marvel that to thee  
All things else should trifling be!

Happy Mary! on that Face  
Beaming with celestial grace,  
Fixed is thine adoring gaze,  
While thy heart is filled with praise!

Happy art thou! Earthly care  
Falls on thee as down on air,  
While thy longing soul is fed  
Freely with the Living Bread.

Happy all who daily sit,  
Mary-like, at Jesu's feet;  
By His Spirit and His word  
Taught to own Him as their Lord.  
*Children's Hour.*

## 3745. MARY AND HER CHILD.

Luke ii : 15, 16.

When from Thy beaming throne,  
O High and Holy One! [birth;  
Thou cam'st to dwell with those of mortal  
No ray of living light  
Flashed on th' astonished sight, [earth:  
To show the Godhead walked His subject.

Thine was no awful form,  
Shrouded in mist and storm,  
Of seraph, walking on the viewless wind;  
Nor didst Thou deign to wear,  
The port, sublimely fair,  
Of angel-heralds sent to bless mankind.

Made like the sons of clay,  
Thy matchless glories lay  
In form of feeble infancy concealed;  
No pomp of outward sign  
Proclaimed the Power Divine;  
No earthly state the heavenly guest revealed.

Thou didst not choose Thy home  
Beneath a lordly dome;  
No regal diadem wreathed Thy baby brow,  
Nor on a soft couch laid,  
Nor in rich vest arrayed,  
But with the poorest of the poor wert Thou!

Yet she whose gentle breast  
Was Thy glad place of rest;  
In her the blood of royal David flowed:  
Men passed her dwelling by  
With proud and scornful eye;  
But angels knew and loved her mean abode.

There softer strains she heard  
Than song of evening bird,



Or tuneful minstrels in a queenly bower;  
And o'er her dwelling lone  
A brighter radiance shone  
Than ever glittered from a monarch's tower.

For there the mystic star  
That sages led from far,  
To pour their treasures at her Infant's feet,  
Still shed its golden light;  
There, through the calm clear night,  
We heard angelic voices, strangely sweet.

O happiest thou of all  
Who bear the deadly thrall  
Which for one mother's crime to all was given:  
Her first of mortal birth  
Brought death to reign on earth,  
But thine brings Light and Life again from  
heaven!

Happiest of virgins thou,  
On whose unruffled brow [love!  
Blends maiden meekness with a mother's  
Blest is thy heavenly Son,  
Blest is the Holy One,  
Whom man knows not below, though angels  
hymn above! *Thomas Dale.*

### 3746. "MARY!" "MASTER!"

St. John xx : 16.

"Mary!"—that voice is ever in mine ears,  
When Carmel's oak-wood glistens through  
the morn,  
Floats back again an echo of lost years,  
I see myself once more a mark of scorn.  
"Master," I sail across life's stormy tide,  
Yet o'er its waves I clasp the Crucified.

"Mary!"—I hear His mother's virgin name,  
Oft on His lips its music wont to play;  
I see myself the same, and not the same,  
As when I met Him on that glorious day.  
"Master!"—my soul sped forth on one wild  
cry:

"A devil chains me! Free me, or I die!"

"Mary!"—I recollect His wondrous grace,  
Wreathed in a rainbow arch of holy tears,  
That fled like sunlit rain along His face,  
I recollect a flight of lonely fears;  
"Master," no fairer dream henceforth I know  
Than Thy love; dawn above my midnight  
woe.

"Mary!"—in olden days, when I was young,  
And found some beauty in the dreariest scene,  
When fancy left for me no tale unsung  
Of all things brave and gay there once had  
been,

"Master?"—I listened for my lover's feet,  
And felt that any death for him were sweet.

"Mary!"—I was not beautiful, yet life  
In burning Eastern fire ran through my veins;  
He left me to a woman's anguished strife—  
On the dry rock the torrent's scar remains.

"Master," 'twas Thine to love—to love in  
vain;  
Mine, too, the eloquence of master pain.

"Mary!"—God made all beautiful but me;  
I lacked Time's fleeting trick of lip and eye:  
Yet tracked I genius through His mystery;  
Who could do more than live, and droop,  
and die?

"Master!"—I fled along Despair's salt creek;  
My thirsty sorrow rose in one wild shriek.

"Mary!"—the sere sedge lapped the briny  
yeast;  
Crept o'er the steamy flats the sluggish tide;  
Flapped the gorged sea-bird from her carrion-  
feast:

I twined a sea-weed chaplet for a bride.

"Master!"—amid dead pools I lost my way;  
One like a shepherd led me from Death's bay.

"Mary!"—a little lamb lay on His breast:  
I heard His whisper musically kind.  
O'er all my fevered brain there stole a rest—  
The shout of baffled spirits smite the wind.

"Master," Thy shepherd staff still decks  
Thy hand;  
Lead me on, even to my Fatherland.

"Mary!"—how often, 'mid each haunted  
night,  
I heard Thee whisper round my wakeful bed;  
When spectral horrors rose in ghastly might  
I heard Thy guardian angel near me tread;  
"Master," I give my woman's heart to Thee,  
Take it, and veil it, Lord, in purity.

"Mary!"—His own He calleth still by name;  
His voice they know, and ever follow Him.  
Jesus, sweet Shepherd, 'mid all time the same,  
Awake through all my soul love's lofty hymn.  
"Master," whom have I on this earth but  
thee?

Oh, for Thy summer roses o'er earth's wintry  
lea!  
*Alan Brodrick.*

### 3747. MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

St. John xx : 16.

When vengeance on her victim's head  
Her sevenfold vials sternly shed;  
When foes the hand of menace shook,  
And friends betrayed, denied, forsook;  
Then woman, meekly constant still,  
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill:  
Yes, followed where the boldest failed,  
Unmoved by threat or sneer;  
For faithful woman's love prevailed  
O'er helpless woman's fear.

In sorrow and in peril tried,  
She was the last to quit His side;  
And when the bloody scene was closed,  
And low in dust her Friend reposed,  
The first was she to seek His tomb,  
With balm of Araby's perfume:  
She fondly thought that honored form  
To rescue from the loathsome worm;

And little dreamed, how Death in vain  
Had cast his adamantine chain  
O'er one who came his might to quell,  
Even in his gloomiest citadel; .  
And high reward her zeal hath won:  
"Woman!" she started at the tone;  
"Mary!" she turned, beheld, adored:  
'Twas He to life and her restored.

Thus on the pure and patient mind,  
Quiet its joy, in grief resigned,  
Fraught with rich blessings from above,  
Beams the benignant smile of love;  
E'en as the lake's unruffled breast  
Makes pillow for the sunbeam's rest,  
While waves, in wild disorder driven,  
Roll dark beneath the clearest heaven.  
O woman! though thy fragile form  
Bows like the willow to the storm,  
Ill suited in the unequal strife,  
To brave the ruder scenes of life;  
Yet, if the power of grace divine,  
Find in thy lowly heart a shrine,  
Then, in thy very weakness, strong,  
Thou winn'st thy noiseless course along;  
Weaving thy influence with the ties  
Of sweet domestic charities,  
And softening haughtier spirits down  
By happy contact with thine own.

*I. Hunkinson.*

### 3748. MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

John xx : 1, 11-16.

Mary of Magdala, when the moon had set,  
Forth to the garden that was with night dews  
wet,  
Fared in the dark—woe-worn and bent was  
she,  
'Neath many pounds' weight of fragrant  
spicery.

Mary of Magdala, in her misery,  
"Who shall roll the stone up from your  
door?" quoth she;  
And trembling down the steep she went, and  
wept sore,  
Because her dearest Lord was, alas! no more.

Her burden she let fall, lo! the stone was  
gone;  
Light was there within, out to the dark it  
shone; [bright,  
With an angel's face the dread tomb was  
The which she beholding fell sore affright.

Mary Magdala, in her misery,  
Heard the white vision speak, and did  
straightway flee;  
And an idle tale seemed the wild words she  
said,  
And naught her heart received—naught was  
comforted.

"Nay," quoth the men He loved, when they  
came to see,  
"Our eyes beheld His death, the Saint of  
Galilee;

Who have borne Him hence truly we cannot  
say;"  
Secretly, in fear, they turned and went their  
way.

Mary of Magdala, in her misery,  
Followed to the tomb, and wept full bitterly,  
Lingered in the dark, where first the Lord  
was laid;  
The white one spake again: she was no more  
afraid.

In a moment—dawn! solemn and sweet and  
clear,  
Kneeling, yet she weeps, and some one stands  
anear;  
Asketh of her grief—she, all her thoughts  
are dim,  
"If thou hast borne Him hence, tell me,"  
doth answer him.

"Mary," He saith, no more, shades of night  
have fled  
Under dewy leaves, behold Him!—death is  
dead;  
"Mary," and "O my Master," sorrow speeds  
away,  
Sunbeams touch His feet this earliest Easter  
day.

After the pains of death, in a place unknown,  
Trembling, of visions haunted, and all alone,  
I too shall want Thee, Jesus, my hope, my  
trust,  
Fallen low, and all unclothed, even of my  
poor dust.

I, too, shall hear Thee speak, Jesus, my life  
divine;  
And call me by my name, Lord, for I am  
Thine;  
Thou wilt stand and wait, I shall so look and  
see,  
In the garden of God, I shall look up—on  
Thee.  
*Holy Songs.*

### 3749. MARY, Weeping.

John xx : 11-16.

Mary to her Saviour's tomb  
Hasted at the early dawn;  
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;  
But the Lord she loved was gone.  
For a while she weeping stood,  
Struck with sorrow and surprise,  
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,  
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,  
Though too often unperceived,  
Came, His drooping child to cheer,  
Kindly asking, why she grieved?  
Though at first she knew Him not,  
When He called her by her name,  
Then her griefs were all forgot,  
For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled,  
 When she heard His welcome voice;  
 Just before she thought Him dead,  
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change His word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,  
 When she thought her all was lost,  
 Will for your relief appear,  
 Though you now are tempest-tost;  
 On His word your burden cast,  
 On His love your thoughts employ;  
 Weeping for a while may last,  
 But the morning brings the joy.  
*John Newton.*

**3750. MARY, Offering of.**  
 Luke vii : 37, 38.

She brought her box of alabaster;  
 The precious spikenard filled the room  
 With honor worthy of the Master,  
 A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly  
 On His dear feet, outstretched and bare;  
 Unconscious how, she wiped them quickly  
 With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses  
 Adown her cheek, like willow-leaves,  
 As stooping still, with fond caresses,  
 She plies her task of love, and grieves.

Oh may we thus, like loving Mary,  
 Ever our choicest offerings bring,  
 Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary  
 Of costly service to our King!

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly  
 Some hallowed voice at evening rise,  
 Or quiet morn, or in the holy,  
 Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies;

I bring my box of alabaster,  
 Of earthly loves I break the shrine,  
 And pour affections, purer, vaster,  
 On that dear head, those feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cherished,  
 The fairest flowers my fancy wove,  
 Behold my fondest idols perished;  
 Receive the incense of my love!

What though the scornful world, deriding  
 Such waste of love, of service, fears?  
 Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,  
 The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaster;  
 Accepted let the offering rise!  
 So grateful tears shall flow the faster,  
 In founts of gladness from mine eyes!  
*Charles Lawrence Ford.*

**3751. MARY, Offering of.**  
 Luke vii : 47.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears  
 An offering worthy heaven,  
 When o'er her faults of former years  
 She wept, and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet,  
 Her day of luxury stored,  
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet  
 The precious odors poured;

And wiped them with her golden hair,  
 Where once the diamond shone;  
 Though now those gems of grief were there  
 Which shines for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,  
 That hair, those weeping eyes,  
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled,  
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,  
 Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven,  
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,  
 "Love much," and be forgiven!

*Thomas Moore.*

**3752. "MARY!—RABBONI!"**

John xx : 16.

She turned her from the empty cell,  
 Where late the Prince of Glory lay;  
 A shadow on her spirit fell,  
 Her Lord was borne away.  
 "If thou hast spoiled the tomb,  
 And for its new-born light  
 Hast left the pall of ancient gloom,  
 O wanderer of the night—  
 Tell me!"

He looked into her earnest eyes,  
 Where lately shone Hope's dazzling dew;  
 Her lips, of the carnation dyes,  
 Now of the lily's hue,  
 He saw were quivering with dismay.  
 One word could light those eyes again,  
 And banish every grief away;  
 One word bring back the lips' sweet red,  
 One word restore the dead,  
 And pleasure substitute for pain;  
 'Twas music when he spake it:  
 "Mary!"

She turned herself, and from that face  
 Of beauty every care was fled,  
 And in its stead  
 Was much of grace,  
 And something meekly proud.  
 As look our skies, when midnight's cloud  
 Is chased, and they are over-spread  
 With morning's early blush, so she,  
 The spirit of young Piety,  
 Divinely looked, when answering  
 "Rabboni!"

*William B. Tappan.*

**3753. MARY, The Mother of Christ.**

Luke i : 28.

Mary, to thee the heart was given  
For infant hand to hold,  
Thus clasping, an eternal heaven,  
The great earth in its fold.

He seized the world with tender might,  
By making thee His own:  
Thee, lowly queen, whose heavenly height  
Was to thyself unknown.

He came, all helpless, to thy power,  
For warmth, and love, and birth;  
In thy embraces, every hour,  
He grew into the earth.

And thine the grief, O mother high!  
Which all thy sisters share,  
Who keep the gate betwixt the sky  
And this our lower air;

And unshared sorrows, gathering slow;  
New thoughts within thy heart,  
Which through thee like a sword will go,  
And make thee mourn apart.

For if a woman bore a son  
That was of angel brood,  
Who lifted wings ere day was done,  
And soared from where He stood;

Strange grief would fill each mother-moan,  
Wild longing, dim, and sore:  
"My child! my child! He is my own,  
And yet is mine no more!"

So thou, O Mary! years on years,  
From child-birth to the cross,  
Wast filled with yearnings, filled with fears,  
Keen sense of love and loss.

His childish thoughts outsoared thy reach;  
Even His tenderness  
Had deeper springs than act or speech  
Could unto thee express.

Strange pangs await thee, mother mild!  
A sorer travail pain,  
Before the spirit of thy child  
Is born in thee again.

And thou wilt still forebode and dread,  
And loss be still thy fear,  
Till form be gone, and, in its stead,  
The very self appear.

For, when thy son hath reached His goal,  
And vanished from the earth,  
Soon shalt thou find Him in thy soul,  
A second, holier birth.

*George Macdonald.***3754. MARY MAGDALENE.**

Luke vii : 48.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and  
fair;  
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;

Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the  
board,  
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The frown and the murmur went round  
through them all,  
That one so unhallowed should tread in that  
hall;  
And some said the poor would be objects  
more meet,  
As the wealth of her perfume she showered  
on His feet.

She heard but the Saviour, she spoke but  
with sighs;  
She dare not look up to the heaven of His  
eyes;  
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave  
of her breast,  
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly  
pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,  
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the  
snow,  
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were  
forgiven,"  
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of  
heaven.

*Francis S. Key.***3755. MARY MAGDALENE.**

Luke vii : 37-47.

Dear,auteous saint! more white than day,  
When in his naked, pure array;  
Fresher than morning flowers, which show,  
As thou in tears dost, best in dew.  
How art thou changed; how hvely fair,  
Pleasing and innocent an air,  
Not tutored by thy glass, but free,  
Native, and pure, shines now in thee!  
But since thy beauty doth still keep  
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?  
This dusky state of sighs and tears  
Durst not look on those smiling years,  
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,  
Where all was sumptuous, rare, and neat.  
Why lies this hair despised now,  
Which once thy care and art did show?  
Who then did dress the much-loved toy,  
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,  
Which with skilled negligence seemed shed  
About thy curious, wild, young head?  
Why is this rich, this pistie nard  
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marred?  
What pretty sullenness did haste  
Thy easy hands to do this waste?  
Why art thou humbled thus, and low  
As earth thy lovely head dost bow? [earth  
Dear soul! thou knew'st flowers here on  
At their Lord's footstool have their birth;  
Therefore thy withered self in haste  
Beneath His blest feet thou didst cast,  
That, at the root of this green tree,  
Thy great decays restored might be.  
Thy curious vanities and rare,  
Odorous ointments kept with care,

And dearly brought, when thou didst see  
 They could not cure nor comfort thee;  
 Like a wise early penitent,  
 Thou sadly didst to him present,  
 Whose interceding, meek, and calm  
 Blood is the world's all-healing balm.  
 This, thus divine restorative  
 Called forth thy tears, which ran in live  
 And hasty drops, as if they had  
 (Their Lord so near) sense to be glad.  
 Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure—  
 Make beauty lasting, fresh, and pure;  
 Learn Mary's art of tears, and then  
 Say, You have got the day from men.  
 Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,  
 Who loved much, and much more could  
 Her art! whose memory must last [move];  
 Till truth through all the world be past;  
 Till his abused, despised fame  
 Return to heaven from whence it came,  
 And send a fire down, that shall bring  
 Destruction on His ruddy wing.  
 Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes  
 Were once sin's loose and tempting spies;  
 But now are fixed stars, whose light  
 Helps such dark stragglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blind  
 A judge wert thou, and how unkind!  
 It was impossible that thou,  
 Who wert all false, shouldst true grief know.  
 Is't just to judge her faithful tears  
 By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a sinner!"  
 And sate there none such at thy dinner?  
 Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh  
 Comes like a child's, spotless and fresh;  
 He is still leprous that still paints:  
 Who saint themselves, they are no saints.  
*Henry Vaughan.*

### 3756. MARY MAGDALENE.

With eyes aglow, and aimless zeal,  
 She hither, thither goes;  
 Her speech, her motions, all reveal  
 A mind without repose.

She climbs the hills, she haunts the sea,  
 By madness tortured, driven;  
 One hour's forgetfulness would be  
 A gift from very Heaven.

The night brings sleep, sleep new distress;  
 The anguish of the day  
 Returns as free, in darker dress,  
 In more secure dismay.

The demons blast her to and fro;  
 She has no quiet place;  
 Enough a woman still to know  
 A haunting, dim disgrace.

Hers in no other eyes confide  
 For even a moment brief;  
 With restless glance they turn aside,  
 Lest they betray her grief.

A human touch! a pang of death,  
 And in a low delight  
 Thou liest, waiting for new breath,  
 For morning out of night.

Thou risest up: the earth is fair,  
 The wind is cool and free;  
 Is it a dream of hell's despair  
 Dissolves in ecstasy?

Did this man touch thee? Eyes divine  
 Make sunrise in thy soul;  
 Thou seest love and order shine:  
 His health hath made thee whole.

What matter that the coming time  
 Will stain thy virgin name!  
 Will call thine agony thy crime,  
 And count thy madness blame!

Let the reproach of men abide!  
 He shall be well content  
 To see not seldom by his side  
 Thy head serenely bent.

Thou, sharing in the awful doom,  
 Shalt help thy Lord to die;  
 And, mourning o'er His empty tomb,  
 First share His victory.

*George Macdonald*

### 3757. MARY MAGDALENE, Legend of. Luke vii: 37-47.

'Twas within a Hebrew palace,  
 At a Hebrew ruler's board,  
 From her alabaster chalice  
 Magdalene the ointment poured.  
 Flowed the precious perfume, filling  
 All the air with odors sweet;  
 But, from Mary's eyes distilling,  
 Poured an offering far more meet,  
 Even than the costly ointment,  
 For the worn and weary feet  
 Of the Blessed Lord.

Humbly weeping, humbly loving,  
 Meek she kneeled beside Him there;  
 Tears and perfume both removing  
 With her soft and clustering hair.  
 But there wakened thoughts of evil  
 In the minds of the eleven;  
 And the first to scorn or cavil  
 Spake the traitor—cursed of Heaven:  
 "How much better were this ointment  
 Vended, and the money given  
 For the poor to share!"

Thus Iscariot reproved her,  
 Thinking, "Twould my store increase;"  
 But when Jesu looked, He loved her,  
 And He bade their murmurs cease;  
 Saying, "Not for her preferment  
 Doth she here before Me bow,  
 But it is for mine interment  
 That she thus anoints Me now."  
 Then He uttered, turning toward her  
 That divine and gentle brow,  
 "Mary, go in peace!"

Who doth love shall be forgiven;  
 He hath mercy still in store,  
 He hath boundless power in heaven  
 Whom the cross on Calvary bore.  
 Earthly love may fail to ease you  
 When you bend in your despair,  
 But the gentle heart of Jesu  
 Turneth never from a prayer.  
 To the asker all is granted;  
 He who seeketh findeth there  
 Rest for evermore. *C. D. McLeod.*

**3758. MATTHEW.**

Luke v: 27-29.

Nor Pharisaic school, nor harnessed train  
 Of Roman state, nor pow'r, nor thoughtful  
 gain,  
 Nor breezy lake, where circling mountains  
 rise,  
 Nor Lebanon's snowy top in summer skies,  
 Could to thy longing eyes afford repose,  
 Good Levi, till they found the Man of woes!  
 Beneath thy lowly roof I see Him come,  
 An honored guest; the Pharisee's stern gloom  
 Sitting aloof, in calm and humble gaze  
 The Galilean twelve, th' half-pleased amaze  
 Of publicans, and mourning Eremite  
 Shrinking apart: yet seen, or out of sight,  
 Manifold words of wisdom find them out,  
 And in each heart an eye that looks through-  
 But, lo! again his hospitable store [out.  
 Levi prepares, unfolding wide the door  
 Of His blest gospel, 'neath whose sacred roof  
 All may behold the Christ, and learn by proof.  
 E'en now, as then, within each secret soul  
 An eye is found; seek we or shun control,  
 All see the Son of man; each doth invest  
 His form with hues deep drawn from His  
 own breast. *Isaac Williams.*

**3759. MATTHEW, The Apostle.**

There are in this loud stunning tide  
 Of human care and crime,  
 With whom the melodies abide  
 Of the everlasting chime;  
 Who carry music in their heart  
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
 Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest  
 As thronging cares afford,  
 In thought to wander, fancy-blest,  
 To where their gracious Lord,  
 In vain to win proud Pharisees,  
 Spake, and was heard by fell disease,  
 But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake,  
 Bade the meek publican his gainful seat  
 forsake.

At once he rose, and left his gold;  
 His treasure and his heart  
 Transferred, where he shall safe behold  
 Earth and her idols part;  
 While he beside his endless store  
 Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour

Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and space,  
 First angel of His church, first steward of  
 His grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think  
 Where He vouchsafed to eat,  
 How the Most Holy did not shrink  
 From touch of sinners' meat;  
 What worldly hearts and hearts impure  
 Went with Him through the rich man's  
 door,

That we might learn of Him lost souls to love,  
 And view His least and worst with hope to  
 meet above.

These gracious lines shed gospel light  
 On Mammon's gloomiest cells,  
 As on some city's cheerless night  
 The tide of sunrise swells,  
 Till tower and dome and bridge-way proud  
 Are mantled with a golden cloud,  
 And to wise hearts this certain hope is given;  
 "No mist that man may raise shall hide the  
 eye of Heaven."

And oh! if even on Babel shine  
 Such gleams of paradise,  
 Should not their peace be peace divine  
 Who day by day arise  
 To look on clearer heavens, and scan  
 The work of God untouched by man!  
 Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,  
 And live in paradise, as if God was not there.  
*John Keble.*

**3760. MATTHIAS.**

Acts i: 23-26.

From Abraham's breast, 'mid heavenly towers  
 on high,  
 Death's lake is seen, and heard the dismal  
 cry;  
 From Salem's heights, dread Sodom's sea of  
 doom  
 Is o'er the hills desiered in fiery gloom;  
 'Mid that small band, for Heaven's high  
 mandate sealed,  
 Hell opens, and a Judas is revealed.

Dread thought of terror! Heaven the rescued  
 crown  
 Holds, and on just Matthias lets it down;  
 Sent forth of Him who was sent forth of God,  
 And armed with naught but His supporting  
 rod.

Oh, by that cross on which Thou deign'st to  
 die,  
 Let that staff bear me death's dark valley by!  
 Thine was the patriarch's staff when Jordan's  
 strand  
 He passed, and thence returned a twofold  
 band;  
 Thine was the staff Elisha sent before,  
 The staff of health which false Gehazi bore.

From this new morn until th' eternal day  
 That pastoral staff must be the pilgrim's stay;

From this new morn, when, from its wintry  
 blight,  
 Springs the new year, and day is mast'ring  
 night.  
 Still, wheresoe'er the grounded staff shall  
 pass,  
 The sea divides, wide opes the watery mass.  
*Isaac Williams.*

**3761. MELCHIZEDEK.**

Hebrews vii : 3.

Thrice blest are they who feel their loneli-  
 ness;  
 To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant  
 scene  
 Brings that on which the saddened heart  
 can lean;  
 Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest  
 dress  
 Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,  
 Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high;  
 Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,  
 Seeking His presence who alone can bless.  
 Such, in strange days, the weapons of  
 Heaven's grace;  
 When passing o'er the high-born Hebrew  
 line,  
 He forms the vessel of His vast design;  
 Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,  
 Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,  
 Borne through long woe His rare Melchizedek.  
*John H. Newman.*

**3762. MEMPHIS.**

Hosea ix : 6.

But now famed Memphis' ancient bounds  
 are gained,  
 Where the long line of iron Pharaohs reigned.  
 Hallowed by sacred lore, these scenes impart  
 A speechless awe, yet interest to the heart.  
 Here exiled Joseph rose to wealth and fame,  
 And, bent with years, the trembling Israel  
 came.  
 Yonder in Goshen toiled, with many a sigh,  
 His countless sons, and mourned for days  
 gone by;  
 And far away, where sweeps the Red Sea  
 shore,  
 Lies the long track their myriads hurried  
 o'er,  
 When blazed the fiery cloud o'er mount and  
 plain,  
 And midnight winds rolled back the subject  
 main,  
 While Moses led them on with wand of  
 might,  
 Saw Pharaoh's host, nor trembled at the  
 sight.  
 But Memphis' kings are less than ashes now,  
 The crowns e'en dust that decked each royal  
 brow.  
 Goshen, where Israel toiled, no trace retains  
 Of all the towers they built, when scourged  
 in chains.

Memphis herself, as cursed for injuries piled  
 On Judah's head; long, long hath strewn the  
 wild.

Where is the shrine to soft-eyed Apis reared,  
 That sacred bull, kings, blood-stained chiefs  
 revered?

Where Vulcan's fane? and, gorgeous as a  
 dream,  
 The gold-roofed palace raised by Nilus'  
 stream?

No vestige meets the pilgrim's curious gaze;  
 O'er Memphis' site the turbaned robber  
 strays;

Each wall is razed, each pillared shrine o'er-  
 thrown;

The sands drift on, the desert breezes moan;  
 Shades of the Pharaohs! rise from marble  
 sleep!

And o'er your lost loved city bend and weep!  
*Nicholas Michell.*

**3763. MESSIAH, Reign of the.**

Isaiah ii : 2, 3.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord  
 In latter days shall rise  
 On mountain-tops above the hills,  
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.  
 To this the joyful nations round,  
 All tribes and tongues shall flow;  
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
 And to His house we'll go.

The beams that shines from Zion's hill  
 Shall lighten ev'ry land;  
 The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs  
 Shall all the world command.  
 Among the nations He shall judge;  
 His judgments truth shall guide;  
 His sceptre shall protect the just,  
 And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
 Disturb those peaceful years;  
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
 To pruning-hooks their spears.  
 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts  
 Shall crowds of slain deplore:  
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
 And study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob! come  
 To worship at His shrine;  
 And, walking in the light of God,  
 With holy beauties shine.  
*John Logan.*

**3764. METHUSELAH.**

Genesis v : 21-27.

And all the days of Methuselah were nine  
 hundred  
 And sixty and nine years, and he died.  
 And was this all? He died! he who did wait  
 The slow unfolding of centurial years,  
 And shake that burden from his heart which  
 turns  
 Our temples white; and in his freshness  
 stand

Till cedars mouldered and firm rocks grew  
 gray:  
 Left he no trace upon the page inspired  
 Save this one line—He died!

Perchance he stood  
 Till all who in his early shadow rose,  
 Faded away, and he was left alone;  
 A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,  
 To fear that death, remembering all beside,  
 Had sure forgotten him.

Perchance he roved  
 Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,  
 While Asia's sun burned fervid on his brow;  
 Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate him  
 down,  
 And in his mantling bosom nursed the pride  
 That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth  
 To live forever. [think

Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim age  
 Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world had  
 drunk

To deluge cup of bitterness, whate'er  
 Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,  
 Death found him out at last, and coldly  
 wrote,

With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,  
 Naught but this brief, unflattering line—He  
 died!

Ye gay flower-gatherers on Time's crumbling  
 brink,

This shall be said of you, howe'er ye vaunt  
 Your long to-morrows in an endless line;  
 Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy [pass,  
 Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale king  
 This shall be said of you at last—He died!  
 Oh, add one sentence more: He lived to God.  
*Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.*

### 3765. METHUSELAH, Lesson from.

And didst thou, patriarch, tread this vale of  
 tears,

And bear life's load for near a thousand years?  
 And is the record of thy days so brief,  
 Without one song of joy, or tale of grief?

Brief though it be, a lesson it imparts  
 (Bind it, ye high and mighty, round your  
 hearts);

For thus it says to each, "Thy pomp, thy  
 pride,

At last shall come to this: He lived, and  
 died!"

### 3766. MIGHTY FALLEN, The.

2 Samuel i : 25.

Fallen on Zion's battle hill

A soldier of renown,

Armed in the panoply of God,

In conflict cloven down;

His helmet on, his armor bright,

His cheek unblanched with fear,

While round his head there gleamed a light

His dying hour to cheer.

Fallen, while cheering with his voice  
 The sacramental host;  
 With banner floating on the air,  
 Death found him at his post;  
 In life's high prime his warfare closed,  
 But not ingloriously;  
 He fell beyond the outer wall,  
 And shouted victory.

Fallen—a holy man of God,  
 An Israelite indeed,  
 A standard-bearer of the cross,  
 Mighty in word and deed;  
 A master-spirit of the age,  
 A bright and burning light,  
 Whose beams across the firmament  
 Scattered the clouds of night.

Fallen—as sets the sun at eve  
 To rise in splendor where  
 His kindred luminaries shine,  
 Their heaven of bliss to share;  
 Beyond the stormy battle-field  
 He reigns and triumphs now,  
 Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,  
 With glory on His brow.

*John Newland Maffitt.*

### 3767. MILCH-KINE DRAWING THE ARK.

1 Samuel vi : 12.

The kine unguided went  
 By the directest road,  
 When the Philistines homeward sent  
 The ark of Israel's God.

Lowly they passed along  
 And left their calves shut up;  
 They felt an instinct for their young,  
 But would not turn or stop.

Shall brutes, devoid of thought,  
 Their Maker's will obey;  
 And we, who by His grace are taught,  
 More stubborn prove than they?

*John Newton.*

### 3768. MIRACLE, Christ's First.

John ii : 7-11.

When wine they want, th' Almighty Lord  
 Water instead of wine demands:  
 He both created by His word,  
 Nothing His sovereign will withstands:  
 And every year in every vine  
 He changes water into wine.

Annexed to means improbable,  
 Thy blessing, Lord, we oft perceive,  
 Who, when Thou dost Thy mind reveal  
 Thy word implicitly believe,  
 And do what Thou art pleas'd t' ordain,  
 And thus a greater blessing gain.

Not the desires of men to please  
 Thou dost Thy first of wonders show,  
 But sent from heaven on earth to bless,  
 Jehovah manifest below,  
 Thou dost Thy peerless power display,  
 And faith's eternal basis lay.



This demonstration of Thy grace,  
 This proof of Thy Divinity,  
 Saviour in every age and place,  
 Convinced Thy true disciples see,  
 Built on the rock that cannot move,  
 The truth of Thine almighty love.

Who changes water into wine,  
 Can sinners into saints convert:  
 Thy grace omnipotent, divine,  
 I trust to make me as Thou art,  
 To form my heart averse from sin,  
 And bid mine inmost soul be clean.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3769. MIRACLES.**

Mark xvi : 17.

Let not the sceptic's ignorance presume  
 To mark the limits of celestial power,  
 Nor weigh its greatness in the partial scale  
 Of little man's confined philosophy.  
 What! shall that God whose energies divine  
 Waked slumb'ring matter from the dark abyss  
 Of chaos, and with all-creative hand  
 Bade each minutest particle assume  
 Its form and character; shall He, whose arm  
 Upon the boundless ocean of the air  
 Launched yon stupendous continent of fire,  
 Round which, by laws immutable constrained,  
 The subject planets roll their pendent orbs;  
 Shall that great God, who, with all seeing eye  
 And wisdom infinite, assigned its place  
 To each created atom; who arranged  
 And methodized by comprehensive rule,  
 In order beautiful, the harmonious whole;  
 Who, calling forth its active properties,  
 And blending all their excellence, produced  
 That miracle of miracles, this world:  
 Shall He be bounded by the narrow line  
 Of mortal action? Cease, presumptuous man;  
 Doubt not because thou canst not understand.  
 Thy circumscribed reason ne'er shall reach  
 The secret depths, or trace the hidden maze  
 Of heavenly councils: call thy truant thoughts  
 Back to their God, nor with fallacious art  
 Seek to mislead th' uncultivated mind  
 That asks of thee instruction; rather let  
 The passing wonders of thy Maker's works  
 Excite thine adoration and arouse  
 Thy sleeping faculties in hymns of praise:  
 "Great Lord of life! to Thee I kneel, to  
 Thee

Pour forth the warm effusions of a heart  
 Grateful for all Thy mercies: Lord, look down  
 Upon Thy servant, and, as once Thou  
 deign'dst  
 To send Thy Spirit to conduct the steps  
 Of Israel's children through the pathless  
 waste  
 To happier regions, so may'st Thou, O God!  
 Guide through this world, this wilderness of  
 sin,  
 A hopeless wand'rer, and at last from death  
 Raise up his raptured soul to that high  
 heaven,

Where, throned with Thee, the just shall  
 ever live,  
 In endless peace and everlasting love."  
*William Rolland.*

**3770. MIRACLES, Demand for.**  
Mark xv : 32.

See and believe! it cannot be:  
 We first believe and then we see,  
 While Israel's King His power exerts,  
 And comes from heaven into our hearts.

Had Christ descended from the cross  
 His life had been His creatures' loss,  
 Nor could we on that scale ascend  
 To live in joys that never end.

Did they not see to life restored  
 The man belovèd of his Lord,  
 Yet went with hardened hearts away,  
 And sought even Lazarus to slay?

Who miracles demand in vain  
 Would stubborn infidels remain,  
 By countless wonders unsubdued;  
 For faith is still the gift of God.  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3771. MIRIAM, Song of.**

Exodus xv : 20, 21.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.  
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken:  
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and  
 brave,

How vain was their boasting! The Lord  
 hath but spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the  
 wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!  
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our  
 sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her  
 pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar  
 of glory,  
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in  
 the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.  
*Thomas Moore.*

**3772. MIRIAM, The Song of.**

Oh, for that day, that day of bliss entrancing,  
 When Israel stood, her night of bondage o'er,  
 And leaped in heart to see no more advancing  
 Egypt's dark host along the desert shore!  
 For scarce a ripple now proclaimed where lay  
 The boasting Pharaoh and his fierce array.

Miriam! she silent stood, that sight behold-  
 ing,  
 And bowed with sacred awe her wondering  
 head;

Till, lo! no more their hideous spoils with-  
holding,  
The depths, indignant, spurned their buried  
dead;  
And all along that sad and vengeful coast  
Pale corpses lay—a monumental host.

Miriam! she saw; then all to life awaking,  
“Sing to the Lord,” with a great voice she  
cried;  
“Sing to the Lord,” their many timbrels  
shaking,  
Ten thousand ransomed hearts and tongues  
replied;  
While, leading on the dance in triumph long,  
Thus the great prophetess broke forth in song:

“Oh sing to the Lord,  
Sing His triumph right glorious;  
O'er horse and o'er rider,  
Sing His right arm victorious;  
Pharaoh's horsemen and chariots  
And captains so brave,  
The Lord hath thrown down  
In the bottomless wave.

“Man of war is the Lord,  
And Jehovah His name;  
We trusted His pillar  
Of cloud and of flame.  
Proud boasters, ye followed,  
But where are ye gone?  
Down, down in the waters,  
Ye sank like a stone.

“O Lord! Thou didst blow  
With Thy nostrils a blast,  
And upheaved the huge billows  
Like mountains stood fast.  
Egypt shuddered with wonder  
That pathway to see,  
Those depths all congealed  
In the heart of the sea.

“I, too, will march onward  
(The enemy cried),  
I shall overtake;  
I the spoil will divide;  
I will kill!—O my God!  
The depths fell at Thy breath,  
And like lead they went down  
In those waters of death.

“But o'er us the soft wings  
Of Thy mercy outspread,  
To Thy own chosen dwelling  
Our feet Thou hast led.  
Palestrina, affrighted,  
The tidings shall hear,  
And your hearts, O ye nations!  
Shall wither with fear.

“Thus brought in with triumph,  
Safe-planted and blest,  
On Thy own holy mountain  
Thy people shall rest.

Shout! Pharaoh is fallen  
To rise again never.  
Sing! the Lord, He shall reign  
Forever and ever.”

*E. Dudley Jackson.*

**3773. MITE, The Widow's.**

Mark xii: 42.

“The widow's mite!” Who ever saw,  
Since Jesus saw, that wondrous sight,  
Fulfilling all the royal law  
To God and man, “the widow's mite”?

And who for fame, or who for love  
To body, intellect, or soul,  
To man below, or God above,  
Has yielded, since that hour, the whole?

Not one! not one!—the Jewish age  
Has only such example shown;  
It stands, a marvel, on the page  
Of eighteen hundred years, alone.

“She, of her penury, gave her all,”  
And shrank, in silence, from the crowd;  
Thou canst thy gifts by hundreds call,  
And set thy name among the proud.

Yet give! but on thy deed do not,  
So often done, a falsehood write;  
Nor to foul avarice add the blot  
Of naming it “the widow's mite.”

Nor deem the blazoned gift of gold,  
Or paltry alms that fears the light,  
For “blest memorial” will be told,  
Or thought of, as “the widow's mite.”  
*William B. Tappan.*

**3774. MITES, Widow and Her.**

Luke xxi: 2.

Here much and little shift and change  
With scale of need and time;  
There more and less have meanings strange,  
Nor with our reason rhyme.

Sickness may be more hale than health,  
And service kingdom high;  
Yea, poverty be bounty's wealth,  
To give like God thereby.

Bring forth your riches; let them go,  
Nor mourn the lost control;  
For if ye hoard them, surely so  
Their rust will reach your soul.

Cast in your coins, for God delights  
When from wide hands they fall;  
But here is one that brings two mites,  
And yet gives more than all.

She heard not, she, the mighty praise;  
Went home to care and need;  
Perhaps the knowledge still delays,  
And yet she has the need.

*George Macdonald.*

**3775. MOAB, Mountains of.**

Dark hills of Moab! flinging down  
Your shadows on this gloomy vale;  
Wild chasms through which the desert wind  
Rushes in everlasting wail.

Mountains of silence! keeping watch  
Above this stagnant, sullen wave,  
Where sunshine seems to smile in vain  
O'er Sodom's melancholy grave.

Day's youngest beauty and its last [bare;  
Bathes your broad foreheads, stern and  
Yet all unsoftened is their frown;  
No cheer, no love, no beauty there.

I may not climb your awful slopes;  
Yet, standing on this hungry shore,  
By this poor reed-brake of the sand,  
I count your shadows o'er and o'er.

In this lone lake, your ancient roots  
Lie steeped in bitterness and death;  
Your summits rise all verdureless,  
Scorched by its hot and hellish breath.

Yon sea! its molten silver spreads,  
And steams into the burning air;  
Yon sunlight that across it plays,  
How sad, and yet how strangely fair.

Haunt of old riot and lewd song,  
When Sodom spread its splendor here;  
O sea of wrath, how silent now!  
The shroud of cities and their bier.

O valley of the shade of death!  
O sea, of ancient sin the tomb!  
O hills, sin's hoary monument,  
And type of the eternal doom!

Well might the prophet's curse have come  
From peaks where horrors only dwell;  
And idol-altars smoke on cliffs  
That seem the very gates of hell!

And yet ye gaze on Judah's vales,  
Ye hear the rush of Jordan's flood!  
Ye looked on Zion's palace-hill,  
And saw the temple of our God!

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3776. MORDECAI.**

Esther vii : 1-10 ; viii : 15.

"Now say, my queen," the monarch cries,  
"What boon dost thou demand?  
Be it the half my kingdom's worth,  
'Tis given to thy hand."

"O king, had all my race been sold  
To bondage and to shame,  
No murmur from my lip had passed  
My sovereign's deed to blame;

"But sold to slaughter, doomed to death,  
I pour my humble prayer;  
Oh let thy royal clemency  
My guiltless kindred spare!"

"And who, my queen, hath dared the deed?"  
"Behold, our ruthless foe!  
'Tis Haman whets the murd'rous steel  
And aims the fatal blow."

The king is wroth: the traitor shrinks;  
The stern command is given:  
Bound and condemned they bear him forth  
To feed the fowls of heaven.

A gallows, by his impious hand  
For Mordecai designed,  
Receives the tyrant's struggling form,  
And gives him to the wind.

Haman, thy wife hath well foretold  
The dark intent will fail;  
Against Jehovah's chosen fold  
Thou never couldst prevail.

Who comes? His costly garments wave  
In many a purple fold,  
Blent with the purest white; he wears  
A crown of burnished gold.

It is the Jew—'tis Mordecai,  
Type of his ransomed race;  
For shame is double honor given,  
And glory for disgrace.

Such, Israel, is thy future lot,  
Purged in refining fires;  
Queens shall thy nursing mothers be,  
And kings thy nursing sires.

And thou, in means and mercies rich,  
Loved Albion, happy land,  
For Judah bend the suppliant knee,  
And work with willing hand.

Oh help thine elder brother's need,  
Bid him thy blessings share,  
Nor let him perish at thy gate  
While thou hast bread to spare!  
*Jewish Expositor.*

**3777. MORDECAI.**

Make friends with him! He is of royal line,  
Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine  
Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,  
Can buy him from his place within the gate,  
The king's gate of thy happiness, where he,  
Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,  
Never obeisance making, never scorn  
Betraying of thy silver and new-born  
Delight. Make friends with him, for un-  
aware

The charmed secret of thy joys he bears;  
Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late  
And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate  
And haste thou plottest for his blood, thy  
own death-cry,  
Not his, comes from the gallows fifty cubits  
high.  
*Helen Hunt.*

**3778. MOSES AND AMALEK.**

While Joshua led the armèd bands  
Of Israel forth to war,  
Moses, apart, with lifted hands,  
Engaged in humble pray'r.

The armed bands had quickly failed,  
And perished in the fight,  
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed  
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands through weakness  
The warriors fainted too; [dropped,  
Israel's success at once was stopped,  
And Am'lek bolder grew.

A people, always prone to boast,  
Were taught by this suspense  
That not a num'rous armed host,  
But God, was their defence.

*John Newton.*

**3779. MOSES AND CHRIST.**

Acts iii : 22.

Moses, the meek man of God,  
A type of Christ was seen,  
Head of faithful Israel stood,  
And guide of sinful men;  
Showed as prophet of the Lord  
The land to all believers given,  
Herald of Jehovah's word,  
Interpreter of Heaven.

Israel he from Egypt led,  
But must to Jesus yield;  
Jesus like His brethren made,  
His brethren far excelled:  
Moses formed the church of old,  
And one peculiar nation joined;  
Christ received into His fold  
The souls of all mankind.

Soon as Moses prophesied,  
Israel's deliverance came;  
Soon as Jesus spake and died,  
The sacrificial Lamb,  
Life, the grand effect, ensued;  
That blood for every soul was spilt,  
Purged that all-redeeming blood  
The universal guilt.

Those who quaked and could not bear  
Jehovah's thundering word,  
Asked that Moses might declare  
The dictates of his Lord:  
Wearied by the law of fire,  
Much more the slaves of guilty fear  
Fly from Sinai, and desire  
The voice of Christ to hear.

Moses truly ministered,  
A servant, not a son;  
Christ, who in our flesh appeared,  
Came from His Father down;  
Equal to the Lord Most High,  
By all the heavenly hosts confessed,

Re-enthroned beyond the sky,  
Our God forever blessed.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3780. MOSES AND JETHRO'S DAUGHTERS.**

Exodus ii : 16-21.

To Midian now his pilgrimage he took—  
Midian, earth's only paradise for pleasures,  
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,  
Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton  
measures;

Where as the curled groves and flowery fields  
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,  
More true delight and choice contentment  
yields

Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet:

And wandering long he happened on a well,  
Which he by paths frequented might espy,  
Bordered with trees where pleasure seemed  
to dwell,

Where, to repose him easily, down doth lie:

Where the soft winds did mutually embrace  
In the cool arbors nature there had made,  
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his  
face,

Through the calm cincture of the amorous  
shade:

Till now it nighed the noon-stead of the  
day,

When scorching heat the gadding herds do  
grieve,

When shepherds now, and herdsmen every  
way,

Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive:

Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went  
Along the way for watering of their sheep,  
Whose eyes him seemed such reflections sent  
As made the flocks more white that they did  
keep:

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,  
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their  
view,

Winter was as the spring-time of the year,  
The grass so proud that in their footsteps  
grew:

Daughters they were unto a holy man  
(And worthy, too, of such a sire to be),  
Jethro, the priest of fertile Midian,  
Few found so just, so righteous man as he.

But see the rude swain, the untutored slave,  
Without respect or reverence to their kind,  
Away their fair flocks from the water drove;  
Such is the nature of the barbarous hind.

The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,  
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem,  
Were in his presence discontent thereat,  
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem;

Which he perceiving, kindly doth entreat,  
Reproves the rustics for that offered wrong,  
Averting it an injury too great;  
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.

But finding well his oratory fail,  
His fists about him frankly he bestows;  
That where persuasion could not late prevail,  
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.

Entreats the damsels their abodes to make,  
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,  
At their fair pleasures quietly to take  
What might be had by freedom of the place.

Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,  
Exceeding these the honor of his mind;  
For what in mortal could their hearts desire  
That in this man they did not richly find?

Returning sooner than their usual hour,  
All that had happened to their father told:  
That such a man relieved them by his power,  
As one all civil courtesy that could:

Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,  
Of his behavior greatly pleased to hear;  
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,  
To honor him by whom his honored were:

Gently receives him to his goodly seat,  
Feasts him, his friends and families among,  
And with him all those offices entreat,  
That to his place and virtues might belong:

Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,  
Wherein wise Nature her own skill admires,  
He feeds those secret and unpiercing flames,  
Nursed in fresh youth and gotten in desires:

Won with this man, this princely priest to dwell,  
For greater hire than bounty could devise;  
For her whose praise makes praise itself excel,  
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise:

In her, her sisters severally were seen,  
Of every one she was the rarest part,  
Who in her presence any time had been,  
Her angel eye transpierced, not her heart.

For Zipporah, a shepherd's life he leads,  
And in her sight deceives the subtil hours:  
And for her sake oft roves the flowery meads  
With those sweet spoils to enrich her rural bowers.

Up to Mount Horeb with his flock he took,  
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep;  
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook,

Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep:  
To feed and fold full warily he knew.  
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free.

The goodliest flowers that in the meadows  
grew  
Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.

Gently his fair flocks lessowed he along,  
Through the trim pastures freely at his  
leisure,  
Now on the hills, the valleys then among,  
Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure;

Whilst feathered sylvans from each bloom-  
ing spray,  
With murmuring waters whistling as they  
creep,  
Make him such music to abridge the way,  
As fits a shepherd company to keep.

When, lo! that great and fearful God of  
might  
To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,  
In a bush, burning visible and bright,  
Yet unconsuming, as no fire there were:

With hair erected, and upturned eyes,  
Whilst he, with great astonishment, admires,  
Lo! that Eternal Rector of the skies  
Thus breathes to Moses from those quicken-  
ing fires:

“Shake off thy sandals,” saith the thunder-  
ing God,  
“With humbled feet My wondrous power  
to see;  
For that the soil where thou hast boldly  
trod,  
Is most select and hallowed unto Me:

“The righteous Abraham for his God Me  
knew,  
Isaac and Jacob trusted in My name,  
And did believe My covenant was true,  
Which to their seed shall propagate the  
same.

“My folk that long in Egypt had been  
barred,  
Whose cries have entered heaven's eternal  
gate,  
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,  
Kneeling in tears at our Eternal State;

“And am come down, then, in the land to  
see,  
Where streams of milk through fruitful val-  
leys flow,  
And luscious honey dropping from the tree,  
Load the full flowers that in their shadows  
grow:

“By thee My power am purposed to try,  
That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews  
bring,  
Bearing that great and fearful embassy  
To that monarchic and imperious king.

“And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,  
When thou returnest from that conquered land,  
Thou hallowed altars unto Me shalt light:  
This for a token certainly shall stand.”

*Michael Drayton.*

**3781. MOSES, Antitype of.**

Acts vii : 20.

The type in Moses we confess,  
Born in a time of great distress,  
And born divinely fair.  
But who of all the sons of men,  
When once the Antitype is seen,  
With Jesus can compare?

Born to fulfil the promises,  
His captive people to release,  
In a strange land He lives;  
And persecuted from His birth,  
The lot of all His saints on earth,  
With meekest love receives.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3782. MOSES, Birth of.**

Exodus ii : 1-4.

Trembling with tenderest alarms,  
A mournful mother bore  
A babe, close cradled in her arms,  
To Nile's green sloping shore.  
Long bending o'er her sleeping child,  
With prayers and tears she stood;  
Then, with a look of sorrow wild,  
She launched him on the flood.

Forlorn, in ark of bulrush left,  
Misfortune's meekest child,  
Of every human hope bereft,  
Moaned to the waters wild.  
A guide unseen along the strand  
The Egyptian princess led;  
The babe held out each little hand,  
And tears resistless shed.

Soft pity touched her royal heart,  
She drew him from the wave;  
Christians, perform the nobler part,  
The soul from ruin save.  
Exposed to sin, and Satan's art,  
We hasten to the grave;  
O Christians! act the Christian part,  
And souls from ruin save.

*John Cowood.*

**3783. MOSES, Burial of.**

Deuteronomy xxxiv : 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale of the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.  
But no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes, when the night is done,  
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Fades in the setting sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crest of verdure waves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
That grand procession swept.

Perchance some bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie,  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance some lion, stalking,  
Still shuns the hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums  
Follow the funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his matchless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
They lay the sage to rest;  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster's transept height,  
Where lights like glory fall, [rings  
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, words half so sage,  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall;  
The dark rock-pines like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in the grave:

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day;

And stand, with glory wrapt around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
Through Christ the Incarnate God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still:  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell,  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

**3784. MOSES, Burial of.**

Of all the burials Time has witnessed,  
None in simplicity may vie,  
None in their state with that of Moses,  
Who went up Nebo's top to die.

What lofty obsequies were rendered  
That hour when darkness held the pall!  
What pomp, where stood, in clouds pavilions,  
The silent, present, Lord of all!

How blest the man whose dust Jehovah  
Hid in a grave that's yet untrod!  
Thrice blessed He, that soul most happy,  
Whose life is hid with Christ in God!

*William B. Tappan.*

**3785. MOSES, Calling of.**

*Exodus iii : 1-14.*

Where Midian's hoary mountains in rugged  
grandeur climb,  
And rule her desert solitudes in majesty  
sublime,  
Through lonely wilds and gorges, by springs  
among the rocks,  
The exiled seer, a shepherd, led his roving,  
browsing flocks.  
At last on giant Horeb amid his charge he  
trod,  
And roamed alone, with reverent feet, the  
awful mount of God;  
Below lay green oases, above rose granite  
towers,  
And all the soundless silence thrilled instinct  
with heavenly powers.

Here through long days of summer, among  
his lambs he strayed,  
And pondered God's strange mysteries,  
wrestled, and dreamed, and prayed.  
"Why all these years of exile, with Israel  
crushed the while?  
Why sleeps the wrath of Abraham's God  
above the trembling Nile?

"If once God's Spirit moved me in years so  
long ago  
To save my downtrod race and strike the  
swift, delivering blow,

Why triumphs still the oppressor? Why yet  
doth Israel's cry  
Rise, wild with anguish, yet bring down no  
voice from all the sky?"

He ceased. A sudden wonder before his  
vision came!  
Along the mountain thicket rose a strange  
and scathless flame!  
Above the wild acacias it leaped, as from a  
pyre,  
And wrapped the unscorched copse and  
towered a tent of lambent fire!

The seer drew near, astonished, to view the  
wondrous scene,  
When lo! Jehovah's solemn voice from out  
the blazing screen  
Spake: "Moses! Moses!" Trembling, he  
answered: "Here am I."  
"Put off thy shoes, on holy ground, and  
hither draw not nigh!

"I am Elohim, mighty; the God of Abraham,  
Of Isaac, Jacob, and thy sire; Jehovah, the  
I AM!  
The cry of Israel's children has reached My  
throne on high;  
I know their heavy sorrows, all their woe  
and agony.

"I am come down to save them from Egypt's  
bloody hand,  
To smite the dire oppressor's power and  
scourge his guilty land;  
My arm, outstretched in wonders, shall make  
his realm a grave,  
For earth and sea shall fight for me till I  
have freed the slave!

"I know thy own brave spirit, I love the  
heart that yearns  
To rend the bondage of thy kind, the fiery  
soul that burns  
At others' wrong and outrage; and, scorning  
power and pelf,  
Dare rise for right 'gainst all earth's might,  
nor plan nor care for self.

"But he who with Jehovah would fight the  
fight for man  
Must wait till God reveal His rod and show  
the battle's plan;  
And forty years I've taught thee to meekly  
bide His time  
Whose footsteps down earth's centuries beat  
one eternal rhyme.

"Rise, therefore, now, a hero in meekness  
as in might,  
And I will send thee, thunder-clad, to shake  
the world for right.  
But see thou aye remember the battle is not  
thine;  
Face thou the blame, the jeers, the shame,  
but count the victory Mine.

"Lean on My arm, almighty, when sorrows  
bear thee down;  
Fall back on Me when flesh is weak and earth  
and demons frown.  
God rules to-day, to-morrow; God rules on  
earth, on high;  
And on His side all heaven shall ride, all  
hell before Him fly!

"Go now, meet haughty Egypt; meet Pharaoh  
on his throne;  
Meet Israel's coward doubts and fears; meet  
all, and shrink from none.  
Take thou nor sword nor sceptre, thy might  
is all in Me;  
Take only this, thy shepherd's staff, power  
in humility."

Then rose the seer and hero, no more to fear  
or flee,  
Instinct and conscious of his God, himself  
half deity!  
Nations and Nature owned him, and earth  
and time obey,  
For he who does and dares in God, with God  
shall reign for aye.

*Geo. Lansing Taylor.*

**3786. MOSES,** Choice of.

Hebrews xi : 24-26.

Palace and temple I descry,  
Columns and arches rising high,  
And statues reared to kings of old,  
Famed only for their pride and gold;  
And wrought by skill of cunning hands  
From revenues of many lands.  
Or let me roam through sombre piles  
With labyrinthine windings hid;  
Or merging from their dark defiles,  
Gaze out on sphinx and pyramid.

O royal city of the past,  
Too boastful and too proud to last,  
What is thy name, and thy estate;  
What read I on thy palace gate?  
'Tis Memphis, long in story known;  
The court of Pharaoh and his throne;  
The "Noph" of Scripture, proud and old,  
Whose doom the prophet once foretold.  
Now gazing down the thronged street,  
What if three thousand years have flown?  
It is the hurried tread of feet,

The same old rhythm we have known.  
The dash and pomp of lordlings proud,  
And solemn march of vassal crowd,  
Of palace splendor looking down  
On homes that feel oppression's frown.  
Here fountains murmur cool and sweet,  
Where paths of beauty winding meet;  
And song and fragrance fill the air,  
A scene Elysian, bright and fair.

These are the scenes that greet the child,  
Whose beauty Pharaoh's house beguiled.  
And thus Jehovah sought of old,  
Through Egypt's arrogance and gold,

To bring this foster-child of power  
To that sublime historic hour,  
When He should publish His own name,  
'Midst mighty thunderings and flame;  
And call a nation of His own,  
To know the sceptre of His throne.

A pageant moves before me now  
Of Egypt's pride and glory;  
Amid the splendor of her court  
But faintly told in story.  
I hear the city's busy hum,  
I hear its thousand voices,  
"Long live the prince of Egypt, long!"  
The city all rejoices.

The son of Pharaoh's daughter rides,  
With royal guards attending;  
And throngs admiring follow him,  
While shouts the air are rending.  
And yet he wears no haughty air:  
I see a shade of sadness  
O'erhang his fair and manly brow,  
'Mid Egypt's pomp and gladness.

In court and street his praise is heard,  
From market-place to palace;  
And vulgar eyes his beauty quaff  
As from a charmed chalice.  
And music floats upon the air,  
Soft as the breath of roses;  
And garlands strew his royal path  
Till night the pageant closes,

O Hebrew prince! O favored one  
In thy proud chariot sitting,  
Sweet dreams of other years, I know,  
Before thine eyes are flitting;  
And in the silence of thy heart  
Are thoughts of future duty;  
'Tis life's grand struggle moving there  
That shades thy brow of beauty.

Thou canst not bow with reverent heart  
Before the shrine of waters,  
Nor shout the great Osiris' name  
With Egypt's sons and daughters.  
Thy father's faith, thy mother's prayers,  
In their low Hebrew dwelling,  
Enchant thee with their hallowed power,  
Of future glory telling.

And thus I hear thy secret soul  
Within thy chamber lonely,  
Pour out its low and sad regrets  
Where God can listen only.  
"Alas! why should I dream away  
My years in wealth and pleasure;  
My brethren groan in bondage sore,  
And sorrows without measure.

"I hear the voice of God in dreams;  
And shall I fear the trial?  
What though a crown awaits my brow,  
God hear my heart's denial.



This is the price of Israel's peace,  
And if their chains be broken,  
My hand must surely lead them out;  
God waits; the word is spoken.

"I go; ye gilded halls, farewell!  
Farewell, O palace bowers;  
Ye princes, brothers whom I love  
In Egypt's stately towers;  
O Pharaoh's daughter, fare you well,  
Your son no more forever;  
The loving ties of years I break,  
These royal bonds I sever.

"Farewell, ye dreams of fame and power,  
Ye festal scenes alluring;  
I turn through sorrow's rugged road  
To riches more enduring:  
Through desert wastes my paths may lie,  
But they shall lead to glory;  
My crown is there a fadeless one,  
Unknown in Egypt's story."

*Dwight Williams.*

**3787. MOSES, Death of.**

Deuteronomy xxxiv : 1-5.

He climbed the mountain, and behold!  
The land before him lay:  
Here Jordan's boundary waters rolled,  
There Carmel stretched away.

Where strangers' lives the patriarchs led,  
Their promised Canaan smiled;  
From northern Lebanon outspread,  
To Araby the wild.

A land of fountains and of rills,  
With milk and honey fraught,  
Whose stones were iron, from whose hills  
Marble and brass were wrought.

A land of corn and wine and oil,  
Whose trees with fruitage hung;  
While birds, to soothe the laborer's toil,  
Among the branches sung.

Valleys stood thick with golden grain;  
Goats bounded on the rocks;  
And, white and dark on slope and plain,  
Roamed pasturing herds and flocks.

But all the soil with blood was stained;  
Revenge and rapine strove;  
Pagan abominations reigned  
In every tainted grove.

From cities, populous and proud,  
The shrieks of infants came;  
To drums and trumpets danced the crowd  
Round Moloch's altar-flame.

The vision changed; and Moses saw  
The idols overthrown;  
God out of Zion giving law,  
God worshipped there alone.

And still the vision grew more bright;  
O'er humble Bethlehem shined  
The Star of Jacob, and a Light  
To lighten all mankind.

In silent trance the prophet gazed;  
"It is enough!" he cried;  
His hands with holy transport raised,  
Saw the Lord's Christ, and died.

His soul returned to God, who gave;  
His body, nowhere found,  
Shall keep the secret of its grave  
Till the last trumpet sound.

*James Montgomery.*

**3788. MOSES, Death of.**

Sweet was the journey to the sky  
The holy prophet tried;  
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die;"  
The prophet climbed, and died.

Softly, with fainting head, he lay  
Upon his Maker's breast;  
His Maker soothed his soul away,  
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath  
That God's own Spirit gave;  
His was the noblest road to death,  
And his the sweetest grave.

*Isaac Watts.*

**3789. MOSES, Death of.**

Deuteronomy xxxiv : 1-5.

Led by his God, on Pisgah's height  
This pilgrim prophet stood,  
When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,  
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground  
His weary feet had trod;  
While Israel's host encamped around,  
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the aged Moses smiled  
On all his wanderings past,  
While thus he poured his accents mild  
Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now,  
The city and the plain,  
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,  
To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land,  
With milk and honey flows;  
Now, now my weary, murmuring band  
Shall find their sweet repose.

"There groves of palm and myrtle spread  
O'er valleys fair and wide;  
The lofty cedar rears its head  
On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings  
Her fragrance on the gale;  
And there the golden lily springs,  
The lily of the vale.

“Amid the olive’s fruitful boughs  
Is heard a song of love,  
For there doth build and breathe her vows  
The gentle turtle-dove.

“For them shall bloom the clustering vine,  
The fig-tree shed her flowers,  
The citron’s golden treasures shine  
From out her greenest bowers.

“For them, for them, but not for me;  
Their fruits I may not eat;  
Not Jordan’s stream, nor yon bright sea,  
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

“’Tis well, ’tis well, my task is done,  
Since Israel’s sons are blest:  
Father, receive Thy dying one  
To Thine eternal rest!”

Alone he bade the world farewell,  
To God his spirit fled;  
Now to your tents, O Israel,  
And mourn your prophet dead!  
*Jessie G. McCarree.*

### 3790. MOSES, Death of.

Deuteronomy xxxii : 49-53.

So Moses, servant of the Lord, died there,  
Out in the land of Moab, as the Lord  
Had spoken. He buried him, also,  
Over against Beth-peor, in a vale  
Of Moab; but, unto this day, no man  
Knoweth his sepulchre, nor yet can tell  
Where Moses, servant of the Lord, is laid.

Now ere he died, we read that Moses clomb  
(The Holy Spirit moving him thereto)  
Up from the plain of Moab to the mount  
Called Nebo, from a lofty peak whereof—  
The towering peak of Pisgah—God the Lord  
Showed him (yea! even from Pisgah that  
o'erlooks

The walled and towered pride of Jericho)  
The land of Gilead stretching out to Dan,  
And all of Naphtali and Ephraim,  
Manasseh and all Judah’s wide expanse  
Unto the utmost sea:

The balmy-breathing south—the fertile plain  
Of Jericho, the palm-tree city height,  
In one glad dream of beauty unto Zoar!  
And when the servant of the Lord had looked  
One eagle-look on that fair map below  
(As he was bid), thus spake to him the Lord:  
“This is the land I swear to Abraham,  
To Isaac, and to Jacob, when I said,  
‘Lo! I will give it for an heritage  
For thee and thine, and for thy seed for aye.’  
Now have I caused thee to look on it,  
And see it with thine eyes; yet know, O man!  
That never from this awful peak shalt thou,  
Descending, cross unto those pleasant plains  
Thus fully to possess them. Thou shalt die  
Here—where thou standest, and be gathered  
Unto thy people—as upon Mount Hor [in

Thy brother Aaron, who with thee once  
So grievously at Meribah.” [sinned  
*George Gordon McCrae.*

### 3791. MOSES, Discipline of.

Ere Moses could the prison-doors unlock  
Where Israel long in iron bondage lay,  
On the green slopes beneath old Horeb gray,  
A lonely shepherd he must feed his flock;

There sitting in the shade of some great rock  
Mark the swift eagle darting on its prey,  
Or watch the forked lightnings fiercely play,  
And listen to the awful thunder-shock.

Thus ’mid the peaceful scenes of pastoral life,  
Or sterner sights of mountain solitude,  
He spent long years in holy contemplation;  
To brace his spirits for that arduous strife  
With Israel’s foes, and provocations rude  
Of God’s own ransomed but rebellious na-  
tion. *R. Wilton.*

### 3792. MOSES, Grave of.

Deuteronomy xxxiv : 6.

When he who from the scourge of wrong,  
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,  
Saw the fair region, promised long,  
And bowed him on the hills to die;

God made his grave to man unknown,  
Where Moab’s rocks a vale enfold,  
And laid the aged seer alone  
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene’er the good and just  
Close the dim eye on life and pain,  
Heaven watches o’er their sleeping dust  
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,  
His servant’s humble ashes lie,  
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,  
To call its inmate to the sky.  
*W. C. Bryant.*

### 3793. MOSES, Infant.

Exodus i : 22.

The cruel king of Egypt  
A wicked order gave  
To kill the Hebrews’ children:  
No male child could they save.  
“Go cast into the river  
Each son that shall be born;”  
And many, many children  
From loving arms were torn.

God gave to one fond mother  
A bright-eyed darling boy;  
No fairer in all Egypt,  
And great the mother’s joy;  
To save her precious baby,  
She hid him from her sight,  
And prayed unto Jehovah  
To keep him day and night.

Three months of anxious waiting,  
 Three months of earnest prayer,  
 And then she knew that longer  
 She could not hide him there;  
 A little ark of rushes  
 Then carefully she made,  
 And into it her darling  
 Most tenderly she laid.

Then mid the growing rushes,  
 Close by the river's side,  
 She laid the little basket  
 For God's own hand to guide.  
 His little sister watched him,  
 Far off, with ceaseless care,  
 But unseen friends were nearer:  
 Jehovah watched him there!

One day King Pharaoh's daughter,  
 Attended by her maid,  
 Was walking by the river  
 Near where the ark was laid;  
 She very soon discovered  
 The tiny floating bark,  
 And sent her maid to fetch it,  
 And soon she held the ark.

And when the ark was opened  
 She saw the weeping one,  
 And said unto her maidens,  
 "This is a Hebrew's son."  
 Then ran his little sister  
 To call a nurse, with joy,  
 And soon the child's own mother  
 Once more beheld her boy.

Then spake King Pharaoh's daughter,  
 "Go, nurse this child for me,  
 And I will give thee wages;  
 Thou shalt rewarded be."  
 Once more the Hebrew mother  
 Is strangely filled with joy,  
 For God her prayer has answered,  
 And saved her lovely boy.

*Burch.*

### 3794. MOSES IN THE ARK.

Exodus ii : 3-10.

Night reigned o'er Egypt's plains. The  
 moon's bright beams  
 Playfully danced upon the rippling breast  
 Of the broad Nile. The stars like diamonds  
 shone.  
 The snow-white lilies slept upon the tide.  
 The flags along the river's bank scarce waved,  
 So gentle was the breeze. No sound was  
 heard  
 Save the soft murmur of the restless waves.  
 With cautious step a Hebrew mother stole  
 Adown the sloping bank; an infant boy  
 She bore, laid in an ark of rushes green,  
 Then poured a prayer that gracious Heaven  
 would save  
 The child so dear. In a calm sleep he lay;

The breath of eve scarce stirred the golden  
 curls  
 On his fair brow, while a soft dreamy smile  
 Played on his countenance. The moonbeams  
 shone  
 Mildly and sweetly through the rushes tall,  
 And lent new beauty to the cherub boy,  
 And as the mother bent her o'er her son  
 To catch the last embrace, and the deep  
 spring  
 Of pure affection swelled from her full heart,  
 And thought how soon, perchance, he too  
 must die,  
 She wept her farewell agonizing prayer.

The morn came stealing on, and Miriam still  
 Her faithful vigil kept. No sleep her eye  
 With its soft influence closed; unwearied she  
 Alone the loved one watched the long, long  
 night.

And now the sun rode up the summer sky,  
 And poured his torrid beams upon the earth.  
 The wearied slave looked up to heaven and  
 prayed  
 That death might end his toil. Egypt's  
 proud king,  
 Reclining on a lordly couch, was lulled  
 To soft repose with music's rapturous strains.

Meanwhile Thermatis to the Nile repaired,  
 Where she was wont, attended by a train  
 Of damsels fair, beneath a shady palm,  
 Whose goodly branches overhung the stream,  
 To lave her limbs in the translucent tide;  
 And as they walked along the verdant bank  
 She spied, half-hid, the ark among the flags.  
 Here slept till morning broke the uncon-  
 scious babe,

By angels guarded, and behold, he wept.  
 Ah! tears like those have power to move the  
 heart,  
 The tears by childhood shed. The secret  
 spring

Of sympathy was touched: Thermatis felt  
 Its magic influence. Pity's tender cord  
 Trembled within her breast, and her dark eye  
 Shone with a starting tear. And should he  
 die,

Plucked as some tender bud by ruthless  
 hands?

Ah, no! The wrongs of Israel's injured race  
 Were written on her heart. The tie that  
 binds

The mother to her child seemed woven there:  
 That love which many waters cannot quench.  
 The mother's prayer was heard. The future  
 guide

Of the afflicted race, the minister  
 Of God's avenging wrath upon their foes,  
 Was saved from death by woman's pitying  
 heart. *Legh Richmond Dickinson.*

### 3795. MOSES IN THE DESERT.

Go where a foot hath never trod,  
 Through unfrequented forests flee;  
 The wilderness is full of God,  
 His presence dwells in every tree.

To Israel and to Egypt dead,  
Moses the fugitive appears;  
Unknown he lived, till o'er his head  
Had fall'n the snow of fourscore years.

But God the wandering exile found  
In His appointed time and place;  
The desert sand grew holy ground,  
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

The lowly bush a tree became,  
A tree of beauty and of light,  
Involved with unconsuming flame  
That made the noon around it night.

Thence came the Eternal Voice that spake  
Salvation to the chosen seed;  
Thence went the Almighty Arm that brake  
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.

By Moses, old and slow of speech,  
These mighty miracles were shown—  
Jehovah's messenger!—to teach  
That power belongs to God alone.

*James Montgomery.*

### 3796. MOSES, Meekness of.

Moses, the patriot fierce, became  
The meekest man on earth,  
To show us how love's quick'ning flame  
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,  
Lost Canaan by self-will,  
To show, where grace has done its part,  
How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in Thy fear,  
Yet seest me frail at best,  
Oh, grant me loss with Moses here,  
To gain his future rest!

*J. H. Newman.*

### 3797. MOSES ON PISGAH.

*Deut. iii : 27.*

When Moses stood on Pisgah's awful height  
Alone with his Creator, and beheld  
In glorious prominence the wished-for land  
Toward which he'd journeyed for so many  
years

Of weary travel, danger, and distress,  
(Years dread with unimaginable weight  
Of sin and wrong, of darkness and despair,  
Yet guarded by the ministering spell  
Of God's own presence, or in fire or cloud),  
Did not his heart within him droop and sink  
When God declared he must not enter in,  
But must remain upon this mountain-top  
And only silent view the happy land  
From far? For who could gaze on paradise,  
Long sought with earnest toil of weary days  
And sleepless nights, and not be stung in soul  
To be debarred from entering therein?  
But was this land the heaven that Moses  
sought,  
Which, once possessed, could only be retained

While burned life's feeble taper, soon gone  
out?

Ah, no! methinks in vision rapt he saw  
A land more beautiful than Canaan's best;  
A land transcending all his utmost hope;  
Could frame or picture as the promised land!  
What though no parting words of hope or  
cheer

Were granted ere he swiftly passed from earth,  
To be forever with his friend and God?  
So God had willed, and so it was to be.  
And yet, methinks, about the mystery  
Of his strange burial was left a Book  
More full of potent light than if each word  
Of tender parting and of counsel sage  
Were writ in living letters on our hearts.

*Alexander Macauley.*

### 3798. MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.

Up a rough peak, that toward the stormy sky  
From Sinai's sandy ridges rose aloft,  
Osarsiph, priest of Hierapolis,  
Now Moses named, ascended reverently  
To meet and hear the bidding of the Lord.  
But, though he knew that all his ancient lore  
Traditionary from the birth of Time,  
And all that power which waited on his hand,  
Even from the day his just instinctive wrath  
Had smote the Egyptian ravisher, and all  
The wisdom of his calm and ordered mind  
Were nothing in the presence of his God,  
Yet was there left a certain seed of pride,  
Vague consciousness of some self-centred  
strength,

That made him cry, "Why, Lord, com'st  
Thou to me,

Only a voice, a motion of the air,  
A thing invisible, impalpable,  
Leaving a void, an unreality,  
Within my heart? I would, with every sense,  
Know Thou wert there; I would be all in  
Thee!

Let me at least behold Thee as Thou art;  
Disperse this corporal darkness by Thy light;  
Hallow my vision by Thy glorious form,  
So that my sense be blest for evermore!"

Thus spake the prophet; and the Voice  
replied,

As in low thunders over distant seas:

"Beneath the height to which thy feet  
have striven,

A hollow trench divides the cliffs of sand,  
Widened by rains and deepened every year.  
Gaze straight across it, for there opposite  
To where thou standest I will place Myself,  
And then, if such remain thy fixed desire,  
I will descend to side by side with thee."

So Moses gazed across the rocky vale;  
And the air darkened, and a lordly bird  
Poised in the midst of its long-journeying  
flight,

And touched his feet with limp and fluttering  
wings,

And all the air around, above, below,  
Was metamorphosed into sound: such sound  
That separate tones were undistinguishable:

And Moses fell upon his face, as dead.  
 Yet life and consciousness of life returned;  
 And, when he raised his head, he saw no more  
 The deep ravine and mountain opposite,  
 But one large level of distracted rocks,  
 With the wide desert quaking all around.

Then Moses fell upon his face again,  
 And prayed, "Oh! pardon the presumptuous  
 thought

That I could look upon Thy face and live;  
 Wonder of wonders! that mine ear has heard  
 Thy voice unpalsied, and let such great grace  
 Excuse the audacious blindness that o'erleaps  
 Nature's just bounds and Thy discerning  
 will!" *Lord Houghton.*

**3799. MOSES, Rescue of.**

Exodus ii : 5-10.

In Judah's halls the harp is hushed,  
 Her voice is but the voice of pain;  
 The heathen heel her helms has crushed,  
 Her spirit wears the heathen chain.  
 From the dark prison-house she cried,  
 "How long, O Lord, Thy sword has slept!  
 Oh, quell the oppressor in his pride!"  
 Still Pharaoh ruled, and Israel wept.

The morning breezes freshly blow,  
 The waves in golden sunlight quiver;  
 The Hebrew's daughter wanders slow  
 Beside the mighty idol river.  
 A babe within her bosom lay:  
 And must she plunge him in the deep?  
 She raised her eyes to heaven to pray;  
 She turned them down to earth to weep.

She knelt beside the rushing tide,  
 Mid rushes dark and flow'rets wild;  
 Beneath the plane-tree's shadow wide,  
 The weeping mother placed her child.  
 "Peace be around thee, though thy bed  
 A mother's breast no more may be;  
 Yet He that shields the lily's head,  
 Deserted babe, will watch o'er thee!"

She's gone! that mourning mother! gone.  
 List to the sound of dancing feet,  
 And lightly bounding, one by one,  
 A lovely train the timbrel beat.  
 'Tis she of Egypt: Pharaoh's daughter,  
 That with her maidens comes to lave  
 Her form of beauty in the water,  
 And light with beauty's glance the wave.

The monarch's daughter saw and wept:  
 (How lovely falls compassion's tear!)  
 The babe that there in quiet slept,  
 Blest in unconsciousness of fear.  
 'Twas hers to pity and to aid  
 The infant chief, the infant sage;  
 Undying fame the deed repaid,  
 Recorded upon heaven's own page.

Years pass away, the land is free!  
 Daughter of Zion! mourn no more!  
 The oppressor's hand is weak on thee,  
 Captivity's dark reign is o'er.

Thy chains are burst; thy bonds are riven;  
 On! like a river strong and wide:  
 A captain is to Judah given—  
 The babe that slept by Nile's broad tide.  
*London Keepsake.*

**3800. MOSES, The Song of.**

Exodus xv : 1-9.

Dark was the night, the wind was high,  
 The way by mortals never trod;  
 For God had made the channel dry  
 When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand  
 Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,  
 And on the heaven-defended band  
 Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps, Israel trod  
 The depths of that mysterious way;  
 Cheered by the pillar of their God,  
 That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,  
 As morning streaked the eastern sky,  
 They saw the billows hurry o'er  
 The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind  
 Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;  
 And while they gazed on all behind,  
 Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus Thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,  
 While passing through this vale of weeping,  
 Mix holy trembling with their mirth,  
 And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,  
 The path no human strength can tread;  
 Jesus, be Thou the pillar-cloud,  
 Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when, life's dark journey o'er  
 And death's enshrouding valley past,  
 We plant our foot on yonder shore  
 And tread yon golden strand at last,

Shall we not see with deep amaze  
 How grace hath led us safe along;  
 And whilst behind, before, we gaze,  
 Triumphant burst into a song?

And even on earth, though sore bestead,  
 Fightings without and fears within;  
 Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,  
 To-morrow captive led by sin:

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes  
 On Thee, Thou brilliant tower of fire—  
 Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—  
 That hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,  
 Though Satan and his legions rage;  
 And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,  
 To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

*Robert Murray McCheyne.*

**3801. MOSES, The Finding of.**  
 Slow ghdes the Nile; amid the margin-flags  
 Closed in a bulrush-ark the babe is left—  
 Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits  
 Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, be-  
 holds  
 The royal maid, surrounded by her train,  
 Approach the river-bank; approach the spot  
 Where sleeps the innocent. She sees them  
 stoop  
 With meeting plumes: the rushy lid is oped,  
 And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,  
 As when along a little mountain lake [sigh,  
 The summer south-wind breathes a gentle  
 And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,  
 A water-lily floating on the wave.

*James Grahame.*

**3802. MOSES, Weep for.**  
 Weep, weep for him, the man of God;  
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest,  
 But none of earth can point the sod  
 That flowers above his sacred head.  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,  
 His words refreshed like heaven's dew;  
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again  
 A chief to God and her so true!  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,  
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,  
 When, full of glory and of days,  
 He saw the promised land—and died!  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,  
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;  
 But, changed to spirit, like a wink  
 Of summer lightning passed away!  
 Weep, children of Israel, weep!

*Thomas Moore.*

**3803. MOSES' WOOING.**

*Exodus ii : 16-21.*

At noon sat Midian's priest within his door;  
 Faint was the summer air with heat, and  
 calm  
 The golden glory hung o'er hill and vale;  
 Broad fields of grain were ripening in his  
 sight,  
 And quiet hills of pasture stretched beyond:  
 A rural kingdom his; and he was priest  
 And sovereign both. As there he restful sat  
 In meditative air, his daughters came  
 From distant fields, where they were wont  
 to draw  
 The clear cool waters for his flocks and herds.  
 A flush of strange excitement tinged their  
 cheeks  
 With glow unusual. He marked their mood  
 So restless, and with kind and anxious air  
 The reason asked, and why they came so  
 soon.  
 The tale was told of prowling shepherds vile,

Who came and, mocking, roughly treated  
 them,  
 Their task preventing, while they fled with  
 fright,  
 And how a stranger came, of princely form,  
 Who single-handed drove the cowards hence,  
 And turned to aid them till their task was  
 done.  
 "Go bring him in," he said, "and spread  
 the board;  
 Such valor wins my praise; and ye shall serve  
 Him with the choicest dainties of my house."  
 The feast was long, and rich the mutual  
 cheer;  
 The priest with wonder heard his guest; the  
 guest,  
 Delighted, listened to discourse more rich  
 Than he had heard mid all the teachers  
 In Egypt's schools profound. [known

The sun went down,  
 And still the stranger charmed the passing  
 hours.  
 He talked of Egypt's proud philosophers,  
 Her statesmen, and her men of high renown;  
 He talked of art, of temples and of courts;  
 And when the topic turned to deeper  
 things—  
 Of faith, and heaven's mysteries of love—  
 The glow was warmer still, and thought  
 took wings  
 And mounted to ecstatic realms. At length  
 They sought repose, when they had bowed  
 the knee  
 Before the throne invisible; and all  
 Were happy in the faith of Him who keeps  
 Celestial watch o'er all His earthly fold.

"Abide with us," the priest and father said,  
 "Abide with us," the admiring daughters  
 plead;  
 And Moses was content to tarry there,  
 And Ruel's friendship and his bounty share.  
 His heart found rest in golden harvest-fields,  
 And all the joy that Nature smiling yields;  
 Ah, never in the halls of Memphis proud,  
 Where royal fêtes drew in the courtly crowd,  
 Did beauty touch him with a charm more  
 sweet  
 Than in this guileless home, this loved re-  
 treat.  
 And blest was he to ask and win the hand,  
 The fairest, gentlest of the sister-band;  
 And happy was the rural nuptial feast,  
 With benedictions rich by Midian's priest.  
 From royal halls, to simple shepherd life,  
 Mid scenes sequestered far from noise and  
 strife,  
 By rock and stream, through lonely desert  
 ways,  
 O'er pastures green, through forest tangled  
 maze,  
 He led his tender flocks with gentle hand,  
 An exiled prince, far in a stranger-land.  
*From "Moses," by Dwight Williams.*

**3804. MOSES, Youth of.**

Acts vii : 21, 22.

It was a day of darkness and despair,  
When Israel crouched beneath Egyptia's rule.  
Nature recoiled from bondage, whose severe  
And galling fetters entered every soul.  
Prolific life, invaded at its source,  
Yet flowed, unchecked, with renovated force.

Pharaoh, in wrath that Israel multiplied  
The more they were afflicted and oppressed,  
Doomed to destruction, with demoniac pride,  
Each Hebrew son that hung upon the breast;  
But He who guides the whirlwind and the  
storm

Bade e'en the wrath of man his will perform.

Her beauteous infant long a mother's care  
Conceals; and when she can no longer hide,  
An ark of bulrushes her hands prepare,  
Where in her heart's sole treasure to confide.  
Cast on the sedgy bosom of the Nile,  
Affection watched Death hovering o'er his  
spoil.

Was ever aught like this forsaken one,  
So destitute in this wide world of woe?  
Yet was Jehovah's guardian arm o'erthrown,  
Through earth and sky coercing every foe.  
Nature, in sympathy with its distress,  
Yields an asylum in her loneliness.

There floating where the river monsters play,  
The ark is piloted by hand unseen.  
And Pity's angel-form directs her way  
To the scared vulture's startled haunts, to  
screen

Yon exiled babe, whose accents of distress  
Echo the story of his injured race.

Rocked by the whirlwind, cradled in the  
storm,

Thus was the saviour of his country found  
By Pharaoh's daughter in an infant's form:  
That Heaven might thus, though Egypt's  
tyrant frowned

With withering aspect on the Hebrew race,  
Around him throw the throne's all-shielding  
grace.

Schooled by the princess in Egyptian lore,  
Yet nursed that bosom the adopted one  
Which o'er him yearned in childhood's ad-  
verse hour.

Nature and truth thus triumphed o'er a  
throne,

And Israel's woes his patriot-heart preferred  
To all the guilty honors courts afford.

That Heaven designed him for a holier sphere,  
His infant fortunes deepest impress bore.  
Nor thwarted his magnanimous career  
A Pharaoh's court, or its profaner lore;  
Till passed emancipated Israel through  
The gulf, which sealed thy tyrant's overthrow.

H. S.

**3805. MOUNTAINS, Sacred.**

Enthroned upon the mountain-height,  
Harmonious peace unbroken reigns,  
While discord like a stormy night  
In wild confusion wraps the plains.

When in Sinai's secret place  
God with His servant talked alone,  
With beams too bright for earth, his face  
From the dread mount returning shone.

While from the camp below, the din  
Of hideous mirth to heaven conveyed  
Wild orgies of the monstrous sin,  
The molten calf which Aaron made.

The wind is hushed, the ground is still,  
The burning flames no longer glow;  
On Horeb's top Jehovah's will  
Is heard in accents soft and low.

While earth, of pity clean bereft,  
God's latest servant thought to slay—  
I, even I, alone am left,  
Whose life they seek to take away.

How white their glittering robes appear,  
How fair their heads with glory crowned!  
Sinai's prophet, Horeb's seer,  
On Tabor's top with Jesus found.

But while with Christ in God their life  
Is hidden on the mountain brow,  
More fierce the feud, more loud the strife,  
Of Satan's sons must rage below.

Why? but that weary souls may yearn  
The narrow path in patience trod,  
Their homeward steps from earth to turn,  
And rest on Zion's hill with God.

*Lyra Messianica.***3806. MOUNTAINS, Sacred.**

Pause here, and with reverential awe  
Jehovah's more immediate presence find  
In the mild grandeur of that mountain wall,  
And hear His mandate in that mountain wind.  
For in such solitude the Lord of all  
Full oft by type, by miracle or sign,  
Hath given the revelation and the call  
That to the chosen of God prefigured truth  
divine.

On Ararat, the failing deluge left  
The sacred ark, whose slow subsiding frame,  
Heaving and grounding in the rocky cleft,  
At length stood motherless. Then went and  
came

The raven; then released, flew back no more;  
While, safety and deliverance to proclaim,  
Her olive-branch the dove returning bore;  
The winds were hushed, the welkin smiled  
serene,

The spice-grove bloomed, the sea again had  
shore,

And high in air the bow, sweet mercy's  
pledge, was seen.

On Horeb the descending Godhead cast  
Darkness and cloud of thunder round His  
throne;

Long, loud, and longer,—louder yet the blast  
Of trumpet pealed before the Holy One,—  
The desert quaked, and Sinai, wrapped in  
fire,

Trembled while Amram's son went up alone;  
And Israel, blasted by the vision dire,  
Fell on their faces: "Prophet, hear our cry!  
Make intercession with th' Eternal Sire;  
For if that awful voice be heard again, we  
die."

Milder, but not less glorious, was the light  
When the transfigured Son of God assumed  
His majesty, and stood on Tabor's height,  
While all the mount with balm of Eden  
fumed,

And clouds came shadowing o'er the apostles  
three,

With visions of the sanctuary illumed.  
Then held th' Incarnate Word His colloquy  
With Moses and Elias; while the king  
Of darkness stood aloof, and groaned to see  
Captivity led captive, death disarmed of  
sting.

In mountain cave the Tishbite talked with  
God;

In mountain desert the Redeemer prayed,  
Or underneath His feet indignant trod  
The world with all its kingdoms, the parade  
Of arts and arms—the pageantry, the din,  
Fleets, cities, nations—by the fiend displayed  
To catch the wandering heart and move  
within

The workings of ambition. Turn and fly,  
False tempter! offer not the lure of sin  
Before the withering glance of that All-  
seeing Eye.

From Pisgah, Nebo, Abarim, let us view  
The region whereon king or prophet fell,  
The Spirit of the Lord; where Abraham  
knew

Messias' day; and Balaam's parable  
Of Shiloh told. On each recorded theme,  
In never-wearied contemplation dwell;  
And visit oft in emblematic dream  
The hills delectable, where shepherds fold  
Their flocks in pasture fair, by living stream,  
And from afar the new Jerusalem behold.

Or in the land of Beulah let us rove,  
Amid the nard, the citron, and the vine,  
List to the voice of turtle in the grove,  
Grow half immortal in that air benign,  
And in the field, the forest, or the bower,  
See glimpse of angel visitation shine.  
We sicken with delight: Oh for the hour  
Of summons and departure! Why delay  
The steeds of Israel? Come, releasing Power!  
Roll on, thou never setting-Orb of heavenly  
day!

*C. Hoyle.*

### 3807. MOUNT HOR.

Where famed Mount Hor lifts high his bar-  
ren peak,

And, king of air, the eagle whets his beak,  
I climb in awe, pass many a nameless cave,  
And reach at length the Hebrew's holy grave.  
And here he sleeps, above the world serene;  
As thus against the mouldering slabs I lean,  
And gaze on yonder heaven, whose dewy tears  
Have wet these blocks for dark, uncounted  
years,

My bosoms thrills, and heated Fancy's eye  
Sees Aaron's ancient spirit hovering nigh,  
Calm waiting till Heaven's final thunders roll,  
And call the dust to join the undying soul.

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3808. MUMMY, Address to an Egyptian.

And thou hast walked about—how strange  
a story!—

In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted  
dummy;

Thou hast a tongue: come, let us hear its tune!  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
mummy,

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs,  
and features!

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,  
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's  
fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by  
Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,  
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade;  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its jugs-  
gles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to  
glass;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;  
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;  
For thou wert dead and buried, and em-  
balsmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:



Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have  
seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and  
young,

And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows!  
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself:  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slum-  
bered,

What hast thou seen, what strange adventures  
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange  
mutations;

The Roman Empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen, we have lost old na-  
tions,

And countless kings have into dust been  
humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has  
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thunder-  
ing tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,—  
And shook the pyramids with fear and  
wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold!  
A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern  
breast,

And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;  
Have children climbed those knees, and  
kissed that face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow  
bed,

And standest undecayed within our presence!  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment  
morning,

When the great trumpet shall thrill thee  
with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost forever?  
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

*Horace Smith.*

### 3809. MUMMY, Answer of the.

Child of the later days! thy words have  
broken

A spell that long has bound these lungs of  
clay,

For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine  
hath spoken

Three thousand tedious years have rolled  
away.

Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" be-  
fore ye.

List, then, Oh! list while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birth-place, an unrivalled city  
With many gates; but here I might declare  
Some strange, plain truths, except that it  
were pity

To blow a poet's fabric into air;  
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,  
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw dis-  
credit

On grave historians, or on him who sung  
The Iliad—true it is I never read it,  
But heard it read, when I was very young.  
An old blind minstrel for a trifling profit  
Recited parts: I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of Homer  
Is that they scarce would own him in his day,  
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a  
roamer,

Because by this they saved their parish pay.  
His townsmen would have been ashamed to  
flout him,

Had they foreseen the fuss since made about  
him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest: [bony  
He says that men were once more big and  
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;  
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,  
Near seven feet high; in truth a lofty figure.  
Now look at me, and tell me, am I bigger?

Not half the size, but then I'm sadly dwin-  
dled,

Three thousand years with that embalming  
glue

Have made a serious difference, and have  
swindled

My face of all its beauty; there were few  
Egyptian youths more gay—behold the  
sequel.

Nay, smile not; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance  
With mortal aim; this light, fantastic toe  
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance;  
This heart has throbb'd at tales of love and  
woe:

These shreds of raven hair once set the fash-  
ion;

This withered form inspired the tender pas-  
sion.

In vain; the skilful hand and feelings warm,  
 The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,  
 The palm of genius and the manly form,  
 All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,  
 Who sealed me up where mummies sound are  
 sleeping,  
 In cerecloth and in tolerable keeping;

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich bro-  
 cade,  
 And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,  
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,  
 With scarlet flounces, and with varnished  
 faces;  
 Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed  
 together,  
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned  
 leather;

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,  
 And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,  
 Princes and heroes, men of high renown,  
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust.  
 Their swarthy mummies kicked up dust in  
 number  
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slum-  
 ber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were  
 seated  
 At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale  
 Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated?  
 And ever and anon the queen turned pale.  
 Meanwhile the brilliant gaslights hung above  
 her  
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked  
 lover.

Ay, gaslights! Mock me not, we men of yore  
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can  
 mention;  
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,  
 Her patient toil, acuteness of invention?  
 Survey the proofs: the pyramids are thriving,  
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm sur-  
 viving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,  
 O block gigantic, building up her fame,  
 Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,  
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!  
 Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,  
 Those blocks were brought on railroads and  
 by steam!

How, when, and why our people came to rear  
 The pyramid of Cheops—mighty pile!—  
 This, and the other secrets, thou shalt hear;  
 I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,  
 The history of the Sphinx, and who began it,  
 Our mystic works, and monsters made of  
 granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King  
 Cephrenes,  
 But ah!—what's this! the shades of bards  
 and kings

Press on my lips their fingers! What they  
 mean is,  
 I am not to reveal these hidden things.  
 Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind  
 them,  
 Men must e'en take these secrets as they find  
 them.

### 3810. MUSTARD-SEED, The.

Luke xiii : 18, 19.

Deep thought, that from a seed so small  
 A tree should rise, so great, so tall,  
 To reach from earth to heaven!  
 That from so light a living thing  
 Such weighty issues yet should spring,  
 As from that grain of heaven!

Yet so it is: the inner life  
 Takes vigor from the outer strife,  
 With strong and earnest will;  
 Released it strikes its roots below,  
 Its fruitful branches upward grow,  
 Wider and wider still.

And in those branches birds of air  
 Construct their home, and nestle there,  
 Safe in the Gospel-tree.  
 Planted on earth by God's own hand,  
 It spreads its boughs, and fills the land  
 With fruits of liberty.

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3811. MYRRH-BEARERS.

Luke xxiii : 55, 56; xxiv : i.

Three women crept at break of day,  
 Agrop along the shadowy way  
 Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay;  
 Each in her throbbing bosom bore  
 A burden of such fragrant store  
 As never there had lain before.  
 Spices, the purest, richest, best,  
 That e'er the musky East possessed,  
 From Ind to Araby the Blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,  
 Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts  
 In quest of nards, whose pungent arts  
 Should the dead sepulchre imbue  
 With vital odors through and through,  
 'Twas all their love had leave to do:  
 Christ did not need their gifts; and yet

Did either Mary once regret  
 Her offering? Did Salome fret  
 Over those unused aloes? Nay!  
 They did not count as waste that day  
 What they had brought their Lord. The way  
 Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear  
 Thenceforth about the robes they wear  
 The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,  
 Go women forth by twos and threes  
 (Unmindful of their morning ease)  
 Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,  
 Where'er they see the faintest rim  
 Of promise—all for sake of Him

Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold  
It just such joy as these of old  
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,  
What paths have holy women trod,  
Burdened with votive gifts for God!  
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced  
By this one thought, that all sufficed:  
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

*Margaret J. Preston.*

**3812. NAAMAN, Folly of.**

2 Kings v : 1-15.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus,  
better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash  
in them, and be clean?"—2 Kings v : 12.

Thus arrogant, and thus absurd,  
Was he who then the prophet heard:  
We blame his language; are not we  
As foolish and as proud as he?

A fountain is unsealed to save  
Of virtue passing Jordan's wave,  
Beyond Bethesda's healing spring,  
Though ruffled by an angel's wing.

There might we, in this gospel day,  
Wash all our leprosy away,  
Cleanse from our spirit every stain,  
And more than childlike whiteness gain.

But faith is low, and pride is high;  
We view that fount with doubting eye,  
And choose, with proud and angry tone,  
Abanas and Pharpars of our own.

O Thou whose love that fount unsealed  
By which alone we can be healed,  
Strengthen our faith, subdue our pride,  
Nor let our leprosy abide!

As then by Jordan's hallowed brim  
The leper's followers strove with him,  
Beside Thy holier fountain now  
Our spirits in subjection bow.

Teach us in simple faith to prove  
The power of Thy redeeming love;  
That, like the Syrian, we may see,  
And own there is no God like Thee.

*Bernard Barton.*

**3813. NAAMAN, Healing of.**

"Go wash in Jordan's limpid stream,"  
Of old the holy prophet said;  
"Its waves with healing virtue teem,  
And health and purity they spread."

The Syrian captain vainly thought  
The streams his native land supplied  
Might yield the benefit he sought,  
And rival Israel's fairest tide.

Too little for his courtly gait  
The simple rule Elisha gave,  
Nothing to suit his sumptuous state  
He saw in Jordan's flowing wave.

Incensed, he turned his steps aside:

"And is this all?" disdainful said;  
"Some greater things he might have tried,  
And on the place his hand have laid.

"Abana's, Pharpar's rivers flow,  
With health and healing influence filled:  
In them I'll bathe my limbs, and show  
The powerful virtue which they yield."

His humble menials wiselier deem,  
Urge him to prove the small command;  
And now emerging from the stream,  
In fairest health they see him stand.

The Syrian captain's case is ours:  
We scorn to wash in Jordan's wave,  
And fancy our own boasted powers  
From woe and from disease will save.

**3814. NADAB AND ABIHU.**

Leviticus x : 1, 2.

"Away, or ere the Lord break forth!  
The pure ethereal air  
Cannot abide the spark of earth;  
'Twill lighten and not spare."

"Nay, but we know our call divine,  
We feel our hearts sincere;  
What boots it where we light our shrine,  
If bright it blaze and clear?"

God of the unconsuming fire,  
On Horeb seen of old,  
Stay, Jealous One. Thy burning ire . . .  
It may not be controlled!

The Lord breaks out, the unworthy die;  
Lo! on the cedar floor  
The robed and mitred corpses lie—  
Be silent and adore.

Yet sure a holy seed were they,  
Pure hands had o'er them passed;  
Cuirass and crown, their bright array,  
In Heaven's high mould were cast.

Th' atoning blood had drenched them o'er,  
The mystic balm had sealed;  
And may the blood atone no more,  
No charm the anointing yield?

Silence, ye brethren of the dead!  
Ye father's tears, be still!  
But choose them out a lonely bed  
Beside the mountain rill.

Then bear them as they lie, their brows  
Scathed with the avenging fire,  
And wearing—signs of broken vows—  
The blest, the dread attire.

Nor leave unwept their desert grave,  
But mourn their pride and thine,  
Oft as rebellious thought shall crave  
To question words divine. *John Keble.*

**3815. NAIN, Grief of the Widow of.**

Luke vii : 11-17.

Weep, weep for the widow! all lorn and forsaken,  
She mourns in yon chamber of suffering and gloom;

Ah! what can she do if her loved one be taken—

If the child of her bosom descend to the tomb!

Through wearisome days hath she watched o'er his anguish,

Through long dreary nights sleep hath wooed her in vain;

And now the last hopes of her worn spirit languish

While in death's chilly grasp lies the victim of pain.

Weep, weep for the widow! her dream hath departed,

The vision that once came to solace her woe;  
The bright star of promise hath left broken-hearted,

One whose tears must hereafter in bitterness flow.

Oh! dark is her soul, as she gazes with sadness

On all that reminds her of life in the dead—  
On features that speak of past moments of gladness,

And awaken remembrance of happiness fled!

Weep, weep for the widow! Now voices are wailing,

And mourners are bearing her son to the grave:

And many are thronging, whose sighs, un-  
availing,

Only tell the kind wish had they power to save:

But pause! there is One from that number advancing,

With grace in His step, and strong love in His eye;

Whose look seems to say, as with tenderness glancing,

"The believer in Me shall yet live, though he die!"

Joy, joy to the widow! her Saviour hath spoken;

The word hath been uttered in accents divine—

"Arise!" Lo! the slumber of death is now broken,

And, disconsolate mother, once more he is thine!

Thus, Lord, when the sons of Thy faithful resemble,

In deadness of spirit, this object of love,  
Give peace to fond hearts, that as anxiously tremble—

Oh, revive these lost souls by Thy word from above!

*Hutton.***3816. NAIN, The Miracle at.**

Forth through the solemn street  
The sad procession swept,  
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet:  
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief  
Stern as the silent years, [relief  
Which seemed to mock the common, weak  
Of outward tears.

Keen was her sense of loss,  
An agony untold;  
For death had seized, amid a world of dross,  
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,  
Star of her evening, fled;  
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one  
Now long since dead.

For her best loved had died;  
And, stunned from former bruise,  
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried  
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare;  
Like lone house on a wild;  
No voice to make blithe music on the stair—  
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,  
No hope in days to come,  
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast  
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,  
A sudden silence came;  
The hired mourners swift forebore their dirge,  
As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,  
With such despairing cry, [God"—  
While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of  
Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."  
They wait, in curious pause:  
Has He the power and will to interfere  
With Nature's laws?

He walked upon the waves!  
His word the thousands fed!—  
Is He imperial in the place of graves  
Over the dead?

Then spake the royal word;  
And, quick with rushing throes,  
The red life in the clay obedient heard:  
The dead arose!

And spoke—just as before—  
Unconscious of eclipse:  
Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er  
From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,  
From the perfidious sea  
Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm  
Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,  
Naught but life's love and joy; [blooms  
As Nature has no thought 'mid summer  
That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,  
Thus Jesus healeth now,  
With "many crowns," for victories sublime,  
Upon His brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight  
O'er mortal sin and dread;  
And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,  
To raise the dead.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**3817. NAIN, Widow of.**

*Luke vii : 11-17.*

Forth from the city, with the load  
That makes the trampling low,  
They walk along the dreary road  
That dust and ashes go.

The other way, towards the gate,  
Their footsteps light and loud,  
A living man, in humble state,  
Brings on another crowd.

Nearer and nearer come the twain;  
He hears the wailing cry:  
How can the life let such a train  
Of death and tears go by?

"Weep not," He said, and touched the bier;  
They stand, the dead who bear;  
The mother knows nor hope nor fear,  
He waits not for her prayer.

"Young man, I say to thee, arise."  
Who hears, he must obey;  
Up starts the form; wide flash the eyes  
With wonder and dismay.

The lips would speak, as if they caught  
Some converse sudden broke,  
When the great word the dead man sought,  
And Hades' silence woke.

The lips would speak: the eyes' wild stare  
Gives place to ordered sight;  
The murmur dies upon the air,  
The soul is dumb with light.

He brings no news; he has forgot,  
Or saw with vision weak:  
Thou seest all our unseen lot,  
And yet thou dost not speak.

Keep't thou the news, as parent might  
A too good gift, away,  
Lest we should neither sleep at night,  
Nor do our work by day?

His mother has not left a trace  
Of triumph over grief;  
Her tears alone have found a place  
Upon the holy leaf.

If gratitude our speech benumb,  
And joy our laughter quell,  
May not Eternity be dumb  
For things too good to tell?

While her glad arms the lost one hold,  
Question she asketh none;  
She trusts for all he leaves untold;  
Enough, to clasp her son.

The ebbing tide is caught and won,  
Borne flowing to the gate;  
Death turns him backward to the sun,  
And life is yet our fate.

*George Macdonald.*

**3818. NAIN, Widow of.**

Wake not, O mother! sounds of lamentation;  
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!  
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;  
Strong is the Word of God to succor thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly  
bear him:

Hide his pale features with the sable pall:  
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near  
him:

Widowed and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our  
weeping?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?  
"Set down the bier: he is not dead, but  
sleeping!

Young man, arise!" He spake, and was  
obeyed!

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation;  
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.  
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salva-  
tion!

Strong was the Word of God to succor thee!  
*Reginald Heber.*

**3819. NAOMI.**

*Ruth i : 19-21.*

Two sad-faced women, haggard, worn, and  
wan,

Passed wearily through Bethlehem's sun-  
scorched street;

The city, moved to pity, round them ran,  
And some with wondering cry the strangers  
greet,

"What! Is this Naomi?" She quickly broke  
Upon them trembling, as they thus began:

"Call me not Naomi," she weeping spoke,  
"For Naomi is numbered with the dead;  
My name is Mara, for, O friends! with me  
The Lord hath dealt exceeding bitterly!

“The hand of God has touched me, and I  
mourn;  
Has robbed me both of husband and of son;  
Woe worth the bitter day that I was born!  
My prop, my stay, my life of life, is gone;  
I went out full, empty come back to you,  
A widow, childless, desolate, and forlorn;  
The graves in Moab hold my dead heart too,  
I left it with them where they sleep in peace.  
So from my years has gone the sun, the  
light;  
I grope as one through some dark dreary  
night.” *Charles D. Bell.*

## 3820. NATHANAEL.

John i : 50.

“What word is this? Whence know'st thou  
me?”

All wondering cries the humbled heart,  
To hear thee that deep mystery,  
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is raised; who runs may read,  
By its own light the truth is seen,  
And soon the Israelite indeed  
Bows down to adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,  
At once, not shamefaced or afraid,  
Owning Him God who so could scan  
His musings in the lonely shade.

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,  
Which by his household fountain grew,  
Where at noonday his prayer he made  
To know God better than he knew.

O happy hours of heavenward thought!  
How richly crowned! how well improved!  
In musing o'er the Law he taught,  
In waiting for the Lord he loved.

We must not mar with earthly praise  
What God's approving word hath sealed;  
Enough, if right our feeble lays  
Take up the promise He revealed.

“Thy childlike faith, that asks not sight,  
Waits not for wonder or for sign,  
Believes, because it loves, aright;  
Shall see things greater, things divine.

“Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,  
And brightest angels to and fro  
On messages of love shall glide,  
’Twixt God above and Christ below.”

So still the guileless man is blest,  
To him all crooked paths are straight,  
Him on his way to endless rest  
Fresh, ever-growing strength await.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,  
Compass him daily like a cloud!  
Martyrs and seers, the saved and lost,  
Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,  
That first into his bosom found  
A way, and fixed his wavering choice,  
Nearest and dearest ever sound,  
*John Keble.*

## 3821. NEBO, Mount.

Deuteronomy xxxii : 49, 50.

On Jordan's verdant borders  
The tribes of Jacob lay;  
The pilgrims there from Mizraim  
Kept joyous holiday.  
In camp at length reposing  
The multitude found rest,  
Through years of weary wandering,  
The sandy desert's guest.

Then dropped the toil-worn travellers  
Their staves from out their hands,  
And from their loins ungirded  
Each one his linen bands.  
Then in the cool white vestments  
In varied groups were seen  
Dusk forms, with dark beards curling,  
And pale and wasted mien.

There, too, their pilgrim dwellings  
O'er all the plain appeared,  
And high within each centre  
The tent-pole stood upreared;  
Their verdant boughs excluded  
The sun's too fervid beam,  
And filled was every pitcher  
By some cool gushing stream.

Their limbs, fatigued and dusty,  
Were freely laved with oil,  
And there the drivers tended  
Their camels worn with toil;  
Their flocks and herds lay scattered  
Upon the verdant mead,  
And, wild with recent freedom,  
Far roamed the unbridled steed.

And there, with loud rejoicings,  
Tired hands were raised on high,  
That now of this long journey  
The end was drawing nigh.  
And there stout swords were sharpened  
By many a sturdy hand,  
To fight for the green pastures  
Of Israel's fatherland,

That seemed beyond the river  
Their footsteps to invite—  
A land of boundless plenty,  
Like Eden to the sight:  
That land oft seen in spirit  
While journeying to and fro—  
That land is now before them,  
Where milk and honey flow.

Hark! from the valley's bosom  
Glad shouts of “Canaan” rise,  
As toward the rocky summit  
Their valiant leader hies;

Upon his shoulders floating  
Rest locks of purest white,  
And 'neath his forehead flashing  
Two golden rays shed light.

And when at length arriving  
He gains the mountain's brow,  
And tremblingly bends forward  
To look on all below,  
His eyes grow bright, admiring  
The scenes beneath him spread,  
Which, though he longs to enter,  
His feet can never tread.

There pleasant plains are lying  
Where corn and wine abound,  
And brooks of flowing crystal  
In ev'ry field are found.  
The bee-hives there are swarming,  
There neighs the teamster's span,  
Thy heritage, O Judah!  
From Beersheba to Dan.

"Now thou hast met my vision,  
I ask not here to stay;  
O Lord! in tranquil slumber  
Thy servant take away;"  
Then, with bright clouds around Him,  
The Lord of earth drew nigh,  
And from the wearied pilgrims  
Their leader bore on high.

To die upon a mountain!  
How glorious must it seem  
When early clouds are glowing  
With morning's ruddy beam!  
Beneath, the world's wild tumult,  
Woods, plains, the river's tide;  
Above, heaven's golden portals  
Extended far and wide.  
*Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.*

**3822. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Fate of.**  
Daniel iv : 28-37.

The mighty God, [kings,  
Who rules the sceptres and the hearts of  
Gave thy renowned forefather here to reign,  
With such extent of empire, weight of pow'r,  
And greatness of dominion, the wide earth  
Trembled beneath the terror of his name,  
And kingdoms stood or fell as he decreed.  
Oh, dangerous pinnacle of pow'r supreme!  
Who can stand safe upon its treach'rous top,  
Behold the gazing prostrate world below,  
Whom depth and distance into pigmies  
shrink,  
And not grow giddy! Babylon's great king  
Forgot he was a man, a helpless man,  
Subject to pain, and sin, and death, like  
others.  
But who shall fight against Omnipotence?  
Or who hath hardened his obdurate heart  
Against the majesty of Heav'n, and prospered?  
The God he hath insulted was avenged:  
From empire, from the joys of social life,

He drove him forth; extinguished reason's  
lamp;  
Quenched that bright spark of deity within;  
Compelled him with the forest brutes to roam  
For scanty pasture; and the mountain dews  
Fell, cold and wet, on his defenceless head  
Till he confessed—let men, let monarchs  
hear!—  
Till he confessed, Pride was not made for  
man. *Hannah More.*

**3823. NEHEMIAH TO ARTAXERXES.**  
Nehemiah ii : 1-5.

'Tis sorrow, O King! of the heart,  
Not anguish of body or limb, [part,  
That causes the hue from my cheek to de-  
And mine eye to grow rayless and dim.  
'Tis the mem'ry of Salem afar,  
Of Salem the city of God, [the star  
In darkness now wrapped like the moon and  
When the tempests of night are abroad.

The walls of the city are razed,  
The gates of the city are burned;  
And the temple of God, where my fathers  
have praised,  
To the ashes of ruin are turned.  
The palace of kings is consumed,  
Where the timbrels were wont to resound;  
And the sepulchre domes, like the bones  
they entombed,  
Are mould'ring away in the ground.

And the fugitive remnant that breathe  
In the land that their fathers have trod,  
Sit in sorrow and gloom; for a shadow like  
O'erhangs every wretched abode. [death

I have wept, I have fasted, and prayed  
To the great and terrible God,  
For this city of mine that in ruin is laid,  
And my brethren who smart by His rod.

And now I beseech thee, O king!  
If favor I find in thy sight,  
That I may revisit my home, where the wing  
Of destruction is spread like the night.

And when I to Shushan return  
From rebuilding my forefathers' tomb,  
No more shall the heart of thy cup-bearer  
burn  
With those sorrows that melt and consume.  
*William Knox.*

**3824. "NEIGHBOR? Who is My?"**  
Luke x : 29-37.

"Half dead!" Such life is not worth call-  
ing life;  
Stripped of His raiment; wounded in the  
strife;  
Left by the thieves, but only left, to die  
The very picture of—Humanity.

By chance, there came a certain priest that  
And then a Levite, later in the day; [way;  
But only the Samaritan, we read,  
Had practical compassion on his need.

O Friend of sinners, Friend of sufferers, too!  
I see Thee, with compassions ever new,  
Stoop down to minister to fallen man,  
And calling us to help Thy glorious plan.

“Take care of him,” we heard the Saviour  
say,  
Before, in that white cloud, He went away:  
“Spend, without grudging; keep account:  
and then,  
I will repay thee, when I come again.”

O Holy One! what hast Thou to “repay,”  
That we can claim from Thee, in that great  
day?  
What have we risked, or done, for heathen  
lands,  
For which to ask repayment at Thy hands?

O Judge and Saviour of the world, prepare  
Our sinful souls to meet Thee in the air!  
Teach us to spend, and to be spent, for men,  
Nor seek reward, till—Thou shalt come  
again! *Catharine Hankey.*

### 3825. NICODEMUS'S NIGHT VISIT.

John iii : 2.

When night had spread her solemn veil  
O'er earth's fair face of light,  
He came, this ruler of the Jews,  
To our dear Lord by night.

Reproach him not, nor dare to blame,  
For souls Christ washes white,  
Through sin's deep gloom and guilt's dark  
First come to Him by night. [shade,

When doubts and fears o'erwhelm our soul,  
Faint burns the torch of hope;  
In the dark midnight of despair,  
To seek His face we grope.

When on our lives the chastening rod  
Falls with a crushing blight,  
Through weakness then we seek for strength,  
And come to Him by night.

When clouds o'erhang the golden sky  
Of youth's bright morning brief,  
When life's gay garlands, wreathed by hope,  
Have faded leaf by leaf;

And when upon the face we love  
Rests that strange pallor white,  
With frozen hearts and tearless eyes  
We come to Him by night.

For hearts that never sought His love  
When laughed life's glowing sun,  
Will turn to Him when shadows fall,  
And day is almost done.

When storms have wrecked our happy dreams  
With cruel pain and loss,  
Alone, forsaken in grief's night,  
We creep unto the cross.

When coldly frowns the selfish world,  
And lips are prone to blame,  
We cling unto the sheltering rock,  
In the dark night of shame.

O happy souls that trembling come  
To Thee, dear Lord, by night,  
The morning dawns with rosy wings,  
And brings celestial light!

*Hollis Freeman.*

### 3826. NINEVEH, Burden of.

Zephaniah ii : 13-15.

In our museum galleries  
To-day I lingered o'er the prize  
Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes,  
Her art forever in fresh wise  
From hour to hour rejoicing me.  
Sighing I turned at last to win  
Once more the London dirt and din;  
And as I made the swing-door spin  
And issued, they were hoisting in  
A winged beast from Nineveh.

A human face the creature wore,  
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,  
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.  
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur,  
A dead disbowelled mystery;  
The mummy of a buried faith  
Stark from the charnel without scathe,  
Its wings stood for the light to bathe—  
Such fossil cerements as might swathe  
The very corpse of Nineveh.

The print of its first rush-wrapping,  
Wound ere it dried, still ribbed the thing.  
What song did the brown maidens sing,  
From purple mouths alternating,  
When that was woven languidly? [ferred,  
What vows, what rites, what prayers pre-  
What songs has the strange image heard?  
In what blind vigil stood interred  
For ages, till an English word  
Broke silence first at Nineveh?

Oh! when upon each sculptured court,  
Where even the wind might not resort,  
O'er which time passed, of like import  
With the wild Arab boys at sport,  
A living face looked in to see:  
Oh! seemed it not—the spell once broke—  
As though the carven warriors woke,  
As though the shaft the string forsook,  
The cymbals clashed, the chariots shook,  
And there was life in Nineveh?

On London stones our sun anew  
The beast's recovered shadow threw.  
(No shade that plague of darkness knew,  
No light, no shade, while older grew  
By ages the old earth and sea.)



Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown  
Such proof to make thy godhead known?  
From their dead past thou liv'st alone;  
And still thy shadow is thine own  
Even as of yore in Nineveh.

That day whereof we keep record,  
When near thy city gates the Lord  
Sheltered his Jonah with a gourd,  
This sun (I said), here present, poured  
Even thus this shadow that I see.  
This shadow has been shed the same  
From sun and moon—from lamps which came  
For prayer—from fifteen days of flame,  
The last, while smouldered to a name  
Sardanapalus' Nineveh.

Within thy shadow, haply, once  
Sennacherib has knelt, whose sons  
Smote him between the altar stones;  
Or pale Semiramis her zones  
Of gold, her incense brought to thee,  
In love for grace, in war for aid: . . . .  
Ay, and who else? . . . till 'neath thy shade  
Within his trenches newly made  
Last year the Christian knelt and prayed—  
Not to thy strength—in Nineveh.

Now, thou poor god, within this hall  
Where the blank windows blind the wall  
From pedestal to pedestal,  
The kind of light shall on thee fall  
Which London takes the day to be:  
While school-foundations in the act  
Of holiday, three files compact,  
Shall learn to view thee as a fact  
Connected with that zealous tract:  
"Rome, Babylon, and Nineveh."

Deemed they of this, those worshippers,  
When, in some mythic chain of verse  
Which man shall not again rehearse,  
The faces of thy ministers  
Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy?  
Greece, Egypt, Rome—did any god  
Before whose feet men knelt unshod  
Deem that in this unblest abode  
Another scarce more unknown god  
Should house with him, from Nineveh?

Ah! in what quarries lay the stone  
From which this pigmy pile has grown,  
Unto man's need how long unknown,  
Since thy vast temples, court and cone,  
Rose far in desert history?  
Ah! what is here that does not lie  
All strange to thine awakened eye?  
Ah! what is here can testify  
(Save that dumb presence of the sky)  
Unto thy day and Nineveh?

Why, of those mummies in the room  
Above, there might indeed have come  
One out of Egypt to thy home,  
An alien. Nay, but were not some  
Of these thine own "antiquity"?

And now—they and their gods and thou  
All relies here together—now  
Whose profit? whether bull or cow,  
Isis or Ibis, who or how,  
Whether of Thebes or Nineveh?

The consecrated metals found,  
And ivory tablets underground,  
Winged teraphim and creatures crowned,  
When air and daylight filled the mound,  
Fell into dust immediately.  
And even as these, the images  
Of awe and worship; even as these—  
So, smitten with the sun's increase,  
Her glory mouldered and did cease  
From immemorial Nineveh.

The day her builders made their halt,  
Those cities of the lake of salt  
Stood firmly 'stablished without fault,  
Made proud with pillars of basalt,  
With sardonyx and porphyry.  
The day that Jonah bore abroad  
To Nineveh the voice of God,  
A brackish lake lay in his road,  
Where erst pride fixed her sure abode,  
As then in royal Nineveh.

The day when he, pride's lord and man's,  
Showed all the kingdoms at a glance  
To Him before whose countenance  
The years recede, the years advance,  
And said, Fall down and worship me:  
'Mid all the pomp beneath that look,  
Then stirred there, haply, some rebuke,  
Where to the wind the salt pools shook,  
And in those tracts of life forsook,  
That knew thee not, O Nineveh!

Delicate harlot! On thy throne  
Thou with a world beneath thee prone  
In state for ages sat'st alone;  
And needs were years and lustres flown  
Ere strength of man could vanquish thee:  
Whom even thy victor foes must bring,  
Still royal, among maids that sing  
As with doves' voices, taboring  
Upon their breasts, unto the king:  
A kingly conquest, Nineveh!

Here woke my thought. The wind's slow  
Had waxed; and like the human play [sway  
Of scorn that smiling spreads away,  
The sunshine shivered off the day:  
The callous wind, it seemed to me,  
Swept up the shadow from the ground:  
And pale as whom the fates astound,  
The god forlorn stood winged and crowned;  
Within I knew the cry lay bound  
Of the dumb soul of Nineveh.

And as I turned, my sense half shut  
Still saw the crowds of kerb and rut  
Go past as marshalled to the strut  
Of rank in gypsum quaintly cut.  
It seemed in one same pageantry

They followed forms which had been erst;  
To pass, till on my sight should burst  
That future of the best or worst  
When some may question which was first,  
Of London or of Nineveh.

For as that bull-god once did stand  
And watched the burial-clouds of sand,  
Till these at last without a hand  
Rose o'er his eyes, another land,  
And blinded him with destiny:  
So may he stand again; till now,  
In ships of unknown sail and prow,  
Some tribe of the Australian plough  
Bear him afar—a relic now  
Of London, not of Nineveh!

Or it may chance indeed that when  
Man's age is hoary among men;  
His centuries threescore and ten,  
His furthest childhood shall seem then  
More clear than later times may be:  
Who, finding in this desert place  
This form, shall hold us for some race  
That walked not in Christ's lowly ways,  
But bowed its pride and vowed its praise  
Unto the God of Nineveh.

The smile rose first; anon drew nigh  
The thought: Those heavy wings spread  
So sure of flight, which do not fly; [high  
That set gaze never on the sky;  
Those scriptured flanks it cannot see;  
Its crown a brow-contracting load:  
Its planted feet which trust the sod  
(So grew the image as I trod):  
O Nineveh! was this thy God;  
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

**3827. NINEVEH, Repentance of.**

Matthew xii : 41.

The sun shone bright o'er Nineveh, and every  
marble street  
Was filled with morning greetings, and with  
fall of hurrying feet;  
Aloft the sounding voices swelled through  
all the slumbrous air,  
From mart of many traders, and from Nis-  
roch's fane of prayer.

But as pale Nature holds her breath beneath  
the thunder-cloud,  
By spell of sudden silence was that voiceful  
city bowed;  
And through the ghostly stillness, like a  
knell, uprose the tone,  
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh is humbled  
or o'erthrown."

With eyes that shone with secrets, and with  
haggard looks and wan,  
From street to street the prophet passed—a  
lonely, burdened man;  
He passed, and spoke, and vanished, as some  
spectre of the night,  
Which lifts one dooming finger, and then  
mocks the straining sight.

But to the city's heart that word leaped like  
a forkèd flame,  
And smote each chord, which, trembling,  
broke in penitential shame;  
And on and on, from hut to throne, the tide  
of sorrow swept,  
Till, with a wail which reached to God, that  
mighty city wept.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**3828. NINEVEH, Site of.**

Meet is the hour thy dreary site to see,  
City of darkness, vanished Nineveh! [plain,  
To trace the mounds that mark the barren  
Where, veiled from view, tombed wonders  
yet remain.

Yes, Ninus' palace, where all glories shone,  
And rose at once his sepulchre and throne;  
Thy far-encircling walls, and thousand  
towers,

Baffling for ages Asia's leaguèred powers;  
The streets where princes drove their glit-  
tering cars,  
And traffic's sons were countless as the stars;  
Arask's vast shrine, where that tread war-  
rior died,

Whose banded myriads—boastful slaves of  
pride—

Fell in one night, when heaven's own light-  
ning's came,  
And death's pale angel waved her sword of  
flame,

Are now but heaps, with rude wrecks scat-  
tered o'er,

That bear a language writ by man no more;  
Where scarce the hermit wild-flower deigns  
to blow,

But coarse rank grass and plants of poison  
grow,

And jackals lurk, and hooded serpents glide:  
Monarchs! approach ye here, and bow your  
pride!

Empires! so strong to-day, like change await!  
And, laurelled conquerors! weep, and read  
your fate!

*Nicholas Michell.*

**3829. NINEVEH, The Fall of.**

Nahum ii : 7.

The sun went down with darkened brow,  
The river wildly foamed below;  
That city's gates, her walls and towers;  
A darkness fell above the hours;  
There came a sound upon the breeze  
Like the far roar of stormy seas,  
Or tempests gathering in their might  
Beneath the darkening brow of night;  
Wild sounds, and dreams of heavy fear,  
And boding cries came on the ear  
Of that dark king: within his hall  
He sat at splendid festival;  
He heard those shouts upon the air,  
He heard the cries of wild despair,  
He looked, he gazed—what saw he there?

Gloomy and pale the dim moon rose  
Upon that war of mighty foes;

The twilight spread a veil of gloom  
Above that darkened hour of doom;  
The clouds were sweeping through the sky,  
The hurrying blast moaned fitfully,  
The thunder rolled in solemn song,  
And the red lightning flashed along  
Above that city's domes and towers,  
Above her palace halls and bowers,  
Lighting that darkness of the night,  
That veil of gloom, with solemn light.

Afar the distant city spread,  
Above were deepest clouds o'erhead,  
A heavy veil of wrathful doom  
Above each fane and solemn tomb;  
A heavy veil of darkening cloud  
Hung o'er them like a blackening shroud,  
Save where—it spread from shore to shore  
Above the Tigris' foaming roar—  
That bridge was lit by naphtha light  
That gleamed upon the heavy night;  
Or where the lightning from the sky  
Flashed on those domes and towers high:  
They flamed up o'er mount and vale,  
Glowing amid the moonlight pale:  
A shadowy gleam, a reddening glare,  
Flung out upon that murky air.  
Sacrifice-fires were gleaming far,  
And burning like a distant star;  
But down from heaven the lightnings came,  
Sweeping away that wavering flame,  
And flashing out in wrathful doom  
O'er temple, tower, and solemn tomb!

But other sights and sounds are near,  
The clash of hostile steel and spear;  
The shouts of victory on the gale,  
The flapping of the war-bark's sail;  
The river's dark and rolling tide  
Bursting its bounds afar and wide,  
Spreading around that city's walls—  
A crush, a groan, a thundering fall:  
It rolls along with heavy swell,  
The answer of the oracle!  
The Ninevites gazed fearfully  
Upon that river rushing by,  
Upon the blackness of the sky.

They looked down upon the foe;  
They heard the mighty sounds of woe;  
They heard them in the thunder's peal,  
They heard them in the clash of steel,  
Where helms and bucklers were cast down,  
Where trumpet's heavy blast was blown,  
Where chariot-wheels were rolling o'er  
Amid a lengthened track of gore;  
And foes were thronging through the gate,  
Where palace-halls were desolate,  
Where shouts and shrieks came on the gale,  
Where spear and javelin fell like hail:  
These gazed they on; one louder cry,  
One louder peal rang through the sky;  
One vast wild shout of victory!

But nearer yet is one pale band,  
Upon the platform's range they stand;

The king is there—'tis his last hour—  
The ruler girt with might and power;  
He has left his palace hall and bower,  
And now he gazes fearfully  
Upon the foe approaching nigh:  
He turns to flee, yet who is there,  
With looks of woe and wild despair,  
And gentlest beauty in her hair?  
Azubah raises her dark eye,  
In softest, wildest ecstasy!  
And leans on him—'tis but to die!  
Yet who is she they bear away?  
Her eye has yet a loftier ray,  
A prouder smile is on her brow,  
The maidens lead her captive now;  
She gazes round with fearful mien,  
'Tis Huzzub led a captive queen!  
And nearer to that gorgeous pile  
Of gold and gems from Eastern isle,  
Of richest robes and vestments rare,  
Raised high amid that gloomy glare;  
Jewels that flash the lightning back,  
And gems that form the sunbeam's track,  
And all things gorgeous there are hid  
Within that mighty pyramid.

Yet on that pyre they come to die,  
Beauty and wealth and majesty!  
The pile is fired; in center there,  
Amid that jewelled chamber rare,  
That king with all his concubines,  
Where gems and gold around them shine:  
'Tis done; the flame shoots to the sky,  
Waving like banners out on high;  
The foe come on—a mighty throng—  
Chariot and steed they burst along.  
The lightning flames, the thunder rolls  
Above that grave of mighty souls;  
And mid that elemental roar  
Nineveh passes from the shore,  
A mighty wreck of days gone by,  
A shadow mid eternity. *Frederick Muller.*

## 3830. NOAH.

Hebrews xi: 7.

Father of nations! what high thoughts  
endued  
And armed thy soul with matchless fortitude,  
Walking with God, in tranquil wisdom  
strong,  
Mid turbulence, and violence, and wrong?  
Sole star descried in that tempestuous night,  
Sole thing of life in that o'erwhelming  
blight! [Sou!  
It was the stronger Man, Eve's promised  
Bound Death's strong arm within thee, and  
put on  
His armor: it was Christ in thee enshrined,  
Stretching imploring hands to lost mankind.  
In thee His feet found "rest" amid the  
gloom,  
Noah, great name of comfort! Lights  
illuminate  
The darkness, where He comes with thee to  
stay;  
And, on th' horizon's verge, a heavenly ray

Surrounds thee, while the black baptismal  
flood  
Seems but to lift thee, in thy solitude,  
Nearer to th' aerial hall, to walk among  
The stars of heaven; such hopes to faith  
belong.

In that frail bark Christ; our Emmanuel,  
Is passing o'er that more than ocean's swell,  
Where seas and skies the gathering darkness  
fills,  
Bearing His own to the celestial hills.

*Isaac Williams.*

**3831. NOAH, Methuselah's Prophecy of.**

Then Noah stood forward in his majesty,  
Shouldering the golden billhook, where-  
withal  
He went to cut his way, when tangled in  
The matted hayes. And down the opened  
roof  
Fell slanting beams upon his stately head,  
And streamed along his gown, and made to  
shine  
The jewelled sandals on his feet.

And lo!

The Elder cried aloud: "I prophesy.

Behold! my son is as a fruitful field  
When all the lands are waste. The archers  
drew—

They drew the bow against him; they would  
fain

To slay: but he shall live—my son shall live,  
And I shall live by him in the other days.  
Behold the prophet of the Most High God:  
Hear him. Behold the hope o' the world,  
what time

She lieth under. Hear him; he shall save  
A seed alive, and sow the earth with man.  
O earth! earth! earth! a floating shell of  
wood

Shall hold a remnant of thy mighty lords.  
Will this old man be in it? Sir, and you,  
My daughters, hear him! Lo! this white  
old man

He sitteth on the ground.

The prophecy

Of the Elder, and the vision that he saw,  
They both are ended." *Jean Ingelow.*

**3832. NOBLEMAN'S SON, The Cure of a.**

John iv : 46-54.

Where Capernaum's wave-girt towers  
Dream mid oleander bowers  
Stands a princely palace fair,  
One bright boy its only heir.

One bright boy, and he must die!  
Mark the death-gleam in his eye.  
Fever burns him, blood and brain,  
Deadly languor drowns his pain.

Vain the skill of healing art;  
Vain the prayer of many a heart;  
Vain a mother's piteous plea;  
Vain her woe, her agony.

Then the father in that hour  
Quits the chamber, quits the tower;  
Leaves the lessening town behind,  
Scours o'er hill and plain like wind.

"Where's the wonder-worker? He  
Late returned to Galilee?"  
As through Cana's gate he flies  
Jesus greets his joyful eyes.

"Ho! endued with power divine!  
Thou who mad'st the water wine!"  
Straight he cries, with gasping breath,  
"Lies my son at point of death!"

"Haste, O wonder-worker, down!  
Haste to far Capernaum's town!  
Yawns e'en now the open grave!  
Thou, and only Thou, canst save!"

Then, the father's faith to try,  
Thus the Saviour feigns reply:  
"Signs and wonders ye must see,  
Else ye will not trust in Me."

Instant all the father's woe  
Bursts in unresisted flow.  
"Save my only child!" he cries;  
"Lord! come down before he dies!"

'Tis enough! The prayer of faith  
Conquers distance, doubt, and death;  
Love's resistless pleading thrives;  
"Go thy way, thy son survives!"

In that darkened, mournful home,  
Far in sad Capernaum,  
In that hour the dying boy  
Smiles, and springs to life and joy!

Joy and bliss the household crown!  
Joy and wonder fill the town!  
Glad the eager servants run,  
"Master! master! lives thy son!"

Grateful rapture unexpressed  
Warmed and filled the father's breast;  
Awe and praise his heart o'ercame,  
For he knew the hour the same.

Thou who once Thine only Son  
Gav'st to die for man undone,  
In like anguish, oh, may we  
Fly from all things else to Thee!

Saviour, when all saviours fail,  
Hear, oh hear, our utmost wail!  
Give what only Thou canst give,  
Faith by Thee alone to live!

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3833. OBED-EDOM, Blessings of.**

2 Samuel vi : 11.

If but one Christian soul appear  
Beneath my roof, the Ark is here:  
Jesus, the real Ark Thou art,  
Set up in every faithful heart!

And where Thy Godhead doth reside  
 Mercy and grace are multiplied,  
 Fulness of gospel-blessings flow,  
 And make a little heaven below.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3834. OIL, The Widow's.**

2 Kings iv : 6.

"Bring forth the vessels! borrow more,  
 Of all thy neighbors, not a few;  
 God, who regards the widow's store,  
 Her slender pittance will renew."

Then did the widow's heart rejoice,  
 No more in penury's depths to toil;  
 Those vessels, at the prophet's voice,  
 She sees run o'er with precious oil.

"And yet bring more!" No more were  
 brought,  
 And straight the flowing treasure stayed.  
 O God! how fully we are taught  
 That thus we bound Thy Spirit's aid.

For when the Oil of Grace, in store  
 Unmeasured, flows for ready hearts:  
 Hearts, emptied of their pride, no more  
 Appear, and slighted Grace departs.

*William B. Tappan.*

**3835. OIL, The Widow's.**

2 Kings iv : 1-6.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,  
 It will not fail until  
 Thou failest vessels to provide,  
 Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,  
 Though flowing broad and free  
 Till then, and nourished from on high,  
 It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of love,  
 Where they may broadly run;  
 And Love has overflowing streams  
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
 Such channels to provide,  
 The very founts of Love for thee  
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
 That good thing from above;  
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have:  
 Such is the law of Love.

*Richard C. Trench.*

**3836. OLIVE, Suggestions of the.**

The palm, the vine, the cedar, each hath power  
 To bid fair oriental shapes glance by,  
 And each quick glist'ning of the laurel bower  
 Wafts Grecian images o'er Fancy's eye;  
 But thou, pale Olive! in thy branches lie  
 Far deeper spells than prophet grave of old  
 Might e'er enshrine; I could not hear thee  
 sigh

To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
 One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,  
 Without high thoughts, and solemn, of that  
 scene

When in the garden the Redeemer prayed;  
 When pale stars looked upon His fainting  
 head,

And angels, ministering in silent dread,  
 Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling  
 shade. *Mrs. F. D. Hemans.*

**3837. OLIVET, Christ on.**

Luke xxii : 39.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow  
 The star is dimm'd that lately shone;  
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,  
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;  
 E'en that disciple whom He loved  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
 Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.  
*Wm. B. Tappan.*

**3838. OLIVET, Mount.**

2 Samuel xv : 30.

The soul in meditation here beholds,  
 Fleeing for refuge from a wicked son,  
 And with a wounded spirit bowed to earth,  
 The minstrel king, in bitter anguish come,  
 Showering the mountain with a father's tears  
 For his rebellious child!

But richer drops,  
 From purer eyes, and by a mightier One,  
 For thousands sunk in sin, have since been  
 shed

Where David mourned the guilt of Absalom!  
 The King of kings stood here; and, looking  
 down,

Wept o'er Jerusalem! Here, too, He led,  
 From the last supper, when the hymn was  
 sung,

His few grieved followers out, in that drear  
 night

When, in the garden on the mountain's  
 slope,

His agony wrung forth the crimson drops!  
 While these sad pictures hung upon thy  
 sides,

Thou consecrated height, dissolve the heart  
 In pious sorrow; yet thy brow is crowned  
 With a bright, glorious scene!

Now, O my soul,  
 On the blest summit light a holy flame!  
 From the last footprint of the Prince of peace,  
 The Conqueror of death, let incense rise,

And enter heaven with thine ascending Lord!  
Shake off the chains and all the dust of earth!  
Go up and breathe in the sweet atmosphere  
His presence purified, as he arose!  
Come! from the Mount of Olives pluck thy  
branch,  
And bear it like a dove to yon bright ark  
Of rest and safety! *Hannah F. Gould.*

**3839. OLIVET, Night on.**

Matthew xxvi : 30.

'Tis night, a lovely night; and lo!  
Like men in vision seen,  
The Saviour and His brethren go,  
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,  
Led by heaven's lamp serene,

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,  
To Olivet's dark steep,  
There o'er past joys, gone like a dream,  
O'er future woes, that present seem,  
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned;  
Their dream of thrones has fled;  
The table that His love has crowned  
They ne'er again shall gather round  
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,  
The hope of sins forgiven;  
Then, when our friends the grave devours,  
When all the world around us lowers,  
We'll look from earth to heaven.

*John Pierpont.***3840. ON.**

Genesis xli : 45-50.

Next Heliopolis, city of the sun,  
A shattered sepulchre, a wreck of shrines!  
Here Cæsar, zealous: "This must we survey;  
The hallowed spot where Plato and Eudoxus  
Conceived new thoughts; where Moses, legis-

lator,  
Derived his wisdom to instruct mankind;  
Moses, prime leader of a tribe heroic,  
Who told of heaven and earth in godlike  
words.

This city first named On, whence Joseph took  
For wife the high-priest's daughter, Asenath;  
Whence later Baruch, Jeremiah sang.  
This seat of learning where sage Manetho  
wrote,

Which fostered Solon and Pythagoras,  
Where somewhere dwelt sublime Euripides."  
So saw he vestiges of those grand temples  
Built to the sun-god Re; and obelisks,  
Ancient when seen by Moses and by Plato,  
Transported now to European shores.

*Joseph Ellis.***3841. OTHEES, He saved.**

Luke xxiii : 35.

When scorn, and hate, and bitter, envious  
pride

Hurled all their darts against the Crucified,  
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?  
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches  
knew;  
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly  
dew;  
The dead have felt them and have lived  
anew:

"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;  
Thou canst not raise them from Thy thorn-  
crowned brow,

Nor on them Thy parched lips and forehead  
"He saved others!" [bow:

That voice from out their graves the dead  
had stirred;

Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they  
heard;

For every woe it had a healing word:  
"He saved others!"

For all Thou hadst deep tones of sympathy:  
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?

Thou pitied'st all: doth no man pity Thee?  
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts Thy touch hath freed,  
Physician! and Thy wounds unstanch'd  
must bleed;

Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?  
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend  
the sky;

One word from Thee, and low those mockers  
lie;

Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,  
And savest us!

**3842. PALESTINE.**

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like  
throng;

In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of  
thy sea,

On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with  
thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered  
before;

With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the lowly and just with the people  
sat down,

And thy spray on the dust of His sandals  
was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;  
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valley! where swollen  
and strung,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in  
vain,  
And the torrent grew dark with the blood  
of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon  
came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of  
flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly  
on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son.

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns  
which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess  
sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her  
side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around and the valleys  
between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and  
there  
The song of the angels rose sweet in the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still  
throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to  
greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet!

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring  
trod;  
I stand where they stood with the chosen of  
God;  
Where His blessings were heard, and His  
lessons were taught,  
Where the blind were restored, and the  
healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad wanderer  
came;  
These hills He toil'd over in grief are the same,  
The founts where He drank by the wayside  
still flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed  
on His brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But the dust on her forehead, and chains on  
her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker  
hath gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it  
shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of humanity clothed in the likeness of God?

Were my spirit but turned from the outward  
and dim,  
It would gaze, even now, on the presence of  
Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as  
when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among  
men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the  
waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where  
He stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's  
flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed  
Him to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of  
prayer?

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent  
here;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same even  
now  
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory  
and power  
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the  
same! *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

### 3843. PALESTINE, Associations of.

Hail to the hills where Desolation weeps,  
Yet holy watch untiring Memory keeps!  
Hail to the vales where Plenty laughs no more,  
Or mantling vines display their purple store,  
But every rock with history's wreath is  
crowned,  
And every barren glen is hallowed ground!  
Hail to the streams that flow not now along  
Blessed by the saint, or charmed by holy song,  
Yet seem the haunt of angels, that still glide  
By tree and cave, and skim the silent tide!  
Hail to the spot Heaven favored, land divine,  
Revered, long-suffering, beauteous Palestine!

Ah! who so cold can gaze, and wander here,  
Nor feel his bosom thrill, nor shed a tear?  
Thrill when he thinks of glorious times of  
yore,  
And weep to know that glory ever o'er.  
The ground he treads a thousand saints have  
trod,  
Prophets, far-visited bards, and seers of  
God.  
The ruined tower, the once-green olived hill,  
The stony waste, the half-choked fount and  
rill,  
Each tells its tale that prompts a hope or sigh,  
Linked with celestial memories ne'er to die.

The harp of Judah sounds o'er Sharon's vale,  
Though there no more the roses scent the gale:

Despite the Roman's plough and Moslem's shrine,

Fancy beholds the temple's splendors shine;  
High stands on Olivet that sacred Form,  
Bright in our world as rainbow in a storm;  
By Kedron's tomb-lined brook He wanders slow,

Teaches His followers mid those caves below,  
Sheds tears loved Salem's bitter fate to tell,  
Or leans and talks by blessed Samaria's well:

Yes, those far ages flash a heavenly ray,  
That hallows every scene we here survey.

*Nicholas Michell.*

### 3844. PALESTINE, Desolate.

Land of the sunny east, where grow the olive  
and the vine,

Oh, what a charm of light invests that hal-  
lowed name of thine!

Lost Palestine! a sorrowing heart fain, fain  
would mourn for thee,

Then hang in tears this broken harp upon  
the willow-tree.

And has thy splendor disappeared, and is thy  
glory gone,

And are thy marble tow'rs of might and  
palaces o'erthrown?

And is Mount Zion desolate, and do no longer  
there

The gathered of the chosen race prefer the  
common prayer?

And is thy temple ruin-struck, and does  
naught but the name

Remain of what was once thy pride, the  
bright Jerusalem?

Lost Palestine! thy might has fled, like  
snows that melt away

From off the brow of Lebanon before the  
star of day.

Yes! now thou art most desolate, and o'er  
the shaded urn

Of thy dead splendor does the shade of  
ancient glory mourn.

And has the star of Judah set? and never  
shall it rise

To shed its living beams around, and gild  
thy gloomy skies?

And has the night of ruin wrapt thy land as  
with a veil?

And are the sons of Israel heard to mourn  
with Egypt's wail?

No! though thy radiance has gone down,  
like sunlight 'neath the sea,

And though no more the triumph-song is  
raised aloud for thee,

Weep not, forlorn! the Sun of Pow'r will  
yet upon thee rise,

And with His ray of purest light drive mid-  
night from thy skies;

Thy ruined tow'rs again shall rear their  
marble crests on high,

And through thy silent cities heard the shout  
of victory;

The Lion sprung from Judah's root shall burst  
thy binding chain,

And make thee know, lost Palestine! that  
thou art free again.

Then weep not, land of the forlorn, for Zion  
yet shall be

The glory of the living world; the bright  
home of the free!

*David Mallock.*

### 3845. PALESTINE, Farewell to.

Though many be the shores and lands  
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,

From Alpine heights to classic lands;  
Oh! never have I felt before

The effort to pronounce farewell

To all those varied scenes of thine;

No other spot can share thy spell,

Unique, beloved Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim

This tribute-tear in parting now;  
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,  
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,

As over mount and vale I trod,

"Is this indeed the angel-haunt,  
The seraph-land, the home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I wean,

A thousand spots I can recall,  
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene  
Of wood and lake and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,

Where Syrian shepherd led his flock;  
No herbage on your blighted hills,  
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,

Which verdant meadows gently lave,  
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam  
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

But hush! The one absorbing thought

Transfigures all the passing scene,  
And makes the present time forgot,  
In musing what the past has been.

Here patriarchs lived, here prophets trod,

Here angels on their errands sped;  
The home of sainted men of God,  
The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still: on these same hills

The eye of God Incarnate fell;  
He walked these paths, He drank these rills,  
He sat Him by yon wayside well.



Of by that Kedron brook, He heard  
The rustle of its olives gray,  
Or carol of the matin-bird  
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In temple court, or noisy street,  
When wearied with the wrangling cry,  
How oft He found a calm retreat  
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany:

Watching the evening shadows fall,  
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,  
Transmuting Moab's mountain wall  
Into a blaze of amethyst!

Or thou, Gennesaret! favored lake,  
How fragrant with His presence still;  
The deeds of love, the words He spake,  
Graved on thy shores indelible!

Thy green hills oft were altar stairs,  
Up which His weary footsteps trod,  
For morning praise and midnight prayers,  
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed the sea,  
He trod thy groves of stately palm,  
Thy carpets of anemone,  
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.

Enough. With kindred interest teems  
Each scene, where'er I gaze around;  
The land throughout a Bethel seems,  
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu! each shrine of holy thought,  
Each ruined heap, each storied "Tel."  
I pluck the last "forget-me-not,"  
And now I take a fond farewell!

To-night on Hermon's northern brow,  
The stars upon our tents shall shine;  
Set up the stone! record the vow!  
"Forget thee, never, Palestine!"

The life-long wish and dream to see  
Thy blessed aces, God has given;  
A lingering tear I drop to thee,  
Thou earthly vestibule of heaven!  
*J. R. Macduff.*

### 3846. PALESTINE, Going to.

No, no; a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;  
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine:  
There purer streams through happier valleys  
flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains  
blow.  
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her  
balm;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;  
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's  
deathless rose.  
*J. Pierpont.*

### 3847. PALESTINE, Interest in.

Through Palestine my wand'rings cease,  
In all my future of life's lease;  
Thou Middle Sea, I sail thee o'er,  
From Asia's coast to Europe's shore.

My eyes have seen thy hills and plains,  
Once blest with late and early rains;  
Alas! how scorched and barren now,  
As nature's laws to judgments bow!

But for our blest, our Bible lore,  
How slight our int'rest in thy store;  
We tire to view what all must see,  
And from its scenes and people flee.

But if the land is desolate,  
Shows of a Jewish race, the fate,  
Where vice and folly now abound,  
That land was long with glory crowned!

With joy I've seen the place on earth  
That gave to Christ His lowly birth;  
I've seen His haunts, the paths He trod,  
And where, all night, He prayed to God!

The mount, the garden, oft I've seen,  
Where Christ felt agony most keen!  
And oh! I've gazed on Calvary,  
Where, to redeem, Christ died for me!  
*Alonzo G. Shears.*

### 3848. PALESTINE, Jews' Return to.

They come from the ends of the earth,  
White with its aged snows;  
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,  
Where the day-beam ever glows;  
From the east where first they dwelt,  
From the north, and the south, and the west;  
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,  
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come;  
Where the palm triumphant grows, [hills,  
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the  
And the gold-orbed orange grows;  
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive  
And the rich pomegranates red,  
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of it  
Bows down its fragrant head.

From the land where the gems are born,  
Opal and emerald bright;  
From shores where the ruddy corals grow,  
And pearls with their mellow light;  
Where silver and gold are dug,  
And the diamond rivers roll,  
And the marble white as the still moonlight  
Is quarried, and jetty coal—

They come, with a gladdening shout;  
They come, with a tear of joy;  
Father and daughter, youth and maid,  
Mother and blooming boy.

A thousand dwellings they leave—  
Dwellings, but not a home;  
To them there is none but the sacred soil,  
And the land whereto they come.

And the temple again shall be built,  
And filled as it was of yore; [world,  
And the burden be lift from the heart of the  
And the nations all adore;  
Prayers to the throne of heaven  
Morning and eve shall rise,  
And unto, and not of the Lamb  
Shall be the sacrifice. *Dailey.*

### 3849. PALESTINE, Skies of.

Star-gemmed floor of the land I love,  
Tell me, and tell me now,  
What are the many glittering pearls  
Which hang on thy jewelled brow?

Schoolmen write in the lettered page  
That each is a world like ours;  
But where sky-birds sing superior songs,  
In more delightful bowers.

Where the wolf and the lamb in concord meet,  
Where the leopard harmless lives,  
And where, undewed with the sweat of man,  
The field its harvest gives.

Where sin hath shed no withering blight,  
Where death no entrance gains,  
Where the men of a thousand years ago  
Still bound across the plains.

Many, if such ye be, fair worlds,  
Would ask no brighter doom,  
Than within your gorgeous palaces  
To find a lasting home.

So let them; more ambitious, I  
More towering wishes frame;  
I would not dwell in these, but with  
The Lord of all of them.

They may be near to the pearly gates,  
They may stand close to heaven.  
But who would live in the servant's lodge  
If the mansion-house were given?

### 3850. PALESTINE UNBLEST.

Long hath the Crescent's glittering sign  
On Salem's temple shone;  
Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine  
Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest  
On Shinar's plains are spread;  
And wandering feet have rudely prest  
The soil where Jesus bled.

But Shiloh comes to bless the land,  
And Israel's tribes restore;  
Lo! Edom, with Assyria's band,  
On Calvary shall adore.

Fair Lebanon shall hear His voice,  
And lands where Jordan flows,  
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,  
And blossom as the rose.

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn,  
Or captive Judah sigh;  
Jehovah shall her walls adorn,  
And bring His ransomed nigh.  
*William B. Tappan.*

### 3851. PALM-LEAVES, Whispers in the.

Surely the Lord was in this place!  
I slept, and knew it not;  
He showed me tokens of His grace;  
I saw them, and forgot.

"I will not leave thee," saith the Lord,  
And that which He hath spoken  
Is an irrevocable word;  
His promise is unbroken.

He led me through the wilderness,  
A long and lonely way;  
He soothed me with His tenderness,  
And fed me day by day.

He brought me to a quiet place,  
A sweet refreshing shade,  
Where the tall palm-trees interlace,  
And the cool shadows played.

I slept; in dreams that slumber weaves  
The little breezes came,  
And whispered in the long palm-leaves  
The Saviour's holy name.

But soon the whispers died away,  
And other sounds were brought  
Like softest music, where I lay,  
Suggesting earthly thought.

I lay entranced for many a day  
On that enchanted plain,  
But never heard the palm-leaves say  
The holy name again.

Oh! better far the wilderness  
And desert way to me,  
If, wandering in its loneliness,  
I should be nearer Thee;

Nay, better far to tune the ear,  
So true to heaven's lays,  
That every common sound we hear  
May seem a hymn of praise.

### 3852. PALSIED MAN, Healing the.

Matthew ix : 1-8; Mark ii : 1-12; Luke v : 17-26.

Crowds gathered to the Saviour's feet,  
And thronged the place where Jesus taught;  
The wise and learned came to greet,  
And loving friends their sick ones brought;  
And there the "power of the Lord"  
Wrought with the preaching of His word.

Among the halt, the blind, the lame,  
Who sought to have their woes redressed,  
From far attracted by His fame,  
Was one more helpless than the rest;  
Amid the throng about the door,  
The palsied man upborne of four.

How hard it is; the help so near,  
And yet the waiting crowd so great;  
How brief the distance doth appear,  
But oh, how long the time to wait!  
Such thronging multitudes between,  
Such hosts of sorrow intervene.

Yet hath the Saviour power to heal  
The furthest woe, the utmost want,  
If faith has only sense to feel  
And strength to struggle to the front.  
True faith, like truest love, invents:  
Denied the door, it circumvents.

Whene'er the eye of faith's restrained  
From looking through, it looks above;  
And from aloft its end is gained,  
The steps of faith are steps of love.  
Thus up the staircase, from the door,  
The palsied man is "borne of four."

Distinguished faith, distinguished love,  
Wondrous the mode of access too;  
The patient bearers mount above,  
To try what earnest faith can do.  
The bed descends from roof to floor—  
Oh! what could loving faith do more?

The Saviour speaks—"Thy sins forgiven;"  
This the glad message of that day;  
And then, as proof of power from heaven,  
"Take up thy bed and go thy way!"  
The power that bids the sick be whole,  
And heals the body, saves the soul.

Lord, give us faith, like this of old,  
To bear the burdens of the weak;  
Let love be strong and faith be bold,  
The good of others thus to seek.  
The faith to strive, as these men strove,  
Is that strong faith that "works by love."  
*Robert Maguire.*

### 3853. PARADISE, Joys of.

For the fount of life eternal is my thirsting  
spirit fain,  
And my prisoned soul would gladly burst  
her fleshly bars in twain,  
While the exile strives and struggles on to  
win her home again.

As she groans beneath the troubles which  
with weary weight oppress,  
She is thinking on the glory which she lost  
through wickedness,  
And the thought of joy departed but in-  
creaseth her distress.

Who can tell the perfect gladness of the  
peace within the skies,

Where, of living pearls upbuilt, mansions  
for the blessed rise,  
Where the golden halls and roof-trees shine  
and glow with radiant dyes?

Framed alone of precious jewels stately  
dwellings there appear,  
And the highways of the city, paved with  
gold, as crystal clear;  
Mire is far and filth is banished, naught that  
may pollute is near.

Winter's snowing, summer's glowing, never  
thither pain may bring;  
There the gorgeous roses flower in the calm  
of endless spring,  
Balms exude, and crocus blushes, lilies fair  
are blossoming.

Meads are sheening, fields are greening,  
honey drops from combs of bees;  
Liquid odors, fragrant spices, shed their per-  
fume on the breeze,  
Never-falling fruits are hanging from the  
ever-leafy trees.

There no moon through phases passes, sun  
and stars bestow no light,  
But the Lamb on His glad city, light unset-  
tling, shineth bright;  
There the day is everlasting, gone for aye  
are time and night.

For the saints, now crowned in triumph, like  
the sun in radiance glow,  
Greet each other in that gladness which the  
saints alone can know,  
While, secure, they count their battles with  
their subjugated foe.

Fleshly wars they know no longer, since with  
blemish stained is none,  
For the spiritual body and the soul at last  
are one;  
Dwell they now in peace eternal, with all  
stumbling they have done.

To their first estate return they, freed from  
every mortal sore,  
And the truth, for ever present, ever lovely  
they adore,  
Drawing from that living Fountain living  
sweetness evermore.

And they drink in changeless being as they  
taste those waters clear;  
Bright are they, and swift and gladsome, no  
more perils need they fear;  
There the youth can know no aging, never  
cometh sickness near.

Thence they draw their life unending, pass-  
ingness has passed away;  
Thence they grow, and bloom, and flourish,  
freed forever from decay,  
And deathlessness hath swallowed up the  
might of death for aye.

They know Him who knoweth all things,  
 nothing from their ken may flee,  
 And the thoughts of one another in the in-  
 most heart they see;  
 One in choosing and refusing, one are they  
 in unity.

And though each for divers merits there  
 hath won a various throne,  
 Yet their love for one another maketh what  
 each loves his own;  
 Every prize to all is common, yet belongs to  
 each alone.

Where the body is, together in their flight  
 the eagles speed;  
 There the saints and there the angels seek  
 refreshment in their need,  
 And the sons of earth and heaven on that  
 One Bread ever feed.

In new harmonies, unceasing they with voice  
 melodious sing,  
 While their listening ears are gladdened with  
 the harp's exulting ring;  
 And for He hath made them victors, praises  
 chant they to their King.

Where the King of heaven is present, happy  
 is the gazing soul,  
 And she sees the double frame-work of the  
 globe beneath her roll,  
 Sees the sun and moon and planets, and the  
 stars that stud the pole.

Jesu, Palm of all Thy soldiers, who in Thee  
 alone confide,  
 Bring me to that Holy City when my belt is  
 laid aside,  
 Grant that I may share the portion of the  
 saints who there abide.

While the war is yet unended, give me  
 vigor for the fray;  
 Give me, when the fight is over, peace that  
 passeth not away;  
 Give Thyself to me, O Jesu! as my one re-  
 ward for aye.

*Peter Damiani, tr. by R. F. Littledale.*

**3854. PASSOVER, Christ Our.**

1 Corinthians v : 7.

Once the angel started back  
 When he saw the blood stained door,  
 Pausing on his vengeful track,  
 And the dwelling passing o'er.  
 Once the sea from Israel fled,  
 Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

Now our Passover is come,  
 Dimly shadowed in the past,  
 And the very Paschal Lamb,  
 Christ, the Lord, is slain at last.  
 Then with hearts and hands made meet  
 Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

Blessed Victim sent from heaven,  
 Whom all angel hosts obey,  
 To whose will all earth is given,  
 At whose word hell shrinks away,  
 Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,  
 Thou hast brought us light and life.  
*Bishop Williams.*

**3855. PASSOVER, Eucharist and.**

Exodus xii : 8-12.

In anxious haste, at God's command  
 All Israel's host prepare and stand  
 To take its ordered flight:  
 With bitter herbs, unleavened bread,  
 And roasted lamb, the feast is spread  
 That memorable night.

The awful angel soars on high,  
 And death is dealing far and nigh,  
 Save where the blood is found:  
 Supported by that paschal food,  
 The mighty host passed through the flood  
 Beyond the sea's dark bound.

All girded for its coming flight,  
 A soul is passing hence to-night,  
 And bids the world farewell:  
 Fed with the sacred nourishment  
 Of Christ's most holy sacrament,  
 It burst through sin's dark spell.

All sprinkled with the precious blood,  
 It calmly passes through the flood  
 Of death's last agony:  
 It chants, while borne on angels' wing:  
 O mighty death! where is thy sting,  
 Where, grave, thy victory?  
*Edwin L. Blenkinsopp.*

**3856. PATMOS, John's Vision in.**

Revelations i : 9.

The blue Ægean's countless waves in Sab-  
 bath sunlight smiled,  
 And murmuring washed the rocky shore of  
 that lone island wild;  
 Where unto him "whom Jesus loved" such  
 views sublime were given,  
 That e'en the land of exile shone "the very  
 gate of heaven"!

He saw the radiant form of Him upon whose  
 sorrowing breast,  
 At the last supper's solemn feast, his weary  
 head found rest:  
 One "like unto the Son of Man," all glori-  
 ous to behold,  
 Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt  
 with purest gold.

His head and hair were white as wool; His  
 eyes a fiery flame,  
 Not tearful now, as when He trod this world  
 of sin and shame;  
 His countenance was as the sun, His voice  
 was as the sound  
 Of many waters, murmuring deep in har-  
 mony profound.

But when before His feet as dead the loved  
disciple fell,  
How gently deigned the Prince of Life His  
servant's fears to quell!  
And give him strength to see His face, whom  
highest heavens adore,  
The Lord, who "liveth and was dead," and  
lives for evermore!

Oh! then upon His raptured gaze what  
floods of glory streamed;  
He saw the land of love and light, the home  
of the redeemed;  
He stood by life's resplendent stream, whose  
tide in music rolled  
Throughout the holy city's length among its  
streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to  
angel-hosts unknown,  
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon  
the throne;  
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that  
celestial sphere,  
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his  
listening ear.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with  
jewelled splendor bright,  
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in  
saintly white;  
He marked them with their waving palms,  
in worship bending low  
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath  
the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the uni-  
versal hymn,  
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes,  
which tears may never dim,  
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the  
harpings of the blest,  
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the  
promised rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the  
fair celestial shore,  
And gained the martyr's crown, for He the  
martyr's suffering bore;  
Long since his happy feet have stood within  
his Father's home,  
Yet still the mighty voice he heard, with  
ceaseless cry saith, "Come!"

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as  
free and fresh and fair  
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered  
the exile there!  
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat  
in mercy still,  
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, who-  
soever will!

O blessed voices! be it ours your loving call  
to hear,  
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder  
radiant sphere

The heavenly bridegroom shall descend to  
claim His own again,  
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord  
even so, Amen!"

**3857. PAUL.**

Faithful teacher, mighty Paul,  
Ringing like a trumpet call,  
Flying cloud, whose couriers glance  
Red-winged round the world's expanse,

Let thy deep-voiced thunders roll,  
Saturate each thirsty soul,  
Showers of heavenly grace impart,  
Fertilize each barren heart.

Guerdon high was thine, when thrice  
Pearly gates of paradise  
Turning gave thy raptured ear  
Words that none but angels hear.

Sower of the gospel seed,  
Hundredfold shall be thy meed,  
Garnered where no thief can spoil,  
Fruit of thine abundant toil.

*Peter Damiani, tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

**3858. PAUL.**

Whose is that sword, that voice and eye of  
flame,  
That heart of unextinguishable ire?  
Who bears the dungeon keys, and bonds  
and fire?  
Along his dark and withering path he came,  
Death in his looks and terror in his name,  
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal  
Sire.

Lo! the light shone! the sun's veiled beams  
expire:  
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!  
Whose is yon form stretched on the earth's  
cold bed,  
With smitten soul, and tears of agony  
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty  
head,

Rayless the orbs that flushed with victory.  
Over the raging waves of human will,  
The Saviour's spirit walked, and all was still.

*Roscoe.*

**3859. PAUL AT MELITA.**

*Acts xxviii : 1-10.*

Secure in his prophetic strength,  
The water peril o'er,  
The many-gifted man at length  
Stepped on the promised shore.

He trod the shore; but not to rest,  
Nor wait till angels came:  
Lo! humblest pains the saint attest,  
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,  
Then instant aid was given.  
Christian, hence learn to do thy part,  
And leave the rest to Heaven.

*J. H. Newman.*

## 3860. PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

Acts xvi : 11-18.

'Twas Sabbath at Philippi's town, in Macedonian Thrace,  
But worldly labors, pleasures, strifes, resounded through the place;  
For Grecian pageant, Roman power, knew not God's holy day,  
And few and strange were Israel's seed who turned aside to pray.

For them no temple reared its dome: Apollo's marble shrine  
Rose fair, and from Pangæus' height waved Bacchus' grove divine;  
E'en mortal Cæsar's sculptured form obsequious throngs adored,  
With Nature's known and unknown dreams—all things, save God the Lord.

Him, though all-present, those who sought, before His throne to wait  
In humble prayer and grateful song, must seek without the gate;  
And by Gangistes' rippling flood, beneath the summer air,  
A lowly group of women bowed to Israel's God in prayer.

Not as the wild bacchantes raved among those hills of yore,  
When first the wine-god's revelries were brought from India's shore;  
Not like the Pythoness profane, with Delphic frenzy fired,  
Knelt that chaste sisterhood of souls, in worship pure inspired.

But on that day four holy men sat in their circle small—  
Luke, Silas, youthful Timothy, and mighty-minded Paul;  
From Asian climes to Europe's shores that missionary band  
Had crossed the Grecian sea to bring glad news, at Christ's command.

Not as the old Phœnicians came, who sought Pangæus' gold,  
Nor as once passed, to win the world, the Macedonian bold;  
Not with the pomp of earthly state, nor pride of earthly lore,  
Those way-worn pilgrims met that day beside Gangistes' shore.

That plain, an hundred years ago, saw Rome's republic fall,  
When Freedom fled the conquered world, and Tyranny grasped all;  
And Hæmus' snow-clad peaks, afar, blushed erst, when Typhon strove  
And earth's rude powers, o'erwhelmed in blood by bright celestial Jove.

But ah! that day a mightier than Philip's deathless son,  
Or great Augustus, on that plain Rome and the world who won,  
Or mythic Jove, whose fabled bolts the Titan crew could quell,  
Was first to Europe preached, as Lord of heaven and earth and hell.

Him Paul proclaimed, of Mary born, the peasant Nazarene,  
And told His life of wonders o'er, 'mid that enchanting scene;  
Not Orpheus' shell, that thrilled those shores, while trees and rocks kept time,  
Nor bright Apollo's golden lyre, e'er breathed such strains sublime.

Good news! glad news! the Lord is come! Immanuel, long foretold,  
Has lived, and died, and risen, and reigns, eternal bliss t' unfold!  
And on that listening company blest influence benign  
E'en now he pours, till many a soul is lit with joy divine.

And one true heart God opened then, touched by His Spirit's power—  
A woman's heart, and Lydia's faith found life in Christ that hour;  
And all her wealth, with all her love, she laid at Jesus' feet,  
And in her house God's servants found home, church, and converse sweet.

O brightest day that ever yet has dawned o'er Europe's hills,  
Thy meek beginning all my heart with hope and comfort fills!  
Pangæus' hundred-petalled rose, that sets his slopes aflame,  
Breathes not such fragrance as thy deed around Philippi's name!

Fade, Grecian glory! Roman power! A mightier empire's march  
Is blazoned on the orient sky, and kindles heaven's high arch!  
Rise, Freedom, nevermore to fall! Rise, woman, pure and bright,  
To cheer man's toil up centuries of heavenward deepening light!

And ever when our hearts grow faint, or earthly dreams allure,  
When fruit seems small, the cross too great for nature to endure,  
We'll hail that band who preached and prayed beside Gangistes' wave,  
And trust Him still who reigns for aye, omnipotent to save.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3861. PAUL, Conversion of.**

Acts ix : 1-9.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,  
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;  
Along the level sand  
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,  
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise  
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew  
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,  
So steadily he speeds,  
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,  
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,  
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,  
As though all heaven's refulgent hoard  
In one rich glory shone?  
One moment, and to earth he falls:  
What voice his inmost heart appalls—  
Voice heard by him alone?

For to the rest both words and form  
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,  
While Saul, in wakeful trance,  
Sees deep within that dazzling field  
His persecuted Lord revealed  
With keen yet pitying glance;

And hears the meek upbraiding call  
As gently on his spirit fall,  
As if the Almighty Son  
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,  
Nor had proclaimed His royal birth,  
Nor His great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"  
He heard and saw, and sought to free  
His strained eye from the sight:  
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,  
Still gazing, though untaught to bear  
The insufferable light.

"Who art Thou, Lord?" he falters forth:  
So shall Sin ask of Heaven and earth  
At the last awful day,  
"When did we see Thee suffering nigh,  
And passed Thee with unheeding eye?  
Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes  
What glorious presence they despise,  
While, in our noon of life,  
To power or fame we rudely press;  
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,  
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have  
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed, [closed,  
High above mortal ken;  
To every ear in every land,  
Though meek ears only understand,  
He speaks as He did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye Me?  
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be

With your own endless woe.  
Know, though at God's right hand I live,  
I feel each wound ye reckless give  
To the least saint below.

"I in your care My brethren left,  
Not willing ye should be bereft  
Of waiting on your Lord.  
The meanest offering ye can make,  
A drop of water, for love's sake  
In heaven, be sure, is stored."

Oh! by those gentle tones and dear,  
When Thou hast stayed our wild career,  
Thou only hope of souls,  
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,  
But in the thought of Jesus find  
That every thought controls.

As to Thy last apostle's heart  
Thy lightning-glance did then impart  
Zeal's never-dying fire,  
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay  
Our hearts, and let them day by day  
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note,  
Like pulses that round harp-strings float  
When the full strain is o'er,  
Left lingering on his inward ear  
Music that taught, as death drew near,  
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,  
Still may the echo of that sound  
Be in our memory stored.  
"Christians! behold your happy state:  
Christ is in these who round you wait;  
Make much of your dear Lord!"

*John Keble.***3862. PAUL IN PRISON.**

Acts xvi : 19-40.

Hearst thou that solemn symphony that  
swells  
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?  
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound  
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.  
The wretch who long in dungeons cold and  
dank  
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank  
Might break the grave-like silence of that  
prison  
On which the star of hope had never risen;  
Then sunk in slumbers by despair oppressed,  
And dreamed of freedom in his broken rest;  
Wakes at the music of these mellow strains,  
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.  
'Tis Paul and Silas, who at midnight pay  
To Him of Nazareth a grateful lay.  
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies;  
An angel bears it, and a God replies:  
At that reply a pale portentous light  
Plays through the air, then leaves a gloomier  
night.  
The darkly tottering towers, the trembling  
arch,

The rocking walls confess a monarch's march;  
 The stars look dimly through the roof; behold,  
 From saffron dews, and melting clouds of gold,  
 Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,  
 Freedom walks forth serene; from her loose hair,  
 And every glistening feather of her wings,  
 Perfumes, that breathe of more than earth, she flings,  
 And with a touch dissolves the prisoners' chains  
 Whose song had charmed her from celestial plains.

*John Pierpont.*

**3863. PAUL, Preaching of.**

*Acts ix : 21.*

Each holy rite performed, the zealous saint  
 Poured from his tongue spontaneous the  
 Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo! [stream  
 The gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,  
 Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive  
 With simple style, deliberate address, [sage,  
 And nervous arguments, now vindicates  
 The great Messiah. Now with words that live,  
 With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,  
 Expiring nature and the doom of man,  
 He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,  
 Her shape deformed, the poison of her touch,  
 Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,  
 He next describes. Affrighted conscience wakes;  
 The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;  
 Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.  
 What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,  
 But shuddered there! Now with mellifluous tongue [guilt.  
 He soothes the scorpion-sting of conscious  
 Behold! each faded countenance relumed  
 With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint  
 Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,  
 Of grace and mercy infinite, displays  
 The high rewards of penitence and life  
 Reformed, the freedom of the Christian yoke  
 Avers, and testifies th' eternal league  
 'Twi'x happiness and virtue. Now to crown  
 The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,  
 He wins th' enchanted audience to peace,  
 Long-suff'ring, gentleness, and social love,  
 The godlike spirit of his Master's laws.

Was this the hot vindictive Pharisee?  
 Oh strange conversion! This th' impetuous  
 Saul breathed?  
 That late dire menaces and slaughter  
 Was this, sage priest, the minister of wrath  
 Fixed by the dreaded sanction of thy power  
 To hurl perdition on the rising church?  
 What! Were those hands, now lifted up to  
 heav'n

To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued  
 In the pure blood of His devoted saints,  
 And consecrated martyrs? Wondrous change!  
 But what can check that All-controlling  
 Power  
 Who turns the course of Nature at His will;  
 Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose  
 call  
 Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm  
 step  
 Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst  
 His potent voice bade the curled waves sub-  
 side, [peace?  
 And hushed the wind's wild uproar into

Behold! th' illustrious convert now invades  
 The reign of Gentile darkness. See! appalled  
 Black Superstition, with her baleful throng  
 Of self-bred fears and unembodied forms  
 That haunt despair; the foul unholy train  
 Of molten idols and fantastic gods  
 Shrink at his presence like the fleeting shades  
 Of sullen night when first Hyperion's orb  
 Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.  
 Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme  
 Withstood the thunders of the preacher's  
 tongue.

Tottered his throne, his golden sceptre fell;  
 Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.  
 No longer smoked his odoriferous shrines  
 With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant  
 Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb [breath  
 Distained his blushing altars. Solemu praise  
 And pray'rs devoutly breathed, the tears,  
 the sighs

Of sentimental grief, the broken heart,  
 Now formed the Gentile's purer sacrifice  
 To the true God. Each attribute [world  
 That points th' Almighty Parent of the  
 To man's conceptions, legibly portrayed [sees;  
 On Nature's page, th' enlightened convert  
 And as he views, his elevated breast,  
 With inextinguishable ardor, burns  
 For truth, for life and immortality. [tide  
 Where'er the preacher rolled the powerful  
 Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt  
 Foul error fled, whether the Roman school  
 Or Attie portico her presence held,  
 Or the dark inmate of the pagan shrine,  
 She heaped vain incense to some idol-god.

Oh! may those living oracles of light,  
 That boast the sanction of thy hallowed pen,  
 Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,  
 Where still pale fear and superstition reign,  
 Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!  
 May the false prophet's sensual paradise,  
 Base hopes of ignorance and lust,  
 Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step  
 To Mecca's walls; no longer Fohi's name  
 Usurp the prostrate adoration, due  
 To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun  
 Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:  
 But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one  
 Unite the scattered progeny of man! [God

*John Lettice.*



**3864. PAUL,** Vision of.  
Acts ix : 1-9.

What is this that stops my way  
Like a wall, unseen by day?  
Who doth bid my errand stay  
Ere I come?

What o'erclouds me like a dream,  
Blotting each remembered scheme  
With an unaccustomed theme?  
"Jesu sum."

What strange dissolution rends  
From the comfort of my friends,  
From my life's determined ends?  
Dark and dumb,

What doth bind my fluent tongue  
Like an instrument unstrung,  
With its lesson never sung?  
"Jesu sum."

See! this sudden shock of light  
Falls like palsy on my sight,  
Till I view no path aright  
In my gloom;  
All my faculties are dead,  
Every sinew bound with lead:  
What this shivering trance of dread?  
"Jesu sum."

"Listen, since for human weal,  
All thy misdirected zeal,  
Thee to warm, and thee to heal,  
Am I come:  
Thou with stones My saints hast slain,  
Torture bound with scourge and chain;  
Know thyself the martyr pain!  
'Jesu sum.'

"Thou wert Mine without thy knowing;  
From this moment's wonder-showing,  
Pay the debt thy life is owing  
Burthensome:  
On the blindness of thy thought  
Dawns the inner life unsought.  
Teach, as thou thyself art taught;  
'Jesu sum.'"

*Julia Ward Howe.*

**3865. PENTECOST.**

Acts ii : 1-4.

The rolling year brings back the time,  
With blessed joys replete,  
When on the waiting twelve came down  
The Holy Paraclete.

The fire, in quivering tongues of flame,  
Descending sat on each,  
To fill with fervency of love  
And fluency of speech.

To every race, in every tongue,  
They spoke with power divine;  
Some trembling heard, some mocking said  
That they were drunk with wine.

When Pentecost was fully come  
This marvel wrought, they see,  
That thus the sacred round of days  
Should bring our jubilee.

On us, O God most merciful,  
With bended heads we pray  
That Thou wilt of Thy Spirit pour  
Abundantly, to-day.

*Hilary, tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

**3866. PENTECOST.**

Acts ii : 1-4.

My Saviour, can it be  
That I should gain by losing Thee?  
The watchful mother taries nigh  
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye;  
For should he wake and find her gone,  
She knows she could not bear his moan.  
But I am weaker than a child,  
And Thou art more than mother dear;  
Without Thee, heaven were but a wild:  
How can I live without Thee here?

"'Tis good for you that I should go,  
You lingering yet awhile below:"  
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord!  
Thy saints have proved the faithful word,  
When heaven's bright boundless avenue  
Far opened on their eager view,  
And homeward to Thy Father's throne,  
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,  
Thy shadowing car went soaring on;  
They tracked Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bidd'st rejoice; they dare not mourn,  
But to their home in gladness turn,  
Their home and God's, that favored place  
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,  
In prayers and blessings there to wait  
Like suppliants at their monarch's gate  
Who, bent with bounty rare to aid  
The splendors of his crowning day,  
Keeps back awhile his largess, made  
More welcome for that brief delay.

In doubt they wait, but not unblest;  
They doubt not of their Master's rest,  
Nor of the gracious will of Heaven—  
Who gave His Son, sure all has given—  
But in ecstasie awe they muse  
What course the genial stream may choose,  
And far and wide their fancies rove,  
And to their height of wonder strain,  
What secret miracle of love  
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,  
The day of comfort dawns at last,  
The everlasting gates again  
Roll back, and lo! a royal train:  
From the far depths of light once more  
The floods of glory earthward pour;  
They part like shower-drops in mid-air,  
But ne'er so soft fell noontide shower,  
Nor evening rainbow gleamed so fair  
To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame  
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came  
And darted to its place of rest  
On some meek brow, of Jesus blest.  
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,  
And still those lambent lightnings stream;  
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;  
In every heart that gives them room  
They light His altar every day,  
Zeal to inflame and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove  
They nurse the soul to heavenly love:  
The struggling spark of good within  
Just smothered in the strife of sin,  
They quicken to a timely glow,  
The pure flame spreading high and low.  
Said I that prayer and hope were o'er?  
Nay, blessed Spirit! but by Thee  
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,  
The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing:  
Mount, but be sober on the wing;  
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;  
Be sober, for thou art not there;  
Till Death the weary spirit free,  
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight:  
Take it on trust a little while;  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,  
In the full sunshine of His smile.

Or if thou still more knowledge crave,  
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave  
To all that works thee woe or harm;  
Shouldst thou not need some mighty charm  
To win thee to thy Saviour's sight,  
Though He had deigned with thee to bide?  
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,  
The Dove must settle on the cross,  
Else we should all sin on or sleep  
With Christ in sight, turning our gain to  
loss. *John Keble.*

### 3867. PENTECOST, Wind of.

Acts ii : 2.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind!  
The cloven tongues descending, [burn,  
Fanned by thy dewy breath, shall blaze and  
A sacred flame unending;  
Soon shall the fire behold  
Vile earth transformed to fine wrought gold;  
A gloom of shadowy night  
That flame shall kindle into light:  
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind,  
And waft to realms unbounded  
The notes of faith and hope and tender love  
The gospel-trump hath sounded.  
Those sweetly piercing tones,  
That charm all woes and tears and groans,  
Through earth and sea and sky  
Upon thy rushing wings shall fly:  
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind;  
For, tempest-tossed and lonely,  
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,  
And trusts in thy breath only;  
She spreads her swelling sails  
For thee to fill with favoring gales,  
Till through the stormy sea  
Thou bring her home where she would be:  
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, thou mighty Wind,  
On hearts contrite and broken, [words  
And bring in quickening power the gracious  
That Jesus' lips have spoken.  
Lo! then, from death and sleep,  
The listening souls to life shall leap;  
Then love shall reign below,  
And joy the whole wide world o'erflow:  
Therefore, thou mighty Wind, blow on.  
*John Henry Hopkins, Jr.*

### 3868. PENTECOST, Zechariah's Vision of.

Zechariah iv · 1-7.

I slept, and dreamed; and in my dream, be-  
hold,  
I saw a candlestick made all of gold,  
And on the top thereof a bowl, all bright,  
The golden reservoir of oil for light;  
And from the bowl seven golden lamps are  
fed,  
Through golden pipes the rich supply is shed.  
These golden lamps mean love and grace  
professed;  
The lamps alight are love and grace possessed;  
The pipes, supplied, supply the lamps in turn,  
The lamps, supplied, with holy radiance burn,  
Fed by the oil that floweth out apace  
From out the golden bowl—the oil of grace.

Whence is that golden bowl supplied with  
oil?  
Is it by human efforts, human toil?  
By some precarious hand, inconstant care,  
That now bestows and now withholds its  
share?

Filled from a vial that itself runs dry,  
And fails to keep supplied its own supply?  
Or from a fountain fickle at its source,  
Or some impulsive intermittent force?  
Ah no! not these the golden bowl can fill,  
It needs a fountain flowing, flowing still;  
A source itself perennially supplied,  
A spring, receiving always, never dried.

Beside the candlestick and golden bowl,  
(Material emblem of the life and soul),  
Two olive-trees—two living trees—behold,  
With fruit in ceaseless season, manifold;  
Upon the right and on the left hand, see,  
They pour the precious oil unceasingly;  
Communing ever with the bowl all bright,  
The golden reservoir of oil for light,  
The rich supply comes welling up, unspent,  
As from a fount of living unction sent;  
The throbbing pulses of the living trees  
Send forth their costly issues, with such ease,

And with such constancy, that nevermore  
Can oil be lacking in that reservoir;  
No famine of this oil can e'er prevail,  
To cause the widow's scanty cruse to fail;  
Nor blight upon these olive-trees is found,  
Deep-rooted are they in the olive-ground;  
And through the golden pipes their issues roll  
Into the golden candlestick and bowl.

What meaneth this? what does the vision  
mean—

This wondrous dream and vision I have seen;  
" 'Tis not might," the angel straight replied,  
" Nor yet by power of human pomp and  
pride;

But only by My Spirit, saith the Lord,  
The Spirit of My grace, on each outpoured."

The golden candlestick and bowl  
Are emblems of the life and soul;  
The golden pipes, the secret ways,  
Are emblems of the means of grace;  
The olive-trees, with oil endowed,  
The Spirit of the living God;  
From this full Source the soul supplied,  
The oil of grace is multiplied;  
From copious fountain of God's love,  
That ever flowing source above,  
The streams of grace unceasing flow  
Into the golden bowl below,  
Communing with the Spirit's power,  
Partaking of the gracious shower;  
The living, rooted olive-tree  
Is grace supplied unceasingly;  
The Spirit of the living Lord  
In Pentecostal strength outpoured.

Thus is the Church supplied with food,  
E'en by the Spirit of our God;  
Thus, too, it burns with radiance bright,  
A burning and a shining light.  
From living root, the living spring,  
The olive-trees their tribute bring;  
Without the Spirit thus supplied,  
The means of grace are channels dried;  
Without communion with the root,  
There is no bringing forth of fruit;  
No oil the service pipes to feed,  
The lamps are cold and dark and dead:  
That candlestick will God remove,  
Unfed by springs of grace and love.

Thus, too, the Spirit feeds the soul,  
As those two olive-trees the bowl;  
Perennial doth the olive flow,  
From root in God to man below;  
Unfailing is the rich supply,  
The golden pipes are never dry;  
The means of grace as channels prove  
Blest conduits of Thy grace and love;  
The soul sheds forth its golden light,  
The pure oil-olive burning bright—  
Oil-olive from the olive-tree,  
Led on and flowing ceaselessly.

O Spirit of the living Lord,  
Be Thou unto Thy Church outpoured!

The unction from Thy sacred breast  
Brings life and light, and peace and rest;  
Bless, Lord, Thy living churches bless,  
Diffuse Thyself in means of grace.  
'Tis thus the Church's life is fed  
By unction of the Spirit shed;  
Communing with the olive-tree,  
With Thee, O Holy Ghost, with Thee.

O Spirit, to my waiting heart  
Supply this oil, Thyself impart;  
From root and fatness of the tree,  
Rooted and grounded, Lord, in Thee,  
The means of grace, with grace bedew,  
And all my inmost soul renew;  
Life from the dead Thy grace is found,  
Replenishing the parched ground;  
Communing with the olive-tree,  
All my fresh springs are, Lord, in Thee;  
In Pentecostal blessing given,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3869. PETER, Christ's Look at.

Luke xxii : 61.

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,  
No gesture of reproach! the heavens serene,  
Though heavy with armed justice, did not  
lean  
Their thunders that way! The forsaken  
Lord  
Looked only on the traitor. None record  
What that look was; none guess; for those  
who have seen  
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang  
keen,  
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,  
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment call!  
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy,  
" I never knew this Man," did quail and fall  
As knowing straight that God, and turned  
free,  
And went out speechless from the face of all,  
And filled the silence weeping bitterly.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say,  
Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,  
Which I at last must break my heart upon,  
For all God's charge to His high angels may  
Guard My foot better? Did I, yesterday,  
Wash thy feet, My beloved, that they should  
run

Quick to deny Me 'neath the morning sun?  
And do thy kisses like the rest betray?  
The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest  
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!  
For when thy deadly need is bitterest,  
Thou shalt not be denied; I am here.  
My voice to God and angels shall attest—  
Because I know this man, let him be clear.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### 3870. PETER, Christ's Question to.

John xvi : 17.

A group had gathered on the shore that  
The restless waters of Tiberias. [bounds

The weary fishermen, who, all night long,  
Had cast their nets in vain, now saw amazed  
The wondrous product of their later toil,  
And half in terror cried, "It is the Lord!"  
And He, mysterious Man, whom late they  
Expire in agony upon the cross, [saw  
Stood calmly in their midst and hushed their  
fear.

Impetuous Peter, bolder than the rest,  
Had met his Master first, and sought to prove  
His zealous confidence and greater love.  
Him loving, yet reproving for his warmth,  
The Lord addressed: "Thou son of Jonas,  
And answer truly if thou lovest Me." [hear,  
Thrice fell this question on his anxious ear,  
While wonder first, and then dismay and  
grief,  
Oppressed him as his answer thus he made:  
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee  
well."

"Then feed My lambs," the holy Shepherd  
said:

"If Me thou lovest more than all beside,  
Then feed My lambs! If thou wilt prove  
thy zeal,

And thus insure thy Master's welcome praise,  
Go feed My lambs! I ask no arduous toil,  
No deed of high emprise thy powers shall  
task:

I only bid thee feed My lambs!" He said,  
And soon for heav'n departed, there to watch  
His under-shepherds while they guard His  
flock.

O ye whose holy privilege it is [lambs!  
To serve Him thus, see that ye feed His  
So shall ye gain the evidence ye seek,  
That your commission bears His sacred seal,  
So shall ye prove your love, and so acquire  
The rich reward on which your hopes are  
fixed. *Julian Cramer.*

**3871. PETER, Deliverance of.**  
Acts xii : 5.

He slept between two soldiers, bound with  
chains,

Waiting the hour when wily Herod's hand  
Should point his martyr-doom. Yet still he  
slept,

Peaceful as the young babe. And lo! a light  
Gleamed o'er the dungeon-darkness, and a  
voice

Not of this earth poured forth the high com-  
mand, [mand,

Then the investing chains  
Melted from off his limbs, and he arose  
And robed himself, and girt his sandals on,  
And followed where the wondering messenger

Guided, with shining track. The iron gate,  
That guarded portal of the city's wall,  
As if it knew heaven's high ambassador,  
Turned on its massy hinge. So on they  
passed,  
Free and unquestioned, till the seraph's wing

Outspread in parting flight. With snowy  
trace

Awhile it hovered, then, like radiant star  
From its bright orbit loosed, went soaring up,  
High o'er the arch of night.

Then Peter knew  
The angel of the Lord, for he had deemed  
Some blessed vision held his tranced sight  
In strange illusion.

With the voice of praise  
His joyous steps a well-known threshold  
sought,  
The home of Mary. Midnight reigned  
around,

And heavy sleep hung o'er Jerusalem.  
Yet here they slumbered not. A sigh arose  
Of ardent supplication for the friend  
In durance and in chains. But can ye paint  
The astonished gaze with which those tear-  
ful eyes

Did fasten on his features as he stood  
Sudden amid the group?

High Heaven had heard  
The prayer of faith. And heard it not the  
breath

Of gratitude from every trembling lip,  
Ascribing glory to the Lord of hosts,  
Whose holy angel had His servant freed  
From the high-handed malice of the Jews  
And from the wrath of Herod?

Ye who held  
The key of prayer, that key which entereth  
heaven,

How long will ye be doubtful? and how long  
Seek from brief earth the help she cannot  
give,

Choosing her broken cisterns? Say! how  
long? *Lydia H. Sigourney.*

**3872. PETER, Denial by.**

Mark xiv : 66-72.

We look with scorn on Peter's thrice-told lie!  
Boldly we say, "Good brother, you nor I,  
So near the sacred Lord, the Christ indeed,  
Had dared His name and marvellous grace  
deny."

O futile boast! O haughty lips, be dumb!  
Unheralded by boisterous trump or drum,  
How oft 'mid silent eves, and midnight  
chimes,

Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath come,

Knocked at our hearts, striven to enter there;  
But we, poor slaves of mortal sin and care,  
Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by spiritual  
sleep,

Heard not the voice divine, the tender  
prayer!

Ah! well for us if some late spring-tide hour  
Faith still may bring, with blended shine  
and shower;

If through warm tears a late remorse may  
shed,

Our wakened souls put forth one heavenly  
flower! *Paul H. Hayne.*

**3873. PETER, Denial by.**

Matthew xxvi: 69-75.

Night on the chamber lay,  
Dull was the lamp's red ray,  
Fitful its stealthy play

On the carved ceiling;  
And without speech or sound,  
Dim curious shadows round  
Men in amazement bound,  
Came slowly stealing.

Back from the staircase head  
Echoed a quivering tread,  
As the scared traitor sped  
Swift toward the valley.  
Then while a tide of woe  
Surged through the breast below,  
One voice in melting flow  
Rose musically:

"Comes My full glory now,  
And round My Father's brow,  
As to His will I bow,  
That glory shineth;  
No longer here I stay,  
To seek Me ye will stray,  
But will not find a way  
Ere life declineth.

"Leave I a new command:  
In one unbroken band  
Firmly together stand,  
Brother by brother;  
Would ye all men should know  
From the same root ye grow,  
From the same fountain flow,  
Love one another."

Peter, with anxious brow,  
"Whither, Lord, goest Thou?"  
"Thou canst not follow now,"  
Said the loved Master,  
"But thou shalt come to Me;"  
Peter, in answer free,  
"Nay, but I'd go with Thee,  
Spite of disaster;

"Go with Thee, e'en to die,  
With Thee in prison lie,  
And though all these should fly  
Yet will I never!"  
Clearly the warm words rang  
As to the lip they sprang,  
Born of that bitter pang  
With which hearts sever.

Dumbly the shadows swayed,  
And the dim lamp-light played,  
In ghostlier twist and braid,  
From floor to ceiling;  
Each clumsy mottled fold  
Of hangings quaint and old,  
Now gray with dust and mould,  
Wildly revealing.

Earnest was Peter's vow,  
But on his Master's brow  
Solemnly gathered now  
Pity and sorrow;

In its strong favor true  
That throbbing heart He knew,  
But a quick glance He threw  
On the stern morrow.

Mournfully answered He,  
"Say'st thou wilt die for Me?  
Ere yet the night shall flee,  
Morn's light be shown to thee,  
Ere to the waking sky  
Shrills forth the watch-cock's cry,  
Thrice will those lips deny  
That thou hast known Me."

"Never!" Quick burst the word,  
Slowly the hangings stirred;  
Young muffled Echo heard,  
And half sighed "Ever;"  
Broke was the shadow's rest,  
Heaved every listener's breast:  
All round the Master pressed,  
High rang the "Never."

Midnight lamps streamed with light,  
Fagots with blaze were bright;  
Hushed Heaven marked the sight  
In that proud palace;  
Traitor, thy work was done!  
There stood the holy One,  
God's own eternal Son,  
Sport for base malice.

Gathered the false lip there;  
By the bold villain's glare  
And the proud bigot's stare  
Was the hall bordered;  
While the priests circied round  
Him with the mitre crowned,  
And sacred ephod bound,  
Jewelled and broidered.

In his black enmity  
Strutted the Pharisee,  
Pompous phylactery  
On wrist and forehead;  
Sadducees gathered near  
Wearing the sceptic sneer;  
Scribes banded jest and jeer  
Round heaven's Adored.

Back from the flaming wood,  
In shaded corner, stood  
Young John, the mild and good,  
For boudoir meeter;  
And by the ruddy blaze,  
With frantic mien and gaze,  
Lost in a dread amaze,  
Trembling, sat Peter.

"Judea's King art Thou?"  
Caiaphas questioned now:  
"Christ, to whom angels bow,  
In glory seated?"  
"I am." From wall to wall,  
Throughout that palace-hall,  
Echo, to echo's call,  
"I am" repeated.

“Me ye'll hereafter see  
Throned with the Deity,  
Glory encircling Me,  
God's power and glory;  
See Me in clouds descend,  
Time's measured reign to end,  
While round Me angels bend  
And go before Me.”

Wild rang the clattering staff,  
High rose the scornful laugh,  
As when the demons quaff  
Soul's blood in wassail;  
And with a leering head,  
Or scowl of hate instead,  
Swaying in mockery dread,  
Did the crowd jostle.

Priests the rich tunic rent,  
Bigots in horror bent,  
All one deep cry upsent—

“Hear His blaspheming!  
Guilty! to death with Him!”  
Waxed Peter's vision dim,  
Sights ghastly, bloody, grim,  
Around him swimming.

“Thou too hast been seen  
With this vile Nazarene;”  
“Thou art a Galilean,”  
Came the dread sally;  
“Sure of His band art thou:  
I marked thee even now  
Where bends the olive bough  
In yonder valley.”

Thrice the accusing knell,  
Thrice the denial fell,  
Then, with the crowd's mad yell,  
Came oaths and scorning;  
E'en as the sounds did flow,  
One silver gleam, and lo!  
Shrilled high the clarion crow,  
Ushering morning.

As rose the warning sound  
Slowly the Lord turned round,  
His mild eye from the ground  
Raising to Peter;  
Cowering, the bold man crept  
Where darkest shadows slept,  
Covered his face, and wept  
Tears large and bitter.

*Mrs. Emily Judson.*

**3874. PETER, Denial of.**  
Luke xxii. 55-62.

Into the high-priest's palace Peter comes,  
Not boldly, as his wont, but stealthily,  
As he doth fear at every step some foe.  
He stands and warms himself, as if to hide  
The perturbations of his soul, now sunk  
In fear and dread of what may Christ befall.  
A pert and curious maid has spied him out,  
And, gazing in his tell-tale face, exclaims,  
“And thou wast also with the Nazarene?”  
This he denies, and fain would have her  
think

He knows not even what she talks about!  
But his unrestful soul can brook no more  
Her curious, doubting gaze, and forth he  
goes

Into the outer court, to hide his shame.  
Soon comes another maid, and points him  
out

To those that nearest stand. Again denies  
False Peter, stronger than before. And now,  
When sev'ral say he is betrayed by speech  
That smacks of Galilean land, he still  
With strongest oaths declares he knows  
Christ not.

And while the words yet blister on his lips  
There pierces through his soul the cock's  
shrill crow.

And lo! the Master's face in pitying guise  
And sad remonstrance passes him before.  
All base denial melts beneath that look,  
And out he rushes where his tears may flow  
And find their freest vent; where he may  
And bitterly repent the blasphemy [pauses  
And sin of thrice denying his dear Lord.  
Peter, methinks, never forgot that day,  
And often in his after glorious life,  
When over-confident, he'd sudden stop,  
And hear again the cock's shrill voice re-  
sound,

And see the wondrous pitying gaze of Christ.  
*Alexander Macaulay.*

**3875. PETER, Go Tell.**

Mark xvi : 7.

But wherefore Peter? He whose pride  
Dreamed on the monarch sea to tread,  
Whose traitor-tongue with oaths denied  
His Master in the hour of dread,  
Wherefore to him in accents sweet  
Such words of heavenly solace bear,  
And not to those whose firmer feet  
Indignant foiled the tempter's snare?

Hark! from a risen Saviour's tomb  
The guardian seraph makes reply,  
And sweet amid sepulchral gloom  
Flows forth the language of the sky,  
To teach us how the flame of love,  
With silent ministry sublime,  
May in repentant bosoms move,  
And neutralize a mass of crime.

So, when some erring brother mourns  
His recreant course with grief severe,  
Haste, and with tender accent breathe  
The “Go, tell Peter,” in his ear,  
For angels soothe the pangs of woe  
That swell when contrite tears are shed,  
And, pure as light, the pearl may glow  
That darkest slept in ocean's bed.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

**3876. PETER, Legend of St.**

Matthew xxvi : 31-35.

All of you shall soon forsake Me; one  
already hath betrayed.  
So the Lord addressed His loved ones; only  
one an answer made.

Simon Peter, self-reliant, yet the strongest  
in the faith,  
Answered—Master, I go with Thee, both to  
prison and to death.

Soon, too soon, he rued that answer! Now,  
by God's great mercy blest,  
Clings he closer to the Saviour thrice denied,  
yet thrice confessed.

And for Him who knoweth all things, knows  
he loves him, will he keep  
Until death that last injunction, Christ's  
command to feed His sheep.

Toils he on with patient labor through the  
work and wail of years,  
But though still in Christ rejoicing, sheds he  
still repentant tears.

Still when'er the bird of morning, ere the  
day break, sound his call,  
Up St. Peter at the summons rises, kneels  
to weep his fall.

So, though holiest aspirations on life's work  
our hearts may fix,  
Still the tears of deep contrition with the  
noblest aims must mix

Now at length, his mission ended, in a  
prison he must lie,  
Where the foes he braved have thrown him,  
captive and condemned to die.

But the brave and faithful servant, eager yet  
to work for all,  
Cannot rest in patient waiting 'neath that  
dreary dungeon-wall.

Stealthily he leaves his prison in the silence  
of the night,  
Though no angel now attends him sent from  
heaven to aid his flight:

Yet the massive gates of iron yield unto his  
trembling hands:  
What is this? Can sight deceive him? Christ,  
his Lord, before him stands. •

Joy and wonder overwhelming, heart and  
head before Him bow,  
Scarce his lips can form the question—  
Master, whither goest thou?

Falls the hope that erst had thrilled him,  
Christ with him might there abide:  
Peter, I to Rome am wending; there I must  
be crucified!

Then, as once when at Emmaus, in the  
breaking of the bread,  
He before His two disciples spake the word  
and vanished,

So e'en now He spake to Simon, spake and  
vanished at the word,  
Leaving him transfixed in wonder at the  
tidings he had heard.

Ponders he—Though He redeemed us by  
His death of shame and pain,  
Though subdued is death's dominion, must  
He suffer all again?

No! 'Twas once for all He suffered, by His  
death to make us free;  
But His followers still may bear Him: He  
must die again in me.

I who late have left my prison, feared to  
suffer for His name,  
Have I thus again denied Him? Coward  
spirit! blush for shame.

Have I then in deed belied Him, spurned the  
holy truth's defence?  
Oh, the act of sinful weakness! Satan!  
Tempter! get thee hence!

Now, O Lord, would I confess Thee with no  
self-confiding breath;  
Lord, I love Thee: take me with Thee both  
to prison and to death.

Humbled, yet in hope exultant; stricken,  
yet of fear bereft,  
Turns he back a willing captive to the dun-  
geon he had left.

With the iron chain they bind him, bear  
him prisoner into Rome:  
Ah! they little reck they lead him unto his  
eternal home.

One more victim stands beside him, fellow-  
witness to the faith,  
Who, for love of his dear Saviour, will  
endure the pains of death.

Saints of God he persecuted till he heard  
his master's call,  
Then with holy zeal he labored more abun-  
dantly than all.

Now before the cross St. Peter stands con-  
fessing bold and free,  
Speaks the thought that seethes within him:  
Is this privilege for me?

No, myself I will not liken to the Lord  
whom once I spurned;  
Of His death I am not worthy; downward  
let my head be turned.

Thus he suffers; yet who knoweth what  
divine support is nigh?  
Who shall say what golden visions float be-  
fore that closing eye?

Who shall guess what inward rapture stays  
that short and gasping breath,  
While the pallid brow is moistened with the  
chilly dews of death?

Who shall doubt, the warfare over, on his  
Master's breast he lies;  
Face to face doth there confess Him mid  
the joys of paradise.

*Mary Moultrie.*

**3877. PETER**, Sifting of.

Luke xvii : 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted;  
And now, though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat, to sift us, and we all  
Are tempted;  
Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,  
Can enter;  
No heart hath armor so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow  
Who hear the warning voice, but go  
Unheeding;  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows, crucified  
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace  
Of weakness;  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;  
The reddening scars remain, and make  
Confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger,  
And, conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
No longer.

*II. W. Longfellow.***3878. PETER**, Tears of.

Mark xiv : 72.

O strong in purpose, frail in power,  
Where now the pledge so lately given?  
Coward to creatures of an hour;  
Bold to the challenged bolts of heaven!

Shall that fierce eye e'er pour the stream  
Of heart-wrung tears before its God?  
Thus did the rock in Horeb seem  
One moment ere it felt the rod.

But Jesus turns; mysterious drops  
Before that kindly glance flow fast;  
So melt the snows from mountain-tops  
When the dark wintry hour is past.

What might it be that glance could paint?  
Did one deep touching impress blend  
The more than sage, the more than saint,  
The more than sympathizing friend?

Was it that lightning thought retraced  
Some hallowed hour beneath the moon,  
Or walk, or converse high that graced  
The temple's columned shade at noon?

Say did that face to memory's eye  
With gleams of Tabor's glory shine?  
Or did the dews of agony  
Still rest upon that brow divine?

I know not; but I know a will  
That, Lord! might frail as Peter's be!  
A heart that had denied Thee still,  
Even now, without a look from Thee!  
*Samuel Miller Waring.*

**3879. PETER**, The Apostle.

Thou thrice-denied, yet thrice-beloved,  
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend;  
In sharpest perils faithful proved,  
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard; else why so deep  
His slumber on the eve of death?  
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep  
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again:  
Can his soul choose but be at rest?  
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain  
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;  
For his winged thoughts are soaring high  
Where never yet frail heart was known  
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears  
Have sealed Thy welcome and his love;  
One look lives in him, and endears  
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove.

That gracious chiding look, Thy call  
To win him to himself and Thee,  
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,  
Which else were rued too bitterly.

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,  
The memory of that kindly glance;  
The angel watching by divines  
And spares a while his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake  
His vision wafts him back, to talk  
With Jesus ere His flight He take,  
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of His friend,  
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,  
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,  
Both bought and nourished with His blood;



Then laid on him the inverted tree,  
Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,  
Might cast o'er hope and memory,  
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,  
His passport through the eternal gate,  
To his sweet home—so nearly won;  
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear  
Of angel song and angel motion,  
Rising and falling on the ear  
Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed: the tyrant's voice  
Calls to that last of glorious deeds:  
But as he rises to rejoice,  
Not Herod, but an angel, leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,  
Glancing around his prison-room;  
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light  
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame that in a few short years  
Deep through the chambers of the dead  
Shall pierce and dry the fount of tears,  
Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched he upstarts: his chains unbind;  
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,  
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind  
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,  
Though for awhile his hand forego,  
Just as it touched, th'is martyr's palm,  
He turns him to his task below:

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,  
To wield awhile in gray-haired might,  
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,  
And follow Jesus out of sight.

*John Keble.*

### 3880. PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matthew xiv : 28-31.

Swift-rolling clouds the face of heaven per-  
vade,  
And cast o'er night's dark brow a deeper  
shade;  
Whilst still in sullen calm the whirlwinds  
sleep,  
Presaging murmurs moan along the deep;  
Hushed is the sea-bird's cry, the billow's roar,  
And gloomy silence broods along the shore.

Now bursts the storm, the clouds are rent in  
twain,

And rise at once the terrors of the main:  
The forked lightnings flash with lurid fire,  
To quench the flaming bolts the waves aspire,  
The rattling thunder rolls along the sky,  
And bursting breakers to the roar reply;

Whilst the fierce whirlwind flies with direful  
sweep,  
And rouses all the monsters of the deep;  
And the swift-pattering hail and drenching  
shower

On yon half-sinking bark their fury pour,  
Where seem alike the fervent prayer  
Of holiest saints or ravings of despair.

But who is He; that mild yet awful Form  
That rises midst the horrors of the storm?  
O'er the still-heaving wave He calmly treads,  
Whilst back the billows roll their shrinking  
heads.

Around His brow celestial splendors play,  
And the white sparkling foam reflects the ray.  
Unmoved by wind, His flowing locks repose,  
Unbathed His foot, unwet His garment flows;  
Onward He moves majestic o'er the wave,  
The messenger of boundless love, to save.

Oh, mighty lesson! see obedience tried!  
At His command now Peter climbs the side  
And leaves the bark; such is the force of love,  
Which yields e'en life its fervent zeal to prove!  
But when around he sees the waves aspire,  
Weak nature's fear attempts to quench the  
fire:

"Save me!" Now steadfast Faith becomes  
his guide,

And bears him o'er the terrors of the tide,  
And gives in safety to his Saviour's breast  
The man with faith and pure obedience blest!

*Mrs. Henry Rolls.*

### 3881. PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW HEALED.

Matthew viii : 14-17.

Capernaum, Sabbath, afternoon;  
The synagogue seems closed too soon,  
So swiftly sped th' unconscious hour,  
Winged by such words of love and power.

To Simon's and to Andrew's home  
Jesus, with James and John, is come,  
And all with joyful haste prepare  
To make the Saviour welcome there.

Not all: the fond and anxious wife  
Bends o'er the form that gave her life,  
Her mother, in whose wasting frame  
A mighty fever burns like flame.

Sad is her welcome, but her heart  
Leaps instant with prophetic start,  
And straight, with prayers that fill her eyes,  
She tells him how her mother dies.

As Jesus takes that burning hand,  
Lo, fever owns His kind command!  
The brow grows cool, the pulse beats calm,  
Health pours through every vein like balm.

She rises, languor gone and pain,  
Joy crowns that grateful home again,  
And on sweet ministries of love  
Her willing feet accustomed move.

And lo, as Sabbath's sun goes down,  
At Peter's door the thronging town  
Trembles while dire diseases fly,  
And demons own the Lord Most High.

O Jesus, when we give up all  
Like Peter, at Thy sovereign call,  
When all our souls on Thee depend,  
Faith finds physician, food, and friend.

And all the woes that mortals mourn,  
Of all their bitterest sharpness shorn,  
Subdued by skill no schools afford,  
Are soothed at Jesus' gentlest word.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

### 3882. PHARAOH, Overthrow of.

Exodus xv : 26.

Ye daughters and soldiers of Israel, look  
back!

Where, where are the thousands who shadowed  
your track,  
The chariots that shook the deep earth as  
they rolled,  
The banners of silk and the helmets of gold?

Where are they, the vultures whose beaks  
would have fed

On the tide of your hearts ere the pulses had  
fed?

Give glory to God, who in mercy arose,  
And strewed mid the waters the strength of  
our foes!

But this morn, and the Israelites' strength  
was a reed,

That shook with the thunder of chariot and  
steed :

Where now are the swords and their far-  
flashing sweep?

Their lightnings are quenched in the depths  
of the deep.

### 3883. PHARAOH, The Pursuit of.

Exodus xiv : 5-31.

There's darkness on the Erythræan deep,  
Where the green waves rush with foaming  
sweep,

And heavily roll o'er Migdol's shore,  
Whose cliffs prolong the lengthened roar.

Hark! the shrill trumpet's warlike wail  
Comes from the hills; the glare of mail  
Breaks through the gloom; the red torch's  
flash,

The chariot's din, the cymbal's clash,  
The horseman's clang, the gleaming spear,  
Proclaim the van of battle near!

Where now is thy mysterious power,  
Leader of Israel? 'Tis the hour  
Of flight, pursuit, revenge, and fear:  
The dreadful host of Egypt's near!

There's no escape! The sea's dark swell  
Before thee roars; behind, the yell

And shout of Mizraim's bannered-line,  
With targe, and lance, and brigandine,  
And regal car, and sworded king,  
Encircled with a fiery ring  
Of warriors panting for the fight,  
With brands unsheathed that shed a light,  
A death-gleam, o'er the splendid throng,  
As vauntingly they pass along;  
While their deep march is heard from far,  
And clashing shields that threaten war!

The Hebrew leader stretched his rod;  
The sea obeyed his godlike nod,  
And flung its mountain billows back,  
Leaving a deep and oozy track,  
A pathway through the foam-curved tide,  
That high arose on either side,  
Amid the gloom of that strange night,  
Like walls of brass and towers of might!  
On rushed through that dim ocean vale,  
With trembling fear and wonder pale,  
The Hebrew bands in long array,  
When burst upon their darksome way  
A flood of rainbow-colored light,  
Streaming o'er plume and helmet bright,  
Banner and pennon, shield and glave,  
O'er chief and serf, and glittering wave;  
For now the cloud that led them towers,  
Their hindmost guard from hostile powers,  
A pyramid of dazzling glory,  
The nightiest spell in eastern story.  
Mid the upgushing swell of light  
That onward through the starless night  
Its diamond-blazing radiance shed,  
Round each fear-hurried pilgrim's head  
Were winged splendors, shapes of heaven,  
Clad in the sky-wrought pomps of even,  
While thick their flashing glories shone  
More brilliant than the morning sun!  
But on the heathen charioteer,  
The prancing steed, the halberdier,  
Their pride of war, grim darkness fell;  
The wailing horn, the threatening yell,  
Died into silence; and then came  
From the black pillar a fitful flame,  
A lurid gleam, then deep and loud  
The thunder-peal broke from that cloud;  
While fiery shapes of dreadful mien  
Were seen its gloomy skirts between.

The Hebrew tribes have gained the strand,  
Their leader stretches forth his hand;  
Down fell with sudden rush and roar  
The mountain billows piled on high!  
One wild fierce death-shriek rung along the  
shore,

And all was still! Nor voice nor cry  
Came from that dark and desolate wave,  
The heathen warrior's unblest grave!

*J. F. Pennie.*

### 3884. PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

Luke xviii : 9-14.

Behold, two men go forth to-day,  
Up to the temple shrine to pray.

Is it to pray, or say their prayer,  
These twain are found resorting there?

One, robed in broad phylactery,  
Nor bends the heart nor yet the knee,  
No sense of sin, no weary load;  
Boasting, he saith, "I thank Thee, God!  
I am no wretched slave of lust,  
Nor yet extortionate, unjust;  
I fast, and earn a talked-of fame;  
I tithe, and gain a good man's name."  
Thus, robed in broad phylactery,  
Spake the proud, boastful Pharisee.

Abashed, ashamed, the other man  
His prayer in penitence began.  
He stood far off, and, sore afraid,  
He smote upon his breast, and prayed.  
He dared not lift to heaven his eye,  
But from his bosom heaved a sigh.  
"O miserere!" was his plea,  
"Have mercy, mercy, Lord, on me!"  
Thus did he pray, that other man:  
This was the lowly Publican.

These twain a goodly lesson teach,  
As learnt from acts and words of each:  
The one, by prayer a blessing brought;  
The other, condemnation wrought.  
One in his pride of spirit stood,  
And dared to boast before his God.  
One "de profundis" humbly cried,  
He was the "rather justified"!

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3885. PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

With brow upraised, as one who sees his  
peers,  
From some tall summit, dwarf to lesser size,  
Free from all vulgar awe or feeble tears,  
Courting all eyes,

To gaze upon his eyes, alight with pride,  
Behold the Pharisee! a statelier sort  
Of man, not made of clay, fit to abide  
In temple court,

As his own heart assured him. Bound to  
thanks

For duty done and life enjoyed, to God;  
But not to wail o'er sin, like meaner ranks  
Of common clod.

Proud as he passed, his eye's dilating globe  
Fell on a poor wretch crouching in the aisle,  
And, gathering up the fringes of his robe  
From chance defile

He to the altar strode with lordly scorn,  
And spoke his thanks to self and God again  
For the rare privilege of not being born  
"As other men."

Blind to the beauty of all high desire,  
Content with husks, not fruit, he clung to  
form,

As one who blows white ashes of the fire,  
Saying, "I'm warm."

With eyes that sought the ground, and inly  
burned

With that dry sorrow which is keenest pain;  
Longing for tears, if but "the clouds re-  
After the rain;" [turned

Crushed by the one large, deadly sense of sin,  
Fearing to look toward the holy place,  
Lest he should find nor cleft to shelter in,  
Nor smile of grace—

Came the poor sinner to the place of prayer;  
Not with the voice of some exulting psalm,  
But with dim, tremulous hope, which scarcely  
Expect its balm. [dare

The homeless, flying from the furious blast,  
Heeds not the passer-by, although a king;  
So filled with grief, the scorn upon him cast  
Had lost its sting.

No pomp of words the lab'ring silence broke;  
Mutely the eye besought, the lips implored;  
Then, passionate, the heart leaped forth and  
"Have mercy, Lord!" [spoke:

And could no more; for then a storm arose,  
Sweeping through all the chambers of the  
mind,

As when through northern forests shrieks  
and blows

The wintry wind.

And He, the Highest, sat in heaven and  
heard

The voice of both. For upward to His throne  
There rise alike the ostentatious word  
And undertone,

Spoken in murmurs. Whether vaunted loud,  
Or held, like some shy secret in the mind,  
He answers each, the contrite and the proud,  
After their kind.

To some, like Caiaphas and Herod, naught;  
To some, the smoke and whirlwind, as to  
Cain;

To some, the whisper, which, imbreathed to  
thought,  
Can soothe its pain.

"Who ask not have not." Why should men  
repine  
That He is jealous, and will reign alone?  
Nor suffer us to rear an idol-shrine  
Beside His own.

Who bows to self, of God hath small regard.  
His pride he worships, let his pride befriend;  
And "seen of men," of men he reaps reward  
Until the end.

But when the sinners pour their anguished  
prayer,  
All heaven is hushed while God Himself im-  
parts,  
And "gathers up the fragments" to repair  
Their broken hearts.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**3886. PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.**

Acts viii : 26-40; Isaiah liii : 6-8.

'Twas silent all and dead  
Beside the barren sea,  
Where Philip's steps were led—  
Led by a voice from Thee;  
He rose and went, nor asked Thee why,  
Nor stayed to heave one faithless sigh;

Upon His lonely way  
The high-born traveller came,  
Reading a mournful lay  
Of "One who bore our shame,  
Silent Himself, His name untold,  
And yet His glories were of old."

To muse what Heaven might mean  
His wandering brow he raised,  
And met an eye serene  
That on him watchful gazed;  
No hermit e'er so welcome crossed  
A child's lone path in woodland lost.

Now wonder turns to love;  
The scrolls of sacred lore  
No darksome mazes prove;  
The desert tires no more;  
They bathe where holy waters flow,  
Then on their way rejoicing go.

They part to meet in heaven;  
But of the joy they share,  
Absolving and forgiving,  
The sweet remembrance bear.  
Yes, mark him well, ye cold and proud,  
Bewildered in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale  
At rumor's angry din,  
No storm can now assail  
The charm he wears within,  
Rejoicing still, and doing good,  
And with the thought of God imbued.

*John Keble.*

**3887. PI-HAHIROTH.**

I.

Ho! bring ye forth the chariot, make bright  
the sword and bow,  
In evil hour of mourning we let the captives  
go;  
The craven dogs of Goshen, with their slave-  
leader bold,  
Have flown like birds, with flocks and herds,  
with jewels and with gold.

"Who is this God so mighty, the recreant  
vaunted so?  
It was the dread Osiris that laid our first-  
born low;

And by the help of Ammon this hand shall  
fetch them home,  
Or whelm them with their prophet beneath  
the whirling foam."

Six hundred chosen chariots, with captains  
every one,  
Led forth the van of battle at rising of the  
sun;  
And lo! in standing order, from each Egyp-  
tian nome,  
From Æthiop land and Libyan sand the  
gathered cohorts come.

From Abyssinian mountains where, hid in  
mist and snow,  
Lie that great river's fountains no mortal  
man may know;  
From the tall tower of Syèné and that green  
fairy isle,  
From No's broad streets and Zoan's field, and  
the marshy mouths of Nile.

Through the high gates of Memphis poured  
that long cavalcade,  
While pipe and drum and timbrel gay battle-  
music made;  
Rich trappings, lofty standards, flung back  
the morning ray—  
They little thought such evening should  
close so bright a day.

Ah! gaze ye well at parting on pyramids  
and towers!  
Give one last smile to the lordly Nile, tall  
palms and lotus-flowers;  
And bid farewell—a long farewell—to Miz-  
raim's dark-eyed daughters,  
Ye shall lie to-night where the coral-shell  
reddens the eastern waters.

II.

"Were there no graves in Egypt?" (I heard  
a people cry;)  
"Ye have brought us out like cattle on desert  
sands to die.  
Lo! rocks each side stand frowning, in  
front the pathless main,  
And behind the ranks of Pharaoh come roll-  
ing on like rain."

"Fear not, ye trembling children! your God  
shall fight for you;  
Who brought you forth from bondage shall  
surely bring you through,  
Through foe, and flood, and desert, to that  
far pleasant soil,  
The land of milk and honey, of corn, and  
wine, and oil.

"To-day is come salvation—your strength  
is to be still;  
With signs and mighty wonders the Lord  
shall work His will;  
The waves themselves shall wall you, this  
rod their crests shall sever,  
And that great array ye dread to-day ye shall  
see no more forever."

All night in that strange journey with fear  
 and haste they fled,  
 While after them with wonder the foe in  
 fury sped;  
 Through coral caves, o'er yawning graves,  
 where lights unearthly showed,  
 Marched that six hundred thousand, and  
 that six hundred rode.

For those red waves were parted—so strong  
 the east wind blew,  
 And left and right a watery height flashed  
 in the lurid hue,  
 The glow of that strange pillar that moved  
 the hosts between,  
 A light to guide on Israel's side—a cloud by  
 Egypt seen.  
 And the Lord looked from that pillar just  
 ere the east was gray,  
 A look of fire, of vengeful ire on Pharaoh's  
 proud array;  
 And Egypt's host was troubled, and heavily  
 they drave,  
 For, loosed I ween by hands unseen, their  
 wheels to the salt mud clave.

III.

Bright rose the sunny morning, the long  
 dread night is o'er,  
 And that six hundred thousand are landed  
 safe ashore:  
 They turned them back, all fearful that fol-  
 lowing host to see,  
 But far and wide they only spied the red  
 waves rolling free.

And lances all in splinters, and banner-bear-  
 ing staves,  
 And quivers loose and bows unstrung that  
 danced upon the waves,  
 And dying steeds that struggled in vain to  
 reach the coast,  
 Were all they saw, in 'wildered awe, of that  
 o'erwhelmèd host.

For with the morning breezes the sea in  
 strength returned,  
 And all in vain for Nile's green plain those  
 drowning horsemen yearned,  
 Temple and tower colossal—the broad pa-  
 ternal stream,  
 And maids' dark eyes, and cloudless skies,  
 Flashed o'er them like a dream.

Down in the mazy chambers of those tall  
 tapering tombs,  
 Each mighty Pharaoh lieth in grand sepul-  
 chral glooms;  
 With spices and fine linen embalmed and  
 swathèd well,  
 While sculptured scrolls and picture-rolls  
 their deeds of glory tell:

But the order fair is broken of that old an-  
 cestral line,  
 For one lies deep in a lonely sleep in halls  
 of crystal brine;

His shroud of slime and seaweed, his grave  
 the wide Red river,  
 And the silent laugh of a cenotaph shall  
 speak his shame forever.

Then loud from Israel's children the song of  
 praise arose  
 Unto the God who gave them to triumph  
 o'er their foes;  
 Who ploughed a path through waters His  
 chosen ones to free,  
 And 'whelmed the horse and rider beneath  
 the roaring sea.

*Charles Lawrence Ford.*

3888. PILATE.

Matthew xxvii : 24.

Immortal infamy is his  
 Who gave the Saviour up  
 To bear the Jewish scourge and scorn  
 And drink the Roman cup.  
 He washed his hands in sight of men,  
 And slander thought to kill;  
 Yet he was damned, and to this hour  
 His hands are spotted still.

There's something of audacious crime  
 In guilty Judas found,  
 Though viler than the vilest thing  
 That crawls upon the ground;  
 But he who had not fortitude,  
 In trial's honest hour,  
 To own the holy influence  
 Of conscience' secret power,

And whose unfeeling, coward heart,  
 Intent on selfish ease,  
 Did seek, with sophistry and art,  
 Both God and man to please—  
 By God abhorred, by man despised,  
 And shunned by fiends below—  
 Where shall the wretch, to hide himself,  
 And hide his meanness, go?

*William B. Tappan.*

3889. PILATE'S WIFE, *Dream of.*

Matthew xxvii : 19.

Why came in dreams the low-born man  
 Between thee and thy rest?  
 For vain thy whispered message ran,  
 Though justice was thy quest.

Did some young ignorant angel dare—  
 Not knowing what must be,  
 Or blind with agony of care—  
 To fly for help to thee?

It may be. Rather I believe  
 Thou, nobler than thy spouse,  
 The rumored grandeur didst receive,  
 And sit with pondering brows,

Until thy maidens' gathered tale  
 With possible marvel teems:  
 Thou sleepest, and the Prisoner pale  
 Returneth in thy dreams.

Well mightst thou suffer things not few  
 For His sake all the night!  
 In pale eclipse He suffers who  
 Is of the world the light.

Precious it were to know thy dream  
 Of such a one as He!  
 Perhaps of Him we, waking, deem  
 As poor a verity.

*George Macdonald.*

**3890. PILATE'S WIFE, Dream of.**

Matthew xxvii : 19.

Oh, touch not thou that holy head!  
 The wife of Pilate cried;  
 Full is my heart with fear and dread,  
 As though a friend had died,  
 Or was about to die, instead  
 Of some one else beside:  
 Spare then that just One; let Him go;  
 The whispering spirits tell me so.

Mysterious dream: I saw a fire  
 All boundless in its blaze,  
 Raging in red omnivorous ire,  
 And scorching in its rays;  
 It licked the heavens with many a spire,  
 Nor could I bear to gaze:  
 The clouds together seemed to roll  
 And wither, like a parchment scroll.

Hosts upon hosts essayed in vain  
 The ruthless flames to quell;  
 Each mountain, city, tower, and plain  
 Subsided in the hell:  
 Ten thousand sounds of woe and pain  
 Blended into a yell,  
 Such as hath struck no mortal ear  
 But mine in this last night of fear.

The rocks were rent; the welkin rang;  
 When lo! as from a throne,  
 While souls in secret sorrow sang,  
 A Lamb came forth alone.  
 Its look was love: it hushed the clang  
 Of earth's tremendous groan;  
 Then mounting on the awful pyre,  
 Pierced its own heart and quenched the fire.

And as it died its closing eyes  
 With tears most piteous ran;  
 Its face beneath the frowning skies  
 Waxed wonderfully wan;  
 Then changed, and in amazing guise  
 An aspect wore of man:  
 A man divine and more than fair,  
 Too like the mystic Prisoner there.

*M. Bridges.*

**3891. PILLAR, The Guiding.**

Exodus xiii : 21, 22.

The "Exodus" was only the beginning  
 Of countless tender mercies by the way:  
 God went before the people He had chosen,  
 With fire by night, and with a cloud by day.

He took it not away, that cloudy pillar,  
 Although they oft provoked Him so to do:  
 Ungrateful though they were for all His  
 kindness,  
 The pillar led them all their journey through.

It must have looked so cool and so refreshing,  
 That cloudy Pillar, in the heat of day!  
 And then at night, its shadow no more needed,  
 Became a fire to light them on their way.

Just what they needed! Wonderfully fitted  
 To meet the varying wants of every hour!  
 But oh, how little did they prize the token  
 Of His unerring wisdom, love, and power!

God's leadings often crossed their inclina-  
 tions:  
 The Pillar went too fast or went too slow;  
 It stayed too long to suit their restless temper,  
 Or, when they wished to stay, it bade them go!

It kept them so uncertain of the future!  
 It wrote "if God permit," on every plan;  
 It seemed to mock the wisdom of the wisest,  
 And made a child of every full-grown man.

To bear such discipline aright, they needed  
 Far more humility than they possessed;  
 More self-abandonment, and more devotion,  
 A will surrendered, and a heart at rest.

And so they murmured! murmured very  
 often;  
 Their sullen hearts rebelled against the light:  
 And had not God been strong, and very  
 patient,  
 They never would have found their way  
 aright.

Now these things happened to them for en-  
 samples;  
 We find them "written for our learning,"  
 here:  
 O Israel! Israel! How can I condemn thee?  
 Thy condemnation were my own, I fear!

Yet, God of Israel, do not Thou forsake me!  
 O do not answer any wilful prayer!  
 But lead me safely to the land of Promise,  
 To heaven itself, and I will praise Thee there!

*Catharine Hankey.*

**3892. PLAGUE OF EGYPT, The Seventh.**

Exodus xi : 4-7.

'Twas morn: the rising splendor rolled  
 On marble towers and roofs of gold;  
 Hall, court, and gallery below  
 Were crowded with a living flow;  
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,  
 The bearers of the bow and spear,  
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,  
 The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—  
 Helm, turban, and tiara shone,  
 A dazzling ring, round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
Shrank backward from his stately stride:  
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;  
A shepherd's staff was in his hand.  
A shudder of instinctive fear  
Told the dark king what step was near;  
On through the host the stranger came,  
It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,  
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;  
Erect he stood amid the ring,  
His only words, "Be just, O king!"  
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,  
A fire was in his sullen eye;  
Yet on the chief of Israel  
No arrow of his thousands fell:  
All mute and moveless as the grave,  
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch  
spoke;

Haughty and high the words outbroke:  
"Is Israel weary of its lair,  
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?  
Take back the answer to your band:  
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;  
Go, vilest of the living vile,  
To build the never-ending pile,  
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,  
The vulture on their flesh is fed!  
What better asks the howling slave  
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,  
Upplashed to heaven the golden spears.  
"King! thou and thine are doomed! Be-  
hold!"

The prophet spoke: the thunder rolled!  
Along the pathway of the sun  
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.  
"Yet there is time," the prophet said:  
He raised his staff, the storm was stayed.  
"King! be the word of freedom given;  
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"  
There came no word. The thunder broke  
Like a huge city's final smoke,  
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,  
Through court and hall the vapors came.

Loose as the stubble in the field,  
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;  
Scattered like foam along the wave,  
Flew the proud pageant, prince, and slave;  
Or, in the chains of terror bound,  
Lay, corps-like, on the smouldering ground.  
"Speak, king! the wrath is but begun!  
Still dumb? Then, Heaven, Thy will be  
done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,  
Like ocean on the midnight shore;  
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,  
The solid ground beneath them reeled;  
In dust sank roof and battlement;  
Like webs the giant walls were rent;

Red, broad, before his startled gaze,  
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.  
Still swelled the plague: the flame grew pale,  
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;  
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,  
Down poured the ministers of fate;  
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,  
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague: uprose the blast,  
The avenger, fit to be the last;  
On ocean, river, forest, vale,  
Thundered at once the mighty gale.  
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,  
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;  
A thousand ships were on the wave:  
Where are they? Ask that foaming grave!  
Down go the hope, the pride of years;  
Down go the myriad mariners;  
The riches of earth's richest zone,  
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,  
Swell's ocean on the shrinking shore;  
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,  
Engulfs the land the furious tide.  
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,  
Thou serpent, rept of fang and sting:  
Humbled before the prophet's knee,  
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To heaven the sage upraised his wand:  
Back rolled the deluge from the land;  
Back to its caverns sank the gale;  
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;  
Broad burned again the joyous sun—  
The hour of wrath and death was done.

*George Croly.*

**3893. POUNDS, The.**

Luke xix : 11-27.

Departed King! what wouldst Thou have  
me do?

How shall I serve Thee? Whither shall I go?

My child! this pound I cheerfully supply;  
Go thou, and, till My coming, "occupy!"  
Use it, increase it to a goodly store,  
And "grace for grace," I yet will grant thee  
more!

If thou dost hide this gift and use it not,  
Thy day is done, and loss shall be thy lot!  
Who hath, shall have; his neighbor's and  
his own;  
He that hath not what seemeth his is gone!

Then is the end: the Lord of all doth come  
To slay His foes, and take His children home.

*Robert Maguire.*

**3894. PRAYER, Christ's Unanswered.**

Luke xxii : 42.

No moon or planets ruled the hour  
When Jesus, wrapt in deeper shade,  
And pressed by an infernal power,  
At midnight, in the garden, prayed.

He asked, who never asked in vain—  
 And sighs embalmed the heavy air—  
 That hence might pass the cup of pain;  
 Yet His was an unanswered prayer.

I go in vision where He lies,  
 Forsaken in His utmost need;  
 I see His terrors, hear His cries,  
 For whom there's none to intercede.  
 The night dews wet His burning brow,  
 The moaning breezes lift His hair;  
 Why crowd these horrors on Him now?  
 And wherefore this unanswered prayer?

It may not pass—that fearful cup,  
 Though mortal flesh and spirit shrink;  
 Insulted Law has filled it up,  
 The world is lost, and He must drink.  
 No pity for His doom is shown,  
 Who comes, unmeasured wrath to bear;  
 The quick cross lightning guards the throne,  
 And wards off that unanswered prayer.

Oh! had the cup but passed from Him,  
 And Calvary borne a stainless tree,  
 In heaven might range the cherubim,  
 But where, my spirit, wouldst thou be!  
 To break the cruel yoke of sin,  
 To raise from rags creation's heir,  
 The rebel to repentance win,  
 Must this remain unanswered prayer.

Unanswered! that forever more  
 Should contrite cries the boon obtain;  
 That he who knocks at mercy's door  
 In truth, might never knock in vain.  
 Then strengthened be thy bold intent,  
 In all thy need to Him repair,  
 And He will teach thee to present  
 What shall not be unanswered prayer!  
*William B. Tappan.*

**3895. PRAYER,** What is ?  
 Luke ix : 1.

And what is prayer?

'Tis a missive sped by faith;  
 'Tis a thought, a sigh, a breath;  
 'Tis the soul's repentant cry  
 In the ears of God Most High;  
 Messenger sent forth for food;  
 'Tis the speech of man with God;  
 'Tis the letter of our love  
 To our Father's home above;  
 Incense rising to the skies  
 Morning, evening, sacrifice.

Prayer is asking, as for bread;  
 Hunger, seeking to be fed.  
 'Tis the waiting at the door,  
 Waiting long, and asking more.  
 'Tis the widow's oft request,  
 When she gives the judge no rest.  
 'Tis the air by which we live;  
 Exercise on which we thrive;  
 Wrestling of the soul with God;  
 Bending back the chastening rod.

Prayer is that far distant view  
 Vista piercing through and through;  
 Through the clouds and through the sky,  
 Through yon star-lit canopy;  
 Bowstring bending more and more,  
 As the tension so the power.  
 'Tis the arrow on the string,  
 Now dispatched and taking wing;  
 Cleaving air and yonder sky,  
 Speeding far, and mounting high.

Sortie of the soul is prayer,  
 Breaking through this dark despair.  
 Pinion of the carrier dove,  
 Soaring to the heaven above;  
 Out of siege and dire distress,  
 Bearing, oh, such messages!  
 When the soul besieged by sin,  
 None goes out, and none goes in,  
 All the foe can do or dare  
 Cannot check the power of prayer.

Prayer—the onward, heavenward road;  
 'Tis the ladder up to God;  
 'Tis the way by which we go  
 Round and round proud Jericho;  
 'Tis the sound of trumpet blast,  
 Bringing down the walls at last;  
 'Tis the telegraphic cord,  
 Holding converse with the Lord;  
 'Tis the key of promise given  
 Turning in the lock of heaven.

Prayer—the fragrance of a flower  
 After the refreshing shower;  
 'Tis the dew that soars again,  
 Mist ascending after rain;  
 'Tis the life blood of the tree,  
 Oft it bleeds in agony.  
 Oh, the agony of prayer!  
 How it wrings the soul with care;  
 One of God's true witnesses,  
 This true sign: "Behold, he prays!"  
*Robert Maguire.*

**3896. PRISON,** Peter's Deliverance from.  
 Acts xii : 3-19.

'Tis here my nature's state I see!  
 Fast bound in sin and misery,  
 In chains of hellish night,  
 Ready to render up my breath,  
 I slept, condemned to endless death,  
 Nor missed that heavenly light.

Th' infernal jailer stood before,  
 With guards that watched the prison door;  
 Yet unawakened I,  
 And linked to Satan's soldier's lay,  
 (The next was execution day!)  
 Nor dreamed of death so nigh.

'Twas then the heavenly messenger  
 Did in my dungeon's gloom appear;  
 The light of grace unknown—  
 Of grace which free salvation brought—  
 Came unexpected and unsought,  
 And in my nature shone.



Alarmed by mercy's sudden stroke,  
My careless sleeping conscience woke;  
And lifting up mine eyes  
I saw the glory from above,  
I heard the voice of pardoning love,  
Which bade my spirit rise.

My sins fell off, my will was free,  
I rose restored to liberty;  
A messenger of peace—  
I put the gospel sandals on,  
And clothed with Christ, prepared to run  
And spread His righteousness.

I followed my immortal Guide,  
Who saved me by His blood applied,  
Who did my sins redeem,  
And turned my soul's captivity:  
Yet still I asked how can it be?  
And thought it all a dream.

Darkness was light, and rugged plain,  
Before that heaven-descended man  
Whose footsteps I pursued:  
I passed the first and second ward,  
And opening of its own accord  
The iron gate I viewed.

Jesus hath made me free indeed,  
Into the sacred city led;  
And now He tells my heart  
He will not leave me here alone:  
Who freely loves and saves His own,  
He never will depart.

Saviour, Thou dost my soul restore:  
My body too Thy gracious power  
Shall ransom from the grave,  
Out of this worldly prison bring,  
And show me that my Lord and King  
Can to the utmost save.

Under the conduct of Thy grace,  
I follow, in the holiest place,  
Jerusalem above,  
The church of the first-born to meet,  
And praise, around Thy dazzling seat,  
My God's eternal love.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3897. PRODIGAL, Affliction of the.**  
Luke xv: 11-24.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent;  
They stopped the prodigal's career,  
And forced him to repent.

Although he no relentings felt,  
Till he had spent his store;  
His stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinched him sore.

“What have I gained by sin (he said),  
But hunger, shame, and fear;  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.

“I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
And fall before his face;  
Unworthy to be called his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.”

His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smiled;  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.

“Father, I've sinned; but oh, forgive!”  
“I've heard enough,” he said;  
“Rejoice my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourned as dead.

“Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around:  
My son was dead, but lives again;  
Was lost, but now is found.”

'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love He feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

*John Newton.*

**3898. PRODIGAL, Call to the.**

O prodigal! come, I am waiting,  
Am waiting and watching for thee;  
Come, share in my love and my blessing,  
Till hunger forever shall flee.

O prodigal! wasting thy substance  
And starving while plenty is near,  
Why stay from the arms of the father—  
Thy father to whom thou art dear?

Thy heart of its sin is repenting,  
Thy coming afar I behold;  
I hasten to give thee my blessing,  
My prodigal child to fend.

O prodigal! dead and yet living,  
Wherever on earth thou may'st be,  
Whatever thy sins and thy errors,  
God still holds a blessing for thee.

*Caroline Dana Howe.*

**3899. PRODIGAL, Grace for the.**

O blessed grief, that brings relief  
To prodigals afar!  
The Father there has honored prayer,  
And takes us as we are.

From want and waste we gladly haste,  
The heavenly hills we see;  
We're saved and blest, we're home at rest,  
With joy, dear Lord, in Thee.

The home long sought, the best robe bought,  
The festal fatling slain,  
The shoes, the ring, the hearts that sing—  
Oh hear the joyful strain!

From wanderings vain, at home again,  
The lost, the dead, restored!  
From his dear heart no more to part,  
Nor from his regal board!

O wondrous grace, that makes a place  
For all who cease to roam!  
With joyful song, and festive throng,  
The Father takes us home.

*M. R. Watkinson.*

**3900. PRODIGAL**, Parable of the.

"Give me my portion, let me live my life,  
And take my pastime;" thus I spoke, and He  
Gave me free choice to go or stay. Ah me!  
My passions tore and rent me with their strife.

And so I gathered all my gifts, and came  
To this far land; by the broad flowery way  
I wandered, like a sheep that goes astray,  
With my wild heart for pleasure all aflame.

For what with climbing the strait track o'  
the hill,  
And drawing water from the wells, and work  
In the vineyard, tears within mine eyes would  
lurk  
For freedom. I refused to do His will.

I was His son, His heir, and not His slave,  
Therefore I left His service. Youth was mine,  
And ruddy health; and gold, and purple fine  
I brought, and wantoned in yon city brave.

I lived for mine own self, for wine and love;  
The delicate maidens praised my gay attire,  
The proud curl of my lips, the flashing fire  
Of my bold eyes, that turned no more above

Unto the holy hills, where lies my home.  
I have spent all; and lifted up the veil  
From Pleasure's face, and found it dull and  
stale  
And ghastly, and as restless as sea-foam.

Then there arose the famine, and in want,  
I joined myself to this hard master mine,  
Who sent me to his fields to feed his swine;  
I fain would eat their husks, but they are  
scant.

I serve a cruel master. Oh once more  
For the true freedom of the pleasant land!  
The tender guiding of my Father's hand!  
His voice to chide and bless as heretofore!

From the cleft rock the living water flows;  
The sheep are safely folded: there the vine  
Spreads forth its sheltering branches; there  
the mine  
Of purest gold; and there the lily and rose.

Would not the faithful watch-dogs welcome  
me,  
If I return with all my weight of cares?  
And will my father's love be less than theirs?  
Let me not think it; that can never be.

How many of His hired servants have  
Enough bread, and to spare, while here I die  
Of hunger! I will rise, and go and cry,  
And to be made his hired servant crave.

I do repent for all that I have done;  
I have sinned, Father, against heaven and  
Thee;  
Thy service is most perfect liberty;  
I am not worthy to be called Thy son!

It was hard work to rise, and harder still  
To trace back every step I had gone wrong;  
But the sweet melody of Zion's song  
Cheered the drear road, and nerved the fal-  
tering will.

So I pressed forward, and each day I thought  
I loathed myself the more, who went and sold  
My birthright for the thrills of sense, my gold  
For tinsel, with my blessing curses bought.

There was a Lamb that loved me, and He came  
Bounding to meet me; and, though far away,  
My Father saw me, and ran to where I lay,  
Fell on my neck, and kissed away my shame.

I said, "I have sinned, Father, against Thee,  
I do repent for all that I have done,  
I am not worthy to be called Thy son;  
Thy service is the one true liberty."

"Bring the best robe, the robe of righteous-  
ness,"  
He cried; "the ring of reconciliation,  
And kill the fatted calf; with exultation  
Let symphony and dance our joy express.

"Put shoes upon his feet, that he may strive  
To tell my love to others, and the sound  
Of the good news may through the world  
rebound;  
For this my son was dead, and is alive;

"Was lost, and he is found." So I forgave  
My brother's sneer. We feasted: to fulfil  
The faintest utterance of my Father's will  
I labor, and am His son, and not His slave.

He washed me clean in sweet oblivion's river,  
And in the mystic fountain of the Lamb.  
I will abide, where, by His grace I am,  
Within His house forever and forever.

*Charles Coldwell.*

**3901. PRODIGAL**, Parable of the.

Far from a father's hearth and home,  
Far in a foreign desert land,  
The prodigal doth vainly roam,  
And all his substance madly spend.

In riot, wantonness, and wine,  
He wastes his fortune and his all;  
And feeds on husks with sordid swine;  
Oh what a deep, degrading fall!

A mighty famine far and wide,  
And all his means and substance gone;  
He smote upon his breast, and cried:  
Unclean, unworthy, and undone!

He thought of home, where once he dwelt,  
Of all its plentiful supply;  
And, in the bitterness he felt,  
Cried with exceeding bitter cry:

"I die of want; and all I crave  
Is, though a son, but some small share  
Of what the hired servants have;  
They have enough, and some to spare!"

He felt what sorrow sin had wrought,  
And all the havoc it had made;  
In solemn realizing thought,  
He "came unto himself," and said:

I will arise, said he, and go  
Unto my father, ever good;  
My father will not say me, no;  
I'll seek my father's fatherhood!

I will arise, said he, and say:  
My father, I am lost, undone;  
Have sinned in sight of heaven and thee,  
Nor worthy to be called thy son.

From want and famine and distress,  
He seeks again his once-loved home;  
Fleeing the dreary wilderness,  
Far off his father sees him come.

He's come! he's come! the father said;  
Bring forth the robe, the signet ring;  
My son now liveth who was dead;  
Rejoice with me; rejoice and sing!

'Tis welcome to that home of bliss;  
'Tis music and the tabret's sound  
The robe, the ring, the father's kiss;  
"My son was lost, but now is found!"  
*Robert Maguire.*

**3902. PRODIGAL, Return of the.**

"Return, return, the way is long and dreary;  
Return, return, O wanderer, sad and weary;  
Why so with sin beguiled?  
Thy Father's heart is breaking,  
With this cruel long forsaking;  
Come back, come back, my child!"

"Gladly I would, for with hunger I am perishing,  
The memories of home still fondly I am cherishing;  
I'm weary in the wild;  
No Sabbath bells now ringing,  
No loving voices bringing  
Peace to this heart defiled!"

Return, return, why any longer linger?  
There are sandals for your feet, and a ring  
to deck your finger;  
Your Father reconciled,  
With pity will behold you,  
In His arms He will enfold you;  
"Come back, come back, my child!"

"I come, I come, my heart with joy is beating;  
I come, I come, as I hear Thee thus entreating  
With accents fond and mild;  
I thought myself forsaken,  
But to-morrow I'll awaken—  
Waken, once more, Thy child!"

"Oh, joyful sight! at last he is appearing;  
Light up the festal hall, the wanderer is nearing;  
Go, let the board be piled;  
Let fatted calf be killed for him,  
And golden goblets filled for him;  
I've found, I've found my child!"  
*J. R. Macduff.*

**3903. PRODIGAL, Return of the.**

Almighty Father, Lord of all,  
Unworthy as Thy sons to call,  
As servants at Thy feet we fall.

By all the love which Thou hast shown  
For wanderers from fold and throne,  
Have mercy while our sin we own.

As hired servants, can it be  
That we must serve who once were free?  
Oh bring us to ourselves and Thee.

While still a great way off, we yearn  
Those tender words of love to learn,  
Which greet the prodigal's return.

The ring shall on our hand be placed,  
With love's best robe shall we be graced—  
We who our own had so debased.

Ah! hateful now the wretched past,  
By turns with swine and harlots cast;  
We rioted, then starved at last.

Thy welcome, Lord, will purge away  
The sting of each rebellious day,  
And love will pardon all, for aye.

Rejoicing Thou wilt give for pain,  
For sight, a part in heaven's glad strain,  
When all the lost are found again.  
*W. C. Dix.*

**3904. PRODIGAL, Return of the.**

Away in Eastern land, a day of peace,  
Serene with beauty, hastens to its close;  
And while the blessed light yet strongly  
lingers,  
A father's watchful eyes have caught the  
likeness,  
Yet vague and indistinct, of his lost son,  
Coming in dire distress, in want and woe.  
He runs to meet the prodigal, and falls  
Upon his neck, nor heeding dirt nor filth,  
And kisses him again, and yet again,  
Until the wanderer's soul dissolves in tears.  
No word of harsh complaint the father speaks,  
But still renewedly exclaims in voice

Of most exquisite tenderness and love:  
 "Welcome, my son! a thousand welcomes  
 back

To this thy home, which ever was and shall be  
 While I live. For know my house seemed  
 ever

Bare and comfortless without thee; but now  
 Thou'rt come again, it is transformed to what

It was so many weary years ago,  
 When, in the hot impatience of thy youth,  
 Thou didst demand thy portion of our  
 goods."

Such cheering words to him the father speaks,  
 And straightway leads him to his long-lost  
 home,

Whose very doors obey the magic of  
 His presence, and of themselves wide open  
 stand.

Such feasting and rejoicing as were there  
 I ween this world has scarcely seen eclipsed  
 The elder brother, stung with hate at first,  
 At length joins in the revelry, and all  
 Is gay with choral song and merry dance.  
 The fatted calf is slain, and Envy gnaws  
 Its lips in mute despair to see such mirth  
 Unmixed with base alloy, but full and free  
 As is the mighty ocean, fathomless  
 As water whose depths only can be guessed!  
 And oh, what waves of bliss come o'er the  
 soul,

To know that all the joy herein expressed  
 But faintly shadows forth the joy in heaven  
 Over one sinner who returns to God!

*Alexander Macauley.*

### 3905. PRODIGAL, Return of the.

The prodigal, with streaming eyes,  
 From folly just awake,  
 Reviews his wanderings with surprise;  
 His heart begins to break.

"I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear  
 The famine in this land,  
 While servants of my Father share  
 The bounty of His hand.

"With deep repentance I'll return,  
 And seek my Father's face;  
 Unworthy to be called a son,  
 I'll ask a servant's place."

Far off the Father saw him move,  
 In pensive silence mourn,  
 And quickly ran, with arms of love,  
 To welcome his return.

Through all the courts the tidings flew,  
 And spread the joy around;  
 The angels tuned their harps anew,  
 The long-lost son is found!

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

### 3906. PRODIGAL, Thanksgiving of the.

Thee, O my God and King,  
 My Father, Thee I sing!

Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,  
 Praise from heaven and earth receive;  
 Lost, I now in Christ am found;  
 Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

Father, behold Thy son;  
 In Christ I am Thy own.  
 Stranger long to Thee and rest,  
 See the prodigal is come!  
 Open wide Thine arms and breast,  
 Take the weary wanderer home.

Thine eye observed from far,  
 Thy pity looked me near:  
 Me Thy bowels yearned to see,  
 Me Thy mercy ran to find,  
 Empty, poor, and void of Thee,  
 Hungry, sick, and faint and blind.

Thou on my neck didst fall,  
 Thy kiss forgave me all:  
 Still the gracious words I hear,  
 Words that made the Saviour mine:  
 "Haste, for him the robe prepare;  
 His be righteousness divine!"

Thee then, my God and King,  
 My Father, Thee I sing!  
 Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,  
 Praise from earth and heaven receive;  
 Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
 Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3907. PRODIGAL, The Repenting.

Luke xv: 13-24.

Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine  
 Have wasted his estate;  
 He begs a share amongst the swine,  
 To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries;  
 "I starve in foreign lands;  
 My Father's house has large supplies,  
 And bounteous are His hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue  
 Fall down before His face;  
 Father, I've done Thy justice wrong,  
 Nor can deserve Thy grace."

He said, and hastened to his home,  
 To seek his Father's love:  
 The Father saw the rebel come,  
 And all His bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
 Embraced and kissed His son;  
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,  
 For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin"  
 (The Father gives command),  
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,  
 With rings adorn his hand.

“A day of feasting I ordain;  
Let mirth and joy abound;  
My son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost, and now is found.”

*Isaac Watts.*

**3908. PRODIGAL, Voice to the.**

Oh, when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer-birds are calling,  
Thy household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours;  
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide,  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?  
Sweet dews may freshen soon.  
The flower, within whose urn  
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

Still at thy father's board  
There is kept a place for thee,  
And, by thy smile restored,  
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
Thy coming step to greet,  
A look of days gone by,  
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,  
For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
For thee fond tears are shed;  
Oh! when wilt thou return?

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

**3909. PROPHET, The Disobedient.**

1 Kings xiii: 14-26.

Prophet of God, arise and take  
With thee the words of wrath divine,  
The scourge of heaven, to shake  
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where angels down the lucid stair  
Come hovering to our sainted sires,  
Now, in the twilight, glare  
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,  
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,  
That idols would befriend,  
Shrunk at thy withering charm!

Then turn thee, for thy time is short,  
But trace not o'er the former way,  
Lest idol pleasures court  
Thy heedless soul astray.

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,  
Where on the lonely woodland road  
Beneath the moonlit sky  
The festal warblers flowed;

Where maidens to the queen of heaven  
Wove the gay dance round oats or palm,  
Or breathed their vows at even  
In hymns as soft as balm.

Or thee perchance a darker spell  
Enthralls: the smooth stones of the flood,  
By mountain grot or fell,  
Pollute with infants' blood;

The giant altar on the rock,  
The cavern whence the timbrel's call  
Affrights the wandering flock:  
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again;  
Oh, forward step and lingering will!  
Oh, loved and warned in vain!  
And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given; thy home in sight,  
To the forbidden feast return?  
Yield to the false delight  
Thy better soul could spurn.

Alas, my brother! round thy tomb  
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,  
We read the pastor's doom  
Who speaks and will not hear.

The gray-haired saint may fail at last,  
The surest guide a wanderer prove;  
Death only binds us fast  
To the bright shore of love.

*J. Keble.*

**3910. RACHEL, Death of.**

Genesis xlviii: 7.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,  
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;  
With mouldering heart and withering hand,  
The sleep of death forever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,  
The lilies and the roses bringing;  
But Rachel never more shall hail  
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,  
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;  
But Rachel on her couch of clay  
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,  
And reapers to the field are calling;  
But Rachel's voice no longer joins  
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower  
And sweeps his howling blast around her;  
But earthly storms possess no power  
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the seasons go,  
For joy and grief no more betide her;  
For Rachel's bosom could not know, [her.  
Though friends were housed in death beside

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,  
Whose dreams with glorious things are  
blended,  
When seasons, on their changeeful way,  
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come when flowers that bloom  
Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither;  
When friends rejoicing from the tomb  
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

*William Knox.*

**3911. RACHEL, Grief of.**

Jeremiah xxxi : 15.

On Ramah's heights a voice is heard,  
The voice of one that weeps alone;  
A mother's woes that voice has stirred,  
A mother's heart is in that moan.

For her lost children Rachel weeps,  
And who this mother's tears shall stay?  
On Ramah's hill her watch she keeps,  
A lonely mourner night and day.

In Ramah Rachel weepeth still,  
Refusing to be comforted;  
Her sons the prey of every ill,  
Lost, slain, or into exile led.

In every clime her children roam,  
In every realm their ashes lie;  
Without a city or a home,  
They weep, they wander, and they die.

Thus saith the Lord, "Refrain thy voice  
From weeping, and thine eyes from tears;  
Thy mother's heart shall yet rejoice,  
And sing through everlasting years.

"Thy wandering sons shall yet return,  
Thy lost ones shall be found again;  
O tender mother, cease to mourn;  
Rachel, thine eyes from tears refrain.

"Once more thou yet shalt clasp thine own,  
With them thou shalt rejoice and sing;  
Thy grief a winter past and gone,  
Thy joy an everlasting spring!"

*Horatius Bonar.*

**3912. RACHEL, The Mourning of.**

Matthew ii : 18.

"Oh! whither, whither shall I fly,  
My beautiful, my best-beloved?  
I hear the tread of warriors nigh,  
Men of stern mood and tearless eye,  
E'en by a mother's prayer unmoved.  
Soon will they stand beside thee;  
Where shall thy mother hide thee?

"Cleave, cleave, thou solid earth! and yield  
A shelter in thy central cave;  
Heaven! be thy red right arm revealed,  
Avert the tyrant's wrath, and shield  
My last, my sole one from the grave;  
The foe, the foe are near him;  
Oh! whither can I bear him?

"A curse upon thee, ruthless king!  
A mother's with a nation's prayer  
Mount on the tempest's rapid wing,  
And to the Eternal Presence bring  
The frantic accents of despair!  
Now is the avenger nigh thee;  
Let not his sword pass by thee!

"Again, again, my babe, again  
I clasp thee to this bleeding heart.  
They come! and are thy people slain,  
And dost Thou still, O God! restrain  
The avenger ardent to depart?  
Or have the lightnings passed them  
Which Thou hadst sent to blast them?

"They come! they come! Hold, hold thine  
hand,  
Thou canst not shed an infant's blood;  
Sheathe, murderer, sheathe thy reeking hand:  
Thou wilt not? Is the fiend's command  
Fulfilled by his own demon brood?  
Oh, if ye will not spare him,  
Strike first at her that bare him!"

There's blood upon that mother's brow,  
Blood of her child by ruffians shed.  
A voice is heard in Ramah now,  
A voice of wailing long and low:  
'Tis Rachel weeping for her dead.  
The mother broken-hearted  
Calls on her babe departed!

'Twere vain to bid her weep no more;  
Only the dreamless grave shall bring  
The rest she cannot feel before.  
But when thy reign of blood is o'er,  
What doom is thine, detested king?  
Guards, sceptres, left behind thee,  
The mother's curse shall find thee!

*Thomas Dale.*

**3913. RACHEL, Tomb of.**

Genesis xxxv : 19, 20.

What mouldering pile near Ephrath stands  
alone,  
With dome-shaped top and base of massy  
stone?  
Rude is the chamber where her bones repose,  
Yet here, 'tis said, fair Rachel's pillar rose.

Ah! sad her fate in nature's pangs to die;  
 To sorrowing friends I hear her parting sigh;  
 I see her husband's woe, his streaming tear,  
 His last fond kiss before he laid her here,  
 His anguished brow, where smiles no more  
 would be,  
 For ne'er was wife, poor Rachel! loved like  
 thee. *Nicholas Michell.*

**3914. RAIMENT, The White.**  
 Revelations iii : 5.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,  
 Clad in peculiar raiment all,  
 Yet each puts on the spotless white  
 Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,  
 Each, entering on an untried home,  
 Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,  
 Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,  
 We take it as the symbol true:  
 It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,  
 That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,  
 That diapason of the light,  
 Not the soft sunset's silken glow,  
 Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite;

But purity of perfect light,  
 Its native, undivided ray,  
 All that is best of moon and sun,  
 The purest of the dawn of day.

O cradle of our youngest age,  
 Adorned with white, how fair art thou!  
 O robe of infancy, how bright,  
 Like light upon the moorland snow!

O bridal hall and bridal robe,  
 How silver-bright your jewelled gleam,  
 Like sunrise on the gentle face  
 Of some translucent mountain stream!

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,  
 Like starlight upon marble fair!  
 Ah! surely it is life, not death,  
 That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Mine be a robe more spotless still,  
 With lustre bright that cannot fade,  
 Purer and whiter than the robe  
 Of babe or bride or quiet death.

Mine be the raiment given of God,  
 Wrought of fine linen, clean and white,  
 Fit for the eye of God to see,  
 Meet for His home of holy light.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

**3915. RAINBOW, Significance of the.**  
 Genesis ix : 12, 13; Revelation iv : 3.

When eyes that watched the flood rise and  
 decline  
 First saw the bow of beauteous color braided,

Which spanned a threatening cloud, then  
 slowly faded,  
 Each heart relied on that assuring sign.  
 So when in Christ the dazzling light divine  
 Spreads out its heavenly splendors softly  
 shaded

In clouds of flesh, our trembling faith is aided  
 On God's sure truth and mercy to reeline.  
 To see Him once to holy John was given,  
 "Clothed in a cloud, a rainbow round His  
 head,"

Earth's green memorial wearing still in  
 heaven;

And when God looks upon that blessed token  
 Encircling "Him who liveth, and was dead,"  
 He keeps His covenant of peace unbroken.  
*R. Wilton.*

**3916. RAINBOW, The.**

Still in the dark and threat'ning cloud  
 That bow is brightly placed above;  
 Nor should despondency enshroud  
 The token of eternal love.

More bright, more beauteous are its beams,  
 Contrasted with surrounding gloom;  
 Thus heavenly mercy ever seems  
 Most lovely in impending doom.

A cloudless heaven, to joy's glad gaze,  
 May be with richer glory fraught;  
 While sorrow's eye its arch surveys  
 Without one fond congenial thought.

But when dark clouds obscure the sky,  
 That bow of promise still is fair,  
 Cheering the mourner's heavenward eye,  
 Teaching his heart that God is there.  
*Bernard Barton.*

**3917. RAINBOW, Youth of the.**

Still young and fine! but what is still in view  
 We slight as old and soiled, though fresh  
 and new.

How bright wert thou when Shem's admir-  
 ing eye

Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descrie!  
 When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,  
 The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,  
 Did with intentive looks watch every hour  
 For thy new light, and trembled at each  
 shower!

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white  
 and fair,

Storms turn to music, clouds to smile and air;  
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops and pours  
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and  
 flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the  
 sure tie

Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!  
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,  
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him  
 Who looks upon thee from His glorious  
 throne,

And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep  
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.  
Water, though both heaven's windows and  
the deep

Full forty days o'er the drown'd world did  
weep,

Could not reform us; and blood in despite,  
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and  
slight.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud  
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows  
I will on thee as on a comet look— [shroud,  
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;  
Thy light as luctual and stained with woes  
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixed and  
close.

But though some think 'thou shin'st but to  
restrain

Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain,  
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,  
Thou dost but court cold rain till rain turns  
fire. *Henry Vaughan.*

### 3918. RAMAH, The Voice of.

Matthew ii : 18.

Heard ye, from Ramah's ruined walls,  
That voice of bitter weeping!  
Is it the moan of fettered slave,  
His watch of sorrow keeping?  
Heard ye, from Ramah's wasted plains,  
That cry of lamentation!  
Is it the wail of Israel's sons  
For Salem's devastation?

Ah, no! a sorer ill than chains  
That bitter wail is waking,  
And deeper woe than Salem's fall  
That tortured heart is breaking:  
'Tis Rachel, of her sons bereft,  
Who lifts that voice of weeping;  
And childless are the eyes that there  
Their watch of grief are keeping.

Oh! who shall tell what fearful pangs  
That mother's heart are rending,  
As o'er her infant's little grave  
Her wasted form is bending;  
From many an eye that weeps to-day  
Delight may beam to-morrow;  
But she—her precious babe is not!  
And what remains but sorrow?

Bereav'd one! I may not chide  
Thy tears and bitter sobbing;  
Weep on! 'twill cool that burning brow,  
And still that bosom's throbbing;  
But be not thine such grief as theirs  
To whom no hope is given:  
Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,  
Thy infant rests in heaven.  
*George Washington Doane.*

### 3919. REAPERS, Call for.

Matthew ix : 36-38.

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusted blade

Until the night draws round thee  
And day begins to fade?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to come?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.  
The Master calls for reapers,  
And shall He call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?

Come down from hill and mountain  
In morning's ruddy glow,  
Nor wait until the dial  
Points to the noon below;  
And come with stronger sinew,  
Nor faint in heat or cold,  
And pause not till the evening  
Draws round its wealth of gold.

*I. B. Woodbury.*

### 3920. REAPERS, Need of.

The Master hath need of the reapers,  
And, mourner, He calleth to thee:  
Come out of the valley of sorrow,  
Look up to the hill-tops, and see  
How the fields of the harvest are whitening,  
How golden and full is the grain:  
Oh! what are thy wants to the summons?  
And what are thy griefs and thy pain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,  
And, idler, He calleth to thee;  
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,  
From the halls where the careless may be.  
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,  
With the mists, and the dews, and the rain:  
Oh! what are thy rests and thy follies [and the  
To the world and the rusts of the grain?

The Master hath need of the reapers,  
And, worker, He calleth to thee;  
Oh! what are the dreams of ambition  
To the joys that hereafter shall be?  
There are tokens of storms that are coming,  
And summer is fast on the wane;  
Then alas for the hopes of the harvest!  
Then alas for the beautiful grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,  
And He calleth to thee and to me;  
Oh! haste, while the winds of the morning  
Are blowing so freshly and free;  
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle  
Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain,  
And gather the sheaves in the garner,  
For golden and ripe is the grain.

By the wounds of that blessed One calling,  
Our Maker, Redeemer, and God;  
By the deeds of these reapers now falling,  
Of those who sleep under the sod;



Who, counting their lives as but nothing,  
 Pressed on in the ranks of the host;  
 Who toiled in the field of the Master,  
 And, dying, fell dead at their post.

Oh! think of the crowns they are wearing,  
 Resplendent with jewels of light;  
 Oh! think of the palms they are bearing,  
 As they walk with the angels in white;  
 Of the beautiful songs they are singing,  
 Of the shouts that will thrill you above.

By these, and the joys that are given,  
 While toiling and weeping below,  
 Of pointing one sinner to heaven,  
 Oh! list to the summons, and go [ing,  
 To the fields where the harvests are whiten-  
 For the summer is fast on the wane,  
 And gather the sheaves in the garner,  
 For golden and ripe is the grain.  
*Mrs. Archbishop Thomson.*

### 3921. REAPERS, Song of the.

Revelation xiv : 15.

Oh! where are the reapers that garner in  
 The sheaves of the good from the fields of  
 sin?

With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
 And no one may rest till the "harvest-  
 home."

Where are the reapers? Oh! who will come  
 And share in the glory of the "harvest-  
 home?"

Oh! who will help us to garner in  
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Go out in the by-ways and search them all;  
 The wheat may be there, though the weeds  
 are tall;

Then search in the highway, and pass none  
 by,  
 But gather from all for the home on high.

The fields all are ripening, and far and wide  
 The world now is waiting the harvest-tide;  
 But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
 And much will be lost should the harvest  
 wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
 And gather together the golden grain;  
 Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest-home."

### 3922. REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

Genesis xxvii : 44.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou  
 must, thou must away;

Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and  
 here thou canst not stay.

Oh, I have deeply sinned for thee! the chas-  
 tisement be mine,

And I will bear it all, my son: the blessing  
 shall be thine.

What matter though my childless years in  
 grief and pain pass on?

Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my  
 own, my darling son;  
 And, like the fountain sending forth a sweet  
 and murmuring sound,  
 Thy pleasant voice will come to me from  
 some far-distant ground.

Go, bear thy mother's blessing back to those  
 from whom she came;  
 My kinsmen's hearts will leap with joy to  
 hear Rebecca's name.

Say to them, Haran's shaded well and flocks  
 that near it stray  
 Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh  
 as yesterday.

Speed on, and when thy nimble feet have  
 brought thee to the place,  
 And when thou stand'st an exiled one before  
 my brother's face,  
 Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and  
 therefore will not twine  
 Around the savage olive-tree, a strong and  
 noble vine.

Ask if of all my kinsman's house no maiden  
 bright there be  
 Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's  
 God with thee;

And if there be, oh! say to her, "Rebecca left  
 her all;  
 The Father of the faithful spake, and she  
 obeyed the call."

The angel of the covenant protect thee, pre-  
 cious child!  
 Defend thee from the covert snare, direct  
 thee in the wild!

Oh! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy  
 houseless head  
 Must pillow on the stony ground or seek the  
 foxes' bed.

But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief  
 to joy shall turn;  
 Proud mother of a favored race, ah! where-  
 fore shouldst thou mourn?

Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word, the blessing  
 is for thee,  
 And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, be-  
 loved son, for me! *Emily Taylor.*

### 3923. RED SEA, Forward Through the.

"Forward let the people go,"

Israel's God will have it so;  
 Though the path be through the sea,  
 Israel, what is that to thee?  
 He who bids thee pass the waters  
 Will be with His sons and daughters.

Deep and wide the sea appears:  
 Israel wonders, Israel fears;  
 Yet the word is "Forward" still:  
 Israel! 'tis the Master's will;  
 Though no way thou canst discover,  
 Not one plank to float thee over.

Israel, art thou sorely tried?  
 Art thou pressed on every side?  
 Does it seem as if no power  
 Could relieve thee in this hour?  
 Wherefore art thou thus disheartened?  
 Is the arm that saves thee shortened?

Stand thou still this day, and see  
 Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee;  
 Safe thyself on yonder shore,  
 Thou shalt see thy foes no more.  
 Thine to see the Saviour's glory,  
 Thine to tell the wondrous story.

**3924. RED SEA, Passage of the.**  
 Exodus xiv.

With heat o'ercome and with the length of  
 way,

On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.  
 'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along;  
 Save where the locust trilled her feeble song,  
 Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell  
 The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.  
 'Twas silence all! the flocks for shelter fly  
 Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;  
 Or where, from far, the flattering vapors  
 make

The noontide semblance of a misty lake:  
 While the mute swain, in careless safety  
 spread,

With arms enfolded, and dejected head,  
 Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage  
 high,

And, late revealed, his children's destiny.  
 For, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,  
 Had sped from Amram's sons the word of  
 power;

Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike  
 sway

Could lure the locust from her airy way;  
 With reptile war assail their proud abodes,  
 And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.  
 O helpless gods! who naught availed to  
 shield

From fiery rain your Zoan's favored field!  
 O helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood  
 Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,  
 And fourfold night the wondering earth en-  
 chain,

While Memnon's orient harp was heard in  
 vain!

Such musings held the tribes, till now the  
 west

With milder influence on their temples prest?  
 And that portentous cloud which, all the day,  
 Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way  
 (A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),  
 Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into  
 light!

Soft fell the eve; but, ere the day was done,  
 Tall waving banners streaked the level sun;  
 And wide and dark, along the horizon red,  
 In sandy surge the rising desert spread.

"Mark, Israel, mark!" On that strange sight  
 intent,

In breathless terror, every eye was bent;

And busy faction's fast-increasing hum,  
 And female voices shriek, "They come, they  
 come!"

They come, they come! in scintillating show  
 O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;  
 And sandy clouds in countless shapes com-  
 bine,

As deepens or extends the long tumultuous  
 line;

And fancy's keener glance even now may  
 trace

The threatening aspects of each mingled  
 race:

For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,  
 The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne,  
 were there.

From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior  
 train,

Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain;  
 On either wing their fiery coursers check  
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek;  
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,  
 Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shan-  
 galla strode.

'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with  
 gold

Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?  
 Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's  
 fates,

Old Thebes hath poured through all her  
 hundred gates,

Mother of armies! How the emeralds glowed,  
 Where, flushed with power and vengeance,  
 Pharaoh rode!

And stoled in white, those brazen wheels  
 before,

Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;  
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry  
 The priestly sistrum murmured, Victory!  
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's  
 gloom?

Whom come ye forth to combat? warriors,  
 whom?

These flocks and herds, this faint and weary  
 train,

Red from the scourge and recent from the  
 chain?

God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!  
 Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!  
 North, south, and west the sandy whirl-  
 winds fly,

The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.  
 On earth's last margin through the weeping  
 train;

Their cloudy guide moves on: "And must  
 we swim the main?"

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels  
 stood,

Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.  
 He comes, their leader comes! the man of  
 God

O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,  
 And onward treads. The circling waves re-  
 treat,

In hoarse, deep murmurs, from His holy feet;  
 And the chased surges, inly roaring, show

The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts  
that swell,  
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery  
dell,

Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,  
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;  
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean  
green,  
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt,  
are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they  
tread;

The beetling waters storm above their head,  
While far behind retires the sinking day,  
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,  
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.  
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,  
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch  
of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave  
On the long mirror of the rosy wave,  
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,  
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—  
To them alone; for Mizraim's wizard train  
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:  
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling  
sight confine,

And tenfold darkness broods above their  
line.

Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,  
And range unconscious through the ocean's  
bed;

Till midway now, that strange and fiery form  
Showed his dread visage lightening through  
the storm;

With withering splendor blasted all their  
might,

And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred  
their coursers' flight.

"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" The ravenous floods  
they see,

And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.  
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" From Edom's coral  
strand

Again the prophet stretched his dreadful  
wand;

With one wild crash the thundering waters  
sweep,

And all is waves, a dark and lonely deep,  
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs  
past,

As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast,  
And strange and sad the whispering breezes  
bore

The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.  
Oh, welcome came the morn, where Israel  
stood

In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!  
Oh, welcome came the cheerful morn, to show  
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;  
The mangled limbs of men, the broken car,  
A few sad relics of a nation's war—  
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well,  
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.

And he, whose hardened heart alike had  
borne

The house of bondage and the oppressor's  
scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams  
subdued,

In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude,  
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around  
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;  
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt sup-  
pressed,

The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's  
breast.

She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky  
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,  
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild  
sweet harmony.

"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian  
spear?

On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot,  
where?

Above their ranks the whelming waters  
spread.

Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"  
And every pause between as Miriam sang,  
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,  
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,  
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath trium-  
phèd!" *Reginald Heber.*

### 3925. RED SEA, Passage of the.

On the sand and sea-weed lying,  
Israel poured her doleful sighing;  
While before the deep sea flowed,  
And behind fierce Egypt rode,  
To their fathers' God they prayed,  
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood  
With lifted rod the prophet stood;  
And the summoned east wind blew,  
And aside it sternly threw  
The gathered waves, that took their stand,  
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,  
Or walls of sea-green marble piled  
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
On the wonder-pavèd way,  
Where the treasures of the deep  
In their caves of coral sleep.  
The profound abysses, where  
Was never sound from upper air,  
Rang with Israel's chanted words:  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Then, with bow and banner glancing,  
On exulting Egypt came,  
With her chosen horsemen prancing,  
And her cars on wheels of flame,  
In a rich and boastful ring  
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud—  
The Lord looked down upon the proud,  
As the host drave heavily  
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell  
 Prone the liquid ramparts fell;  
 Over horse and over car,  
 Over every man of war,  
 Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,  
 The loud thundering billows rolled  
 As the level waters spread;  
 Down they sank, they sank like lead,  
 Down without a cry or groan.  
 And the morning sun, that shone  
 On myriads of bright-armed men,  
 Its meridian radiance then  
 Cast on a wide sea, heating as of yore,  
 Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,  
 Then did Israel's timbrels ring,  
 To Him, the King of kings, that in the sea  
 The Lord of lords had triumphed gloriously!  
*Henry H. Milman.*

**3926. RED SEA, Passage of the.**

In doubt, in weariness, in woe,  
 The host of Israel flee;  
 Behind them rode the raging foe,  
 Before them was the sea.

The angry waters at their feet,  
 All dark and dread, rolled on;  
 And where the sky and desert meet,  
 Spears flashed against the sun.

But still along the eastern sky  
 The fiery pillar shone,  
 And o'er the waves that rolled so high  
 It bade them still come on.

Then Moses turned the sea toward,  
 And raised his hand on high;  
 The angry waters know their lord:  
 They know him, and they fly.

Where never gleamed the red sunlight,  
 Where foot of man ne'er trod,  
 Down, down they go, and left and right  
 The wall of waters stood.

Full soon along that vale of fear,  
 With cymbals, horns, and drums,  
 With many a steed and many a spear  
 The maddening monarch comes.

A moment—far as eye could reach,  
 The thronging myriads tread;  
 The next—the waste and silent deep  
 Was rolling o'er their head?

**3927. RED SEA, Passage of the.**

On land's remotest verge the bondmen stood,  
 And gazed, dismayed, upon the boundless  
 flood.  
 Black, threat'ning mountains walled the arid  
 shore;  
 The sea swept on, unbridged and vast before;  
 And far and hoarse along the desert strand  
 The long, loud billows beat the bending sand.

Now mingling deep with ocean's ceaseless  
 sound,  
 A muffled murmur steals along the ground,  
 Swelling like muffled thunder far behind,  
 Waxing and sinking with the changing wind.  
 But anxious ears have caught the creeping  
 jar,  
 That leads the land-breeze with the tread of  
 war,  
 And million hearts beat quick in deadly fear,  
 As rolls the laboring discord yet more near.

In that dread hour a thousand memories roam  
 Back o'er the way that led them from their  
 home—  
 That home of bondage, shame, oppression,  
 pain,  
 Sorrow, and sin; and quailing ones would fain  
 Fly from the present to the past again.  
 Was it that when we sorrow most, the heart  
 Makes e'en its tortures of its life a part?  
 Was it that age, and infancy, and love  
 Bring e'en to slave-hood radiance from above?  
 Oh! ring not shrill along their cars the while  
 The shrieks of infants from the waves of  
 Nile?

Yet, O Death, Death! from thee, from thee  
 we fly;  
 And oft we loathe to live, but dare not, dare  
 not die!  
 But while such thoughts, and darker, through  
 their souls,  
 The rising uproar near and nearer rolls,  
 Till, through the eddy dust-clouds, on  
 their sight  
 Bursts a long line of plumes and helmets  
 bright,  
 And sunset flames on banner, lance, and spear,  
 Where Egypt's chariots flash in full career!

One wild, amazed, and agonizing cry  
 Instant from Israel's armies smites the sky!  
 On God, in terror, million voices call;  
 On Moses million imprecations fall:  
 Were there no graves in Egypt that we flee  
 To perish in the wilderness with thee?  
 Did we not bid thee leave us there alone,  
 To serve th' Egyptians till our days were  
 done?  
 Why hast thou thus our hearts and hopes  
 beguiled,  
 And led us forth to slaughter in the wild?  
 "Fear not," cried he whose Heaven-assisted  
 hand  
 Had filled with woe and wonder Pharaoh's  
 land;  
 "Stand still, and see salvation from the  
 Lord  
 Revealed from heaven to prove His change-  
 less word;  
 For these your foes, whom now your eyes  
 deplore,  
 Henceforth shall vex your vision nevermore!"  
 Still, as they trembling gazed on foe and flood,  
 Fell from the skies the awful voice of God:

"Wherefore this cry of faithless fear to Me?  
Bid Israel forward! stretch above the sea  
Thy hand, and lift thy rod to cleave its flow,  
And lead My chosen through its depths  
below;  
And Egypt's king shall know that I am God,  
What time I whelm him with the gulfling  
flood!"

So spake Jehovah; swift His angel turns,  
And o'er their rear the fiery pillar burns:  
On Egypt frowning black with gloomiest  
night;

On Israel scattering soft, serenest light!  
Lo! by its ray, at beck of Moses' rod,  
The sea sinks down, as at the feet of God!  
The east wind ploughs its billows like a share,  
Furrowing the brine till ocean's bed is bare,  
Flinging the foamy ridges long and high,  
On right and left, until they wash the sky;  
And emerald ranges, wreathed with rain-  
bows, stand  
Guarding a valley scooped by God's right  
hand!

Down, down the gorge, far-sloping from the  
shore,  
The trembling millions now obedient pour,  
Dry-shod and safe along the yawning caves,  
'Twixt mountain walls of piled and solid  
waves.

Awed by such wonders, reverently they move  
'Neath watery bastions, looming dim above;  
While bright behind them, blackness to  
their foes,

The guardian Presence like a meteor glows,  
Cheers all the wasteful deep with dusty rays,  
But lights their path with bright, benignant  
blaze!

But as they march adown the dread profound,  
Their foiled pursuers catch the lessening  
sound,

And instant arm, with Heaven-sent fury blind,  
And rush, impetuous, down the deep behind!  
There is a point, a limit, in all sins,  
Where reason ends, and madness, stark,  
begins;

Where Heaven withdraws all judgment,  
shame, or fear,

And retribution then is swift and near;  
The impious wretch to whom, in vain, are lent  
All days of mercy, and all warnings sent,  
Whose soul, insensate, mocks where demons  
quail,

And scorns repentance till forbearance fail,  
Sees, when too late, the bolt of vengeance  
gleam,

And drops, a blackened ruin, from his dream.

The nation that can crush a weaker race,  
Or hunt the human-kind like beasts, of chase,  
Be it by armies, hounds, or laws more fell,  
Hangs toppling on the crumbling verge of  
hell!

And though she lift her haughty head alone,  
Confronting Heaven with brow of slave-hewn  
stone,

Impatient thunders, big with fearful trust,  
Tremble to leap and dash her into dust;  
And though Heaven's judgments linger, and  
seem slow,  
Not lighter falls the long-suspended blow  
That hurls, at last, the blasted tyrant low!

O Egypt! Art thou enough chastised?  
Is not thy pride by all the past advised?  
Rush not vague terrors on thy shrinking  
sight

From out the pall that doubles nature's night?  
Runs not along thy soul that wail untold  
That rose when morning found thy first-born  
cold?

Seems not the burdening pressure of the air  
To stir with whisperings bidding thee *for-  
bear?*

On, on they pour, by fiends exulting driven,  
Smit with portentous hardihood from heaven.  
Throed in his burnished car the monarch  
rides,

Defiant gazing on the quivering tides  
That, with restraint impatient, creep and  
move,

And curl, and hiss, and murmur, far above!  
On, on they pour! Till now, in middle sea,  
The long black valley, open far and free,  
Stretches before, behind, beyond their sight,  
Where sky and ocean blend in circling night.

But as they rave along the hideous gloom,  
Lo! Light appalling flashes on their doom!  
Forth from the cloud in blinding blaze it  
streams,

Malignant influence rides on all its beams!  
Perplexed, dismayed, all hearts with bodings  
quake;

All arms, relaxed, in nerveless terror shake!  
The steed grows restive with brute instinct's  
dread,

Startles, and snorts, and flings his lofty head!  
The trembling driver scarce his stand main-  
tains,

Plies the vain thong, and grasps the useless  
reins!

And swift avenging angels o'er them crowd,  
While Israel's God looks lightening from the  
cloud!

But still the maniac king pursues his prey,  
Scorns every omen, mocks at all delay,  
Till hands unseen, innumerable, deftly steal  
The pins that fasten many a rapid wheel!  
Erring they roll, confused at Heaven's com-  
mand,  
And many a laboring axle ploughs the sand!

With pale recoil, at last, appalled, they cry,  
"From face of Israel let us turn and fly!  
God fights for them against Egyptian's host!  
Turn we, and fly! Fly! fly! or all is lost!"  
They wheel, they fly! Then from the cloudy  
gloom  
Breaks instant forth the fiery storm of doom!

Dread thunders crash! The bellowing heavens descend!

Lightning and rain in blinding wrath contend!

Blackness and whirlwind sky and ocean blind!

And eddying tides resistless turn, and sweep  
And whirl and foam along the rising deep!

Ah, vain repentance, or of man or state,  
That never comes until it comes too late!  
Even as they wheel, lo! Israel's ransomed host,  
With dawn safe climbing free Arabia's coast!  
Too late, too late, through middle seas they fly;

The hour of vengeance flushes all the sky!

O maid of Egypt! vainly dost thou wait  
Thy hero-lover at his palace gate!  
Vainly, with love's fond studiousness prepare  
To crown him victor, and to deck his car!  
Vainly do waiting hearts of pride and love  
Through all the land, at every footfall move!  
Their last, their utterest desolation flies,  
Shadowy and swift, along the ominous skies!

Ten direful plagues throughout the world proclaim

Jehovah's wrath at slavery's wrong and shame:

One final stroke, stupendous and sublime,  
Shall peal the re-enslaver's doom through time;

For when God's right hand rends the bond-  
man's chain,

Woe, woe to him who wields the links  
again—

Who rashly braves the Omnipotent decree!  
He wars with God who wars with liberty!  
Once more wide sounds the awful voice of  
God;

Once more wide waves the sea-compelling  
rod,

And, at its beck, the pent, recoiling tide  
In deluge mountains bursts on either side!

Vainly, in frantic terror, from its flow,  
Shoreward they rage, tumultuous, far below!  
Before, behind, with instantaneous pour,  
The ocean plunges and the surges roar!  
Vainly at once to thousand gods they cry,  
To prop the seas that, stooping, hide the sky!

With shock tremendous yields each green  
arched wall,

Immense and swift the whelming ranges fall,  
And ruin runs with level lapse o'er all!

One moment, struggling in the surge for life,  
See some strong swimmer stem the seething  
strife!

One moment Pharaoh's golden armor shines  
'Mid cataracts booming like exploding  
mines!

One moment, madly plunging in their toils,  
His war-steeds flounder where the tumult  
boils;

And one long, mingled, stifled, strangled  
scream

Comes like the gasp-shriek of a nightmare  
dream;

And Pharaoh, deified, and prince, and slave,  
Together sink beneath th' all-whelming  
wave;

And meeting billows skip, and clap their  
hands,

And laugh wild requiem o'er proud Egypt's  
bands,

That slumber low along the weltering sands.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3928. RED SEA, Song at the.**  
Exodus xv : 1.

Sing to Jehovah, who gloriously triumphs,  
The God of our fathers, the God of the free!  
For Jah is our strength, our song and sal-  
vation!

The horse and his rider are drowned in the  
sea!

The Lord is a warrior, His name is Jehovah!  
Thy right hand, O Lord! is exalted in  
might!

Thou dashest in pieces the foes of Thy people!  
Thy wrath hath consumed them and swept  
them to night!

The chariots of Pharaoh, his captains and  
princes,

The hosts of oppression, the legions of wrong,  
The blast of Thy nostrils with floods over-  
whelms them,

And Israel shouts in her thunders of song!

What God of the nations is like to Jehovah?  
Glorious in holiness, fearful in praise!  
All peoples shall fear Him, all ages adore  
Him!

He reigns in His glory, through infinite days!  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3929. RESURRECTION, Christ's.**

Matthew xxviii : 2; Mark xvi : 4.

Cold is the midnight air;  
Judea's vine-clad heights in silence lie,  
And dark yon rugged cliffs their shadows  
fling

Across the olive glens, in softness veiled,  
Beneath the silver beams of the pale moon.

Jerusalem, too, in solemn silence lies,  
Though thronged throughout her halls with  
num'rous guests,

Now met as in the holier days gone by  
To keep the paschal festival.

But hark! there is a sound! What footstep  
dares

Intrude on spot so sacred? Who disturb  
The quiet of the grave? a grave that could  
Alone afford repose to Him whose life  
Had been one lasting tempest of rebuke,  
And scorn and bitterness and blackest hate,  
A mystery of abandonment and woe!  
Who dares approach? unless some priceless  
friend,

Whose agony and love scorns all restraint,  
And at the noon of night seeks the lone tomb,  
To raise the linen shroud, and gaze, and weep  
On the pale mangled corpse, now cold and  
muted

As the cold rock on which His head doth rest.  
Is it the noiseless step—the smothered sigh  
Of holy friendship, seeking e'en in death  
To hold communion with the loved and lost!  
No; 'tis the martial clank of steel-clad men,  
The measured tread of Roman sentinels,  
Who sullen pace the private garden-paths,  
And watch the tomb of Jesus. Wherefore  
thus

Do hoary warriors stand in consultation?  
And why are signs of dread so visible  
On those stern countenances, long inured  
To buffet with life's storm, and smile in scorn  
At what the gods might doom in duty's path?  
Does Death not hold secure enough his prey,  
That these becomes his allies?

Make all secure!

Let rocks be sealed, and men of war be placed  
At every avenue, with lance and sword,  
To guard the still domain. Let the keen eye  
Of the young soldier fix its fiery glance  
On the mysterious shrine; while near him  
The laurelled veteran, with scrutiny [stands  
Intense as the red lightning. And let hell  
Spread her embattled hosts—the viewless  
ranks

Of principalities and powers and thrones,  
Be ready for the charge, and all combine  
To keep imprisoned in that dark above,  
The murdered corpse of the poor Nazarene!

O earth and heaven! What dread convul-  
sion shakes

The adamantine pillars that have reared  
Their dark volcanic heaps against the sky,  
So many ages! See, the rocks are rent,  
And opening wide disclose their secret  
depths,

In all the frightful grandeur of their form!  
What mighty thunderings wake this peace-  
ful dawn,

With voice more dreadful than the deafening  
roll

Of Cæsar's conquering chariots! And ye men,  
Ye men of blood and valor, who have stood  
Unblanched on battle-fields, and heard un-  
moved

The tumult of ten thousand dying groans,  
Why stand ye thus with terror-stricken brow,  
And rolling eye, and lip as ashy white  
As that of some weak, helpless woman!  
And why beneath the corselet heaves so wild  
Stout hearts that never quaked for man or  
fiend?

The white-robed messengers of heaven's high  
King

Are hovering o'er your heads; while near you  
now,

Within that sepulchre, is going on  
A mystery. . . . .

No human hand may feel the first warm throb

That stirs beneath the shroud. No eye may  
view

The mantling bloom of reawakened life  
Spread o'er that pallid countenance—  
But now He lives. *Mitchell.*

### 3930. RESURRECTION, Christ's.

Matthew xxviii : 1-10.

Our Lord His dissolution had commenced,  
And Deity His soul reinfluenced;  
Infernal malice now had reached its height,  
And God had to the land restored the light,  
When the chief priests the Governor bespeak,  
That some the malefactors' legs should break.  
By Pilate's order, with a pond'rous stroke  
The two thieves' bones were by the soldiers  
broke,

To hasten death, lest hanging on a tree  
Upon the feast, it might polluted be.  
But seeing Jesus dead they passed Him by:  
God watched Him with a providential eye,  
That all the prophecy fulfilled might own—  
Messias should not have a broken bone;  
One thrust his spear into His tender side,  
And from His pericardium streaming eyed  
Both blood and water, and from thence we  
know

From His heart-love rites sacramental flow;  
The wound was mortal, and the spiteful  
Jews [abuse;  
With a feigned death could not the world  
The wound predicted in the Sacred Book,  
They on Messias, whom they pierced, shall  
look.

The pious Joseph then to Pilate goes,  
Begs he of Jesus' body might dispose:  
Pilate consents, and in the marble womb  
Of a hard rock, where was a new-cut tomb  
For his own burial in his garden made,  
Our Lord took rest, where never man was  
laid,

Lest, when He rose, it might suggested be,  
Some other there entombed arose, not He;  
Or that He rose not by His Power Divine,  
But contact of some saint's or prophet's  
shrine.

Good Nicodemus, to adorn his hearse,  
Brought odors o'er His body to disperse:  
All was enwrapped in a fine linen fold,  
And a huge stone upon the entrance rolled.

Meanwhile His separate soul to Hades flew,  
The receptacles of the dead to view,  
O'er ghastly death His triumph to proclaim,  
And make all Tophet tremble at His name.  
A bright angelic squadron on the wing  
Attended on their death-subduing King.  
With a bright cross of rays transversed made,  
And His inscription at the head displayed,  
In great resplendent characters, like those  
Which God's celestial Book of Life compose,  
Our Lord began His awful, radiant march,  
Descending first to the infernal arch.  
Damned ghosts at His dread sight began to  
quake,

Flouncing for shelter in the burning lake ;  
 He their malicious tyranny restrained,  
 And orders gave they should be all reclaimed.  
 The prison next where souls polluted dwell,  
 Infested daily by near neighboring hell,  
 Where they too late impenitent bewail,  
 Reserved for judgment in that dolorous jail,  
 He enters; with strange terror each was  
 dashed,  
 And with fresh stings of guilty conscience  
 lashed.

Thence He to paradise ascends direct,  
 Where holy souls with languor Him expect ;  
 There saints are in the interim at rest,  
 Till, judgment passed, they are completely  
 blessed ;

There each good soul remains in widowed  
 state,

In longings till remarried to its mate ;  
 Thither our Lord the thief benignly brought,  
 Who to the saints the crucifixion taught.  
 The holy souls their gracious Lord revered,  
 And He with sweet supports their languors  
 cheered,

Advanced their joys to a more rapturous  
 height,

And placed them nearer to the blissful sight.  
 Some He for present resurrection chose,  
 His train at His own rising to compose,  
 Whose tombs then open by the earthquake  
 lay,

Ordnained a while to reassume their clay.  
 The third day's dawn gave Him His rising  
 call,

He poured out heavenly favors on them all.  
 Down then He flew with His selected train,  
 That He and they might glad reunion gain.

The envious Jews once more to Pilate came,  
 His jealousy thus striving to inflame:  
 " We oft have heard that great deceiver say

That He would reinspire His buried clay ;  
 A guard we for the sepulchre implore,  
 Which day and night may strictly watch  
 the door,

Lest His admirers some new fraud impose,  
 And then affirm He from His grave arose."   
 At their request straight Pilate guards as-  
 signed,

And watchful duty to them all enjoined :  
 The Jews, lest votaries should His body steal,  
 See the watch set, and stone sepulchral seal ;  
 Wisdom divine Judaic malice steered,  
 And they, the truth they strove to smother,  
 cleared.

Bless'd Jesus' flesh and spirit reunite ;  
 He rose from death by His own boundless  
 might ;

His blood recirceling made His pulses beat ;  
 All vital channels felt rekindled heat.

The seventh day's Jewish Sabbath breathed  
 its last,

And into desuetude eternal passed ; [begun,  
 The first day's hallowed gleams were then  
 illumined by God's co-eternal Son ;

When a new earthquake gave the awful sign  
 Of God incarnate rising from His shrine.

In the first, earth and air at every pore  
 Transpiring thunders globe terraqueous tore ;  
 The frighted sea its channel then forsook,  
 Foundations of the globe terrestrial shook ;  
 The pillars on which arched heavens rely  
 Were on their several bases screwed awry.

But in the second, by propitious force,  
 All things recovered their conatural course :  
 Back to their magazine the waters rolled ;  
 Fixed were foundations which the earth up-  
 hold ;

The pillars screwed aright which heaven  
 sustained ;

The world, with Jesus, resurrection gained.  
 His foes alone had of the omen dread,  
 And feared His glorious rising from the dead ;  
 The guard who watched the tomb, in horrid  
 fright,

To the chief priests took instantaneous flight ;  
 They told the wondrous truth, while envious  
 Jews

(Convinced, but not converted at the news),  
 Bribed high the soldiers, charging them to  
 say,

His votaries stole Him, while they slept,  
 away :

And if the Governor should doubt the tale,  
 They would for their impunity prevail.  
 The soldiers took the bribe, and could not  
 hold,

But all abroad both truth and fiction told.

Explosions which the second earthquake  
 gave,

By Heaven directed, opened Jesus' grave ;  
 They raised the stone erect, while Jesus rose,  
 Which straight fell down the sepulchre to  
 close,

Till from high heaven a mighty angel flown,  
 Rolled quite away the monumental stone,  
 That saints who thither came their tears to  
 shed

Might see plain marks of rising from the  
 dead.

The tender sex got of the men the starts,  
 They first the tribute paid of thankful hearts ;  
 They, ere the sun could gain the morning  
 point,

Haste Jesus with rich odors to anoint.  
 The guard was fled, the stone away was  
 rolled,

And on the stone an angel they behold,  
 His face like unafflicting lightning bright,  
 His vesture than the new-fall'n snow more  
 white ;

The guard he struck into amazing fears,  
 But the soft votaries he benignly cheers ;

" 'Tis Jesus whom ye seek ; be not afraid ;  
 Come, see the empty tomb where He was laid.

The living 'mongst the dead ye seek in vain ;  
 He oft foretold that He should rise again ;

'Tis now fulfilled ; haste to His votaries make,  
 That they may of the happy news partake."



Two other angels, each in radiant vest,  
The same propitious wonder co-attest.  
The news, too good in haste to be believed,  
Was with suspicions at the first received:  
Loved John and Peter gave them greatest  
heed;

Both ran to reach the sepulchre with speed;  
With Magdalen they both the tomb survey,  
Minutely all the circumstances weigh;  
The grave they enter, linen shroud they view,  
And the impression which His body drew;  
The napkin which around His head was tied,  
Wrapt up, they in another place descried:  
They both believe, yet doubts were inter-  
mixed,

Till fresh illuminations faith refixed.  
They both departing, Magdalen remained;  
Showers from her eyes into the tomb she  
rained;

At head and feet where Jesus lay she saw  
Two radiant angels sit with humble awe:  
"Why weepst thou?" they mildly her be-  
speak.

"Ah me!" she said, "I here loved Jesus  
seek,

But they have moved Him from His burial-  
place,

And I, alas! their motions cannot trace."  
Our Lord with that to her glad view appears,  
And changed afflicting into joyful tears.  
Jesus on love and tears sets value high,  
And first with His dear sight blessed Mary's  
eye.

To His great Father in the garden shade,  
Jesus first-fruits of resurrection paid,  
In hymns divine and eucharistic joys,  
And next a glorious angel He employs,  
To carry to His mother the glad news, [fuse.  
Which o'er her soul high rapture should dif-  
The saints departed who with Jesus rose,  
To Salem came the wonder to disclose.

Jews them beheld with a surprise profound,  
Who rose when no last trump was heard to  
sound,

Known by their bodies; they with saints con-  
versed,

Each heart they with the love of Jesus  
pierced.

To female saints Himself He early showed,  
Whose tears, like Mary's, had His tomb o'er-  
flowed;

To James, to Peter, to the saints who talked  
Of Jesus as they to Emmaus walked;  
To His disciples in assembly joined;  
When Thomas stayed by accident behind;  
Peace to you all was His benign salute.  
(Their want of faith to chide and to confute,  
He showed His wounded hands, and feet,  
and side,

That by their sense His body might be tried.  
He food demanded, and before them eat,  
Beyond all doubt conviction to complete;  
"Peace to you," Jesus said, "I now decree,  
To send you, as My Father first sent Me."  
Then breathing, adds, "The Holy Ghost re-  
ceive,

To tender you, when I My votaries leave.  
Heaven will the sins, you here absolve,  
remit,

And no bold sinners, whom you bind, acquit."  
When Thomas present was, He them reviews,  
His solemn benedictions He renews; [nails  
His hands into the wounds of spear and  
Whilst Thomas thrusts, past doubting he  
bewails:

"My Lord, my God!" he passionately cried,  
The same now risen, Who was crucified.  
Our Lord made visit to His friends again,  
As on Tiberias' sea they fished in vain.  
A wondrous draught made risen Jesus known,  
By whom a greater miracle was shown;  
For as to land the mighty shoal they drew,  
A fire-broiled fish, and loaves, they had in  
view;

Our Lord with them at the same table fed,  
Or by the angels, or creation spread.  
For Peter's trine denial, there a trine  
Profession, He required of love divine;  
Bade him His lambs and sheep with zeal to  
feed,

Predicting, he by martyrdom should bleed;  
To heavenly solitude He then withdrew,  
Where angels to congratulate Him flew.

Weak, conquered Death, on Jesus I rely,  
And all your whole artillery defy;  
You of dire terrors are no longer king,  
By Jesus disvenomed is your sting;  
Our Jesus' rising has unbarred the grave,  
From your insulting horrors saints to save;  
Your force, which you by sin accursed gained,  
Is now by His all-gracious might restrained;  
You may the body for a time surprise,  
But from its fall it shall to glory rise.  
May I, Lord, by repentance sin bewail—  
Sin, which armed death, o'er sinners to pre-  
And early rising from a life impure, [vail;  
My rising to eternal bliss secure!

All praise to Jesus! Who from death arose,  
And triumphed over our infernal foes.

Glory to Jesus! o'er the mountain rolls,  
Who rising, opens heaven to faithful souls.

*Thomas Ken.*

### 3931. RESURRECTION, Paul Preaching the.

*Acts xvii : 32.*

Upborne on towering fancy's eagle wing,  
Methinks imagination's piercing eye  
Darts through the veil of ages, and beholds  
Imperial Athens; views her sumptuous domes,  
Her gorgeous palaces, and splendid fanes,  
Inscribed to all the various deities  
That crowd the pagan heaven. Amid the rest  
An altar sacred to the God Unknown  
Attracts my gaze; I see a list'ning throng  
With eager haste press round a reverend form,  
Whose lifted hands and contemplative mien  
Express the anxious feelings of a mind  
Big with momentous cares. 'Tis he! 'tis he!  
Methinks I hear the apostle of my God  
From blind idolatry to purer faith

Call the deluded city; naught avails  
 The rude abuse of jeering ignorance,  
 Nor all the scoffs that malice can invent;  
 To duty firm, their mockery he derides,  
 And, with intrepid tone, divinely brave,  
 Proclaims the blessed Jesus, tells His power,  
 His gracious mercy and unbounded love  
 To sinful man; tells how the Saviour fell,  
 Awhile a victim to insulting death,  
 'Till, bursting from the prison of the grave,  
 He rose to glory, and to earth declared  
 These joyful tidings, this important truth—  
 "There is another and a better world."

Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze,  
 When the great orator announced that day,  
 That solemn day, when from the yawning  
 earth

The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss  
 Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid  
 choirs

Of angels throned, the righteous God shall sit  
 To judge the gathered nations. Vice appalled,  
 With trembling steps retired, and guilty fear  
 Shook every frame, when holy Paul pro-  
 nounced

The awful truth; dark superstition's fiend  
 Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,  
 And persecution's dagger, half unsheathed,  
 Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial grace  
 Around him beamed; sublime the apostle  
 stood,

In heaven's impenetrable armor clothed,  
 Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.  
 So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main,  
 Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,  
 And o'er the angry surge that roars below  
 Indignant frowns; in vain the tempest howls,  
 The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled  
 deep

Assaults in vain: unmoved the giant views  
 All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides  
 Wave after wave expends its little rage,  
 And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.

*William Bolland.*

### 3932. RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Luke xvi : 19-31.

Two men—one rich, the other poor;  
 The poor lay at the rich man's door,  
 The rich amid his goodly store:  
 So was it here.

Of these two men, the Scriptures say:  
 In purple robes the rich man lay;  
 His fare was sumptuous every day,  
 And everywhere.

Attendants on the rich man wait,  
 The courtiers of his pomp and state;  
 The lazar waiting at his gate  
 All friendless lay.

The poor man at the rich man's doors  
 Sought but the fragments of his stores;  
 The dogs were kind, and licked his sores,  
 From day to day.

We are not told the rich man's name,  
 But only of his earthly claim,  
 His wealth, and his unworthy fame,  
 And sumptuous fare.  
 The poor man's name is in all lands;  
 Writ in the Book of Life it stands;  
 Upon His forehead and His hands—  
 'Tis graven there!

They lived, they died—we all must die;  
 The rich in gorgeous pomp did lie;  
 Beneath some gilded canopy  
 He slept his sleep.

The beggar on his bed, forlorn,  
 His body wearied, wasted, worn,  
 His soul by angel hands is borne  
 For God to keep.

Bright angels bear light souls away  
 To realms of light and endless day;  
 The stony heart to heavy clay,  
 Too great a load.

Thus, he who craved the crumbs that fell,  
 Awoke in heaven's high festival;  
 The other oped his eyes in hell,  
 Far, far from God.

Between those worlds vast spaces are;  
 But as the gates are left ajar,  
 They see each other from afar,  
 From thence to there.

And there behold the poor man's bliss,  
 More joy in that world than in this;  
 The fulness of that joy was his,  
 God's love to share.

Safe harbor, and the voyage o'er;  
 Fair haven of the peaceful shore;  
 Soft "bosom," never troubled more,  
 All peace and rest;

Where pains of earth are past and gone;  
 Hunger and thirst no more are known;  
 The toil and weary travel done,  
 Forever blest.

The rich man saw, through yonder gate,  
 The poor man's joy and blissful state;  
 And from his own dread, awful fate,  
 Cried, "Father, hear!"  
 'Mid burning thirsts and wailing sighs,  
 And from the death that never dies,  
 The rich man's voice from Hades cries  
 In pain and fear.

He that the very crumbs denied—  
 "Give but one cooling drop!" now cried.  
 But no; the gulf is deep and wide  
 'Twixt us and you;

And none can help another thus,  
 For none can pass from thence to us.  
 'Tis vain to call for Lazarus  
 To help thee now!

Nor can he to thy brethren go,  
 Nor to thy father's house below  
 The way of life and truth to show;  
 His work is o'er.

Nor, when the guilty sinner dies,  
Can he from endless death arise:  
As the tree falleth, there it lies,  
For evermore!

No dead one from the narrow grave,  
Nor angel from above, could save;  
Who Moses and the prophets have,  
Must read with fear.

Would'st thou maintain a living creed  
To comfort thee when dying, dead?  
In Moses and the prophets read:  
It is all there. *Robert Maguire.*

### 3933. RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battlefield of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,  
In our mysterious creed,  
Than in the godless look of earth,  
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act,  
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;  
Her step is firm and free;  
Yet there is cautious science too  
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! oh lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battlefield  
Thou shalt know where to strike!

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
From what men reckon shame,  
In His own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!  
Muse and take better heart;  
Back with thine angel to the field,  
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we  
Our anxious hearts may lay,  
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

*F. W. Faber.*

### 3934. RIGHT, Trust in God and do the.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path is dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble:  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight,  
Foot it bravely, strong or weak,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light,  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,  
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;  
But in every word and action  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion;  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee;  
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light,  
Star upon our path abiding,  
"Trust in God and do the right."  
*Norman Macleod.*

## 3935. RIZPAH.

2 Samuel xxi : 8-10.

Oh moments to others, but ages to me,  
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my  
knee;  
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,  
I have bent o'er the cherished, that left me—  
how soon!  
And I looked on the dimness that froze on  
the eye,  
So bright in its burning, its glances so high!  
And I watched the consumer, as over he crept,  
And feasted where beauty and manhood still  
slept.

I loved the dark eye, though its kindling  
was dead,  
And the pride of that lip, though its blush-  
ing was shed.  
O sons of the kingly! how lovely in death!  
Though your frown, when ye died, fitted  
not with your breath;  
As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and  
chill,  
There was daring, calm daring, that death  
could not kill;  
So mighty to conquer, and never to fly,  
And life in its fulness, oh, how did ye die!

The eagle at dawning stooped down in his  
pride,  
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions  
were dyed;  
But he looked on that eye, and he shrouded  
his own:  
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone.  
The leopard at evening leaped onward in play,  
And he plunged where I knelt, as he scented  
his prey;  
But he knew the strong arm he had met in  
his mood,  
And he crept to his lair, like a fawn of the  
wood.

Oh, you moon, with her cold light has  
maddened my brain!  
In the wildness of midnight they waken again:  
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness  
and glee,  
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright  
smile to me;  
The frown when they struck 'mid the carnage  
begun,

The smile as we met when the conflict was  
done;  
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest  
As I with my dead, in their desolate rest.  
*Bryan Fitch Ransom.*

## 3936. RIZPAH.

2 Samuel xxi : 9, 10.

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,  
As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead.  
The sons of Michal before her lay,  
And her own fair children, dearer than they:  
By a death of shame they all had died,  
And were stretched on the bare rock, side  
by side.  
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all  
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,  
All wasted with watching and famine now,  
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,  
Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses there,  
And murmured a strange and solemn air;  
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain  
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

"I have made the crags my home, and spread  
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;  
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,  
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;  
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain  
Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain.  
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,  
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the  
sky.

I have watched them through the burning day,  
And driven the vulture and raven away;  
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,  
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.  
And, when the shadows of twilight came,  
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,  
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,  
But aye at my shout the savage fled:  
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright  
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

"Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,  
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;  
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,  
All innocent, for your father's crime.  
He sinned, but he paid the price of his guilt  
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt;  
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,  
And fell with the flower of his people slain,  
And the sceptre his children's hands should  
sway  
From his injured lineage passed away.

"But I hoped that the cottage roof would be  
A safe retreat for my sons and me;  
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,  
They should wean my thoughts from the  
woes of the past.  
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,  
As they stood in their beauty and strength  
by my side,  
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace  
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

“Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,  
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!  
When I clasped their knees and wept and  
prayed,  
And struggled and shrieked to Heaven for aid,  
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,  
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,  
And bore me breathless and faint aside,  
In their iron arms, while my children died.  
They died, and the mother that gave them  
birth  
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

“The barley-harvest was nodding white,  
When my children died on the rocky height,  
And the reapers were singing on hill and  
plain,  
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.  
But now the season of rain is nigh,  
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,  
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest  
Where he hides his light at the doors of the  
west.

I hear the howl of the wind that brings  
The long drear storm on its heavy wings;  
But the howling wind and the driving rain  
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:  
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare  
The beasts of the desert and fowls of air.”  
*William Cullen Bryant.*

**3937. RIZPAH.**

Lo! the day-star's golden car  
Brings the morning from afar,  
Lighting up Mount Gibeah.

I must raise my eyes and see  
In the sighing cypress tree,  
Faces dead, but dear to me.

Sons of Rizpah, children mine!  
Sons of Saul, a kingly line!  
Drunken now with Death's pale wine!

I am Rizpah and accursed!  
Vultures hunger, jackals thirst  
For the babes I fondly nursed!

O my darlings! Mine no more!  
Never mother wept before  
With a soul so sick and sore!

From your cold but comely clay  
I will once more drive away  
The avenging birds of prey.

Since the barley fields were ripe,  
In the darkness, in the light,  
I have waged a weary fight.

Winds at twilight, as they blow,  
Move your dead limbs to and fro,  
Mock me, while I watch below;

For I fancy you alive,  
From my half-sleep rise and strive,  
Back the birds and dreams to drive!

In despair, aloud I cry,  
“Speak, Armoni! It is I,  
Rizpah!” You make no reply.

Then I turn me to the other:  
“Hear, Mephibosheth, thy mother!”  
Art thou voiceless as thy brother?

Long ago death's frigid stare  
Left your features fond and fair;  
And I knew whose touch was there.

Death is cruel, but Decay  
Is my helper; none can stay  
What her hands would hide away.

Spite of gibbet, gyve, or chain,  
Soon upon the flowery plain  
You will lie, my twain, my slain.

Then by hands you loved the best  
Shall the soft, sweet soil be pressed  
On your bones, and we will rest!  
*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

**3938. RIZPAH.**

She sat beneath the midnight sky,  
Amid her grief alone;  
The soft winds swept in silence by,  
Or breathed an answering moan.  
She wept not, for the source was dry  
Whence bitter tears are shed;  
But gazed with calm and steadfast eye  
Upon the silent dead:

The dead whose forms before her lay,  
Wrapped in that deep repose  
That will not pass with night away,  
Nor sudden waking knows:  
On whom the mourner called in vain  
With words of tenderness,  
Whose pale lips trembled not again  
To soothe her deep distress.

Well might she gaze, in mute despair,  
Upon that scene of woe;  
For every treasured hope was there,  
Besides those sleepers low.  
Too soon, too sudden torn away,  
The lone and childless left,  
Where shall her sad heart find a stay,  
Of every hope bereft?

Sadly looked down the dark-blue sky,  
Though bright with many a star;  
She heeded not each glittering eye  
That watched her from afar.  
She would have poured her bitter grief  
Upon the midnight air;  
But words were all too few and brief  
To paint her wild despair.

Then gayly came the crimson dawn,  
Clothed in its robe of light;  
But what to her was rosy morn,  
Who dwelt in endless night?

The midnight's veil could never hide  
That depth of bitter woe;  
The gorgeous sun, arrayed in pride,  
But mocked the grief below.

Slowly the golden sunbeams crept  
Along their wide domain,  
And rested on the forms that slept  
Where love still watched in vain.  
The sunshine of her life's glad day  
Was gone, no more to rise;  
Hid 'neath the heavy lids that lay  
Above the darkened eyes.

Gay voices, breathing tones of mirth,  
Came floating on the breeze;  
The mingled choristers of earth,  
The sound of waving trees.  
These fell unheeded on her ear;  
To her all music died,  
When, bending o'er these slumb'ers dear,  
She called and none replied.

Still through each long and weary day  
Her vigil sad she kept;  
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray,  
Or when the night dews wept.  
With love that changed or faltered not,  
She kept her place unmoved;  
On earth that single lonely spot  
Held all her best beloved.

And oh! what piercing tones of woe  
Awoke the silence there,  
Or died away in murmurs low  
Upon the troubled air!  
What storm of grief and passion thrilled  
Her heart so long opprest!  
What brooding waves of sorrow filled  
The mourner's haunted breast!

They bore the silent dead away  
From that drear scene of gloom,  
And laid them with their kindred clay  
Within the sheltering tomb.  
And where—where broke the faithful heart  
Whose task was now fulfilled?  
Whence did that spirit, wrung, depart?  
When was that deep grief stilled?

We know not; but the love profound  
That lived when life was o'er,  
That human speech can never sound,  
Or human thought explore,  
Must surely in some realm above  
Have found its fitting home,  
Where death can never sunder love,  
Or grief and parting come.

A sad and weary lot was thine,  
O watcher by the dead!  
To gaze upon the soul's loved shrine,  
When life's fair hues had fled.  
But oh! 'tis sad from day to day  
To mark the love of years,  
Long prized and cherished, fade away  
Amidst unheeded tears:

The love that we had called our own,  
The joy of vanished hours,  
Die, like an echo's scarce-heard tone,  
Or hues of withered flowers;  
And leave but sorrow in the place  
Whence love and hope have fled:  
The soul that seeks their early trace  
Must gaze upon the dead!

*P. J. Owens.*

### 3939. RIZPAH.

With staff in hand, stern Rizpah dauntless  
stands

To guard the bodies of her sons, who, slain  
For sacrifice, now hang upon the plain  
In ghastly form, a terror to all lands.  
Mute, prayerful, watchful, as if mighty bands  
Of robbers girt her like a giant chain,  
She backward drives the birds and beasts  
again,

By wondrous power and might of eyes and  
hands.

Rizpah! thy name comes blazoned through  
long years

For showing all the strength and fearlessness  
A mother can bestow upon her own,  
To guard from foul disgrace. Yet not the less  
Methinks e'en in this time and temperate zone  
Would every mother shield her sons from  
stress

Of evil, 'till soul and body's strength were  
gone.

*Alexander Macauley.*

### 3940. ROBES, Bridal.

Bride of the Lamb, thyself prepare  
To meet the spouse divine;  
Put on thy robe with virgin care,  
And bright with jewels shine.

Arrayed in linen white and clean,  
The saints' pure righteousness,  
Come forth as sun or moon serene,  
And show thy beauteous dress.

No blemish in thy garb must be,  
Nor spot on all thy vest,  
Fair emblems of the purity  
Grace wrought within thy breast.

Whate'er thou once couldst call thine own  
Must all be laid aside;  
In what He hath conferred alone  
Will Jesus own His bride.

What scarlet was, white snow behold;  
What crimson, native wool;  
For every sheep in Jesus' fold  
Is washed in Calvary's pool.

Faith, hope, and love unite to gem  
Emmanuel's chosen bride;  
But in the New Jerusalem  
Love only shall abide.

*J. M. Hare.*

**3941. ROCK AND SAND.**

Matthew vii : 24-27.

Happy he whose willing ears  
Catch the words of life with joy;  
He who treasures what he hears,  
Makes its practice his employ.

On the rock his house he rears;  
Vain the floods that 'round him roar;  
Built on Christ, no storms he fears;  
God his trust for evermore.

Woe to him who hears in vain—  
Hears, but does not, Christ's commands;  
Shuns the cross this world to gain,  
Builds his house upon the sands!

Soon the gathering storm shall dash,  
Waves shall beat, and tempests roar;  
Then, with awful, endless crash,  
Sinks that house, to rise no more!

Help me, Lord, to hear and do  
All Thy words of life and love;  
Christ my rock, my house in view,  
Built for endless years above.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

**3942. ROCK, Streams from the.**

Numbers xx : 11.

What wonder's this, that there should spring  
Streams from a rock to quench a people's  
thirst?

What man alive did e'er see such a thing,  
That waters out of stones should burst?  
Yet rather than with drouth should Israel die,  
God by a miracle will them supply.

What wonder's this, that from Christ's side  
Water and blood should run to cleanse our  
sin?

This is that fountain which was opened wide  
To purge all our uncleanness in;  
But this the greater wonder is by far,  
As substances beyond the shadows are.

Christ is that spiritual Rock from whence  
Two sacraments derived are to us:  
Being the objects of our faith and sense,  
Both receive comfort from them thus;  
Rather than we should faint, our Rock turns  
Vine,  
And stays our thirst with water and with  
wine.

But here's another rock, my heart  
Harder than adamant; yet by and by,  
If by a greater Moses struck, 'twill part,  
And stream forth tears abundantly. [blow,  
Strike then this rock, my God! double the  
That for my sins my eyes with tears may  
flow!

My sins that pierced Thy hands, Thy feet,  
Thy head, Thy heart, and every part of Thee,

And on the cross made life and death to  
Death to Thyself, and life to me; [meet—  
Thy very fall does save; O happy strife!  
That struck God dead, but raised man to  
life. *Thomas Washbourne.*

**3943. ROSE OF SHARON AND LILY OF THE VALLEY.**

Canticles ii : 1.

A wilderness of barren sand,  
With scorching sun-glare, hot and red,  
Where whitened bones of men long dead,  
A level, broad, deserted land.

Storms swept across it, and the sky  
Deepened its red to blackest gloom;  
It seemed a buried nation's tomb,  
So desolate below, on high.

Years passed, years slowly passed again:  
A long pale line of eastern light  
Broke at the murkiest hour of night,  
To herald sounds of summer rain.

Then on that lone and sandy flat  
A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom,  
The wilderness no more a tomb—  
The desert beautiful for that.

And soon another flower expands,  
The Rose of Sharon for the dew,  
A silver morning light so new;  
Transplanted then to other lands:

But leaving many a blessing there,  
Odors of beauty and of grace,  
Leaves for the healing of the race,  
Rich gifts forgotten, new and rare.

A barren wilderness no more;  
Athwart, away to yonder fold  
Beyond those seas of green and gold,  
A peaceful, bright, and sunny shore.  
*Frederick George Lee.*

**3944. RULER, Faith of the.**

Matthew ix : 18, 19.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick:  
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,  
Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow  
moan,

Which none may soothe, and then the last  
faint breath  
Subsiding with a shudder.

Deep the wail  
That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine  
Of a fond parent's heart. A withered flower  
Is there, O mother! where thy proudest hope  
Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld  
New buddings every morn.

Father, 'tis o'er!  
That voice is silent which had been thy harp,  
Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy  
home,  
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep

Even with thy temple worship,  
Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step  
Breaketh the trance of grief! Whose radiant  
brow  
In meekness and in majesty doth bend  
Beside the bed of death?

“She doth but sleep;  
The damsel is not dead.”

A smothered hiss,  
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering  
band,  
Who beat the breast, and raise the license  
wail  
Of Judah’s mourning.

Look upon the dead!  
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trem-  
bling lids,  
What peers beneath their fringes, like the  
tint

Of dewy violet? The blanched lips dispart,  
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh re-  
stores

Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo! that clay-cold  
hand  
Doth clasp the Master’s, and, with sudden  
spring,

That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,  
Hides in her mother’s bosom. Faith’s strong  
root

Was in the parent’s spirit, and its fruit  
How beautiful!

O mother! who doth gaze  
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep,  
Which threatens the soul’s salvation, breathe  
her name

To thy Redeemer’s ear, both when she smiles  
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,  
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep  
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,  
Or when at pleasure’s beckoning she goes  
Or to the meshes of an early love [forth,  
Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,  
Take no denial, till the gracious hand,  
Which raised the ruler’s dead, give life to  
her,

That better life, whose power surmounts the  
tomb.

*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

### 3945. RULER’S DAUGHTER.

Luke viii : 41-56.

My child! my child! methinks I see her now.  
Streamed o’er her couch the long, rich, wavy  
hair,

Dark as the pencilled arches of that brow,  
So noble, so expansive, and so fair.

And the soft, silken lashes silently  
In death’s deep slumber rested on the cheek,  
And fringed the lid of the large, lustrous eye  
That once the language of the soul could  
speak.

But now the glory was departed. All  
That was most lovely seemed forever fled:

’Twas useless on the well-loved name to call;  
There came no voice, nor answer, from the  
dead!

How grated then upon mine ear the sound  
Of noisy weeping, and the clamorous wail  
Of many minstrels, as they crowded round  
When thou wert lying motionless and pale!

Then Jesus spoke. And sweetly to mine ear,  
At that sad moment, came His voice alone;  
Nor rose the sigh, nor fell the gathering tear,  
While hung our souls upon each soothing  
tone.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth!” All the  
sobbing  
Of noisy grief was in a moment still:  
That Voice hath power to calm the heart’s  
wild throbbing,  
The darkened soul with light and peace to  
fill.

And He bent down and took her by the  
hand,  
And with that touch the life and vigor came,  
And coursed the crimson tide, at His com-  
mand,  
Through all its wond’rous channels in her  
frame.

Few words He spake: “Maiden, I bid thee  
rise!”  
And she forthwith obeyed the voice. Re-  
stored

On earth to us again, she raised her eyes,  
And first they opened on her gracious Lord.

And when the change and chance of mortal  
life,  
And all its lights and shadows, shall have  
passed,

Where only there is rest from sin and strife,  
Oh may we meet before Thy throne at last!

### 3946. RULER’S DAUGHTER.

Matthew ix : 18, 19, 23-25.

“Dead is thy daughter; trouble not the Mas-  
ter!”

Thus in the ruler’s ear his servants spake,  
While tremblingly he urged the Saviour  
faster

Up the green slope from that white-margined  
lake.

The soft wave weltered, and the breeze came  
Out of the oleander thickets red; [sighing  
He only heard a breath that gasped in dying,  
Or “Trouble not the Master; she is dead.”

Trouble Him not. Ah! are these words be-  
The desolation of that awful day, [seeming  
When love’s vain fancies, hope’s delusive  
dreaming,

Are over, and the life has fled for aye?



We need Him most when the dear eyes are  
closing,

When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,  
When the soft lines are set in that reposing  
That never mother cradled with a song.

Then most we need the gentle human feeling  
That throbs with all our sorrows and our  
fears,

And that great love divine its light revealing  
In short bright flashes through a mist of  
tears.

Then most we need the voice that while it  
weepeth

Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith,  
"Weep not: thy darling is not dead, but  
sleepeth;

Only believe, for I have conquered death."

Then most we need the thoughts of resur-  
rection,

Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and  
woe,

But even in the fulness of perfection  
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,  
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet  
We cannot see the Lamb in Abraham's bosom,  
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent—neither moan nor cheer-  
ing,

The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—  
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,  
Then most we need to trouble Him with  
prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold sleeper  
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden  
eyes,

Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous  
weeper,  
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?

Come to us, Saviour! in our lone dejection,  
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate  
grief;

Bring us the hopes and thoughts of resur-  
rection,

Bring us the comfort of a true belief.

Come! with that human voice that breaks in  
weeping;

Come! with that awful tenderness divine;  
Come! tell us that they are not dead but  
sleeping,

But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.  
*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

### 3947. RUTH.

Ruth ii, iii.

In the land of Bethlehem Judah,  
Let us linger, let us wander!  
Ephrath's sorrow, Rachel's pillar,  
Lieth in the valley yonder;

And the yellow barley harvest  
Floods it with a golden glory.  
Let us back into the old time,  
Dreaming of her tender story,  
Of her true heart's strong devotion,  
From beyond the Dead Sea water,  
From the heathen land of Moab—  
Mahlon's wife and Mara's daughter.

On the terebinth and fig-tree  
Suns of olden time are shining,  
And the dark leaf of the olive  
Scarcely shows its silver lining;  
For still noon is on the thicket,  
Where the blue-necked pigeons listen  
To their own reproachful music,  
And the red pomegranates glisten;  
As a queen a golden circlet,  
As a maid might wear a blossom,  
So the valley wears the cornfields  
Heaving on her fertile bosom;  
And the wild gray hills stand o'er them,  
All their terraced vineyards swelling  
Like the green waves of a forest,  
Up to David's mountain dwelling.

Lo! the princely-hearted Boaz  
Moves among his reapers slowly;  
And the widowed child of Moab  
Bends behind the gleaners lowly,  
Gathering, gleaning, as she goeth  
Down the slopes and up the hollows,  
While the love of old Naomi  
Like a guardian angel follows.  
And he speaketh words of kindness,  
Words of kindness, calm and stately;  
Till he breaks the springs of gladness  
That lay cold and frozen lately;  
And the love-flowers that had faded  
Deep within her bosom lonely,  
Slowly open as he questions,  
Soon for him to blossom only,  
When that spring shall fill with music,  
Like an overflowing river,  
All his homestead; and those flowers  
Bloom beside his hearth forever.  
Mother of a line of princes,  
Wrought into that race's story,  
Whom the Godhead breaking earthward  
Marked with an unearthly glory!  
Still he walks among the reapers,  
And the day is nearly over,  
And the lonely mountain partridge  
Seeks afar his scanty cover:  
And the flocks of wild blue pigeons,  
That had gleaned behind the gleaner,  
Find their shelter in the thicket;  
And the cloudless sky grows sheener  
With a sudden flush of crimson,  
Steeping in a fiery lustre  
Every sheaf-top in the valley,  
On the hill-side every cluster.

Slowly, slowly fade, fair picture,  
Yellow lights and purple shadows,  
On the valley, on the mountain,

And sweet Ruth among the meadows!  
 Stay awhile, true heart, and teach us,  
 Pausing in thy matron beauty,  
 Care of elders, love of kindred,  
 All unselfish thought and duty.  
 Linger, Boaz, noble-minded!  
 Teach us, haughty and unsparing,  
 Tender care for lowlier station,  
 Kindly speech, and courteous bearing.  
 Still each softest loveliest color  
 Shrine the form beloved and loving,  
 Heroine of our heart's first poem,  
 Through our childhood's dreamland mov-  
 When the great old Bible opened, [ing,  
 And a pleasant pastoral measure,  
 As our mothers read the story,  
 Filled our infant hearts with pleasure.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

### 3948. RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,  
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
 Deeply ripened; such a blush  
 In the midst of brown was born,  
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
 Which were blackest none could tell;  
 But long lashes veiled a light  
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
 Made her tressy forehead dim;  
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
 Share my harvest and my home.

*Thomas Hood.*

### 3949. RUTH.

The plume-like waving of the auburn corn,  
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fanned,  
 Still brings me back thine image, oh! forlorn  
 Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand  
 Lone 'midst the gladness of the harvest-band,  
 Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam  
 Fallen in its weariness. Thy fatherland  
 Smiles far away; yet to thy sense of home,  
 That finest, purest, which can recognize  
 Home in affection's glance, forever true  
 Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes  
 Glean tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue  
 Those words immortal in their deep love's  
 tone,

"Thy people and thy God shall be mine own."

*Scotch Sunday-School Magazine.*

### 3950. RUTH AND NAOMI.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, but convert  
 me to the truth;"

So spake in sorrow and in tears the gently-  
 chiding Ruth;

"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor unclasp  
 thy loosening hand;

I'll follow thee, my mother, to the far Ju-  
 dean land."

But, turning still in grief away from her  
 young pleading face,

And sadly putting back the arms so fondly  
 that embrace—

"My daughter," thus Naomi said, in meas-  
 ured tones and deep,

"We have our Sabbath in that land, and  
 holy days to keep,

And there's a bound we cannot pass upon  
 that day, you know."

But Ruth said, "Only where thou goest,  
 mother, will I go."

Still spake Naomi: "Turn again; thy home  
 is not with me;

For Judah's children must not with the out-  
 cast Gentile be."

Ruth answered, "In that stranger-land with  
 thee, oh! let me stay,

And where thou lodgest I will lodge—I can-  
 not go away."

And then again Naomi: "We have precepts  
 to observe,

And from our fathers' worship are com-  
 manded not to swerve."

Ruth answered with religious zeal: "I bow  
 to Judah's Lord;

Thy people shall my people be, thy God  
 shall be my God."

And now the mother's love burst forth, and  
 rose in accents wild:

"Turn back, beloved, oh! turn back; for  
 think you, Ruth, my child,

Your fainting heart could ever bear the woes  
 I number now?

They must not dim those gentle eyes, nor  
 darken o'er that brow;

For though thy mother yields to them, yet,  
 dearest daughter mine,

It were not meet that they should fall on  
 such a head as thine."

Then Ruth, with sudden brightness in her  
 mild and loving eye,

"However hard thy death may be, thus only  
 will I die."

But yet once more Naomi spoke, "My  
 daughter, for the dead

We have a house of burial;" but Ruth, still  
 answering, said,

"And there will I be buried; and the Lord  
 deal thus by me,

If aught, my mother, on the earth, but death  
 part thee and me."

*Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland.*

**3951. RUTH**, Devotion of.

Entreat me not to leave thee,  
My heart goes with thee now;  
Why turn my footsteps homeward?  
No friend so dear as thou!  
Thy heart has borne my sorrow,  
And I have wept for thine;  
And now how can I leave thee?  
Oh! let thy lot be mine.

I'll follow where thou ledest;  
My love will cling to thee;  
And where thy head is pillowed,  
My nightly rest shall be:  
Thy birthplace and thy kindred  
I'll cherish like my own;  
Thy God shall be my refuge,  
I'll worship at His throne.

Where death's cold hand shall find thee,  
There let my eyelids close,  
And, in the grave beside thee,  
This mortal frame repose:  
Oh, do not now entreat me;  
No friend so dear as thou;  
My heart would break in anguish  
If I should leave thee now.

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

**3952. RUTH**, Resolution of.

Farewell? Oh no! it may not be;  
My firm resolve is heard on high:  
I will not breathe farewell to thee,  
Save only in my dying sigh.  
I know not that I now could bear  
Forever from thy side to part,  
And live without a friend to share  
The treasured sadness of my heart.

I did not love, in former years,  
To leave thee solitary; now,  
When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears,  
And shades the beauty of thy brow,  
I'll share the trial and the pain;  
And strong the furnace fires must be  
To melt away the willing chain  
That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

I will not boast a martyr's might,  
To leave my home without a sigh—  
The dwelling of my past delight,  
The shelter where I hope to die.  
In such a duty, such an hour,  
The weak are strong, the timid brave;  
For Love puts on an angel's power,  
And Faith grows mightier than the grave.

But where thou goest I will go;  
With thine my earthly lot is cast;  
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,  
Will I attend thee to the last.  
That hour shall find me by thy side;  
And where thy grave is mine shall be;  
Death can but for a time divide  
My firm and faithful heart from thee.

**3953. SALOME.**

Mark vi : 25.

Once on a charger there was laid,  
And brought before a royal maid,  
As price of attitude and grace,  
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day  
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.  
He married his own brother's wife,  
Wicked Herodias. She the life  
Of John the Baptist long had sought,  
Because he openly had taught  
That she a life unlawful led,  
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,  
Who in the wilderness alone  
Abiding, did for clothing wear  
A garment made of camel's hair;  
Honey and locusts were his food,  
And he was most severely good.  
He preached penitence and tears,  
And waking first the sinner's fears,  
Prepared a path, made smooth a way,  
For his diviner Master's day.

Herod kept in princely state  
His birthday. On his throne he sate,  
After the feast, beholding her  
Who danced with grace peculiar;  
Fair Salome, who did excel  
All in that land for dancing well.  
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,  
And whatsoever thing she desired,  
Though half his kingdom it should be,  
He in his pleasure swore that he  
Would give the graceful Salome.  
The damsel was Herodias' daughter;  
She to the queen hastes, and besought her  
To teach her what great gift to name.  
Instructed by Herodias, came  
The damsel back: to Herod said:  
"Give me John the Baptist's head;  
And in a charger let it be  
Hither straightway brought to me."  
Herod her suit would fain deny,  
But for his oath's sake must comply.

When painters would by art express  
Beauty in unloveliness,  
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,  
They fittest subject take to be.  
They give thy form and features grace;  
But ever in thy beauteous face  
They show a steadfast, cruel gaze,  
An eye unpitying; and amaze  
In all beholders deep they mark,  
That thou betrayest not one spark  
Of feeling for the ruthless deed,  
That did thy praiseful dance succeed!  
For on the head they make you look,  
As if a sullen joy you took,  
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,  
That for your sport a saint had died.

*Charles Lamb*

**3954. SAMARIA, The Woman of.**

John iv : 4-42.

O woman of olden Samaria! tell  
 What the stranger of Galilee said at the well,  
 When he paused and sat down all alone by  
 the way,  
 With His holy lips parched like the summer-  
 dried clay.

"I will tell you the words of the sage that I  
 saw,  
 When I went to the well the bright waters  
 to draw,  
 Where the stones are all mossy and green at  
 the side,  
 And the life-cheering drops so delightfully  
 glide.

"Alone with my jar, ere the blaze of high  
 noon,  
 With a carolling voice, and my feet all un-  
 shoon,  
 I leisurely sought for a draught of that wave,  
 Which the wisdom of Jacob our forefathers  
 gave.

"At the verge of the fountain I stood, and  
 behold!  
 In silence there sat, with his garments in fold,  
 A Hebrew apparelled in seamless attire,  
 Whose presence did reverence deeply inspire.

"He asked for a drink from the pitcher I  
 bore,  
 Of that cool well of Jacob, delicious and pure;  
 And I gave it unready, yet gave it at last,  
 When the spell of his spirit had over me  
 passed.

"He told then of waters that flowed for the  
 soul,  
 From the rivers of life that unceasingly roll,  
 Gushing freely for all that would seek them  
 in awe,  
 With faith in the might of the Lord and His  
 Law.

"He said that salvation was born of the Jews,  
 With a blessed Messiah to love and to choose,  
 Whose feet with the brightness of virtue were  
 shod,  
 While righteousness rose in the path that he  
 trod.

"He said in these mountains our worship  
 should cease,  
 And Jerusalem's glory forget to increase;  
 That God was a Spirit to love and adore,  
 Whom in spirit and truth we must seek and  
 implore.

"And, with countenance looking celestially  
 calm,  
 Whence holiness beamed with a soul-given  
 charm,  
 He said that Himself was Messiah, foretold  
 By the patriarchs, seers, and the prophets of  
 old!

"Oh! beautiful sight, on those features to  
 gaze,  
 As the holy announcement came forth, like  
 the blaze  
 Of the horizon lights, to the zenith unfurled,  
 For the wonder and love of the sky-viewing  
 world!

"He told me of things that I deemed were  
 unknown,  
 Save unto myself, and my chosen alone;  
 And all that I knew He perused in my soul,  
 As it bowed to His will, and confessed His  
 control.

"A prophet! a prophet!" I uttered, amazed;  
 Our God for His people a prophet hath  
 raised!  
 An angel hath come from the light of His  
 throne,  
 The Messiah at last to the world to make  
 known.

"O'erawed by His words, from His presence  
 I turned,  
 With my heart full of thought, as it fluttered  
 and burned  
 With the weight of the marvels I heard and  
 I saw,  
 By that fountain whose waters I wandered to  
 draw.

"Thus—thus have I told what so lately befell  
 My wondering soul at the patriarch's well;  
 Where the waters, though sweet, as the way-  
 farer sips,  
 Yet sweeter the words of that bright Stran-  
 ger's lips!"

Thank thee, oh! thank thee, Samaritan friend!  
 For the God-light that did to thy vision de-  
 scend,  
 For the words that thy spirit remembered  
 and told,  
 And the sacred delight they forever unfold!  
*Thomas G. Spear.*

**3955. SAMARITAN, The Good.**

Luke x : 30-37.

See there a Jew from th' hallowed town  
 To Jericho is going down,  
 Unguarded as he goes that way,  
 To bloody thieves becomes a prey!  
 They rob, strip, wound, and bruise him sore;  
 There he lies weltering in his gore.  
 A priest and Levite see his state,  
 But, fearing like disastrous fate,  
 Left him half dead, and gasping lie,  
 And pass in haste their brother by;  
 But, a Samaritan, a name  
 To Jews most hateful and infame,  
 When he sees where the Jew was cast,  
 Who, bleeding, seemed to breathe his last,  
 Soft pity pierces deep his breast;  
 He there draws near his foe distressed,

With wine and oil, which by his care  
 For his own health provided were;  
 He tries the helpless to relieve,  
 And in the hopeless, life retrieve;  
 His sores he searches with kind hand,  
 Cleanses with wine from dirt and sand,  
 Pours oil to ease and heal each wound,  
 Which there is with soft swathing bound;  
 To save the Jew he freely chose  
 Himself to danger to expose;  
 There on the envious, naked Jew,  
 He his own upper garment threw;  
 On his own beast the wretch he lays,  
 And to a distant inn conveys,  
 To walk afoot to tend him deigns,  
 And with kind arms his bulk sustains;  
 There of the inn defrays the scores,  
 Charged them to tend his painful sores;  
 There promises the rest to pay  
 Soon as he should return that way.

This parable by Jesus was designed  
 By picture to inform and please the mind,  
 To copy the Philanthropy Divine,  
 Who on the worst of sinners deigns to shine;  
 Each saint the story to himself applies;  
 By Jesus taught, go, and do thou likewise.

*Bishop Ken.*

**3956. SAMARITAN, The Good.**

A traveller fell among the thieves;  
 He was crushed like autumn leaves;  
 He was beaten like the sheaves  
 Upon the threshing-floor.

There, upon the public way,  
 In the shadowless heat of day,  
 Bleeding, stripped, and bound he lay,  
 And seemed to breathe no more.

Void of hope was he, when lo!  
 On his way to Jericho,  
 Came a priest, serene and slow,  
 His journey just begun.

Many a silver bell and gem  
 Glittered on his harness hem;  
 Behind him gleamed Jerusalem,  
 His unclouded sun.

Broad were his phylacteries,  
 And his calm and holy eyes  
 Looked above earth's vanities,  
 And gazed upon the sky.

He the suffering one desried,  
 But, with saintly looks of pride,  
 Passed by on the other side,  
 And left him there to die.

Then approached with reverend pace  
 One of the elected race,  
 The chosen ministers of grace,  
 Who bore the ark of God.

He a Levite and a high  
 Exemplar of humanity,

Likewise passed the sufferer by,  
 Even as the dust he trod.

Then came a Samaritan,  
 A despised, rejected man,  
 Outlawed by the Jewish ban  
 As one in bonds to sin.

He beheld the poor man's need,  
 Bound his wounds, and with all speed  
 Set him on his own good steed,  
 And brought him to the inn.

When our Judge shall reappear  
 Thinkest thou this man will hear,  
 "Wherefore didst thou interfere  
 With what concerned not thee?"

No! the words of Christ will run,  
 "Whatsoever thou hast done  
 To this poor and suffering one,  
 That hast thou done to Me!"

**3957. SAMARITAN, The Good.**

Woe is me! what tongue can tell  
 My sad afflicted state,  
 Who my anguish can reveal,  
 Or all my woes relate?  
 Fallen among thieves I am,  
 And they have robbed me of my God,  
 Turned my glory into shame,  
 And left me in my blood.

O Thou good Samaritan!  
 In Thee is all my hope;  
 Only Thou canst succor man  
 And raise the fallen up:  
 Harken to my dying cry;  
 My wounds compassionately see;  
 Me a sinner, pass not by,  
 Who gasp for help from Thee.

Still Thou journeyest where I am,  
 Still Thy compassions prove;  
 Pity is with Thee the same,  
 And all Thy heart is love;  
 Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,  
 And let Thy healing grace abound,  
 Heal my bruises, and bind up  
 My spirit's every wound.

Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,  
 In mercy haste to me.  
 At the point of death I lie,  
 And cannot come to Thee;  
 Now Thy kind relief afford,  
 The wine and oil of grace pour in;  
 Good Physician, speak the word,  
 And heal my soul of sin.

Pity to my dying cries  
 Hath drawn Thee from above,  
 Hovering over me, with eyes  
 Of tenderness and love;  
 Now, even now, I see Thy face;  
 The balm of Gilead I receive;

Thou hast saved me by Thy grace,  
And bade the sinner live.

Surely now the bitterness  
Of second death is past;  
O my Life, my Righteousness!  
On Thee my soul is cast!  
Thou hast brought me to Thine inn,  
And I am of Thy promise sure;  
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,  
And all my sickness cure.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3958. SAMSON, Antitype of.**  
Judges xvi : 30.

Samson the theatre o'erthrew,  
And thousands at his death he slew;  
But lo! our Samson from the skies,  
A more triumphant conqueror dies,  
A nobler victory obtains,  
And heaven for all His Israel gains.

He by the pangs of death oppressed,  
With outstretched hands the pillars seized;  
Compassed with foes He bowed His head,  
For mercy, not for vengeance prayed;  
And groaned His last expiring groan,  
And pulled th' infernal kingdom down.

The author dire of sin and death  
He slew by yielding up His breath;  
The powers of darkness He destroyed,  
And made their hellish boastings void:  
Died with the Philistines, but rose  
Triumphant o'er His slaughtered foes.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3959. SAMSON, Death of.**  
Judges xvi : 25-30.

See! he comes with fettered tread;  
Bursting heart and drooping head;  
Flowing tresses, quickly grown;  
O'er his shoulders wildly thrown;  
Arms with superhuman power,  
Nerved for that momentous hour.

Shouts of savage joy arise,  
While with fixed and wondering eyes  
On this peerless man they gaze,  
All absorbed in strange amaze.  
But they know not; God is there,  
Hearing, owning, answering prayer.

One vast effort, and 'tis done,  
Prayer is answered, victory won;  
Samson wears the martyr's crown,  
Dagon's temple tumbles down;  
Priests and people, lords and all,  
Buried in that mighty fall.

So in after ages died  
Christ, for sinners crucified;  
So the Prince of martyrs fell,  
So He crushed the powers of hell;  
So His people's peace obtained,  
So the crown of glory gained.

*J. S. Hawey.*

**3960. SAMSON, Death of.**

The building was a spacious theatre,  
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high  
cheer, wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Imme-  
diately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed  
guards,

Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with  
praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy their  
thrall.

He, patient but undaunted where they led  
him,

Came to the place, and what was set before  
him

Which without help of eye might be assayed  
To leave, pull, draw, or break, he still per-  
formed

All with incredible, stupendous force:  
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tired to let him lean awhile [lars,  
With both his arms on those two massy pil-  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Sam-  
son

Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who  
prayed,

Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last with head erect thus cried aloud:

"Hitherto, lords, what your commands im-  
posed

I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld:  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet  
greater

As with amaze shall strike all who behold."  
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he  
bowed,

As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy  
pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,  
He tugged, he shook, till down they came  
and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of  
thunder

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or  
priests,

Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson with these inmixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on him-  
self;

The vulgar only scaped who stood without.  
*John Milton.*

### 3961. SAMSON, Death of.

Where is my strength, my faith, my God,  
My confidence of boasting now?  
Borne down by sin's revolting load,  
Beneath its iron yoke I bow.  
Again indignantly I groan,  
My strength, my faith, my God is gone.

Departed is the Lord from me,  
Weak as another man I am;  
Spoiled of my power and liberty,  
I bear my punishment and shame;  
The world their feeble foe despise,  
Their god hath put out both mine eyes.

Into their hands by sin betrayed  
(The sin I cherish in my breast),  
Low in the deepest dungeon laid,  
Pettered in brass, by guilt opprest,  
A slave to Satan I remain,  
And bite, but cannot burst, my chain.

Now to their idol's temple brought,  
A sport I am to fiends and men;  
They set my helplessness at naught,  
They triumph in my toil and pain;  
Th' uncircumcised lift up their voice,  
And Dagon's worshippers rejoice.

Remember me, O Lord, my God!  
If ever I could call Thee mine;  
Though now I perish in my blood,  
And all my hopes of heaven resign,  
Yet listen to my latest call,  
Nor suffer me alone to fall.

Oh, cast not out my dying prayer!  
Strengthen me with Thy Spirit's might  
This only once: I pray Thee, hear;  
Avenge me for my loss of sight;  
Avenge it on mine enemies,  
For they have put out both mine eyes.

Blind as I am, with both my hands  
The pillars let me feel, and seize,  
On which the house of Dagon stands—  
The pillars of self-righteousness:  
'Tis done; with all my might I bow:  
Help me, O God! and help me now.

Now let the ponderous ruin fall,  
And crush the world, and Satan's head;  
Oh, let it now o'erwhelm us all:  
Since I must sink among the dead,

Since I can neither fight nor fly,  
Let me with the Philistines die!

*J. and C. Wesley.*

### 3962. SAMSON IMPRISONED.

This, this is he; softly awhile!  
Let us not break in upon him:  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
With languished head unpropped,  
As one past hope, abandoned,  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'erworn and soiled;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroic, that renowned,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed  
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast  
could withstand;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,  
And weaponless himself  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered  
cuirass

Chalybean tempered steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantane proof;  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanced,  
Inscorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold  
Ascalonite

Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turned  
Their plated backs under his heel, [the dust,  
Or grov'ling soiled their crested helmets in  
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Pales-  
In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. [time,  
Then by main force pulled up, and on his  
shoulders bore

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;  
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up  
Which shall I first bewail, [heaven.

Thy bondage or lost sight,  
Prison within prison  
Inseparably dark?  
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul  
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause  
Imprisoned now indeed [complain])

In real darkness of the body dwells,  
Shut up from outward light  
T' incorporate with gloomy night;  
For inward light, alas!  
Puts forth no visual beam.  
O mirror of our fickle state,  
Since man on earth unparalleled!  
The rarer thy example stands,  
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
Strongest of mortal men,  
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art  
For him I reckon not in high estate [fallen:

Whom long descent of birth  
Or the sphere of fortune raises;  
But thee whose strength, while virtue was  
Might have subdued the earth, [her mate,  
Universally crowned with highest praises.  
*Milton, from "Samson Agonistes."*

**3963. SAMSON, Lament of.**

Oh wherefore was my birth from heaven fore-  
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight [told  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burned,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Designed for great exploits; if I must die  
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious  
strength

Put to the labor of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke;  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction; what if all foretold [fault,  
Had been fulfilled but through mine own de-  
Whom have I to complain of but myself? [me,  
Who this high gift of strength committed to  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
Oh, impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwildly, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserv where wisdom bears com-  
mand!

God, when He gave me strength, to show  
withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace: I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries.

*John Milton.*

**3964. SAMSON, Riddle of.**

Judges xiv : 5-14.

Through Timnath's vineyards as alone he  
strayed,  
Roused from its secret lair, a lion roared.  
With his bare hands, and help from Heaven  
implored,  
Lifeless the tawny monster soon he laid.  
Passing once more he sought the same green  
shade,

When lo! a swarm of bees had strangely  
stored  
In the bleached skeleton their fragrant  
hoard,  
And there a dainty feast for him had made.  
Thus in our path, when threatening danger  
rises,

Let us trust God, and it will disappear:  
His providence assumes alarming guises  
To make us fly to Him, unseen, but near:  
While Love prepares a thousand sweet sur-  
prises  
God's ways to our weak hearts the more t'  
endear. *R. Wilton.*

**3965. SAMUEL.**

Thou chosen judge of Israel's race,  
Grown gray in holy toil,  
Whose lips are truth's own dwelling-place,  
Whose hands no bribe can soil;  
And is it thus the tribes of God  
Spurn thy meek rule and gifted rod?

Yet where are Dathan's cursèd crew?  
And where Abiram's seed?  
Must heaven its fires of wrath renew?  
Must earth repeat her deed,  
And from the nations sweep away  
Who scorn the prophet's gentle sway?

But no; the flames of holy zeal  
Sad pity's tears assuage;  
Over his kindling eyes there steal  
Tears for God's heritage,  
While for the rebel tribes flows forth  
The prayer that stems Jehovah's wrath.  
*Lyra Apostolica.*

**3966. SAMUEL, Call of.**

1 Samuel iii : 4-10.

In Israel's fane by silent night  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke:  
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose, he asked, whence came the word?  
From Eli?—no; it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days  
Incline our hearts to love Thy ways;  
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;  
Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,  
And richly all His mercies prove,  
Your timely, friendly aid afford,  
That we may early serve the Lord.

*James Carwood.*



**3967. SAMUEL, Death of.**

1 Samuel xxv : 1.

Rest, prophet, rest!

Thou hast fulfilled thy mission!

Samuel died.

Loud was the lamentation: tears unfeigned  
At Ramah, o'er his tomb long time deplored  
Him, last of those who righteous ruled the  
land,

Ere man sat throned in Israel. All deplored  
The Nazarene, to whose unmingled cup  
The grape ne'er lent its flavor. Tears un-  
Wept him, a holy vessel, set apart [feigned  
An offering from the birth: yea, dedicate  
Ere yet the womb conceived. All spake of him  
Who, yet a child, in peaceful slumber laid  
Fast by the altar of Jehovah, thrice  
Rose at celestial communing, in days [eye  
When the Lord's word was precious, and no  
Saw open vision. At his voice the brood  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, abashed,  
Fled with their priests from Israel. At his call,  
On Ebenezer's plain, celestial fire  
Consumed the foe. Who, sole, the king  
withstood?

The prophet, sole. Whose arm, before him,  
slew

The Amalekite? the prophet, serving God.  
Rest, venerable seer! brow, hoar with age,  
Rest in the peace and sabbath of the tomb:  
Till, from the bonds of death, God call thee  
forth

A spirit unfleshed, once more to rise on earth,  
And pour Heaven's judgment on the un-  
righteous king. *Sotheby.*

**3968. SAMUEL, Ministry of.**

1 Samuel ii : 18.

Upon his knees, with reverent air,  
The youthful prophet bends;  
While, from his parting lips, the prayer  
To Israel's God ascends;  
His father's God, he loves to claim  
An interest in the hallowed name.

He prays that all his people's guilt  
May be, through grace, forgiven;  
And that the blood on altar spilt  
May make their peace with heaven,  
Through One who, from all else concealed,  
Is to his mental eye revealed.

Yes, in the vista dark and dim  
Of slow revolving years,  
In human guise, a child like him,  
The Son of God appears;  
And dies on earth a death of pain,  
A sinless Lamb for sinners slain.

'Tis this which bids that youthful cheek  
With joy celestial glow;

'Tis this which makes each feature speak  
Of more than mortals know;  
And to the pictured semblance gives  
The air of one that breathes and lives.

Pray on, fair boy; and at the sight  
Of that sweet form of thine,  
May our devotion wax more bright,  
Our fervor more divine;  
And each, in spirit pure and mild,  
Become, like thee, a little child!

*Dr. Huie.***3969. SAMUEL, Obedience of.**

Speak, for Thy servant heareth;  
Alone in my lonely bed,  
Before I laid me down to rest  
My nightly prayer was said;  
And naught my spirit feareth  
In darkness or by day:  
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before Thine altar,  
A child before Thy might;  
No breath within Thy temple stirred  
The dim and cloudy light.  
And still I knew that Thou wert there  
Teaching my heart to say:  
"Speak, for Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey."

O God! my flesh may tremble  
When Thou speakest to my soul;  
But it cannot shun Thy presence blest,  
Or shrink from Thy control.  
A joy my spirit cheereth  
That cannot pass away:  
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

Thou biddest me to utter  
Words that I scarce may speak;  
And mighty things are laid me,  
A helpless one and weak;  
Darkly thy truth declareth  
Its purpose and its way:  
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

And shouldst Thou be a stranger  
To that which Thou hast made?  
Oh! ever be about my path,  
And hover near my bed.  
Lead me in every step I take,  
Teach me each word I say:  
Speak, for Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

How hath Thy glory lighted  
My lonely place of rest;  
How sacred now shall be to me  
The spot which Thou hast blest!  
If aught of evil should draw nigh  
To bring me shame and fear,  
My steadfast soul shall make reply,  
"Depart, for God is near!"

I bless Thee that Thou speakest  
Thus to an humble child;  
The God of Jacob calls to me  
In gentle tones and mild;

Thine enemies before Thy face  
Are scattered in dismay;  
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before Thee all my days;  
Have ministered to Thee;  
But in the hour of darkness first  
Thou speakest unto me.  
And now the night appeareth  
More beautiful than day:  
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth,  
And heareth to obey.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

### 3970. SATISFIED.

Psalm xvii : 15.

Not here! not here! Not where the sparkling waters  
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;  
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:  
"I shall be satisfied;" but oh! not here!

Not here where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,  
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;  
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,  
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,  
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,  
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,  
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;  
The silent love that here meets no returning;  
The inspiration which no language finds:

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing,  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?  
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging  
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;  
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!  
Guide me toward home, where, all my wandering ending,  
I then shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied."

### 3971. SATISFIED.

When I in Thy likeness, O Lord, shall awake,  
And shine a pure image of thee,

Then I shall be satisfied when I can break  
These fetters of flesh and be free.  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night  
To welcome the coming of dawn.  
I know this stained tablet must first be washed white  
To let Thy bright features be drawn.

Then I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadows of nature all by,  
When this cold, dreary world from my vision  
To let this soul open her eye; [ion is past,  
I gladly shall feel the blessed morn drawing  
When time's dreary fancy shall fade, [near,  
If then in Thy likeness I may but appear,  
And rise with Thy beauty arrayed.

To see Thee in glory, O Lord, as Thou art,  
From this mortal and perishing clay  
The spirit immortal in peace would depart,  
And joyous mount up her bright way;  
When on Thine own image in me Thou hast smiled,

Within Thy blest mansions, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle His child,  
Oh! I shall be satisfied then.

*George C. Wells.*

### 3972. SAUL, Effects of Music upon.

1 Samuel xvi : 23.

The king of Israel sat in state  
Within his palace fair,  
Where falling fountains, pure and cool,  
Assuaged the summer air:

But shrouded was the son of Kish,  
Mid all his royal grace;  
The tempest of a troubled soul  
Swept flashing o'er his face.

In vain were pomp, or regal power,  
Or courtier's flattering tone;  
For pride and hatred basely sat  
Upon his bosom's throne.

He called upon his minstrel-boy,  
With hair as bright as gold,  
Reclining in a deep recess,  
Where drooped the curtain's fold.

Upon his minstrel-boy he called,  
And forth the stripling came,  
Bright beauty on his ruddy brow,  
Like morn's enkindling flame.

"Give music," said the moody king,  
Nor raised his gloomy eye;  
"Thou son of Jesse, bring the harp,  
And wake its melody."

He thought upon his father's flock,  
Which long, in pastures green,  
He led, while flowed, with silver sound,  
Clear rivulets between.

He thought of Bethlehem's starlit skies,  
Beneath whose liquid rays

He gazed upon the glorious arch  
And sang its Maker's praise.

Then boldly o'er the sacred harp  
He poured in thrilling strain  
The prompting of a joyous heart  
That knew no care nor pain.

The monarch, leaning on his hand,  
Drank long the wondrous lay;  
And clouds were lifted from his brow,  
As when the sunbeams play.

The purple o'er his heaving breast  
That throbb'd so wild grew still,  
And Saul's clear eye glanced out, as when  
He did Jehovah's will.

O ye who feel the poison-fumes  
Of earth's fermenting care  
Steal o'er the sky of hope, and dim  
What heaven created fair,

Ask music from a guileless heart,  
High tones, with sweetness fraught,  
And by that amulet divine  
Subdue the sinful thought.

*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

**3973. SAUL, Farewell of.**

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the  
sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your  
path;  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from  
the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to  
meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!  
*Lord Byron.*

**3974. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Death of.**

2 Samuel i : 17-27.

Ah, Israel! on thy places high  
Thy beauty bendeth low;  
Thy mighty sons dishonored lie,  
While vaunts thy haughty foe!  
Let none the tidings send to Gath,  
Or Ashkelon convey,  
Lest joy o'er Judah's darkened path  
Should prompt their daughters' lay!

Gilboa! on thy fated hill  
May never dew be found;  
Nor gentle rain from heaven distil,  
Nor offerings spread the ground:

For there the brave have bowed the head,  
And there, to fear resigned,  
The Lord's anointed vily fled  
And left his shield behind.

Of Jonathan, with bow of might,  
Had marred the hero's plume;  
Nor empty did the falchion bright  
Of Saul its sheath resume:  
Their lives were lovely, and 'twas meet  
That death should join their names;  
The eagle's swiftness graced their feet,  
The lion's strength their frames.

Weep, maids of Israel, weep for Saul,  
Your splendid robes who won;  
And mourn your king's, your father's fall,  
Who put your jewels on;  
How, midst the battle's carnage red,  
Are all the mighty slain!  
O Jonathan! thy blood was shed  
Where once thou thought'st to reign!

My Jonathan, my brother, sore  
Am I distressed for thee!  
Than love of youthful maiden more  
Has been thy love to me.  
How are thy mighty fallen low  
On slaughter's crimsoned field!  
While Israel mourns her broken bow,  
Her broken spear and shield.

*Dr. Huie.*

**3975. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Lament for.**

In the high places of thy land  
Is Israel's beauty slain,  
Unstrung the bow, unnerved the hand,  
The spear and shield are vain;  
Low as the dust, cold as the stone,  
How are the mighty overthrown!

Publish it not in Ashkelon,  
Oh! tell it not in Gath,  
How there each high and mighty one  
Was scattered in Heaven's wrath;  
Lest over us, with harp and voice,  
The daughters of the foe rejoice!

Hills of Gilboa! you no more  
May dews and rains make gay,  
For there the shield the mighty bore  
Was vily cast away;  
The shield of Saul, the crowned, the famed,  
Like his, the slave who died unnamed!

Once from the battle's bloody van,  
And from the mighty slain,  
Thy sounding bow, O Jonathan,  
Returned not back in vain;  
On hill and plain the sword of Saul  
Streamed with the richest blood of all.

Pleasant and beautiful in life  
Were they, and side by side  
Death on the narrow field of strife  
Their hearts did not divide;

Swifter than eagles seek the prey,  
And stronger than the lions they.

Weep, daughters! weep for Saul, whose  
Decked you with spoils from far! [throne  
How are the mighty overthrown  
Amid the shock of war!  
For thee my sorrows most o'erflow,  
O Jonathan! my brother thou!

For very pleasant hast thou been  
To me; and far above  
Measure and bound thy love was seen,  
And more than woman's love.  
How are the arms of battle strown!  
How are the mighty overthrown!

*H. W. J.*

**3976. SAUL AND JONATHAN, Lament of David over.**

1 Samuel i : 17-27.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled,  
Sunk to the dead;  
How are the valiant fallen! the slain  
Thy mountains stain.  
Oh! let it not in Gath be known,  
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon.

Lest that sad story should excite  
Their dire delight!  
Lest in the torrent of our woe  
Their pleasure flow;  
Lest their triumphant daughters ring  
Their cymbals, and their pæans sing.

Yon hills of Gilboa! never may  
You offerings pay;  
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers,  
Clothe you with flowers:  
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,  
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan  
Great battles won;  
His arrows on the mighty fed,  
With slaughter red.  
Saul never raised his arm in vain,  
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! oh, how pleasant! when  
They lived with men!  
Than eagles swifter, stronger far  
Than lions are;  
Whom love in life so strongly tied,  
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;  
Lament his fall,  
Who fed you with the earth's increase,  
And crowned with peace;  
With robes of Tyrian purple decked,  
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword  
Of war devoured!  
O Jonathan! the better part  
Of my torn heart!

The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:  
My brother! oh, how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; oh, never more  
To man man bore!  
No woman when most passionate  
Loved at that rate!  
How are the mighty fallen in fight!  
They and their glory set in night!

*George Sandys.*

**3977. SAVED, Abel the First.**

Righteous Abel! first to tread  
The dark valley to the dead;  
First to pass the mystic gate,  
By a brother's vengeful hate;  
First of martyrs, first of souls  
Crossing o'er the untried shoals  
Where life's sea eternal rolls.

First of all the sons of earth  
Welcomed to a heavenly birth;  
First of mortals to behold  
Jasper walls and streets of gold;  
First of all the mighty throng  
That to Christ the Lord belong,  
First to sing redemption's song.

Through the gateway as he trod,  
Safe within the realm of God,  
O'er him heaven's all-glorious skies,  
Round him angels' eager eyes,  
Wondering whence this stranger fair,  
Whence the robe they saw him wear,  
Brighter both than any there.

Wondering still, they list the strain  
Abel sings and sings again,  
Sings so sweet, so strange, so new,  
Hosts from farthest bounds it drew:  
Ne'er on all the heavenly shore  
Strain like that they heard before,  
Thrilled to hear it o'er and o'er.

Ah! redemption's song on high  
Wakes the wonder of the sky,  
Still increasing since the hour  
Abel first disclosed his power.  
Vast the throng its music share,  
Vaster yet as ages wear,  
Countless when all gathered there.

*S. D. Phelps.*

**3978. SAVIOUR, Hymn to the.**

Oh! Thou didst die for me, thou Son of  
God!  
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was  
worn;  
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,  
And tempests beat Thy houseless head for-  
lorn.  
Thou, that wert wont to stand  
Alone on God's right hand,  
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest  
born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,  
 Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;  
 The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief,

The eyes Thou openedst calmly viewed Thy fate;  
 Thou that wert wont to dwell  
 In peace, tongue cannot tell.  
 No heart conceive the bliss of Thy celestial state.

They dragged Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,  
 Where the proud judge in purple splendor sate;  
 Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,  
 Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;  
 Whose throne shall be the world  
 In final ruin hurled,  
 With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,  
 When "Crucify Him!" yelled the general shout;  
 No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,  
 Nor lips to bless Thee in that frantic rout;  
 Whose lightest whispered word  
 The Seraphim had heard,  
 And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn,  
 Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;  
 The blood from all Thy flesh with scourges torn,  
 Deepened Thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;  
 Whose native vesture bright  
 Was the unapproached light,  
 The sandal of whose feet the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,  
 With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced;  
 The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm  
 They gave t' enhance Thy unslaked, burning thirst;  
 Thou, at whose words of peace  
 Did pain and anguish cease,  
 And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bowed Thy head convulsed, and drooped in death,  
 Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;  
 Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,  
 And every limb was wrung with agony.

That head, whose veilless blaze  
 Filled angels with amaze,  
 When at that voice sprang forth the rolling  
 suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,  
 Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;  
 The sealed stone confirmed Thy mortal doom,  
 Lone watchmen walked Thy desert burial-ground,  
 Whom heaven could not contain,  
 Nor th' immeasurable plain  
 Of vast infinity enclose our circle round.

For us, for us, Thou didst endure the pain,  
 And Thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,  
 To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,  
 T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame;  
 Thou, that couldst nothing win  
 By saving worlds from sin,  
 Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious name.  
*H. H. Milman.*

### 3979. SCAPEGOAT, The.

Leviticus xvi.

Away to the desert, thou doomed of God!  
 Away to a land in its terrors untrod!  
 Speed on in the might of thine agony sore,  
 For thou bear'st what no creature of earth  
 ever bore.

Away! for the crimes of a nation are shed  
 In their blackness of darkness, at once on  
 thy head;  
 And the bolts of God's vengeance pursue thee  
 to smite  
 The sins of a host in thy wilderness flight.

Away! for thy heart is enlarged to know  
 The idolater's fear and the murderer's woe;  
 And thy nature is strengthened, concentrated  
 to bear  
 All the pangs of the lost in their haunting  
 despair.

Methinks at thy coming the desert grows  
 dark,  
 Thy hoofs sear the sward like the lightning  
 spark;  
 And the fountain, that gushed in its freshness  
 so free,  
 Shrinks back from the lips of a victim like  
 thee.

Speed on! thou art safe from man's arrows  
 of pride;  
 From thee shall the hunter turn wildly aside;  
 And the chasers alone to thy wilderness bed,  
 Be the purple Simoom, or the sand-column  
 red.

But no! lovely creature, a gentler fate  
 May yet on the track of thy sorrows await;

And He who has wrapp'd thee in terrors and  
wrath  
With His goodness, ere long, may revisit thy  
path.

From thy heart shall the gloom of man's sin-  
fulness flee,  
And the rocks of the wild goats thy dwelling-  
place be,  
And the richdropping fruits of the wilder-  
ness vine,  
And the date and the fig be thy fellows and  
thine.

For oh! thou frail creature of aspect forlorn,  
A glorious charge has thy feebleness borne!  
Thou hast suffered and sighed in that con-  
test of woe  
That the Son of the Highest shall tremble to  
know.

'Tis past! in far ages this symbol was shown,  
Of Him who should trample the wine-press  
alone;  
'Tis past! in far ages the Promised was  
slain—  
Alas for the soul that has heard it in vain!  
*William Howitt.*

### 3980. SEA, Ships at.

God hath so many ships upon the sea!  
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,  
The men-of-war, all banner'd gallantly,  
The little fisher-boats and barks of pleasure;  
On all this sea of time there is not one  
That sailed without the glorious name there-  
on.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,  
And some they lightly clasp, entreating  
kindly,  
And waft them to the port where they would  
be;  
And other ships they buffet, long and blindly.  
The cloud comes down on the great sinking  
deep,  
And on the shore the watchers stand and  
weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea;  
Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder;  
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,  
Yet it is sweet to think His care is under;  
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn  
Into His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I that sail in peril on the sea,  
With my beloved, whom yet the waves may  
cover,  
Say: "God hath more than angel's care for  
me,  
And larger share than I in friend and lover."  
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?  
This deep is but the hollow of His hand.  
*Carl Spencer.*

### 3981. SEA, Walking on the.

Mark vi : 45-50.

Hath the Master bidden  
Thee the deep to try,  
Though o'ercast and hidden  
Lowers the evening sky?  
Venture forth obeying,  
On the mountain praying,  
Jesus signals, saying:  
Fear not, it is I.

Does the tempest, raging  
Round thee fierce and high,  
Ruin seem presaging?  
Courage, help is nigh!  
On the billows nearing,  
Lo! thy Lord, appearing,  
Speaks in accents cheering:  
Fear not, it is I.

Does He, on the surges,  
Seem as passing by?  
Silent thus He urges  
Thee for aid to cry;  
Let not awe oppress thee,  
Lo! He comes to bless thee,  
Hear Him now address thee:  
Fear not, it is I.

'Mid the darkness dreary,  
Forced the oar to ply,  
Dost thou, worn and weary,  
Often heave a sigh?  
Jesus hears thy sighing,  
He, thy need supplying,  
Answers to thy crying:  
Fear not, it is I.

Does thy pathway only,  
To thy longing eye,  
Strewn with thorns and lonely  
On before thee lie?  
Lo! unseen to guide thee,  
Jesus walks beside thee;  
Hear Him gently chide thee:  
Fear not, it is I.

What though, reft and cheerless,  
All thy comforts fly;  
Trust thy Lord and, fearless,  
Dread and doubt defy;  
Onward press enduring;  
Strength from Him securing,  
Who still speaks assuring:  
Fear not, it is I.

*Oliver Crane.*

### 3982. SEAL, The Sixth.

Revelations vi : 12.

The hour is come! The mighty sun  
Darts downward, like a blood-red shield.  
Earth, has thy final day begun?  
Earth, has thy solid centre reeled?  
Why bursts the ocean on its shore?  
Howls tempest, tenfold thunders roar!

Like foam along the surges borne;  
 Like leaves, when gusts of autumn rise;  
 From heaven's eternal vine are torn  
 The stars, the clusters of the skies.  
 The moon, like barks by tempests driven,  
 Wanders her wild, blind way through  
 heaven.

No chance has bid you rush, ye winds!  
 No chance has bid those thunders roll!  
 Whose are those earthquakes? His who binds  
 The fetter on the struggling soul.  
 Ye lightnings! yours is not the blaze;  
 A mightier withers, smites, and slays!

The thunder peals for overthrow;  
 The ripening of a world of crime.  
 Thou crimsoned mass of wrong and woe,  
 Now comes the great, consummate time,  
 When thou shalt blaze from pole to pole—  
 Ashes and dust—a burning scroll.

Six thousand wild and weary years  
 By truth the sackcloth has been worn;  
 The prize of virtue chains and tears,  
 And faith a stain, and zeal a scorn!  
 And gold and gems have paid the blow  
 That laid their glorious beauty low.

Earth's scourges, Heaven's avenging ire—  
 War, famine, pestilence, the chain,  
 All fruitless; scorned the prophet's fire,  
 The dungeon, nay, the grave, in vain!  
 The sole inheritance of time,  
 The hardened heart, the deeper crime.

Still, man makes fellow-man a slave;  
 Still raves the livid infidel;  
 Still burthens earth that more than grave,  
 Dungeon of soul, the convent cell;  
 Still idols are the gods of Rome.  
 But vengeance wakes! the hour is come!

Who rides upon the whirlwind!  
 Who rushes, slaying and to slay!  
 His angels, Woe and Death, behind,  
 Calling the vultures to their prey!  
 I hear the desert lion roar,  
 Snuffing afar the feast of gore!

Whose lifted sceptre smites earth's thrones;  
 Whose glance eclipses star and sun?  
 God! shall we worship "stocks and stones"?  
 Come in Thy might! "Thy will be done!"  
 And standing upon sea and shore,  
 Proclaim that "Time shall be no more."

Ye men of blasphemy and blood,  
 The sword is out, your reign is o'er;  
 Fierce caterers of the vulture's food,  
 Ye now shall gorge them with your gore,  
 Pay pang for pang, and groan for groan;  
 Tortures that tear, but not atone!

And ye, the most undone of all,  
 Who dragged the martyr to the pyre!  
 Call to the depths of ocean—call,  
 To quench within your breasts the fire.

Worse than the earthquake or the storm—  
 The sting of soul, th' undying worm!

Aye, now ye know what 'tis to die!  
 Howl to the mountains and the caves;  
 Aye, fix on Heaven the frenzied eye;  
 Plunge terror-stricken in your graves!  
 Ye doomed! the time is past for prayer;  
 Your heart has but one word—despair!

Wail to the skies, thou guilty globe!  
 Wail, all thy warriors, all thy kings!  
 When ruin wraps thee like a robe,  
 When flame from all thy mountains springs,  
 And ocean feels its burning breath,  
 All death—an universe of death!

*George Croly.*

**3983. SENNACHERIB, Destruction of.**  
 2 Kings xix : 35.

The angel of death o'er the armed hosts is  
 flying,  
 The fire from his wing their heart's-blood is  
 drying;  
 From the slumber of life into death they have  
 passed,  
 And his is the march like a rustling blast,  
 Their prowess and strength defying.

Swifter far than the flash 'mid the tempest's  
 roar  
 He delivered the terrible message he bore;  
 And myriads lay breathless and rotting ere  
 day  
 Lit the stranger to mark the Assyrian array,  
 Like grass upon Galilee's shore.

There is silence of horror all over the plain;  
 There are few that arise from that couch of  
 the slain;  
 And they wander in fear 'mid the festering  
 dead,  
 And they shout, but no comrade lifts up his  
 head;  
 They shout, and they shout in vain.

There the steed and his rider, the chief of  
 the sword,  
 Are melted away by the breath of the Lord;  
 And the purple Sennacherib is wailing his  
 power,  
 For whose bosom of pride, in prosperity's  
 hour,  
 The wine-cup of wrath is poured.

There are none that the burial rites prepare  
 For the thousands that cover the green earth  
 there;  
 The living are fled to their far country,  
 The unsepulchred dead are the vultures' prey,  
 And wolves the carnival share.

**3984. SENNACHERIB IN HADES.**

Isaiah xiv : 9-12.

Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee  
 At thy coming, mighty monarch!  
 Sleeping dead for thee it stirreth:

All the chief ones of the nations.  
 All they speak, and say unto thee,  
 Art thou also weak as we are?  
 Art thou like to one among us?  
 All thy pomp is brought to nothing,  
 And the music of thy viols;  
 Noisome worms, spread underneath thee,  
 Give the lie to all thy glory.  
 Lucifer! how art thou fallen  
 To the ground, thou son of morning!  
 How the nations didst thou weaken!  
 For within thine heart thou boastedst,  
 "I will climb to lofty heaven,  
 Above the stars of God exalted  
 O'er the height of clouds ascending,  
 And be equal with the Highest!"  
 Yet thou shalt be brought to Hades,  
 Down to dwell in pit of darkness;  
 They that see thee shall look on thee,  
 And shall say as they consider:  
 "Is this he who made earth tremble?  
 Is this he who shook the kingdoms?  
 Made the world a howling desert,  
 And destroyed its mighty cities,  
 Opening not his captives' prison?"  
 All the monarchs of the nations,  
 Each one lieth in his glory,  
 Each one claims his house of silence.  
 But like branch cut off and worthless,  
 Thou shalt have no grave to keep thee;  
 Like a carcass trodden under,  
 Never joined with them in burial;  
 For thou hast destroyed the nations!

*J. R. Macduff.*

**3985. SHADRACH, MESHECH, ABEDNEGO.**

Daniel iii : 12.

God of Israel's faithful three  
 Who braved a tyrant's ire,  
 Nobly scorned to bow the knee,  
 And walk unhurt in fire;  
 Breathe their faith into my breast,  
 Arm me in this fiery hour;  
 Stand, O Son of man, confest  
 In all Thy saving power!

Lo! on dangers, deaths, and snares  
 I every moment tread,  
 Hell without a veil appears,  
 And flames around my head:  
 Sin increases more and more;  
 Sin in all its strength returns;  
 Seven times hotter than before,  
 The fiery furnace burns.

But while Thou, my Lord, art nigh,  
 My soul disdains to fear;  
 Sin and Satan I defy,  
 Still impotently near;  
 Earth and hell their wars may wage;  
 Calm I mark their vain design,  
 Smile to see them idly rage  
 Against a child of Thine.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**3986. SHARON, The Rose of**

There was a vale where roses bloomed,  
 And all the live-long year perfumed;  
 And they were roses passing fair,  
 Most meet for beauty's brow to wear;  
 So sweet, that not a nightingale  
 But loved amid those flowers to wail;  
 And all confessed such heavenly dyes  
 Could only bloom in paradise:  
 O canst thou tell within that vale  
 Why roses scent no more the gale.

For sunbeams there are still most bright,  
 And softest dews of heaven delight;  
 And hoary Carmel's rugged crown  
 Still rolls its genial currents down;  
 And teeming round its fertile soil,  
 Implores the busy hand of toil,  
 While generous nature yearns to bless  
 Each thoughtful care with large success:  
 Then, tell me, why within that vale  
 Those roses scent no more the gale?

O Sharon! spot so famed of yore,  
 Are all thy vaunted charms no more?  
 And must our footsteps only press  
 Through a wide howling wilderness?  
 Alas! thy very echoes lone  
 Seem now to sigh in piteous tone  
 As if they grieved a stranger's eye  
 Should e'er such shame and woe desery:  
 Then, tell me, why within thy vale  
 Blooms there no rose to scent the gale.

Sharon! shall flowers no more again  
 Spring from thy ancient fruitful plain?  
 And must yon glittering sun illumine  
 Naught but a drear and voiceless tomb?  
 No, brighter hours are yet in store,  
 When sin's dark reign of grief is o'er:  
 Oh, then shall shine such glorious hues  
 As ne'er was kissed by Israel's dews,  
 And roses deck thy happy vale  
 As never bowed to mortal gale.

*E. D. Jackson.*

**3987. SHEAVES, Ungarnered.**

Almost ripe was the harvest,  
 With its wealth of waving grain;  
 And I looked for the reapers busy,  
 Scattered up and down the plain.  
 Oh! I watched till the fields were whitened,  
 But no one came to glean;  
 And I saw how the reapers, listless,  
 Just leaned on their sickles keen.

And I called: "O reapers, hasten,  
 There's a chill breath over the plain;  
 Ye must gather the harvest quickly,  
 And bind up the ripened grain!"  
 But the reapers made answer: "We're ready  
 To join in the harvest home;  
 And we wait with our sickles, sharpened,  
 Till the Master-reaper come."



Oh! where was the Master-reaper,  
That He tarried when fields grew ripe?  
And why were the reapers all listless  
When their sickles were glancing so bright?  
From places made fragrant with blossoms,  
All over the fruit-strewn lands,  
They were bringing the choicest of treasures  
For the Master-reaper's hands.

Then I cried: "O Master-reaper,  
They are standing all idle here,  
Though the fields are ready for reaping,  
And the shadows of night are near!  
Oh! truly great is the harvest,  
There's enough for each one to do;  
The sickles are sharpened for labor,  
And the reapers are waiting for you!"

But He only called to them gayly:  
"Go, reapers, all over the plain,  
And sing the glad song of the harvest  
As ye gather the rich, ripe grain!"  
But never a sweep of a sickle  
Broke the stillness that grew forlorn—  
Oh, I knew there would be no reaping  
When He came not to beckon them on!

And now, when the Lord of the harvest  
Is calling all over His lands,  
When the laborers, eager and joyous,  
Are hastening with well-filled hands;  
I know as they pass before Him,  
How he looks on His own, and grieves  
For the wasted fields—for the many  
Who are bringing no garnered sheaves.  
*Victoria A. Smith.*

### 3988. SHEBA, Queen of.

1 Kings x : 1-9.

From Sheba a distant report,  
Of Solomon's glory and fame,  
Invited the queen to his court,  
But all was outdone when she came;  
She cried, with a pleasing surprise,  
When first she before him appeared,  
"How much what I see with my eyes  
Surpasses the rumor I heard!"

When once to Jerusalem come,  
The treasure and train she had brought,  
The wealth she possessed at home,  
No longer had place in her thought;  
His house, his attendants, his throne,  
All struck her with wonder and awe;  
The glory of Solomon shone  
In every object she saw.

But Solomon most she admired,  
Whose spirit conducted the whole;  
His wisdom, which God had inspired,  
His bounty and greatness of soul;  
Of all the hard questions she put,  
A ready solution he showed;  
Exceeded her wish and her suit,  
And more than she asked him bestowed.

Thus I, when the gospel proclaimed  
The Saviour's great name in my ears,  
The wisdom for which He is famed,  
The love which to sinners He bears;  
I longed, and I was not denied,  
That I in His presence might bow;  
I saw, and transported I cried,  
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

My conscience no comfort could find,  
By doubt and hard questions opposed;  
But He restored peace to my mind,  
And answered each doubt I proposed.  
Beholding me poor and distressed,  
His bounty supplied all my wants;  
My pray'r could have never expressed  
So much as this Solomon grants.

I heard, and was slow to believe,  
But now with my eyes I behold  
Much more than my heart could conceive,  
Or language could ever have told:  
How happy Thy servants must be,  
Who always before Thee appear!  
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,  
I find it is good to be here.

*John Newton.*

### 3989. SHEPHERD, Good.

John x : 14.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,  
Fierce was the wind and loud,  
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,  
His head in sorrow bowed;  
"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go;  
The tempest hath begun."  
"I cannot stay, I must away  
To seek My little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow  
That beamed with pity sweet,  
And marks of wounds were in His hands,  
And scars upon His feet.  
Again I said: "O Shepherd, rest;  
The tempest hath begun."  
He murmured: "Nay, I must away  
To seek My little one!"

"I saw Thy flock at peace within  
Thine old well-guarded fold;  
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale  
That rages o'er the world!"  
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,  
And soon may be undone;  
I cannot stay, I must away  
To seek My little one!"

"But, since Thy flock are all secure,  
Why to the height repair?  
If thou hast ninety-nine at home,  
Why for a truant care?"  
"Dearer to Me than all the rest  
Is that poor struggling son!  
I cannot stay, I must away  
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me, if his need  
Should bring the wanderer home,  
Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes,  
Lest he again should roam?"  
"No; I would clasp him to My heart,  
As mother clasps her son;  
I cannot stay, I must away  
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord  
Hath in His heart divine  
A wealth of love for all His saints—  
For all the ninety-nine!  
But most He loves and most He seeks  
The soul by sin undone;  
And still He sighs: "I must away  
To seek My little one!" *W. H. D. A.*

### 3990. SHEPHERD, Voice of the.

"Come unto Me," with loving voice at morn  
I heard the Shepherd call;  
But narrow seemed the fold, and fair the fields  
Beyond the frowning wall.

Again, at midday, came the gentle voice,  
But far my feet had strayed,  
And, weary with the heat, I only longed  
To find the forest shade.

Once more it came, but cool the shadows lay  
Across the glassy wold,  
And resting there, content with present ease,  
I scorned the sheltering fold.

Soon fell the night, with neither silver star  
Nor song of happy bird,  
And through the gloom no more, with plead-  
ings sweet,  
The Shepherd's voice I heard.

Affrighted then, I turned, and blindly sought  
To cross the pathless lea,  
Till faint with fear, in sorrest need, I cried:  
"O Shepherd, come to me!"

No answering voice the sullen silence cleft,  
But, lo! beside me stood  
One who, with sorrowing brow, had followed  
close,  
Unseen through wold and wood.

Then all the night grew light, and soft and  
The stars shone overhead, [sweet  
While homeward by the Shepherd's tender  
The wandering sheep was led. [hand  
*Mary B. Sleight.*

### 3991. SHUNAMITE, The.

2 Kings iv : 18-34.

I dwell among mine own, and I am blest,  
My husband, household, dear familiar friends;  
I dwell among my people, and at rest,  
Thankful to God for all His goodness sends;  
I have enough, nay, more," she meekly cried;  
"I dwell among mine own, and I am satis-  
fied."

Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,  
Naught that a prophet might demand on  
earth,  
Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,  
So filled with brimming blessings from her  
birth?  
"I dwell among mine own," she only said,  
"In this my happy home, and need no hu-  
man aid."

Riches were hers, but she was blessed with  
more  
Than those in earthly treasure affluent;  
Of garners teeming with their ripened store,  
A sweet and graceful spirit of content.  
This was the great inheritance which Heaven  
To the rich Shunamite had largely given.

One blessing long desired, but still denied,  
Was wanting to that house of peace and joy:  
She had no son. The blessing was supplied;  
The mother smiled upon her infant boy.  
But He whose love the long-sought blessing  
sent,  
Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled. The shades of  
death

Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child.  
The mother felt that with his parting breath  
Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled;  
But checked the strong temptation to rebel,  
And said, in meek submission, "It is well!"

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God, by  
Thee,  
Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint,  
In resignation to Thy wise decree,  
With the true wisdom of this gentle saint.  
How blest the lot when in one heart unite  
Faith and content, as in the Shunamite!

And I am blest, though poor; I also dwell,  
All loving, loved by all, "among mine own;"  
And I have learned to answer, "It is well,"  
Under the deepest sorrow I have known.  
Blest with true riches, in content of mind,  
And the best happiness, a will resigned.

*C. B. Taylor.*

### 3992. SHUNAMITE, The.

It was a sultry day of summer-time.  
The sun poured down upon the ripened grain  
With quivering heat, and the suspended  
leaves  
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills  
Stood still, and the divided flock were all  
Laying their nostrils to the cool roots,  
And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed  
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse  
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother  
said;  
"Thy father is athirst;" and, from the depths  
Of the cool well under the leaning tree,  
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts

Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,  
She blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way  
Committed him. And he went lightly on,  
With his soft hands pressed closely to the  
cool

Stone vessel, and his little naked feet  
Lifted with watchful care; and o'er the hills,  
And through the light-green hollows where  
the lambs

Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,  
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,  
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows  
Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy  
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,  
But with a joyous industry went forth  
Into the reapers' places, and bound up  
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly  
The pliant withs out of the shining straw,  
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot  
The heat and weariness of their stooping toil  
In the beguiling of his playful mirth.

Presently he was silent, and his eye  
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand  
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast  
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,  
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back  
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.  
They bore him to his mother, and he lay  
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!  
She had watched every breath, and kept her  
hand

Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon  
The dreamy languor of his listless eye;  
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,  
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him  
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—  
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned  
Over him now, that she might catch the low  
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned  
To love when he was slumbering at her side  
In his unconscious infancy.

“So still!

’Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,  
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins  
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!  
How could they say that he would die, O  
God?

I could not lose him. I have treasured all  
His childhood in my heart, and even now,  
As he has slept, my memory has been there,  
Counting like treasures all his winning  
His unforgotten sweetness: [ways—

“Yet so still!

How like this breathless slumber is to death!  
I could believe that in that bosom now  
There were no pulse, it beats so languidly!  
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!  
Death would not be so very beautiful!  
And that half smile—would death have left  
that there?

And should I not have felt that he would die?  
And have I not wept over him? and prayed  
Morning and night for him? and could he  
die?

No; God will keep him! He will be my pride  
Many long years to come; and his fair hair  
Will darken like his father's, and his eye  
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;  
And he will be so tall, and I shall look  
With such a pride upon him? He to die!”  
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,  
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think  
That such fair things could perish.

Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled  
From her fixed lip, and her supporting knees  
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand  
had touched

His forehead, as she dallied with his hair,  
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,  
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.  
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed  
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she  
took

His little hand and pressed it earnestly;  
And put her lip to his; and looked again  
Fearfully on him; and then, bending low,  
She whispered in his ear: “My son! my  
son!”

And as the echo died, and not a sound  
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,  
Motionless on her knee, the truth would come,  
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart  
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him  
close

Into her bosom, with a mother's thought,  
As if death had no power to touch him there!

The man of God came forth, and led the child  
Unto his mother, and went on his way.  
And he was there, her beautiful, her own,  
Living and smiling on her, with his arms  
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath  
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear  
The music of his gentle voice once more!

*N. P. Willis.*

### 3993. SIGHT REGAINED.

By the wayside sat a blind man,  
Melancholy, sad,  
While the beasts and birds about him  
Seemed so glad  
As they sported in the sunlight,  
While to him the world was midnight—  
Sightless, lightless,  
There he sat,  
Musing, musing, only that.

How he longed to know the daylight  
Bathing field and flower,  
Gilding cloudlets, arching rainbows,  
Full of mystic power!  
See the forms his touch revealed!  
But, alas! his eyes were sealed;  
Thinking, sighing,  
Lone, all day  
Sat the blind man by the way.

See! he's startled from his musings  
 By some distant sound,  
 And he listens, breathless, bending  
 To the ground;  
 While a zephyr floating by  
 Whispers, "Blind man, help is nigh."  
 Nearer, clearer,  
 Murmurs rare  
 Mingle strangely in the air.

Soon a thousand feet are treading  
 Past the very spot  
 Where the blind man has bemoaned  
 His bitter lot.  
 Busy voices glide along,  
 Joy anon breaks forth in song,  
 While one voice  
 More rich and clear  
 Falls like music on his ear.

Rising and erectly standing,  
 Eagerly he speaks,  
 While a glow of fervor kindles  
 On his cheeks.  
 "Tell me, tell! what means this throng?  
 Why this joy, these words, this song?"  
 Kindly, promptly,  
 Comes reply,  
 "Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by."

As through clouds the sunlight breaking  
 Brightens earth and sky,  
 So a radiance of gladness  
 From on high  
 Seemed to lighten up his face,  
 When he heard that mighty grace  
 Was even nigh,  
 To touch his eye,  
 And end the burden of his sigh.

Christ is near; but He is passing—  
 And will not He see  
 Him whose eager looks are pleading?  
 Will not He  
 Pause to touch and bless those eyes  
 With miraculous surprise?  
 Still on he moves  
 Amid the throng;  
 Footsteps, voices, glide along.

Soon the hesitating blind man  
 Will be left alone;  
 Left to find his new-born hope  
 Forever gone.  
 Will he let that moment fly?  
 Will he not break forth and cry?  
 Ah, yes, he must;  
 Or soon, too late,  
 Hopeless blindness is his fate.

Suddenly an outcry startles  
 All the passing throng;  
 Loud and full of supplication,  
 Loud and long:  
 "Jesus! Son of David! hear  
 One who knows that Thou art near;

Mercy! mercy  
 Have on me!  
 Touch these eyes, that I may see!"

"Why this outcry?" ask the people.  
 "Hold, Bartimeus!  
 Silence, silence, man! why need you  
 Clamor thus?"  
 But he did not cease his prayer,  
 Louder still it rent the air  
 As he pleaded  
 With his might,  
 "Son of David, give me sight!"

Not the volume of his pleading,  
 Nor the uttered word,  
 But the spirit of entreaty  
 Jesus heard,  
 For His onward steps were stayed,  
 Quick He called for him who prayed;  
 Eager he  
 The Lord to find,  
 Staff and mantle left behind.

In the blessed Master's presence  
 Now the blind man stands,  
 Waiting for the revelations  
 Of command.  
 But, instead, He touched his eyes,  
 Forth the wondrous virtue flies:  
 Lo, he sees!  
 His night is o'er!  
 Bartimeus is blind no more.

*De Los Lull.*

### 3994. SILOAM.

Ye who Shiloah's gentle stream despise,  
 That softly flows from Zion's holy hill,  
 Who slight those living waters that arise  
 In God's own holy mount, and, calm and still,  
 Pour on with tranquil windings and glad  
 sound,  
 Diffusing peace and sweet refreshment round,  
 'Mid those green pastures and luxuriant  
 meads  
 Where His thrice happy flock the heav'nly  
 Shepherd leads.

Ye who desert these peaceful streams, and  
 love  
 The turbid floods that hoarse and furious roll,  
 Whose restless spirits still will seek to rove  
 'Mid scenes congenial to th' unquiet soul,  
 Prepare to see these rushing waters swell,  
 And sweep the fields where ye have loved to  
 dwell!  
 Prepare to see your treasure swept away,  
 Prepare to be o'erwhelmed; or turn while  
 yet you may.

Ye who despise the still small voice of God,  
 Whose deep, calm whisper calls you to return,  
 Prepare to feel His dread avenging rod,  
 Prepare to see His kindling anger burn!  
 Ye who neglect the Gospel's voice of peace,

Know that these calls of mercy soon shall  
cease;

And ye, whose trust is in the Law, shall hear  
The Law's dread thunders burst on your  
despairing ear. *James G. Small.*

### 3995. SILOAM, The Pool of.

Wend o'er the waste where now no floweret  
springs,  
But bloomed of yore the "garden of the  
kings;"

Ye reach an opening pierced in Ophel's side,  
While high beyond the huge mosque lifts its  
pride—

'Tis cool Siloam's fount; when palms grew  
round,

Here Jewish minstrels woke their harps'  
sweet sound,

And Hebrew sages, on these rocks reclined,  
Taught listening crowds, and scattered pearls  
of mind;

This rugged path the blessed apostles trod;  
Beneath yon arch once stood their King,  
their God;

And here the wretch whose eyes were sealed  
in night,

At Mercy's word received the gift of sight.  
Now, on these steps worn smooth by count-  
less feet,

Young Arab maids at eve are wont to meet,  
Their fair heads bearing pitchers, and their  
hands

Wreathing the well's dark sides with flowery  
bands.

Thou blessed fount! whose crystal waters  
still

Bubble unchanged beneath that holy hill—  
Fire, war, and ruin, wasting on each side,  
Have left untouched thy pure and sparkling  
A living coolness in that cell below, [tide,  
Health in thy dew, and music in thy flow.

Sure angels, while deserting Salem's towers,  
And Zion's Mount, and David's perished  
bowers,

Might hither come, and sorrowing vigil  
keep,

Glide through the shade, above those waters  
weep,

And fold their wings, resolving ne'er to flee,  
The lingering guardians, hallowed fount! of  
thee. *Nicholas Michell.*

### 3996. SILOAM, Village of.

Poor village! rich in name alone,  
Memorial of the Sent of God,  
The Father's everlasting Son,  
Whose holy feet these slopes have trod.

Above thee towers gray Olivet,  
Beneath dark Hinnom's vale I see,  
Before thee Salem's wall and gate,  
And at thy side Gethsemane.

Siloam! know the Sent of God,  
And learn the meaning of thy name;

Oh give the Sent One an abode,  
Know who He is and whence He came!

So shall He come and bless thee now,  
So shall He end thy gloomy night;  
So shall He make thy joy o'erflow,  
And fill thee with His glorious light.

Rude village of the rock and tomb!  
Daily before thy heedless eyes,  
Memorial of the sinner's doom,  
The ruins of old Zion rise.

And daily, on Moriah's slope,  
In yon sad wall, each massive stone  
Like tomb-words on the grave of hope,  
Tells of the glory past and gone.

Across the vale yon ruined pool  
Speaks of the eye-restoring might  
Of Him whose mercy, ever full,  
Yearns still to bless thee with His light.  
*Horatius Bonar.*

### 3997. SILVER, The Lost Piece of.

Luke xv : 8.

Holy Lord Jesus, Thou wilt search till Thou  
find

This lost piece of silver, this treasure en-  
shrined

In casket or bosom, once of such store,  
Now lying under the dust of Thy floor.

Gentle Lord Jesus, Thou wilt move through  
the room,

So empty, so desolate, and light up its gloom:  
The lost piece of silver, that no man can see,  
Merciful Jesus! is beheld clear by Thee.

Defaced and degraded, trampled in the dust,  
Its superscription Thou knowest still, we  
trust;

And Thou wilt uplift it and make it reshine,  
For it was silver—pure silver of Thine.

Loving Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come through  
the dark,

When men are all sleeping and no eye can  
mark.

Though "clean forgotten, like a dead man  
out of mind,"

This lost piece of silver Thou wilt search for  
and find. *D. Maria Mulock Craik.*

### 3998. SIMEON AND THE INFANT CHRIST.

Luke ii : 22-32.

Within the temple at the hour  
Of prayer, led by the Spirit's power,  
Behold a patriarch appears,  
Bowed down with age, and weight of years.  
He was a man devout and just,  
And all his hope and all his trust  
Was in the promise of his Lord,  
The promise of His faithful Word;  
For this he waited—waited on,  
This patriarchal Simeon:

His was a lengthened ray of hope ;  
 Far-reaching lay the distant scope ;  
 The " consolation " which he sought,  
 God to its great fulfilment brought—  
 The birth of Jesus, God's dear Son,  
 The advent of the Promised One.  
 For this he lived, nor yet to die,  
 Until to his expectant eye,  
 Long on the watch, the Christ should be  
 Revealed for him at last to see.  
 And in the temple courts that day,  
 Upon a virgin's bosom lay  
 A Babe, around whose infant head  
 A halo of bright glory shed—  
 A light that was revealed to none  
 But to the aged Simeon,  
 Before whose eyes it shone so bright—  
 That golden aureole of light—  
 And by the sacred token showed  
 The witness of Incarnate God.

Deep promptings filled the old man's breast,  
 His hopes and fears are now at rest.  
 This is the promised Christ, the King ;  
 Awake, my soul, arise and sing !  
 And there, the aisles and courts among,  
 He uttered forth this dying song—

" NUNC DIMITTIS. "

O lettest now Thy servant, Lord,  
 Depart according to Thy word ;  
 Give Thou the waiting soul release,  
 And bid me now depart in peace.

In peace, for waiting days are o'er,  
 The anxious soul need wait no more.  
 Mine eyes, long looking out for Thee,  
 Do now Thy full salvation see.

Salvation now for all prepared,  
 Before all nations hath appeared ;  
 On those who lay in darksome night,  
 On them hath shone the wished-for light.

A Light, wherever man hath trod,  
 To light the Gentiles to their God ;  
 For Israel's glory—ne'er to cease :  
 Lord, let me now depart in peace !

*Robert Maguire.*

### 3999. SIMON, the Cyrenian.

Matthew xxvii : 32.

Along the dusty thoroughfare of life,  
 Upon his daily errands walking free, [pain,  
 Came a brave, honest man, untouched by  
 Unchilled by sight or thought of misery.

But lo ! a crowd : he stops ; with curious eye  
 A fainting form all pressed to earth he sees ;  
 The hard, rough burden of the bitter cross  
 Hath bowed the drooping head and feeble  
 knees.

" Ho ! lay the cross upon yon stranger there,  
 For he hath breadth of chest and strength  
 of limb. "  
 Straight it is done, and heavy laden thus,  
 With Jesus' cross he turns and follows Him.

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,  
 Prompt with the holy sufferer to endure,  
 Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,  
 Thus did he make his glorious calling sure.

O soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's way,  
 As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,  
 Learn from this story to forecast the day  
 When Jesus and His cross shall come to thee.

O, in that fearful, that decisive hour  
 Rebel not, shrink not, seek not thence to flee ;  
 But, humbly bending, take thy heavy load,  
 And bear it after Jesus patiently.

His cross is thine. If thou and He be one,  
 Some portion of His pain must still be thine ;  
 Thus only mayst thou share His glorious  
 crown,  
 And reign with Him in majesty divine.

Master in sorrow ! I accept my share  
 In the great anguish of life's mystery.  
 No more alone, I sink beneath my load,  
 But bear my cross, O Jesus, after Thee.  
*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

### 4000. SISERA.

Judges v : 28-30.

Why tarries Sisera ? His mother stands  
 At the high window, where her eye com-  
 mands

The hill and vale afar, while waning day  
 Shows not her son in all the winding way.

Forth from the lattice goes her earnest cry,  
 " Where art thou, Sisera ? My son, O why,  
 While o'er the world this solemn twilight  
 steals,

Why tarry thus thy burning chariot wheels ?

" When wilt thou come triumphant from the  
 plain,  
 With Israel's spoils and captives in thy train :  
 Thy parent's pride, a shouting kingdom's  
 boast,

Thou valiant leader of a dauntless host ?

" How went the battle ? None will come and  
 tell

Where the dart entered or the javelin fell ;  
 What shield was shivered, which the trusty  
 sword

That met its aim, or whose the blood that  
 poured.

" If that I gave thee from my own rich veins  
 Enpurpled earth's cold sod, what hope re-  
 mains ?

Thy nation's glory must with thee depart,  
 And one dread swell will burst thy mother's  
 heart !

" But why thy joyful coming thus delay ?  
 Is it to share the spoil and take the prey ?  
 Dim grows the distance to my weary eye ;  
 Nor hoof, nor wheel, nor foot of man come  
 nigh ! "

Why, hapless mother, does he not return?  
Go to the Kenite's distant place and learn!  
Fly to the tent on Zaanaim's plain;  
Ask Heber's wife for him thou call'st in vain!

Enter her tent and slowly raise the veil;  
Lift that spread mantle; see the fatal nail!  
Behold thy son, as now he lieth low;  
Inglorious chief! and by a woman's blow!

Is this the brow that thou hast hoped to see  
Twined with the laurel, high in victory?  
The blood thou gav'st him in a form so fair  
Is thick around it, on the matted hair!

Pierced through the temples! pillowed on  
the ground!

Is this the head that glory should have  
crowned?

Was the fair captive's needle-work to deck,  
With many colors, this poor severed neck?

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to be a rod  
Used on a people by the hand of God,  
To bring His children back when they of-  
fend;

To chasten them; then have the scourges end!

To Tabor's mount the bands of Barak drew,  
In arms but feeble; in their numbers few;  
While Jabin's hosts, with Sisera their head,  
By Kishon's stream the valley overspread.

With strong war-chariots they took the field;  
With prancing horses, gleaming spear and  
shield.

Thick as the grass they overran the plain,  
Like that, when mown, to strow it with the  
slain.

When to the onset, like a stream that gushed  
Forth from the mount, the men of Israel  
rushed,

The Lord of hosts was with them in the fight,  
And death or dread seized every Canaanite.

The ancient river felt its heavy tide  
Swell with the blood that flowed upon its  
side,

Horses and horsemen weltered in the waves  
That bore down thousands into restless  
graves.

Then Sisera, unchiefed, with none to head  
Leaped from his chariot and fled.  
His steps the fugitive in terror bent  
To ask of Jael refuge in her tent.

She gave him milk, and in a "lordly dish"  
She brought him food; she granted him his  
wish

Here to be screened from Barak; but his sleep  
She fastened on him! it is long and deep!

O Sisera! it was a fearful thing  
To be a minion of an evil king;  
Against an injured people to contend,  
Who had the God of armies for their friend.

*Miss H. F. Gould.*

#### 4001. SISERA, Death of.

Judges iv : 17-22.

Above all women praised be Jael,  
Heroine Kenite, Heber's wife;  
Blessed be she above all women,  
For her bearing in the strife.  
When within the curtained harem  
Water she was asked to give,  
Curdled milk in lordly vessel  
Gave she to the fugitive.

Sisera, the warrior-chieftain,  
Lay in slumber deep and sound;  
With her hand the wooden tent-peg  
Wrenched she from the yielding ground.  
With the blow of workman's hammer  
She the prostrate victim slew,  
And with this inglorious weapon  
Clave his temples through and through.

At her feet he bowed, he lay;  
At her feet he bowed, he fell:  
Fell, the hero of the fray,  
Deemed so late invincible!

The mother of Sisera,  
Proud-hearted queen,  
Went to the lattice  
A chieftain in mien:  
From the window she cried,  
"Why tarrys his car?  
What hinders his bringing  
The trophies of war?"

Impatient we look for the wreath on His brow;  
Why tarry the wheels of His chariot now?"

The princesses answer,  
She also replies,  
"They only thus tarry  
To portion the prize:  
One damsel—two damsels—  
Each hero will share,  
And bright divers colors  
Shall Sisera wear;  
Rich garments, embroidered  
And varied in hue,  
The ornaments stripped  
From the foemen he slew."

So perish Thine enemies, Lord, I implore  
Thee!

Perish all those to Thy glory defiant:  
But let Thine own people, who love and  
adore Thee,

Be like to the sun going forth as a giant.

*J. R. Macduff.*

#### 4002. SMITING THE ROCK IN KADESH.

Numbers xx : 1-13.

Water! no water! rock and sand,  
A weary, parched, and burning land;  
The springs all sunk, the torrents dry,  
The clouds all perished from the sky!

Zin seemed on fire, and Kadesh lay  
Blasted beneath the torrid ray;  
No shadowy palms, nor herb, nor grass;  
Earth, glowing iron; sky, blazing brass!

The goat-skins, all their moisture spent,  
Hung shrunk and crackling in each tent;  
And ghastly bands of frantic men  
Searched vainly every grot and glen.

Then hoarse and deep along the plain  
Gathered a sound of wrath and pain,  
And loud the angry murmur burst  
From millions mad with torturing thirst:

“Is this the land our seers foretold,  
Whose streams in milk and honey rolled?  
Whose woods and groves drip balm and oil?  
Whose harvests load the heaven-drenched  
soil?

“Why have ye here God’s people brought,  
Us and our herds to slay for naught;  
Where never fruits nor vines were found,  
And fountless deserts blaze around?

“Would God that when His instant ire  
Wrapped Korah’s host in sheeted fire,  
We, too, had shared that pangless doom,  
Or filled with them the earthquake tomb!”

So raved the ingrates God had fed  
With one long miracle of bread!  
In prostrate agony of woe  
God’s seer held back Heaven’s righteous blow.

Then flashed God’s glory, peeled His word,  
While awe-struck thousands trembling heard  
Jehovah’s mandate, echoing wide,  
Till listening caves and crags replied:

“Take thou the rod! the nation call!  
Command yon cliff before them all!  
And springs shall rise and streams shall burst,  
Till man and nature slake their thirst.”

Now, forth before th’ expectant throng,  
Erring, yet in God’s mercy strong,  
Lifting toward heaven the mystic rod,  
Stands he who erst dread Sinai trod.

He smites. The stern dark rock rebounds  
The blow, and all the vale resounds;  
But all its secret springs unknown  
Leap, startled, in their veins of stone!

Again the prophet’s arm descends;  
The conscious granite groans and rends,  
And lo! a fountain, silver fair,  
Mounts flashing through the burning air!

Wide through the camp glad voices cry,  
And “Water!” “Water!” fills the sky;  
While rapturous thousands mingling rush  
Where glittering rivulets foam and gush.

With brazen helm the warrior dips  
The spouting nectar to his lips;  
The old man, trembling, bowed with years,  
Thanks God, and drinks with reverent tears.

The youth, half eager, half afraid,  
Hands his full pitcher to the maid;  
The mother, in her thirst half wild,  
First satisfies her youngest child.

The bullock snuffs the freshening gale,  
Bellows, and bounds along the vale;  
And cow and goat, and lamb and hound,  
Quaff the cool rills that gurgle ’round.

The war-steed neighs, and champs his chain,  
Then charges thundering down the plain;  
The patient camel breaks his fast,  
And drinks, the longest, and the last.

O Thou, the Rock of Truth and Grace,  
Once cleft to save a dying race!  
Thy streams of mercy, full and free,  
Still flow for all mankind and me.

Oh may we, like Thy flock of old,  
Drink deep from all Thy springs untold;  
Nor e’er, like Israel, doubt the plan  
Of God’s unfailing love for man.

Nor e’er, like him God honored most,  
Forget in whom is all our boast;  
And once, impatient, rash, and vain,  
Lose Canaan here—and heaven scarce gain.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

**4003. SMOKING FLAX** and Bruised Reed, The.  
Matthew xii : 20.

When evening choirs the praises hymned  
In Zion’s courts of old,  
The high-priest walked his rounds, and  
The shining lamps of gold; [trimmed  
And if, perchance, some flame burned low,  
With fresh oil vainly drenched,  
He cleansed it from its socket, so  
The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High!  
Thy golden lamps among,  
What things are weak, and near to die,  
Thou makest fresh and strong.  
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,  
That else must soon expire,  
And swift it shoots up through the dark,  
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd, that to stream and shade  
Withdrew his flock at noon,  
On reedy stop soft music made,  
In many a pastoral tune;  
And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,  
It could no more be used;  
Its mellow music marred and hushed;  
He brake it, when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed  
Thy flock in pasture green,  
Thou dost not break the bruised reed  
That sorely crushed hath been.



The heart that dumb in anguish lies,  
Or yields but notes of woe,  
Thou dost retune to harmonies  
More rich than angels know!

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,  
But now it burns so dim;  
My life was praise, but now my days  
Make a poor broken hymn.  
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,  
But helped in deepest need,  
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,  
Nor break'st the bruised reed.

*W. B. Robertson.*

**4004. SODOM.**

The wind blows chill across those gloomy  
waves:

Oh! how unlike the green and dancing main!  
The surge is foul as if it rolled o'er graves:  
Stranger, here lie the cities of the plain.  
Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered  
now,

Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle;  
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's  
glow,

On pomp and festival the twilight fell.  
Lovely and splendid all; but Sodom's soul  
Was stained with blood, and pride, and  
perjury;

Long warned, long spared, till her whole  
heart was foul,

And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.  
And still she mocked and danced, and taunt-  
ing spoke

Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne:  
It came! the thunder on her slumber broke;  
God spakē the word of wrath! her dream  
was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood  
Immortal messenger, and pausing Heaven  
Pleaded with man: but she was quite imbued;  
Her last hour waned; she scorned to be  
forgiven!

'Twas done! Down poured at once the sul-  
phurous shower,

Down stooped in flame the heaven's red  
canopy.

Oh for the arm of God in that fierce hour!  
'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.  
They rush, they bound, they howl, the men  
of sin;

Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker  
blaze;

The earthquake heaved! then sank the hide-  
ous din!

Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

*George Croly.*

**4005. SODOM, Doom of.**

Genesis xviii : 33 to xix : 28.

The morning sun arose. And while afar  
O'er fane and hill and up the mountain's  
height

Streamed the swift radiance of his fiery car,  
What eye was raised to greet his cheering  
light?

What grateful heart, inspired with new de-  
light,  
Broke forth in songs of early praise? None,  
none.

On the tumultuous host of yesternight  
A slumbering silence lay. Yet there was one  
Who from their sin and shame still stood  
apart,

And in the abode of crime kept an untainted  
heart.

The holy man went forth to greet the day,  
Yet o'er his soul came awe and silent fear,  
Such as the heart may feel, but cannot say  
What secret danger it betokens near.

He knelt upon the earth and to the car  
Of Him whose saving presence still is nigh  
In storm and calm, forever prompt to hear  
His humble creatures' supplicating cry,  
The patriarch addressed his ardent prayer,  
Trusting in Abraham's God, and safe be-  
neath His care.

That humble prayer found audience in  
heaven,

And moved the pity of Eternal Love;  
The attendant angels hear the mandate  
given,

And swiftly leaving their bright seats above,  
On mercy's errand down to earth they move.  
And first to Mamre's plain they take their  
way,

Where righteous Abraham intercedes, who  
strove,

As man with man, the Almighty's wrath to  
stay;

Then hastily the fated city seek,  
And to the faithful few their fearful message  
speak:

"Haste thee, delay not,  
Thou favored of God;  
Haste thee, and stay not  
His uplifted rod.

"Lo! it descendeth  
On city and plain;  
The arm that contendeth  
Is lifted in vain.

"The strong in his power,  
The youth in his bloom,  
The storm shall devour,  
The fires consume.

"On the palace' proud dome,  
On the false idol fane,  
That tempest shall come  
With its fiery rain.

"It shall come, and the song  
Shall be hushed in the hall;  
For the weak and the strong  
Together shall fall.

“ To Justice is given  
His terrible sword;  
’Tis the vengeance of Heaven,  
The wrath of the Lord.

“ Then haste thee! delay not,  
Thou favored of God;  
Oh! haste thee, and stay not  
His uplifted rod.”

Then rose the ancient patriarch, and passed  
Forth from the city, filled with awe and fear.  
And now the heavens, though with no clouds  
o’ercast,  
A wild and terrible aspect seem to wear;  
And ever and anon a lurid glare  
Streams with a meteor-light athwart the sky;  
And, borne upon the hot and burdened air,  
From unseen spirits comes a fearful cry  
Of desolation, telling but too late [fate.  
To the blaspheming host their well-deserved

O Sodom! thy hour has come!  
It has come, for the cup  
Of thy sin runneth o’er;  
And thy cry shall go up  
To Jehovah no more,  
For sealed is thy terrible doom.

O Sodom! thy beauty and pride  
To ashes shall turn  
In a tempest of flame;  
And thy towers shall burn,  
And thy temples of shame  
Be swept with the fiery tide!

Angels of mercy, depart!  
Oh! seek not to save  
The accursed of God.  
Let them sink to their grave  
In the fiery flood,  
Who madly have chosen their part.

Angels of death draw near;  
And, behold! from their home  
In the storm-driven cloud,  
With the thunders they come,  
And a flaming shroud  
In their vengeful hands they bear.

Lo, the downrushing of the gathered storm!  
Upon the mountain’s woody height far round  
Th’ horizon’s verge, with the red lightning  
warm,  
The stately cedars burn; the solid ground  
And rock-built summits tremble with the  
sound  
Of bursting thunders; and the darkened skies  
Responsive to the quaking earth resound,  
While onward still the rushing tempest flies.  
Then on the city falls the liquid fire,  
Kindling each temple, dome, and heaven-  
ascending spire.

O Sodom! now extend the arm of power,  
And stay the coming of thy awful doom;

Or, if thou art grown weak in this dread hour,  
Call then upon thy boasted gods, in whom  
Thy children trust. Alas! the fires consume  
Temple and image; in the costly fane  
The idol’s priest sinks to his fiery tomb,  
O’ertaken in his idolatry; in vain  
A thousand supplicating voices rise—  
On sweeps the raging storm, nor heeds their  
feeble cries.

And as they gaze upon the burning sky  
That has no ray of hope for their despair,  
Some fiercely curse the name of God and die;  
And some, in the last agony of fear,  
Send up the unavailing prayer;  
On every side are heard the shrieks of death,  
Till stifled in the hot and sulphurous air,  
That scorches and consumes, is every breath;  
And drowned amid the wildly-rushing gale  
Are man’s despairing groans and childhood’s  
feeble wail.

Woe to thee, Sodom! thou that in thy pride  
Didst vainly dream of everlasting fame,  
And, glorying in thy power, dar’dst deride  
Heaven’s vengeance, and blaspheme Jeho-  
vah’s name;  
All, save the record of thy sin and shame,  
Is blotted from the earth. Thy funeral pyre  
Was kindled by the all-consuming flame  
Of thy own deadly guilt and fierce desire;  
And thou art sunk beneath the stormy flood  
That o’er thee ever rolls, cursed with the  
curse of God. *George W. Nind.*

#### 4006. SOLOMON AND THE LILY.

Luke xii : 27.

When the great Hebrew king did almost  
strain  
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and  
brain  
His royal southern guest to entertain;  
Though she on silver floors did tread,  
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,  
To hide the metal’s poverty;  
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,  
And naught around her could behold  
But silk and rich embroidery,  
And Babylonish tapestry,  
And wealthy Hiram’s princely dye;  
Though Ophir’s starry stones met everywhere  
her eye;  
Though she herself and her gay host were  
dressed  
With all the shining glories of the east;  
When lavish art her costly work had done,  
The honor and the prize of bravery  
Was by the garden from the palace won;  
And every rose and lily there did stand  
Better attired by nature’s hand.  
Where does the wisdom and the power divine  
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?  
Where do we finer strokes and colors see  
Of the Creator’s real poetry,  
Than when we with attention look  
Upon the third day’s volume of the book?

But we despise these His inferior ways,  
Though no less full of miracle and praise:  
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;  
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise.

*A. Cowley.*

**4007. SOLOMON, Antitype of.**  
2 Chronicles ix : 6.

Drawn by Thy messenger's report,  
I hearken, Lord, to Thee:  
But oh! their word how faint, how short  
Of what I hear and see!  
True Son of David, I confess  
Thou far exceed'st the fame:  
Not angel-tongues could half express  
The wonders of Thy name!

What wisdom from Thy lips distils,  
So full of glorious grace!  
The glory all Thy household fills  
Reflected from Thy face:  
Thy charms the seraphs' thought transcend,  
And dazzle all above:  
For only saints can comprehend  
The mystery of Thy love.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4008. SOLOMON, Glory of.**  
Matthew vi : 29.

Seated upon a throne, superb and high,  
Of ivory, with finest gold inlaid,  
Crowned with a blaze of jewels, and arrayed  
In robes magnificent of Tyrian dye,  
The king "in all his glory" strikes the eye  
With wonder, from amidst luxurious shade  
Of purple canopy, and proud parade  
Of couchant lions keeping watch hard by.  
But all that royal pomp the palm must yield  
In texture rare and beauty of array  
To roses wild and lilies of the field,  
Which bloom and perish in a single day.  
Lord, if the flowers are decked in robes so  
fair,

What clothing shall Thy saints in glory wear?  
*R. Wilton.*

**4009. SOLOMON, Intercession of.**  
1 Kings viii : 22, 23.

Lo, the pious monarch stands  
And lifts his heart and eyes,  
Spreads to heaven his praying hands,  
To Him who fills the skies!  
Never king appeared so great,  
Himself not half so glorious shone,  
Clad in all his robes of state,  
And on his ivory throne.

See, through him, the heavenly King  
Who for his subjects prays,  
Israel's Intercessor! Sing  
And magnify his grace;  
Praise our Lord, who ever lives  
To save and bless His saints forgiven,  
Till He to Himself receives  
And blesses us in heaven.

*C. Wesley.*

**4010. SOWER, The.**

"Such as I have I sow; it is not much,"  
Said one who loved the Master of the field;  
Only a quiet word, a gentle touch  
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may  
yield  
No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak  
For Him who knows the heart so loving, yet  
so weak.

And so the words were spoken, soft and  
low,  
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell  
On soil prepared, which she would never  
know,  
Until the tender blade sprang up to tell  
That not in vain her labor had been spent;  
Then with new faith and hope more bravely  
on she went.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

**4011. SPICES, Unused.**

Luke xxiv : 1.

What said those women as they bore  
Their fragrant gifts away?  
The spices that they needed not  
That resurrection-day?

Did Mary say within her heart,  
Our work hath been in vain?  
Or, counting o'er the spices bought,  
Of so much waste complain?

Not so, for though the risen Lord  
Their spices did not need,  
Not unrewarded was the love  
That planned the reverent deed.

For though unused their fragrant store,  
Yet well might they rejoice,  
Since they the first who saw the Lord,  
The first who heard His voice.

Sweet story, hast thou not some truth  
For my impatient heart?  
Some lesson that shall stay with me  
Its comfort to impart?

Have I not gathered in the past,  
In days that are no more,  
Of spices sweet and ointment rare,  
What seemed a precious store?

A little knowledge I had gained,  
A little strength and skill,  
I thought to use them for my lord,  
If such should be His will.

Alas! my store unused hath been.  
The strength I prized hath gone;  
My weary hands have lost their skill,  
And yet my life goes on.

In all the busy work of life  
I have but scanty share,  
And scanty is the service done  
For Him whose name I bear.

So many hopes and plans have died  
 In weariness and pain,  
 My heart cries out in sore distress:  
 "Was all my work in vain?"

Be still, sad heart, thy hopes and plans  
 Are known to One divine;  
 He knoweth all thou wouldst have done  
 Had greater strength been thine.

My unused spices! Dearest Lord,  
 They were prepared for Thee,  
 Yet if for them Thou hast no need,  
 Let love my offering be.

*M. H. Howland.*

**4012. SPIES, Report of the.**

Numbers xiii : 27.

Ho ye! ho ye! We return from the land!  
 Cried the spies as they trudged through the  
 desert sand;

We have spied it out from the north to the  
 south—

From Lebanon's heights to the Jordan's  
 mouth;

Its soil that with milk and honey flows;  
 Its plain that with roses of Sharon glows;  
 Its deep-flowing river and trickling rills,  
 That wind around 'mong the vine-clad hills;  
 And the great sea rimmed with its sandy  
 strand;

Ho ye! Let us go to the beautiful land!

The cedars of Lebanon lift in their pride  
 Their evergreen plumes on the mountain side;  
 And the mighty winds through their forests  
 roar

Like the booming of surges along the shore;  
 And Hermon's crown, scarred by thunder-  
 clap,

Crests the soaring range with its snowy cap;  
 And feeds the springs in its rock-ribbed hills,  
 Whose flowing the lake and river fills;  
 And its feet in the waters of Galilee dips  
 That woo the beach with their rippling lips.

Across the land 'neath the fells and dells  
 The breast of the rich Esdraclon swells  
 In rounded slopes, kissed by summer heat,  
 That teem with the stalks of growing wheat;  
 And the plain outspreading rolls and heaves  
 With ripening wealth of yellow sheaves;  
 Like a cincture of gold engirdling the land  
 From Jordan's flood to the bright sea-strand,  
 O'er its bosom convulsed as in laughter loud,  
 Till it shakes and shouts as with joy of God!

And southward the hills of beauty shine  
 Clad with clustered grapes of the tendrilled  
 vine;

With groves and orchards of great-branched  
 trees

That dance and sing to the play of the breeze;  
 Whereon pomegranates of blood-red dyes  
 Catch the ruby tints of the morning skies;

And the mellow fig the rich sunshine sips  
 Till its flesh doth melt on the eater's lips;  
 We plucked from Eshcol this clustering  
 shoot,  
 These apples and figs—here is the land's  
 fruit!

And many things which we cannot tell  
 Hath this goodly land unspeakable!  
 For who could bring back the bloom of its  
 flowers,  
 Or the glory sublime that on Lebanon towers,  
 Or the sweetness and freedom of mountain  
 air,

Or the spirit of life in all things there!  
 Or the wide expanse of the great blue sea  
 Like the stretches of boundless eternity.  
 Let our silence speak! For who can tell  
 The charm of this land unspeakable!

Let us go to the land of these fruits divine,  
 Whose clusters of grapes on the vine-branches  
 shine;

Where the apples blood-red mid the verdure  
 glow,

And the fig-trees loaded with fruitage bend  
 low;

And the beauties and glories, which cannot  
 be told,

Seem to robe the whole as with cloth of gold!  
 And from bending skies look down the bright  
 eyes

Of God as on gardens of paradise!

Ho ye! One and all! Hear the wondrous  
 story!

Ho ye! Let us go to these hills of glory!

Let us go! Let us go to this land of heaven,  
 Whose foretaste in these first fruits is given!  
 Let us conquer the giants that dreadful stand  
 To bar our way to this promised land!

Let us go with faith in our mighty Lord,  
 In His arm of strength and His conquering  
 sword;

In the name of the word which our God hath  
 spoken,

In the name of His oath that cannot be  
 broken.

In the promise of Him who His purpose  
 fulfils,

Let us go to possess these eternal hills!

*Homer N. Dunning.*

**4013. STAR IN THE EAST.**

Matthew ii.

The burning East hath caught a sign,  
 Upon the brow of night,

And starts the sage to see it shine  
 O'er all the morning's light—

A stranger with his steps of fire,

Upon the starry way,

And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,

Amid the blaze of day,

But keeping still his flashing eye

Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky!

He is not of the stars who sang  
 At that primeval birth,  
 When all their lyres with music rang  
 To hail the young bright earth;  
 When swelled the world's high anthem out,  
 And pealed the spheres abroad,  
 And one wide pæan met the shout,  
 From all the "sons of God"!  
 He fought not with the starry train  
 That fought on Kishon's ancient plain!

It prophesieth in the skies:  
 O where hath it been hid,  
 For ages, 'mid the myriad eyes  
 That watch the pyramid?  
 The Persian, with his starry wit,  
 He cannot speak its name;  
 And who shall read the story writ  
 Upon its brow of flame?  
 It hath no page in Grecian art,  
 Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart!

It spreadeth forth its glittering wing  
 And beckoneth to the west,  
 And circleth like a living thing  
 In haste, that may not rest:  
 The sage hath watched its course afar,  
 And pondered it apart,  
 Till, lo! the story of that star  
 Beams in upon his heart,  
 And brightly rises on his soul  
 The legend of its burning scroll!

'Tis he—'tis he—the light of whom  
 Those ancient prophets told,  
 The star that should from Jacob come,  
 To shine on Judah's fold!  
 The East shall offer odors sweet,  
 To meet its rising smiles,  
 And kings bring presents to His feet,  
 From Tarshish and the isles,  
 And Sheba, from the desert far,  
 Be summoned by that herald star.

Along the wild, like ships at sea,  
 The pilgrim-camel rides,  
 And through the heavens silently  
 That glorious banner glides:  
 The desert-fiend, in breathless haste,  
 Stalks faint and far away,  
 And like a garden blooms the waste,  
 Beneath the holy ray,  
 Where they who weary not nor rest  
 Are traveling, star-led, to the west.

But onward, onward gliding still,  
 Afar and yet afar,  
 By day and night, o'er plain and hill,  
 Looks out yon golden star!  
 O, never herald's presence yet,  
 With such a glory shone;  
 And sure such guide must bring the feet  
 Unto a gorgeous throne.  
 And who shall meet His awful eye,  
 Whose burning couriers walk the sky?

Yon herald halteth suddenly!  
 And with their fragrant freight  
 The stately camels stoop the knee  
 Before—a stable-gate!  
 O, He whose name was first on high  
 Is lowliest in his birth;  
 And He whose star is in the sky,  
 Hath but a crib on earth;  
 And they, the wise, have trod the wild  
 To bow before—a little child!

So, guided by that eastern ray,  
 The lowly and the poor  
 May gather precious truths to-day  
 Beside that stable-door—  
 That not unto the highest here  
 The highest place is given;  
 And they who serve below may wear  
 The starry crown in heaven;  
 And shining things still keep the road  
 That leads the Christian to his God!

*Thomas K. Hervey.*

#### 4014. STAR, The Guiding.

Matthew ii: 9.

Far in the desert East it shone,  
 A guiding-star, and only one;  
 The other planets left the sky,  
 Trembling as if rebuked on high.  
 The moon forsook her silvery height,  
 Abashed before that holier light:  
 The storm-clouds that on ether lay  
 Melted before its glorious ray;  
 Till half the heaven shone pure and clear,  
 Like some diviner atmosphere  
 Than ours, where heavy vapors rise  
 From the vile earth, to dim the skies;  
 Meet herald of that promised day,  
 When souls shall burst the bond of clay,  
 And, purified from earth-stains, come,  
 Radiant to its eternal home.  
 On rolled the star, nor paused to shed  
 Its glory o'er the mountain's head,  
 Whereon the morning's sunshine fell,  
 Where eve's last crimson loved to dwell,  
 The gilded roof, the stately fane,  
 The garden, nor the corn-hid plain,  
 The camp where red watch-fires were keeping  
 Guard o'er a thousand soldiers sleeping.  
 But temple, palace, city past,  
 That star paused in the sky at last.  
 It paused where, roused from slumbers mild,  
 Lay 'mid the kine a new-born child.

Are there no clarions upon earth,  
 To tell mankind their monarch's birth?  
 Are there no banners to unfold,  
 Heavy with purple and with gold?  
 Are there no flowers to strew the ground,  
 Nor arches with the palm-branch bound?  
 Nor fires to kindle on the hill?  
 No! man is mute—the world is still.  
 Ill would all earthly pomp agree  
 With this hour's mild solemnity;  
 The tidings which that infant brings  
 Are not for conquerors nor for kings;

Nor for the sceptre nor the brand,  
 For crowned head, nor red right hand.  
 But to the contrite and the meek,  
 The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:  
 Or those who, with a hope sublime,  
 Are waiting for the Lord's good time.  
 Only for those the angels sing,  
 "All glory to our new-born King,  
 And peace and good-will unto men,  
 Hosanna to our God! Amen."

*L. E. Landon.*

**4015. STAR, The Signal.**

From the far East we come;  
 In these soft heavens above  
 We mark the messenger of God,  
 The ensign of His love.  
 No thunder spoke; we heard  
 No voice from plain or height;  
 He kindled in these tranquil skies  
 A gem of silent light.

Men of the morning-land  
 Are we, and to the West  
 We turn, that we may follow where  
 Our signal-star shall rest.  
 Children of sunrise, we  
 A brighter sunrise hail,  
 Before the splendor of whose rays  
 This sun of ours grows pale.

We come to seek the King;  
 For we have seen His star  
 Moving before us in that blue,  
 And beckoning us afar.  
 A gleam of glory bright,  
 An angel sent from God,  
 It led us out, it led us on,  
 Along the shining road.

Show us the King we seek,  
 Show us the new-born King,  
 That, kneeling at His cradle, we  
 To Him these gifts may bring.  
 Him King of heaven we call,  
 Him King of earth we own;  
 And hail the day when He shall wear  
 Of heaven and earth the crown.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**4016. STARS, Song of the.**

*Job xxxviii : 7.*

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
 And the empty realms of darkness and death  
 Were moved through their depths by His  
 mighty breath,  
 And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
 From the void abyss, by myriads came,  
 In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
 Their silver voices in chorus rung;  
 And this was the song the bright ones sung:

"Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,  
 The fair blue fields that before us lie,  
 Each sun, with the world that around us roll,  
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole,

With her isles of green, and her clouds of  
 white,  
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,  
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded  
 space;  
 And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.  
 Lo! yonder the living splendors play:  
 Away on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks  
 In the infinite azure, star after star, [afar,  
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly  
 pass!  
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!  
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen  
 Where the small waves dance and the young  
 woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,  
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower,  
 And the morn and the eve, with their pomp  
 of hues,  
 Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their  
 dews;  
 And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming  
 ground,  
 With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,  
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of  
 ours,  
 In the seas and fountains that shine with  
 morn,  
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
 And breathing myriads are breaking from  
 night,  
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful  
 spheres,  
 To weave the dance that measures the years.  
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the farthest wall of the firmament—  
 The boundless visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."  
*W. C. Bryant.*

**4017. STEPHEN, Death of.**

*Acts vii : 55.*

With awful dread his murderers shook,  
 As, radiant and serene,  
 The lustre of his dying look  
 Was like an angel's seen;  
 Or Moses' face of paly light,  
 When down the mount he trod,  
 All glowing from the glorious sight  
 And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,  
 Be his rapt vision given,  
 To look above by faith, and see  
 Revelments bright of heaven;

And power to speak our triumphs out,  
As our last hour draws near,  
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt  
Before our view appear.

*William Crosswell.*

**4018. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.**

*Acts vii : 55-60.*

Yesterday, with joy elated,  
Earth the advent celebrated  
Of David's Son and Lord;  
Yesterday their homage bringing,  
Angel choirs, hosannahs singing,  
Their new-crowned King adored.

Lo! to-day, where zealous Stephen,  
Full of faith and power from heaven,  
And full of holy grace,  
Now disputing, now insulting,  
Stands triumphing and exulting  
O'er Israel's faithless race.

Round him howling, red eyes flashing,  
Ravaging wolves their teeth are gnashing,  
And thirsting for his blood;  
Lying tongues against him setting,  
Venomed fangs with malice whetting,  
Behold the viper's brood.

Manful wrestler, nothing bending,  
Steadfast for the prize contending,  
Good Stephen, hold thy ground;  
Perjured witnesses refuting,  
Rage, with reason, still confuting,  
Hell's synagogue confound.

Christ, thy witness, is in heaven,  
Witness true and faithful, Stephen,  
Who on thy fight looks down;  
Mindful of the name thou bearest,  
Bravely show thou nothing fearest,  
Thus striving for thy crown.

Fadeless crown of bliss securing,  
Little while the pain enduring,  
Victory ends thy strife;  
Glory transient grief is bringing,  
Dawn of day through death is springing,  
The dawn of endless life.

Holy Spirit, him imbuing,  
Heavenly vision him enduing,  
He penetrates the skies;  
God's supernal glory viewing,  
Strength for victory renewing,  
He pants to win the prize.

Lo! at God's right hand contending,  
Jesus stands, His aid extending,  
There, Stephen, fix thine eye;  
See, the heavens are unsealing,  
Christ, Himself to thee revealing,  
Attends thy dying cry.

Loudly to his Saviour crying,  
Gladly Christ thus glorifying,  
He calmly yields his breath;

While his foes the stones are heaping,  
Zealot Saul their clothes is keeping,  
Consenting to his death.

Humbly kneeling, naught gainsaying,  
Naught against his slayers laying,  
Meekly to his Father praying  
Their crime to disregard;  
Thus in Christ he sweetly sleepeth,  
Who the law of Christ thus keepeth,  
And, to Christ thus faithful, reapeth  
The martyr's first reward.

*Adam of St. Victor, Tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

**4019. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.**

Happy saint, so quickly driven  
From the flesh by violent pain,  
Here enjoy the sight of heaven,  
Here behold the Son of Man;  
Jesus waiting  
To receive thy soul again.

Lo, He stands with arms extended  
(Risen from His dazzling throne),  
Sees His servant's warfare ended,  
Sends His flaming chariot down;  
Smiles triumphant,  
Reaches out the palm and crown!

Every confessor and servant  
Who of Jesus testifies,  
Faithful unto death and fervent,  
Shall obtain the victor's prize;  
See his Saviour  
Grasp him through the opening skies.

If Thou call even us to inherit  
Joys for martyred saints prepared,  
Thou wilt fill us with Thy Spirit,  
Pledge of that supreme reward;  
Sinking, dying,  
We shall view our heavenly Lord.

Thou wilt set Thyself before us,  
Standing in the holiest place,  
God omnipotently glorious,  
We shall on Thy brightness gaze,  
Gaze triumphant  
On Thy beatific face.

Jesus, to our supplication  
In that final hour attend,  
To the God of our salvation  
While our spirits we commend;  
Then receive us,  
Crowned with bliss which ne'er shall end!  
*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4020. STONE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.**

*Daniel ii : 35.*

Jesus, fix Thy kingdom here!  
Thy kingdom is the stone  
Sent from heaven in man to appear,  
And stand on earth alone.  
Let it now the image smite,  
Break the iron and the clay,  
Conquer (not by power or might)  
And force the world to obey.

By this stone to powder ground  
The kingdoms all shall be;  
Then their place no more is found,  
When earth submits to Thee.  
Let Thy kingdom now prevail,  
All opposing power disperse,  
To a boundless mountain swell,  
And fill the universe.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4021. SUPPER, The Great.**

Luke xiv : 16-24.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
You need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;  
All things in Christ are ready now.

Jesus to you His fulness brings,  
A feast of marrow and fat things:  
All, all in Christ is freely given,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Do not begin to make excuse,  
Ah! do not you His grace refuse;  
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,  
And take what Jesus hath to give.

Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,  
Your every earthly thought forget,  
Seek not the comforts of this life,  
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

"Have me excused," why will ye say?  
Why will ye for damnation pray?  
Have you excused, from joy and peace!  
Have you excused, from happiness:

Excused from coming to a feast!  
Excused from being Jesus' guest!  
From knowing now your sins forgiven,  
From tasting here the joys of heaven!

Excused, alas! why should you be  
From health, and life, and liberty,  
From entering into glorious rest,  
From leaning on your Saviour's breast!

Yet must I, Lord, to Thee complain,  
The world hath made Thy offers vain;  
Too busy, or too happy they,  
They will not, Lord, Thy call obey.

Go, then, my angry Master said,  
Since these on all My mercies tread,  
Invite the rich and great no more,  
But preach My gospel to the poor.

Confer not thou with flesh and blood,  
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd,  
Search every lane, and every street,  
And bring in all the souls you meet.

Come, then, ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
Ye poor and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Sinners my gracious Lord receives,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;  
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,  
I have a message now to you.

Come and partake the gospel feast,  
Be saved from sin, in Jesus rest:  
O taste the goodness of our God,  
And eat his flesh, and drink His blood.

'Tis done: my all-redeeming Lord,  
I have gone forth and preached the Word,  
The sinners to Thy feast are come,  
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

Go, then, my Lord again enjoined,  
And other wandering sinners find;  
Go to the hedges and highways,  
And offer all My pardoning grace.

The worst unto My supper press,  
Monsters of daring wickedness;  
Tell them My grace for all is free,  
They cannot be too bad for Me.

Tell them their sins are all forgiven,  
Tell every creature under heaven  
I died to save them from all sin,  
And force the vagrants to come in.

Ye vagrant souls, on you I call,  
(O that My voice could reach you all!)  
Ye all are freely justified,  
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

My message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

His love is mighty to compel,  
His conquering love consent to feel:  
Yield to His love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more!

See Him set forth before your eyes,  
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!  
His offered love make haste t' embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

Ye who believe His record true  
Shall sup with Him, and He with you:  
Come to the feast, be saved from sin,  
For Jesus waits to take you in.

This is the time, no more delay,  
This is the acceptable day,  
Come in, this moment, at His call,  
And live for Him who died for all.

*J. and C. Wesley.*



## 4022. SUPPER, The Last.

Matthew xvii : 26-29.

It was an evening in the Holy Land,  
When Jesus gathered His disciples dear ;  
The Jews' passover-feast was nigh at hand,  
And they were met their Master's words  
to hear.

By His own hand the faithful few were fed,  
They drank the cup He gave them in that  
hour,  
Nor saw the clouds that gathered round His  
head,  
Nor dreamed for them He'd bow to Cæsar's  
power.

Though on the hills around Jerusalem  
He oft had wandered with the chosen few,  
And taught the holy prophecies to them  
Who ne'er before their deepest meaning  
knew,  
They dreamed not of His death, but would  
have crowned  
The Meek and Lowly as a conquering  
King:  
How could they bear to have their Master  
bound!  
How know he must o'ercome through  
suffering!

Upon His breast His best-loved follower  
leaned,  
While round him there Christ's arms in  
love were thrown:  
How from such holy joy could John be  
weaned!  
How walk the paths of earth again alone!  
Yet ere the morning must that Master sigh  
Beneath the shades of fair Gethsemane,  
And while angelic ministers are nigh,  
Must bear, O sinner, sorrow's weight for  
thee!

The supper o'er, and Judas far away,  
His cheering words of love our Saviour  
spake,  
Then prayed for all who near His cross should  
stay,  
Then bade the echoes with a hymn awake;  
Thus prayer and music blended in that hour  
With pathos, melody, and love divine,  
Twin influences that o'er the soul have power  
A holy wreath around the heart to twine.

O Saviour blest! whene'er I bend the knee,  
Or sing the songs of Zion to Thy praise,  
I'll think, in love and faith, how Thou for me  
Once trod, in holy grief, earth's weary  
ways;  
And oh! as I shall at Thy table bow,  
And taste the bread and wine with grateful  
heart,  
How oft my tears must fall that such as Thou  
Must die to win me to the better part!

*Phoebe A. Hanaford.*

## 4023. SUPPER, The Last.

Luke xxii : 19.

Behold that countenance, where grief and  
love

Blend with ineffable benignity,  
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.  
Whose is that eye which seems to read the  
heart,

And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?  
Redeemer! is it Thine? And is this feast  
Thy last on earth? Why do the chosen few,  
Admitted to Thy parting banquet, stand  
As men transfixed with horror?

Ah! I hear  
The appalling answer, from those lips divine,  
"One of you shall betray me."

One of these?  
Who by Thy hand was nurtured, heard Thy  
prayers,  
Received Thy teachings, as the thirsty plant  
Turns to the rain of summer? One of these!  
Therefore, with deep and deadly paleness  
droops  
The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring  
Chilled to the ice of death at such strange  
shock

Of unimagined guilt. See, his whole soul  
Concentrated in his eye, the man who walked  
The waves with Jesus, all impetuous prompts  
The horror-struck inquiry—"Is it I?  
Lord! is it I?" while earnest pressing near,  
His brother's lips, in ardent echo, seem  
Doubling the fearful thought. With brow  
upraised,

Andrew absolves his soul of charge so foul;  
And springing eager from the table's foot,  
Bartholomew bends forward, full of hope  
That by his ear the Master's awful words  
Had been misconstrued. To the side of  
Christ,

James, in the warmth of cherished friend-  
ship, clings,  
Yet trembles as the traitor's image steals  
Into his throbbing heart; while he whose  
hand

In sceptic doubt was soon to probe the  
wounds  
Of him he loved, points upward to invoke  
The avenging God. Philip, with startled  
gaze,

Stands in his crystal singleness of soul,  
Attesting innocence—while Matthew's voice,  
Repeating fervently the Master's words,  
Rouses to agony the listening group,  
Who, half incredulous, with terror seem  
To shudder at his accents.

All the twelve  
With strong emotion strive, save one false  
breast

By Mammon seared, which, brooding o'er its  
gain,  
Weighs thirty pieces with the Saviour's  
blood.

Son of perdition!—dost thou freely breathe  
In such pure atmosphere?—And canst thou  
hide,

'Neath the cold calmness of that settled  
brow,

The burden of a deed whose very name  
Thus strikes thy brethren pale?

But can it be  
That the strange power of this soul-harrow-  
ing scene

Is the slight pencil's witchery?—I would  
speak

Of him who poured such bold conception  
forth

O'er the dead canvas. But I dare not muse  
Now of a mortal's praise. Subdued I stand  
In Thy sole, sorrowing presence, Son of  
God—

I feel the breathing of those holy men  
From whom Thy gospel, as on angel's wing,  
Went out through all the earth. I see how  
deep

Sin in the soul may lurk, and fain would  
kneel

Low at Thy blessed feet, and trembling ask,  
"Lord! is it I?"

For who may tell what dregs  
Do slumber in his breast? Thou, who didst  
taste

Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins  
From Thine unspotted soul, forsake us not  
In our temptations; but so guide our feet,  
That our Last Supper in this world may lead  
To that immortal banquet by Thy side,  
Where there is no betrayer.

*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

#### 4024. SYCHAR.

John iv : 5-30,

Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,  
At Sychar's lonely well,  
When a poor outcast heard Thee there  
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but O, her heart,  
All filled with earthly care,  
Dreamed not of Thee, nor thought to find  
The hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas Thy power unseen that drew  
The stray one to that place,  
In solitude to learn from Thee  
The secrets of Thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found  
Those streams unknown before,  
The water-brooks of life that make  
The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,  
Thy gracious lips have told  
That mystery of love revealed  
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee  
Beside the springing well  
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there  
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more  
Of earthly pleasures now;  
Our deep, divine, unfailling spring  
Of grace and glory, Thou. *Denny.*

#### 4025. SYCHAR.

God speaketh wondrously to men—His ways  
Suit not our thought,  
Confounding all our wisdom—what we raise  
Smiting to nought.

His works are great—the laws His hand that  
guide  
Who search, may trace;  
His word is greater—clouds and darkness  
hide  
His rules of grace.

God's ways are not as ours; we strive and  
cry  
With hurrying feet,  
Lifting our voice to every passer-by  
Loud in the street.

But He who made the ear, and knows who  
yearned  
His voice to heed,  
Seeks out unlikeliest haunts, and undiscerned  
Lets fall the seed.

His common truth as sunlight, air, or dew,  
Wide He imparts;  
But choicer utterance keeps for chosen few,  
Or single hearts:

Speaking to high and low—the prophet  
crowned,  
Saint in his cell,  
A child in dreams, a simple woman found  
Beside a well.

And I have longed (how oft!) in musings  
tender  
Such truth so taught  
In humble rhymes, but as I can, to render,  
Not as I ought.

Sweet tale of Christ! methinks, of all the  
stories  
That hold expressed  
In human light the shadow of His glories,  
I love thee best.

Thy quiet noon, thy path of mercy planned,  
Are but a part,  
A holier corner of a holy land  
Hid in my heart.

Thy fields to harvest white, or in green  
prime,  
My feet ne'er trod,  
Yet oft in pilgrimage of thought I climb  
The hills of God;

And, while I gaze, I see Him yet once more  
By Joseph's ground,  
Hungered and lone, but not as heretofore  
With angels round.

I see Him, not in grandeur pacing slowly  
The waters wide,  
But, wearied with His journey, sitting lowly  
By the roadside.

I hear Him, not amidst the fire and thunder  
Speaking His law,  
But passing common courtesies, to her wonder  
Who came to draw.

And we may wonder yet, who find Him first  
Asking our loves,  
With heaven no commerce sharing, till His thirst  
Some kindness moves.

When shall Thy Church, Lord Christ, in ful-  
ness taste  
That living water?  
Our slower feet rebuke by eager haste  
Samaria's daughter.

We quaff, but think some stolen stream is  
sweet,  
And thirst again;  
Full many a mile we walk, with weary feet  
Toiling in vain.

For oft we take the gift, but lose the Giver  
Out of our thought,  
As one who counts, in praising of the river,  
Its source as nought—

As one who, holding in his hand some token  
Of absent friend,  
Prizes for grace or use, not love unbroken,  
Its truer end.

And thus we lie to times and places bound,  
Our faith enslave;  
Except the holy vestments wrap us round,  
Christ cannot save.

Back to the mount with fire and blackness  
burning  
Our steps we trace,  
The dear-bought lesson of the Cross unlearn-  
ing,  
Fallen from grace.

O loveliest of all valleys! not for singing  
Of thousand birds,  
Not for the orange flower its fragrance fling-  
ing  
O'er flocks and herds.

After their manner feeding: not for store  
Of figs, oil-olive, honey, corn and wine;  
But for the echoes sounding evermore  
Of words divine.

Deep was that well; but deeper far the foun-  
tain  
Unsealed there:  
"Not at Jerusalem nor in this mountain  
Rises the prayer

"Purer or sweeter than from hill or valley  
In every clime;  
From grove or shrine, from field or mart or  
alley  
Peals the same chime.

"With not unequal favor, where in truth  
And spirit bend  
High, low, bond, free, Jew, Gentile, age or  
youth,  
Waiting the end,

"Till earth is all one temple, man one  
priest,  
And life one prayer."  
What wonder if, by Heaven's own voice re-  
leased  
From earthlier care,

She left her curse behind, no more desiring  
Those nether springs,  
Heart-smitten, God-confronted, late aspiring  
To higher things?

And blessèd above women shall she be  
Who asked no sign,  
Yet heard what scribes heard never, "I am  
He,"  
From lips divine.

And thou who read'st this tale, to thee is  
spoken  
One truth yet more;  
Deem not of other world from this off-broken  
As sea from shore;

See God with man in kindly converse sit,  
As friend with friend;  
Hear heavenly notes with nature's music  
knit,  
Reaching one end.

Eternity itself is nought but time;  
Death cannot sever  
One life in two; the present passing chime  
Is that For Ever.

The very stars are ours; those seas of gloom  
In wide expansion  
Are but dark stairs that lead from room to  
room  
In the same mansion.

The universe is one—yon round of blue  
Hath nowhere ending:  
The world we cannot see with that we view  
Is alway blending:

Above, the rush of angel's wing: below,  
The children playing:  
Around, each common, homeliest thing we  
know,  
Each trivial saying,

And yet, beside, the miracle of prayer;  
The sudden vanishing of friends;  
God's voice and hand and footstep every-  
In what transcends [where

Our highest thought—the subtle maze of  
life;

The mystery of the flower and tree;  
The order struggling slowly out of strife;  
All that we see.

Look round—thou viewest the living crowds,  
the light,

The earth, the sky;  
All more than these, perforce, with spell-  
bound sight  
Thou passest by;

But if thine eyes, as at some prophet's prayer,  
Sudden were free,

What sights upon the many-peopled air  
Thou then shouldst see!

And death may be that dark and unknown  
thing,

Such calm and simple change,  
In the same world, at home, as birds on wing,  
Freely to range,

Discerning all to eye and ear before  
Quite hid or dimly shown;

Heaven at our side; and, 'midst the nations'  
roar,  
Christ on His throne.

*Charles Lawrence Ford.*

**4026. SYCHAR, Christ at.**

Upon the well by Sychar's gate,  
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,  
Athirst and hungry from the way  
His feet had trod since early day.  
The twelve had gone to seek for food,  
And left Him in His solitude.

They come, and spread before Him there,  
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,

And gently bid Him, "Master, eat!"  
But God had sent Him better meat,  
And there is on His lowly brow  
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,  
His words had won a soul to grace,  
And when he set that sinner free  
From bonds of guilt and infamy,  
His heart grew strong with joy divine,  
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith grows faint  
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,  
Ask God, that thou mayst peace impart  
Unto some other human heart;  
And thou thy Master's joy shall share,  
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.

*George W. Bethune.*

**4027. SYNAGOGUE, The.**

I saw them in their synagogue,  
As in their ancient day,  
And never from my memory  
The scene will fade away,

For dazzling on my vision, still  
The latticed galleries shine  
With Israel's loveliest daughters,  
In their beauty half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve:  
The solitary light  
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,  
A lustre nothing bright;  
On swarthy brow and piercing glance  
It falls with saddening tinge,  
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's  
Phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart  
Before the eastern screen,  
As rise the Hebrew harmonies,  
With chanted prayers between,  
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed,  
Of many a gorgeous dye,  
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs,  
The sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest,  
A silvery-headed man,  
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er  
The backward letters ran;  
And often yet methinks I see  
The glow and power that sate  
Upon his face, as forth he spread  
The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prayed  
That from the mighty scroll  
Its light in burning characters  
Might break on every soul:  
That on their hardened hearts the veil  
Might be no longer dark,  
But be forever rent in twain  
Like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,  
O Judah, from thy sight,  
And every eye be purged to read  
Thy testimonies right,  
When thou, with all Messiah's signs  
In Christ distinctly seen,  
Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,  
Invoke the Nazarene.

*William Crosswell.*

**4028. SYRIANS, Rout of the.**

2 Kings vii : 6.

Where had thy war-host, oh Israel! fled,  
When ye crouched at the sound of the  
Syrians' tread?  
Nor raised was the banner, nor grappled the  
sword,  
Yet the Syrian shrunk at the voice of the  
Lord.

It came when at midnight was closed every  
eye; [the sky!  
Hark! startling and fearful it burst from  
And chariot and horsemen, with crash and  
with clang,  
All trackless and wild o'er the slumberers  
rang!

The foeman leaped up; fly, oh fly from the strife!

Leave purple and silver, and rush for your life!

Through thy forests, Manasseh, they swept like the wind,

And the anger of Heaven rolled fiercely behind!

Rise, daughters of Judah; no wail for the slain

Shall mingle a sigh with your harp's merry strain;

And gather young garlands, and bind on your brow,

The red drop rest not on their loveliness now.

Yet no chieftain shall laugh in the pride of his might,

To the King of the kingly, the sword of the fight;

Be the gush of your heart as his altar-seat poured,

And wreath a green leaf round the shrine of the Lord. *Mary E. Brooks.*

#### 4029. SYRO-PHœNICIAN WOMAN.

Mark vii : 30.

"Grant, Lord, her prayer, and let her go;  
She crieth after us."

Nay, to the dogs ye cast it so;  
Serve not a woman thus.

Their pride, by condescension fed,  
He speaks with truer tongue:

"It is not meet the children's bread  
Should to the dogs be flung."

The words, because they were so sore,  
His tender voice did rue;

His face a gentle sadness wore,  
And showed He suffered too.

He makes her share the hurt of good,  
Takes what she would have lent,

That these proud men their evil mood  
May see, and so repent;

And that the hidden faith in her  
May burst in soaring flame,

From childhood deeper, holier,  
If birthright not the same.

"Truth, Lord; and yet the dogs that crawl  
Under the table, eat

The crumbs the little ones let fall—  
And that is not unmeet."

Ill names, of proud religion born,  
She'll wear the worst that comes;

Will clothe her, patient, in their scorn,  
To share the healing crumbs.

The cry rebuff could not abate  
Was not like water spilt:

"O woman, but thy faith is great!  
Be it even as thou wilt."

Oh happy she who will not tire,

But, baffled, prayeth still!

What if He grant her heart's desire  
In fulness of her will!

*George Macdonald.*

#### 4030. TABERAH, The Burning at.

Deuteronomy ix : 22.

The fire of heaven breaks forth,

When haughty reason pries too near,

Weighing th' eternal mandate's worth

In philosophic scales of earth, [fear.  
Selecting these for scorn, and those for holy

Nor burns it only then:

The poor that are not poor in heart—

Who say, "The bread of Christian men,

We loathe it, o'er and o'er again"—

The murmurers in the camp, must feel the  
blazing dart.

Far from the Lord's tent door,

And therefore bold to sin, are they: [lore?"

"What should we know of faith's high

Oh! plead not so—there's wrath in store,

And, tempered to our crimes, the lightnings  
find their way. *John Keble.*

#### 4031. TABOR, CALVARY, OLIVET.

Dear Saviour, when Thy chosen three

Ascended Tabor's mount with Thee,

And when Thy glory threw

Around Thy form resplendent rays,

It circled Thee with heavenly blaze,

Dazzling to mortal view.

Then did Thy great apostle pray

On Tabor's radiant mount to stay,

And fix his dwelling there;

Held by Thy glory's potent spell,

There he proclaimed it good to dwell,

That tranquil bliss to share.

Little did that apostle know

What toils awaited him below,

Ere bliss should crown his head:

Ah, little did Thy favorite think

So deeply of Thy cup to drink;

He knew not what he said.

When Thou didst vanish from their sight,

From Olivet's majestic height,

To mount Thy glorious throne;

Thy chosen ones gazed fondly there,

And watched Thee till the bright cloud's glare

Left them in grief alone.

They, as they gazed from Olivet,

Their charge too quickly could forget—

They loved to linger there;

Till angels warned them to retire,

For Him, who would return in fire,

With fervor to prepare.

From Calvary Thy followers fled:

Where Thy redeeming blood was shed

None of Thy twelve were found  
Save Thy beloved John, who stood  
Faithful beneath the saving wood  
When numbers scoffed around.

With him oh let my station be;  
Dear Saviour, let me mourn with Thee,  
Thy cross to me is sweet:  
Oh, be Thy sorrowing path my way;  
Lord, it is good for me to stay  
And press Thy sacred feet.

*F. C. Husenbeth.*

#### 4032. TADMOR OF THE WILDERNESS.

1 Kings ix : 18.

Beneath the arch of eastern skies,  
On Syria's barren wild,  
Where oft the scowling sand-storm flies,  
And hides the desert child,  
How beautiful to catch the sight  
Of Tadmor's mountain purple height!

And while the flush of evening glows  
Upon the western sky,  
Unequaled by the blushing rose  
Where Sharon's zephyrs sigh,  
How sweet to hear the camel-train  
Come tinkling home across the plain!

Gigantic loom the "desert ships,"  
As steadily they come;  
While joyfully the Kabyl skips  
Along his houseless home,  
And shakes his spear with childlike glee,  
And cries, "The boundless waste for me!"

The boundless waste, the fruitless sea,  
Where scorching rays are cast,  
The steed that with the wind can flee,  
When danger gathers fast,  
The scanty tent, the brackish spring,  
And night, that comes with jewelled wing:

The solitude where footprints die,  
And prowling lions tread,  
Where caravans of wealth sweep by,  
In watchfulness and dread:  
And sink to sleep and wake to know  
That Ishmael is still their foe.

And now, behold, from towering hill,  
The howling city stand,  
In silver moonlight sleeping still,  
So beautiful and grand;  
No sadder sight has earth than this:  
'Tis Tadmor of the wilderness.

Half buried in the flowerless sand  
Whirled by the eddying blast,  
Behold her marble columns stand,  
Huge relics of the past;  
And o'er her gates of solid stone  
The sculptured eagle fronts the sun.

Palmyra! thou wert great indeed,  
When through thy portals passed  
The Persian on his weary steed,  
And found a rest at last

From Samiel's breath, and war's alarms,  
Beneath thy tall and waving palms.

Zenobia, mistress of the East,  
In glory rested here;  
'Neath yonder porch she held her feast,  
While satraps bowed in fear;  
And oft the silver strain came up,  
While Bacchus filled her golden cup.

And here she oped her portals wide,  
And called the wise around;  
And hither, in her days of pride,  
The sage a refuge found;  
And Arab chieft and Rabbin hung  
On gray-haired wisdom's silver tongue.

When Rome's fierce thousands hither came,  
O'er yonder sands she fled,  
And here returned in grief and shame,  
A sovereign captive led;  
While loud her people's wail arose  
Above the shouts of conquering foes.

And when the gleaming cohorts flung<sup>d</sup>  
Their banners o'er thy head,  
And cymbals clashed and clarions rung,  
Before Aurelian's tread,  
Then died thy race, and sank thy towers,  
And desert lightnings seared thy flowers.  
*Jesse Erskine Dow.*

#### 4033. TALENT, One.

Matthew xxv : 18.

In a napkin smooth and white,  
Hidden from all mortal sight,  
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use;  
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;  
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,  
With the Giver's known intent  
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand  
Every farthing at my hand,  
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,  
When I hear my humble name,  
And cannot repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!  
All the years that have gone o'er  
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,  
Others add to it tenfold,  
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!  
All my sloth I now condemn;  
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, oh teach me what to do!  
Make me faithful, make me true,  
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me ere too late it be,  
Something yet to do for Thee,  
Thou who hast done all for me.

**4034. TALENTS, Responsibility for.**  
Matthew xxv : 14, 18.

Thou that in life's crowded city art arrived,  
thou knowest not how,  
By what path, or on what errand—list and  
learn thine errand now.

From the palace to the city on the business  
of thy King  
Thou wert sent at early morning, to return  
at evening.

Dreamer waken, loiterer hasten; what thy  
task is, understand;  
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the  
price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense  
confused and drowned?  
Do its glittering wares entice thee, or its  
shouts and cries confound?

Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be for-  
gotten, while thy gaze  
Is on every show and pageant which the  
giddy square displays.

Barter not His gold for pebbles; do not trade  
in vanities;  
Pearls there are of price and jewels for the  
purchase of the wise.

And know this—at thy returning thou wilt  
surely find the King  
With an open book before Him, waiting to  
make reckoning.

Then large honors will the faithful earnest  
service of one day  
Reap of Him, but one day's folly largest  
penalties will pay.

*Richard C. Trench.*

**4035. TALENTS, The.**

Matthew xxv : 14-30.

There is a kingdom far away,  
And thither Christ has gone,  
And there abides until that day  
When to His throne and crown  
All sceptres bow, and nations fall,  
And Christ is King and Lord of all.

Meanwhile His gifts He hath bestowed,  
And talents He hath given,  
To yield their increase up to God,  
And bring forth fruit for heaven.  
To each as each had power to bear—  
Five, two, or one—and left them there.

The gift received, the use begun,  
Is as the fruitful field,  
Which, ploughed, prepared, and thickly  
Its hundredfold doth yield: [sown,  
"Well done!" shall be the welcome word,  
Joy to the servant and his Lord.

The talent buried and not used  
Shall ne'er increase its store;  
While that which is most wide diffused,  
And gains the most, has more.  
Thus "grace for grace" shall we receive;  
The more we spend, the more He'll give.

Pray for the talent-bearers, pray;  
And with their Master plead—  
They need such help upon their way.  
Pray for the talented,  
Whether the five, the two, the one,  
That fruit be borne and duty done.

My talent, Lord, whate'er it be,  
May I with zeal employ,  
And one day yield it back to Thee  
Increased with fruits of joy!  
To Thee may all my talents tend,  
Their author Thou, and Thou their end!

Talents are seeds by Heaven's good gift be-  
stowed,  
To render back their increase unto God;  
Talents are deeds to do, or duties done,  
Whate'er their number be—five, two, or one.  
As is their use, so is their worth,  
As is the impulse given,  
They wither here upon the earth,  
Or ripen here for heaven.

*Robert Maguire.*

**4036. TARES, Parable of the.**

Matthew xiii : 24-30, 36-43.

The seed of right, the seed of wrong,  
Are sown beneath the sod;  
And these to diverse hands belong,  
To Satan and to God.  
One field, one soil is this below,  
In which these diverse seeds to sow,  
From which eternal issues flow.

It is God's kingdom on the earth,  
His kingdom in the soul;  
The good seed is the harvest's birth,  
While seasons onward roll.  
The field the world; the seed-time now;  
The sower goes his seed to sow;  
The good seed sown, it now doth grow.

The seed thus planted, and all done,  
Men slept, and rose, and wrought;  
It is pure wheat, and wheat alone:  
This was their careless thought.  
But while men slept, a secret foe  
Did come in darksome night, and lo!  
Another seed did gently sow.

The tares amid the seed broadcast,  
 And hid beneath the ground,  
 Amid the golden sheaves at last  
 In large abundance found.  
 To-day together they may grow;  
 To-morrow, severed, they shall go  
 To everlasting weal or woe.

*Robert Maguire.*

**4037. TEACHER, The Divine.**

John iii : 2.

The moon had cleared the eastern hill,  
 And full o'er David's city shone,  
 When all within its walls were still:  
 All, did I say? No, there was one  
 Of stately port, and noble birth,  
 Called "great" among the sons of earth.

He, with a quick and timid step,  
 As though some threatening foe was nigh,  
 Came to the spot where Jesus slept,  
 With anxious heart and earnest eye;  
 And this the salutation given:  
 "Thou art the Teacher sent from heaven!"

"Thou art a Teacher from on high:  
 None else such mighty works could do;  
 Diseases at Thy bidding fly;  
 Wonders like these we never knew;  
 The sick restored, the dead arise,  
 Satan himself before Thee flies."

Thus did the Jewish ruler hail  
 Him who indeed was sent by God,  
 Jehovah's counsel to reveal,  
 And rescue sinners by His blood.  
 How did our blessed Saviour teach?  
 Where and to whom did Jesus preach?

Sometimes within that splendid pile,  
 The boast of Judah's favored land,  
 Admiring multitudes the while  
 Beheld Him, with supreme command,  
 As He its Lord and Master were,  
 Turn out the bold intruders there.

Sometimes He stood upon the shore,  
 As crowds collected on the strand;  
 And taught amidst the billows' roar,  
 Who could the winds and waves command:  
 There mighty works the Saviour wrought,  
 There to His feet the sick were brought.

Then would He mount a vessel's side,  
 And teach upon the deep blue sea;  
 Whose eye could through its caverns glide:  
 Lord of the ocean's depths is He.  
 Silver, and gold, and pearl, and gem,  
 Are known, and ordered forth by Him.

Sometimes from off the mountain's brow,  
 When He the night had spent in prayer:  
 His people reap that harvest now,  
 The seeds of which were scattered there;  
 When with his Father He would plead  
 For all their wants in time of need.

Is not the Saviour teaching still?  
 The wheels of Providence He turns;  
 All is subservient to His will,  
 'Tis He prevents, and He confirms.  
 What comfort to His saints to know  
 That He controls their every foe!

Does He not by His Spirit teach  
 All whom His heavenly Father gave?  
 That "small still voice" their hearts must  
 reach,

He must conduct whom Christ will save.  
 Our Lord ascended up on high,  
 And captive led captivity. *Hopkins.*

**4038. TEMPEST STILLED.**

Matthew viii : 23-27.

Darkness, and silence, and the sea;  
 Sublime, serene, mysterious three!  
 Above, beneath, within, around,  
 How calm, how holy, how profound!

Genesaret slumbers like a child  
 Weared o'er many a flowery wild,  
 And all his gambolling ripples rest  
 On earth's benignant, boundless breast.

And Christ had sent the crowds away  
 That thronged Him all that wondrous day;  
 And, as the last dim daylight died,  
 They launched upon the dusky tide.

But as, with lengthened strokes and strong,  
 The well-rowed shallop shoots along,  
 Soothed by the measured, slumb'rous sound,  
 The Saviour sinks in sleep profound.

Where 'round the stern the eddies curl  
 With many a soft and whispering whirl,  
 Stretched on a rower's mat He lies,  
 While darkness shrouds the shadowy skies.

And now the fair and favoring gale  
 Invites to spread th' assisting sail,  
 And soon the little fleet, on wings,  
 Before the freshening breezes springs.

But lo! along the inky west  
 The lightning rims a storm-cloud's breast,  
 And thunder, faint at first, and far,  
 Rolls on the ear with deepening jar!

And now the fitful gusts that meet  
 Slacken, then strain, the rattling sheet;  
 'Tis furled; the wind, with ominous moan,  
 Expires in silence, like a groan.

The hardy fishermen with dread  
 Glance at the sky, now flame, now lead,  
 And each grips fast his trusty oar,  
 And leans to catch the rising roar.

It comes! The uproar, wild and hoarse,  
 Proclaims the hot Levanter's course,  
 As, like a panther from his lair,  
 It leaps upon the quivering air!



The thunder bursts with bellowing bound!  
Blackness and blaze the skies confound!  
The winds like demons scream and rave!  
The sheeted foam blends wave with wave!

Instant the slumbering surges rise,  
And watery steeps assail the skies!  
The shallop, like an egg-shell driven,  
Now sinks to hell, now shoots to heaven!

Through many a night that stalwart crew  
Had mocked the murkiest blast that blew,  
Following their rude profession's call;  
No night like this among them all.

For hell has burst her inmost cage,  
And all her fiends around them rage,  
Burning to whelm with endless loss  
The race now ransomed by the cross.

But while the hovering hosts of hell  
On blast and billow 'round them yell,  
And mingle sands, and seas and skies,  
The trembling band to Jesus flies.

"Master! we perish! Save us! Save!"  
He rose, in aspect grand, but grave,  
While 'round His awe-inspiring form  
Burst all the blackness of the storm.

"Silence! Be hushed!" The thunder heard,  
The tempest trembled at His word;  
The winds shrank cowering to their caves,  
And ocean slept, with all his waves.

A mighty calm! so soft, so still!  
Strange fears His wondering followers fill:  
"What man is this? What being, pray?  
Whose word e'en winds and waves obey?"

O Saviour! storm-controlling Lord!  
Well may our songs Thy praise record;  
Well may we join ethereal powers,  
And hail Thee nature's God, and ours!

When storms of sin our souls assail,  
Or sorrows like a sea prevail,  
Thy voice shall quell the rising sin,  
And soothe the waves of woe within.

And when the gathering hosts of hell  
Muster in legions fierce and fell,  
With Christ on board we'll fear no ill;  
For He can bid them "Peace, be still."

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**4039. TEMPEST, Stilling the.**

Mark iv : 35-41.

A storm was out upon the sea,  
The waves were rolling high;  
And winds of dreadful might were felt  
Fiercely careering by;  
No pleasant star was seen,  
No distant watch-fire's glow;  
But night was black, and creaked the ship  
In the lake's roughened flow.

So bright had been the day of love,  
So kind the words of grace  
That fell from the Redeemer's lips,  
They dreamed not of distress:  
At His divine command,  
Out on the rippling sea  
The meek disciples launched their bark,  
And threw their canvas free.

The Man of Sorrows, pressed with toil,  
Had sunk to balmy rest;  
And not a thought of wind and storm  
Was in that holy breast;  
He knew not of the grief,  
That drove to wild despair  
His dear disciples, while they feared,  
Because their Lord was there.

But hark! they cry! they cry!  
In accents of distress,  
"Master! we perish! wake!"  
In tones of bitterness;  
"Carest Thou not that we should sink  
Here in the swelling main?  
Shall we not bring Thee, Master, safe  
Back to the shore again!"

He woke in calmness at their call,  
Roused from His deep repose;  
Beheld the dashings of the sea,  
And how the billows rose;  
He heard the roaring wind,  
He felt the rapid blast,  
And saw His trembling friends,  
Whose courage failed them fast.

Above the howlings of the storm,  
A gentle voice was heard,  
Mild as the softest zephyr's strain,  
His own Almighty word—  
"Peace, ye rebellious waves—  
Ye stormy winds, be still!"  
The sea and winds obey  
The great Creator's will.

The blest disciples know  
It was no mortal power  
That could avail to quell  
The tumult of that hour;  
Wonder came o'er their reeking brows,  
And doubts their bosoms thrill—  
"What man is this, who speaks the word,  
And winds and waves are still?"

**4040. TEMPEST, Stilling the.**

Luke viii : 22-25.

All day the Saviour sat beside the sea,  
And taught the multitudes that gathered  
there,  
Till evening came and spread o'er Galilee  
The wing of darkness on the silent air.

He bade the throng depart and seek their rest,  
While he retired upon the fragile bark;  
And floating o'er the water's glassy breast,  
He sought repose while night reigned lone  
and dark.

"All's well," the sailor cried, as o'er the sea  
The evening zephyr floated sweet and mild;

And on the ship sped joyously and free,  
As light and buoyant as a happy child.

And Jesus slept! O blessed, hallowed sleep,  
To soothe the burden of His royal heart;  
And loving angels gathered there to keep  
Sweet watch, and bid the weariness depart.

But hark! a fearful sound breaks on the ship;  
A tempest sweeps full armed across the sea;  
And pale and trembling is the sailor's lip,  
As rise the billows wild on Galilee.

The sails are torn, the masts sway to and fro,  
The cordage shrieks amid the howling storm,

The waters burst and fill the hold below,  
And awful fear convulses every form.

He sleeps, in peace the weary Saviour sleeps,  
For storm and calm are both alike to Him;  
Alike the mountains firm or surging deeps,  
The light of day or shadows damp and dim.

Now deeper thunders roll and lightnings flash,  
And torrents flood the trembling vessel's deck;

While one wild billow sweeps with awful crash,  
And threatens all the ship an instant wreck.

They wake the Master now, and cry, "O save,  
We perish, Lord! we perish, hear, O hear!  
Let not the billows be our lonely grave:  
O shelter us, O save us in our fear."

Then He arose, and spake unto the sea,  
"Peace! be thou still; and cease, O wind."  
The storm recoils, his legions turn and flee,  
And leave the waters calm and still behind.

Again the stars look down with golden gleam,  
And Jesus' name was praised upon the sea;  
And soft and lovely as an angel's dream,  
We love this nightly tale of Galilee.

*Dwight Williams.*

#### 4041. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

A mighty storm is on Gennesaret;  
The sailors' beards with spray and tears are wet,  
As swiftly through the night and water sweeps

A boat, in which The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

In sore distress the sinful sailors pray:  
"O save us, Lord! The fearful tempest stay!"  
While one upon the other looks and weeps,  
Calm as a child The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

In deeper woe the Galileans cry:  
"Save, Lord, we perish! Save us or we die!"

Across the Dreamer's face a sweet smile creeps,  
Amid the din The-Christ-of-Sinners sleeps.

Quick peals of thunder, shouts of deep despair

Fly fast as raindrops through the flaming air!  
The foam-capped billows pile in snowy heaps!  
The-Christ-of-Sinners still in silence sleeps.

All hope of human help the sailors yield;  
They watch and wait a God to be revealed;  
The prayer of faith the promised harvest reaps—

The-Christ-of-Sinners slumbers not, nor sleeps!

"O ye of little faith!" aloud He cries;  
"Have ye not learned who rules the sea and skies?"

Be still, wild winds! Peace, rolling, troubled deep!

And at His voice the tempest sinks to sleep.

O sinless soul! despite the storms of life,  
Sleep on securely, Jesus rules the tide;  
Defy all danger, stem the waves of strife!  
For they are saved who in the ship abide!  
*Simeon Tucker Clark.*

#### 4042. TEMPEST, Stilling the.

Behind the hills of Naphtali  
The sun went slowly down,  
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree  
A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke  
The waves of Galilee,  
Till on the shore the waters broke  
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour  
The chosen Twelve stood by— [cried—  
"And let us cross to yonder side,  
Where the hills are steep and high."

She gently o'er the water creeps,  
With swelling sail outspread;  
And the wearied Saviour soundly sleeps,  
A pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest;  
Sleep flies the guilty eye;  
But He who leans on the Father's breast  
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark  
O'er Bashan's rocky brow;  
The storm rushed down upon the bark,  
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,  
While yawned the watery grave,  
"We perish, Master! Master, wake!  
Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose with sovereign will,  
 And hushed the storm to rest; [still!"  
 "Ye waves," He whispered, "peace! be  
 They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm  
 O'er wakened sinner roll,  
 Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form  
 Said, "Peace, thou weary soul!"

And now He bends His gentle eye  
 His wondering followers o'er:  
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry?  
 I said, To yonder shore."

When first the Saviour wakened me,  
 And showed me why He died,  
 He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,  
 And said, "To yonder side."

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,  
 And heard the deluge roar;  
 No soul can perish that has felt  
 My rest.—To yonder shore."

Peaceful and calm the tide of life  
 When first I sailed with Thee;  
 My sins forgiven, no inward strife,  
 My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves;  
 My soul is tempest tost;  
 Corruptions rise like angry waves:  
 "Help, Master! I am lost!"

"Peace, peace! be still, thou raging breast!  
 My fulness is for thee."  
 The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,  
 Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel this holy eye  
 Upbraids my heart of pride:  
 "Why raise this unbelieving cry?  
 I said, To yonder side."  
*Robert Murray McCheyne.*

**4043. TEMPEST, Stilling the.**

Loud was the wind, and wild the tide;  
 The ship her course delayed:  
 The Lord came to their help and cried,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."

Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,  
 By nature's laws unstayed?  
 "'Tis I," a well-known voice replies;  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid!"

He mounts the deck; down lulls the sea;  
 The tempest is allayed;  
 The prostrate crew adore; and He  
 Exclaims, "Be not afraid!"

Thus, when the storm of life is high,  
 Come, Saviour, to my aid!  
 Come, when no other help is nigh,  
 And say, "Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard;  
 Speak, and my fears are laid;  
 Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid!"

When on the bed of death I lie,  
 And stretch my hands for aid,  
 Stand thou before my glazing eye,  
 And say, "Be not afraid!"

Before Thy judgment-seat above,  
 When nature sinks dismayed,  
 Oh, cheer me with a word of love,  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,  
 If then I hear it said, [heaven,  
 By Him who rules through earth and  
 "'Tis I; be not afraid!"  
*Henry Francis Lyte.*

**4044. TEMPEST, Stilling the.**

*Matthew xiv : 24.*

Fear was within the tossing bark,  
 When stormy winds grew loud;  
 And waves came rolling high and dark,  
 And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,  
 And baffled in their skill;  
 But One was there, who rose and said  
 To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word  
 Passed through the gloomy sky:  
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
 And sank beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
 And silence on the blast,  
 As when the righteous fall asleep  
 When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,  
 And tame the tempest's mood,  
 Oh, send Thy Spirit forth in power,  
 O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride  
 Thy mandates to fulfil,  
 Oh, speak to passion's raging tide—  
 Speak and say, "Peace: be still!"  
*Felicia D. Hemans.*

**4045. TEMPEST, Stilling the.**

The strong winds burst on Judah's sea,  
 Far pealed the raging billow,  
 The fires of heaven flashed wrathfully,  
 When Jesus pressed His pillow;  
 The light frail bark was fiercely tossed;  
 From surge to dark surge leaping,  
 For sails were torn and oars were lost,  
 Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roared,  
 And blasts went howling round her,  
 Those Hebrews roused their wearied Lord,  
 "Lord! help us, or we founder!"

He said, "Ye waters, Peace: be still!"  
The chafed waves sank reposing,  
As wild herds rest on field and hill,  
When clear, calm days are closing,

And turning to the startled men,  
Who watched the surge subsiding,  
He spake in mournful accents then,  
These words of righteous chiding:  
"O ye, who thus fear wreck and death,  
As if by Heaven forsaken,  
How is it that ye have no faith,  
Or faith so quickly shaken?"

Then—then those doubters saw with dread  
The wondrous scene before them;  
Their limbs waxed faint, their boldness fled,  
Strange awe stole creeping o'er them:  
"This, this," they said, "is Judah's Lord,  
For powers divine array Him;  
Behold! He does but speak the word  
And winds and waves obey Him!"

*J. Gilborne Lyons.*

**4046.** TEMPLE, Builders of the.

*Acts vii : 47.*

David, the man of war,  
The alien hosts o'erthrows;  
Type of that mighty Conqueror,  
Who trod down all His foes,  
Who in His mortal days,  
By having all subdued,  
Heaped exhaustless stores of grace  
To build the house of God.

David's immortal Son,  
Magnificent in power,  
Sublime on His celestial throne  
He reigns for evermore;  
The real Prince of peace,  
The Solomon from on high,  
He rears the house of holiness,  
And bids it reach the sky.

Before His Father's face,  
Our Advocate with God,  
Favor He finds for us, and grace  
Through His prevailing blood;  
His meritorious death,  
Which now He pleads above,  
Doth peace to all His church bequeath  
And pure confirming love.

Who laid the ground alone,  
The temple of the Lord,  
He by His Spirit carries on,  
And by His hallowing word.  
And when the Finisher  
Of faith Himself reveals,  
The rising church He perfects here,  
The house with glory fills.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4047.** TEMPLE, Christ in the.

He sought Moriah's walls,  
That heaved to heaven in pride;  
The temple, like whose glorious halls  
The world had naught beside.

He entered—'twas His own;  
Of nations called the house of prayer;  
But money-changers filled His throne,  
And traffic's foot was there.

Woke, at His watchful nod,  
Thunders for the offence?  
No—with a word the Son of God  
Cast the defilers thence:

The merchant from his courts,  
The doves, the changers, and their gold;  
And silenced the confused reports  
Of men that bought and sold.

Thus near the Saviour drew  
The temple of the Holy Ghost—  
My heart, that sheltered, still untrue,  
Folly's tumultuous host.

The Master's once it was,  
But others had possession found;  
And where He should have given laws,  
His enemy was crowned.

With a reproving frown,  
To see His altar dimmed by sin:  
The gates of beauty broken down,  
The world come trooping in.

He, with a scourge of cords,  
Drove every idol thence.  
'Twas sharp, yet kind; my gracious Lord's  
This temple has been since.  
*William B. Tappan.*

**4048.** TEMPLE, Cleansing the.

Messiah saw within  
The holy court  
Of His own temple, grievous sin,  
Traffic and mummery and sport.

The money changers sat,  
Watching for gain,  
Stout oxen, sheep, lambs, sleek and fat,  
That should in sacrifice be slain.

He drove out beast and men  
Forth to the day;  
And to the fair dove-sellers then  
Said gently, "Take these things away."

How could a corded whip  
Expel those thence,  
Wielded by one—and not a lip  
Move, nor an arm in fierce defence?

'Twas not the feeble rod  
That made the rout:  
They saw His eye; they knew the God;  
The present God, then flashing out!  
*William B. Tappan.*

**4049.** TEMPLE, Dedication of the.  
*2 Chronicles v : 13, 14.*

Each pillar of the temple rang,  
The trumpets sounded loud and keen,  
And every minstrel blithely sang,  
With harps and cymbals oft between.

And while those minstrels sang and prayed,  
The mystic cloud of glory fell,  
That shadowy light, that splendid shade,  
In which Jehovah pleased to dwell.

It slowly fell and hovered o'er  
The outspread forms of cherubim;  
The priests could bear the sight no more,  
Their eyes with splendor dim:  
The king cast off his crown of pride,  
And bent him to the ground,  
And priest and warrior side by side  
Knelt humbly all around.

Deep awe fell down on every soul,  
Since God was present there,  
And not the slightest breathing stole  
Upon the stilly air;  
Till he, their prince, with earth bent-eyes,  
And head uncrowned and bare,  
And hands stretched forth in reverend guise,  
To heaven preferred his prayer.

That prayer arose from off the ground  
Upon the perfumed breath  
Which steaming censers poured around  
In many a volumed wreath.  
That prayer was heard, and heavenly fire  
Upon the altar played,  
And burnt the sacrificial pyre  
Beneath the victim laid.

And thrice resplendent from above  
The cloud of glory beamed,  
And with unmingled awe and love  
Each beating bosom teemed.  
They bowed them on the spacious floor,  
With heaven-averted eye,  
And blessed His name who deigned to pour  
His presence from on high. *H. Rogers.*

**4050. TEMPLE, Erection of the.**

1 Kings vi : 7.

Then towered the palace, then in awful state  
The temple reared its everlasting gate;  
No workman's steel, no pond'rous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric  
sprung.  
Majestic silence! Then the harp awoke,  
The cymbal clanged, the deep-voiced trumpet  
spoke;  
And Salem spread her suppliant arm abroad,  
Viewed the descending flame, and blessed  
the present God. *Bishop Heber.*

**4051. TEMPLE, Lessons from the.**

Ephesians ii : 21.

Bright as a vision, silent as a thought,  
Slowly ascending cloud-like to the skies,  
Drawn heaven wards by soft warblings faintly  
caught  
From lips angelic, see yon temple rise—  
God's glorious house of prayer and sacrifice—  
Gold, marble, cedar curiously wrought,  
The fair creation of that monarch wise  
Whose mind capacious was divinely taught.

A grander temple now, unseen, is growing,  
The bright and undecaying home of grace,  
Its living stones from every country flowing,  
And from all time. Oh! when that temple  
holy

Appears in perfect beauty, may a place  
Be found for me and for my service lowly.  
*R. Wilton.*

**4052. TEMPLE, The Living.**

1 Corinthians iii : 16.

The temple once which brightly shone  
On proud Moriah's rocky brow—  
Not there doth God erect His throne,  
And build his place of beauty now.

The sunbeam of the orient day  
Saw nought on earth more bright and fair;  
But desolation swept away,  
And left no form of glory there.

But God, who reared that chiselled stone,  
Now builds upon a higher plan,  
And rears the columns of His throne,  
His temple in the heart of man.

O man, O woman! know it well—  
Nor seek elsewhere His place to find—  
That God doth in the temple dwell,  
The temple of the holy mind.

*Thomas C. Upham.*

**4053. TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, The.**

Matthew iv : 1-11.

Blest Spirit, who the woman's offspring led  
Into the wild, to bruise the serpent's head,  
Help me in sacred numbers to recite  
His glorious conquest, and the tempter's  
flight.

Soon as great God, amidst clear Jordan's  
wave,  
To His loved Son His attestation gave,  
The Holy Spirit His retreat inspired,  
And Jesus to the wilderness retired,  
There to encounter the full power of hell,  
And teach mankind temptations to repel;  
Cursed Satan then, alarmed with spiteful  
fear,  
Flew swiftly to the Luciferian sphere,  
With the arch-rebel mischief to invent,  
Who instantly applauded his intent;  
And Lucifer, at Satan's dire request,  
The fall'n archangels, who whole realms  
infest,  
Called from their several stations to his aid,  
And three mock thunders were the signal  
made.

In a short time, when the abaddons came,  
Satan thus strove their fury to inflame:

“Great Lucifer, and brave abaddons all,  
Advanced to govern kingdoms since our fall,  
You the man Jesus know, that hateful name,  
Who dares a war against hell's powers pro-  
claim;

Man I must style Him, for He seems no more,  
Both He and Adam seem of equal ore;  
If man, He to temptation open lies:  
I Him, as well as Adam, may surprise;  
Yet something more than Adam, I suspect,  
When on some ill abodings I reflect;  
Dark prophecies predict our falling state,  
The wonders at His birth some dread create,  
His baptism, and the bright appearance  
there,

Affright our realm with a tremendous glare.  
Yet to sit still would be eternal shame,  
And we too late our cowardice may blame;  
Lend me your help: I'll to confound Him  
try:

I'll with this Son of God for conquest vie;  
You must in the encounter me attend,  
Though I shall more on wile than force  
depend.

I saw Him in the waste alone abide,  
And we can muster thousands on our side.  
Come all well armed, and keep me in your  
In ambushade, till I call you, lie. [eye;  
There is a mount, which you remember well,  
Which none of Jury's hills in height excel:  
If by smooth guile the wretch I cannot court,  
This Son of God I thither will transport;  
You must all subterraneous fires foment,  
Of all effluvioms quicken the ascent;  
The exhalations which earth's moisture  
drain,

All vapors streaming from the spacious main,  
And spirits which from subtler bodies rise  
In that horizon artfully comprise;  
From various tinctures various colors mix,  
Such as may in the clouds surrounding fix;  
Each, dipping in the paint his tapered spear,  
Must drop his proper kingdom on the sphere,  
And all its glories to the life describe,  
That at one view the eye may all imbibe—  
Thrones, sceptres, crowns, gems, robes, wealth,  
power immense,  
Lascivious beauties, all that charms the  
sense;

I'll offer all, His constancy to shake:  
If He's a mortal man the bait will take;  
If take, we shall on God revenge our doom,  
And boldly may on nobler aims presume.  
I'll watch the lucky moment for assault,  
This Son of God to Satan shall revolt."  
With that each flew to his appointed post,  
While he patrolled along the sandy coast.

While God Incarnate in the desert stayed,  
The fiercest beasts their homage to Him  
paid—

Beasts more humane than the obdurate Jew,  
They with less savage fury men pursue;  
There He His hours in contemplation spent,  
Gave His unbounded spirit boundless vent.  
The fiend, whose malice could endure no  
rest,  
Strives thoughts impatient, impious to sug-  
gest;

Putting his hellish malice on the rack,  
Twice twenty days he phed the fierce attack,

That he at last might overwhelm His strength  
By number, importunity, and length;  
But Jesus fixed on Heaven His steady mind,  
And no suggestion there could entrance find.  
The Father with pleased eyes His son beheld,  
Saw Satan by the woman's seed repelled;  
Till, after forty days' continued fast,  
He to keen hunger condescends at last.

The watchful tempter soon the hunger knew,  
And up to air in twice three minutes flew,  
Where he of brightest lightning wove a vest,  
And his foul spirit in feigned glory drest;  
Mock thunderbolt in his right hand he  
grasped,

His left a flaming, dazzling sceptre clasped;  
A crown of meteor-stars adorned his head,  
All calculated for exciting dread;  
Then on the stream of a tempestuous wind  
He flew to act the malice he designed;  
His voyage at the locust-tree he closed,  
Where Jesus in the barren wild reposed;  
"Son of that God," said he, "above en-  
throned,

While I sole god am of this region owned,  
Upon the mountain I to Moses spoke,  
The sphere was then filled all with fire and  
smoke;

But I to you descend in kindly flame,  
Your welcome to my empire to proclaim;  
Your hunger some mortality betrays,  
Which yet your power can ease unnumbered  
ways;

Command these stones to turn to bread: that  
sign

Will witness your original Divine." [fed,  
"Man best," said Jesus, "by God's Word is  
And lives not merely by his daily bread."

Then to the temple battlement, through air,  
The fiend wafts Jesus, Jesus to ensnare;  
"God," said he, "charge upon His angels  
lays

To keep your feet unhurt in stony ways:  
Cast yourself down—the angels in their arms  
Will catch you falling, and secure from  
harm."

"The sacred writings," Jesus said, "declare  
To tempt the Lord thy God thou shalt not  
dare."

Thence Jesus to the mountain he conveys,  
And all his confluence of charms displays;  
All that could ravish, tempt, delight man-  
kind,

Was there in lively images combined. [be,  
"You," said the fiend, "the lord of all shall  
If you but prostrate fall and worship me;  
For all this lower universe is mine,  
I to bestow it have the right divine.  
Let me cease to be god if I delay  
To give you over all despotic sway." [plied;  
"Get thee behind Me, Satan," Christ re-  
"Thou by God's Word art as His creature  
tied;

The Lord thy God to worship, Him to own,  
And pay obeisance to His sovereign throne."

The fiend, who heard himself by Jesus  
 named,  
 Confounded was, but could not be ashamed;  
 And raving at discovery of his cheats,  
 As towards his ambuscade he retreats,  
 He Michael met, with the angelic bands,  
 Who lay encamped upon the desert sands,  
 All armed, at call their Lord to have relieved,  
 Had they not His victorious might perceived.  
 Bright Michael, lest proud Satan should  
 escape,  
 Seized the fiend flying, tore his glittering  
 shape;  
 Satan assumed his horrid form again,  
 And Michael bound him with a double chain,  
 Sent him to the abaddons' ambuscade,  
 His feeble spite to punish and upbraid.  
 The radiant host put them in dread ful fright,  
 They felt their strength in the angelic fight;  
 All were just taking wing, when Satan came  
 In chains, and stripped of his prestigious  
 flame;  
 All vowed of pains he should have Tophet's  
 store,  
 And, what would grieve him most, should  
 tempt no more.

Brave Michael and his host to Jesus haste,  
 And brightened with their wings the dismal  
 waste.  
 Soon as they Jesus saw, they Him surround,  
 And fell in low prostrations on the ground;  
 The seraphs sang a new triumphant song,  
 And to their harps sang all the radiant  
 throng;  
 With loud hosannahs they each stanza closed,  
 And to obey His orders stood disposed;  
 Our Lord their zeal approved with gracious  
 eye,  
 And sent them to resume their bliss on high.

Though Jesus in the wild had nought to eat,  
 To do His Father's pleasure was his meat,  
 And a return He to the world designed,  
 To perfect the redemption of mankind;  
 There He vouchsafed His mortal food to  
 take,  
 And suffer human frailty for man's sake.  
 Blessed Jesus to the lonely waste retired,  
 Ere to His charge prophetic He aspired;  
 And saints, ere they on public posts attend,  
 Choice hours in prayer, retreat, and fasting  
 spend.

Writ sacred for His magazine He chose,  
 Hell better to unmask and to oppose;  
 He of God's presence taught a constant awe,  
 From Satan with abhorrence to withdraw,  
 That he with zeal refitted, alway flies,  
 Can conquer none who this vain world  
 despise;

That all in aid Divine should acquiesce,  
 Distrusting neither succor nor success;  
 For daily food take no unlicensed way,  
 Best feasted when they best God's will obey,  
 By no rash acts God's promise to abuse,  
 And by presumptuous pride the blessing  
 lose;

That fiercest fights show virtues most sub-  
 lime,  
 Like Jesus to be tempted is no crime;  
 That when cursed Satan seems to be sub-  
 dued,  
 Souls his return by watching must preclude;  
 That angels ever take a lover's part,  
 And help him to repel each fiery dart;  
 That Jesus Satan of his force bereft,  
 And conquest easy to His votaries left.

All glory to God's Son, whose humble might  
 Taught feeble man victoriously to fight;  
 Glory to Jesus all the choir repeats,  
 Who the full force and fraud of hell defeats.  
*Bishop Ken.*

#### 4054. TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, The.

When man was foiled in paradise, he fell  
 From that fair spot, thenceforward to con-  
 The barren and the thorny wilderness [fess  
 Was the one place where he had right to  
 dwell:  
 And therefore in the wilderness as well  
 Our second Head did that dread strife decide,  
 And those closed gates again set open wide,  
 Victorious o'er the wiles and strength of  
 hell.  
 Thou wentest to the proof, O fearless Lord,  
 Even to the desert, as Thy battle-field,  
 A champion going of His free accord;  
 We had no fears, for, unlike him of old  
 Who lost that battle for us, Thou didst  
 wield  
 Arms of unearthly temper, heavenly mould.  
*Richard C. Trench.*

#### 4055. THEBES.

Thebes, hearing still the Memnon's mystic  
 tones,  
 Where Egypt's earliest monarchs reared their  
 thrones,  
 Favored of Jove! the hundred-gated queen,  
 Though fallen, grand; though desolate,  
 serene;  
 The blood with awe runs coldly through our  
 veins  
 As we approach her far-spread, vast remains.  
 Forests of pillars crown old Nilus' side,  
 Obelisks to heaven high lift their sculptured  
 pride;  
 Rows of dark sphinxes, sweeping far away,  
 Lead to proud fanes, and tombs august as  
 they.  
 Colossal chiefs in granite sit around,  
 As wrapped in thought, or sunk in grief  
 profound.  
 Titans or gods sure built these walls that  
 stand  
 Defying years, and ruin's wasting hand.  
 So vast, sublime the view, we almost deem  
 We rove, spell-bound, through some fan-  
 tastic dream,  
 Sweep through the halls that Typhon rears  
 below,  
 And see, in yon dark Nile, hell's rivers flow.

E'en as we walk these fanes and ruined ways,  
 In musings lost, yet dazzled while we gaze,  
 The mighty columns ranged in long array,  
 The statues fresh as chiselled yesterday,  
 We scarce can think two thousand years  
 have flown  
 Since in proud Thebes a Pharaoh's grandeur  
 shone,  
 But in yon marble court or sphinx-lined  
 street  
 Some moving pageant half expect to meet,  
 See great Sesostris, come from distant war,  
 Kings linked in chains to drag his ivory car;  
 Or view that bright procession sweeping on,  
 To meet at Memphis far-famed Solomon,  
 When, borne by Love, he crossed the Syrian  
 wild,  
 To wed the royal Pharaoh's blooming child.

Here let me sit in Karnak's gorgeous hall,  
 Firm as when reared each massy pictured  
 wall:

Yielding to meditation's calm control,  
 How shrinks, in conscious littleness, the  
 soul!

And as thought leaps the gulf that yawns  
 between

Past days and now, what is and what hath  
 been,

How brief, how petty human life appears!  
 A cloud that fleeteth as it rains its tears;  
 A puny wave on Time's vast ocean-shore,  
 That frets and foams, then melts to swell no  
 more.

These ancient piles a higher moral teach  
 Than sage can write or orator can preach:  
 The heart grows humbler in a scene like this,  
 Yet soars above low schemes of transient  
 bliss;

And while it sighs that man should waste  
 his hours

Rearing such mighty fanes to unknown  
 powers,

Looks inward at the creed itself maintains,  
 If born of heaven, or free from error's stains.

But musing thus, by wandering dreams be-  
 guiled,

We half forget the fabrics round us piled—  
 Fabrics that breathe from every sculptured  
 stone

Awe and a solemn grandeur all their own.  
 Dim vistas stretch, white columns yonder  
 rise,

And obelisks point, like flame, into the skies.  
 There frown huge kings in stone—such  
 frown they wore

When on their thrones three thousand years  
 before;

And one, the mightiest, Isis' arms entwine,  
 Immortal deemed, and like herself divine.

Oh wondrous art! yon granite roof behold!  
 Fair still the colors, glittering still the gold;

In azure skies, moons, clustering stars,  
 appear— [here!

Alas! the cunning hand that traced them

But pass we altars and rich glorious things,  
 Gigantic pillars, echoing halls of kings;  
 What see we traced in outline? shadowy,  
 dim,

The very breathing face and sinewy limb—  
 'Tis Thothmes, he who bade the Hebrew  
 groan,

When hailstones fell and thunders shook his  
 throne,

He to whom Moses spoke, the king who sped  
 On wings of wrath when trembling Israel  
 fled,

Raised his bright sword, and drove his bick-  
 ering car,

Comet-like breathing terror from afar,  
 Pursued his foe adown the Red Sea coast,

Then sank engulfed with all his fiery host.  
*Nicholas Michell.*

#### 4056. THIEF, Penitent.

Luke xxiii : 43.

A monument of mercy's power,  
 Rescued by Jesus on the tree,  
 Saved at the last tremendous hour,  
 One soul, and only one, we see,  
 With brokenness of heart sincere  
 That all may hope, that all may fear.

He but to be remembered wants,  
 The time and all things else he leaves.

More than he asks the Saviour grants,  
 A kingdom promises and gives—

"I will My majesty display,  
 And thou shalt reign with Me to-day."

*J. and C. Wesley.*

#### 4057. THIEF, Prayer of the Dying.

In that last hour of agony,  
 When He was lifted up to die  
 Who did our griefs and sorrows bear,  
 A plaintive voice came through the air,  
 Where darkening rose the crosses three—  
 "When in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember  
 me!"

So I, O pitying Christ, am fain,  
 Out of my loneliness and pain,  
 Or where they still the cross prepare,  
 And hatred curses, and despair,  
 To lift my sorrowing eyes to Thee,  
 And cry, "O Lord, at last, remember me!"

'Tis not the monumental stone  
 Can make me great, or loved, or known;

This boon no graven lines can give,  
 Ever in memory to live:

'Twill be as though I had not been,  
 And I shall lie forgotten and unseen.

Away! delusive hope, away!  
 Man is the creature of a day:

What can he, in his highest pride  
 Of thought, achieve that may abide?

He dies—his works shall perish too—  
 Oblivion buries all that he can do.



Eternal seem the stars of night,  
While manhood pales its little light;  
The hills of solemn solitudes,  
The restless, thunder-sounding floods  
Endure the same; but not to me  
Remains an earthly immortality.

But, O my God! it shall be well  
If I in Thy remembrance dwell:  
Whether the sea shall lull my rest,  
Or earth enfold me in her breast,  
Whate'er my fate, howe'er my lot,  
'Tis well if Thou forget Thy creature not.

I ask no fame but this: that I  
In God's remembrance may not die;  
But with His righteous children be  
Before His mind perpetually;  
Then I can earthly fame forego,  
And every hope of memory here below.

*Arthur J. Lockhart.*

#### 4058. THIEVES, The Two.

Matthew xxvii : 38.

The thieves on either hand on crosses hung,  
And one reviled Him with a hell-fired tongue:  
"If Thou art Christ, Thyself and us now  
free,  
And save us from this painful, murdering  
tree."

The other made a pious, grave reply:  
"How darest thou with words reproachful  
die?"

We of our crimes the just chastisement bear;  
Pilate was forced Him guiltless to declare;  
Of God's tremendous bar hast thou no fear,  
At which we in few minutes must appear?"  
With that, he, deeply sighing for sins past,  
Soft, penitential eyes on Jesus cast;

"Ah, Lord, remember me," he humbly  
cried,

"When Thou art in Thy kingdom glorified!"  
At the first triumph which His cross had  
made,

Jesus, amidst His pains, was pleased, and  
said:

"Die with this consolation, thou shalt be  
This very day in Paradise with Me."  
One act intense may in God's mild repute  
For a whole age of penances commute.

*Bishop Ken.*

#### 4059. THOMAS.

John xx : 24-29.

Looking backward, backward across the  
flood of years

To where the glorious company of early saints  
appears.

I see, with piercing vision and eager, out-  
stretched hands,

Questioning, reasoning, arguing, Thomas the  
Doubter stands.

"The Lord hath risen, hath stood among us  
here,

Hath conquered death that we no more may  
grieve."

"Unless I see him, touch the wound of  
spear,  
And view the nail prints, I will not be-  
lieve!"

"The holy women heard the angels tell  
How He hath burst the bondage of the  
tomb.

Hast thou not heard thy brethren speak, as  
well,

Of that strange meeting in the Upper Room?  
And when toward Emmaus they slowly  
walked,

The risen Saviour joined them on the way,  
How burned their hearts within them as  
they talked!"

Poor, doubting Thomas sadly utters: "Nay,  
Unless mine eyes shall see the bloody stain,  
Unless I see the print the sword did leave,  
Unless my fingers press the wounded side,  
And touch the thorn-marks, I cannot be-  
lieve!"

Lo! as he speaks a gracious Presence stands  
Within their midst, and meekly bows His  
head,

All torn with thorns, and shows those ten-  
der hands

And piercèd side, which for our sins had  
bled.

"Come hither, Thomas, thrust thy doubt-  
ing hand

Into the side once wounded for thy sake;  
View the sad brow pressed by the thorny  
band,

And let the sight thy faithless heart-strings  
break."

Ah, the loved voice, the well-known, tender  
smile!

Thomas the Doubter bends the adoring  
knee.

"My Lord, my God, forgive Thy stubborn  
child;

Grant me the blessing of sweet faith in  
Thee!"

Lord, have I not, like Thomas, doubted  
Thee?

Doubted Thy power, Thy goodness, and  
Thy love;

Doubted that Thou from sin could set me  
free;

Doubted the voice that called me from above?  
Melt my hard heart and break my stubborn  
will;

Wean me from thoughts that trouble and  
deceive;

Oh, let mine be the blessing promised still  
To those who, having seen not, yet believe!

*E. A.*

#### 4060. THOMAS.

John xx : 29.

Blessed are they who, needing no loud sign  
Of reason, or felt proof, or voice divine,  
Believing, love; and, loving, ask not sight!  
They on the bosom of the Infinite

Have been, and there in faith forever lie;  
Believe because they love, and ask not why:  
But on His bosom lie they all day long,  
And drink His words, and are refreshed and  
strong;

Through all Thy works, Thee, Lord, at every  
turn,

Through all Thy word, Thee and Thy cross  
discern;

Shrine within shrine, and hall encircling  
hall,

Pass unto Thee—to Thee, the All in All.

Thine too are they of ruder sense, who deem  
Such thoughts but fancies of the mystic's  
dream;

Then, to their questioning and ruder sense,  
In palpable and solemn evidence

Thy presence breaks, in providential change  
Defying thought, or visitation strange:

They see and feel Thy hands and piercèd  
side,

Worship, and their adoring heads would  
hide.

Such dwell in Thy blest courts, and see Thy  
face,

But not most near Thine altar have their  
place. *Isaac Williams.*•

#### 4061. THOMAS, Unbelieving.

John xx : 27, 28.

There was a seal upon the stone,

A guard around the tomb:  
The spurned and trembling band alone  
Bewail their Master's doom.

They deemed the barriers of the grave  
Had closed o'er Him who came to save;

And thoughts of grief and gloom  
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,  
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

He died; for justice claimed her due,

Ere guilt could be forgiven:  
But soon the gates asunder flew,  
The iron bands were riven;  
Broken the seal; the guards dispersed,  
Upon their sight in glory burst  
The risen Lord of Heaven!

Yet one, the heaviest in despair,  
In grief the wildest, was not there.

Returning, on each altered brow  
With mute surprise he gazed,  
For each was lit with transport now,  
Each eye to heaven upraised.  
Burst forth from each th' ecstatic word—  
"Hail, brother, we have seen the Lord!"

Bewildered and amazed  
He stood; then bitter words and brief  
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

Days passed, and still the frequent groan  
Convulsed his laboring breast;  
When round him light celestial shone,  
And Jesus stood confessed.  
"Reach, doubter! reach thy hand," he said;

"Explore the wound the spear hath made,  
The front by nails impressed:  
No longer for the living grieve,  
And be not faithless, but believe."

Oh! if the iris of the skies  
Transcends the painter's art,  
How could he trace to human eyes  
The rainbow of the heart;  
When love, joy, fear, repentance, shame,  
Hope, faith, in swift succession came,  
Each claiming there a part;  
Each mingling in the tears that flowed,  
The words th'at breathed—"My Lord! My  
God!" *Thomas Dale.*

#### 4062. TIME, Wrecks of.

Rolling on, with march sublime,  
Lo! I hear the wheels of time;  
Twelve o'clock, I heard the bell!  
'Tis the last year's funeral-knell!

Seasons change, and, as they pass,  
Cry aloud, "All flesh is grass!"  
Human pomp but blooms an hour;  
Man is an ephemeral flower!

Where are now the mighty dead?  
Names of golden ages fled!  
Lights of Egypt, Greece, and Rome,  
Sleep in the oblivious tomb!

All the pale-horsed king obey:  
Ancient fathers, "Where are they?"  
Prophets, who events foreshow,  
Do they live forever?—No!

All the post-diluvian throng,  
Sons of history and song,  
Heroes, artists, poets, sages,  
Sink into the gulf of ages!

Mighty cities, empires, states;  
Babylon, with brazen gates;  
Thebes, and the Assyrian's glory,  
Flourish but in ancient story!

Stately temples, shrines of gold,  
Perish like a story told!  
Time, unfaithful to his trust,  
Writes their record in the dust!

City of the desert wide!  
Where is now Palmyra's pride?  
All thy mighty colonnades  
Desolating time pervades!

Ruins upon ruins rise,  
When I backward glance mine eyes;  
Only shades of what has been  
Flit across the dreary scene.

Midst this mighty wreck of things,  
What are heroes, warriors, kings?  
What is man? Alas! I sigh,  
What a bubble, Lord, am I!

Every moment brings me near  
Vast eternity's frontier;  
And the next may land me there;  
Up, my soul, this hour prepare!

Minutes roll, and pulses beat;  
Teach me, sacred Paraclete,  
While the flight of time I sing,  
Round the bleeding Cross to cling!

Oh how short man's woe or bliss,  
Life is a parenthesis  
Two eternities between,  
One to come, and one has been.

From the birth-hour of this ball,  
To the final end of all,  
Time is but a few short pages  
In the tome of endless ages.

For should thousand ages run,  
Measured by yon flaming sun,  
Still they are but as a mite  
In duration infinite!

*Joshua Marsden.*

**4063. TISHBITE, Elijah, the.**

Tishbite sage, inspired of Heaven!  
Burning light to Israel given,  
Clad with zeal and might of grace,  
Grandest prophet of his race!

True, sublime in earnest life,  
Strong and brave in fearful strife,  
Boldly speaks the will of God,  
Wields the stern reformer's rod.

Glorious triumphs sought and won,  
Deeds immortal nobly done,  
Rounding out his work-day well,  
Till is touched its vesper-bell.

Oh, to him how bright the end!  
Opening skies a chariot send,  
Drawn by steeds of flaming light,  
Wondrous to the prophet's sight.

Angel hands now place him there,  
Whirlwinds lift him high in air,  
Stars his soaring passage wait,  
Heaven shouts welcome at its gate.

Not for us the car of light,  
Through the shadow is our flight;  
Led by Faith's illuming ray,  
Need we fear to launch away?

*S. D. Phelps.*

**4064. TONGUES, The Gift of.**

Acts ii : 3, 4.

God's wondrous power, on that great day  
revealed,

When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,  
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore.  
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.

Oh for one transient gleam from that pure  
fount

Of life celestial, whose all pow'rful rays  
Instant dispelled the mists of ignorance,  
Informed the mind, and urged the willing  
tongue!

Oh for one spark of that transcendent fire  
Which shed its rapid influence through the  
soul,

Kindling at once in the astonished mind  
The sacred flame of Heaven-directed zeal,  
In strains poured forth of wisdom Heaven  
taught,

Which in conception to perfection sprang,  
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!  
Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!  
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of  
man,

When conscious weakness claims Thy aid  
benign.

Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure  
Naught hides, who ever mark'st my inmost  
soul,

And check'st with care paternal every ill,  
Suggesting kindly, pure and holy thoughts,  
Frame Thou my mind; dispose my humble  
heart

To feel Thy goodness and adore Thy might;  
Grant me, with faith to read Thy wond'rous  
works,

To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;  
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere  
Those acts of power I know not how to scan;  
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's  
pride,

Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring  
maze,  
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how  
dim!)

To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;  
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,  
In all Thy wond'rous works to mark the end,  
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;  
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,  
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;  
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,  
To view Thy goodness, and to sing Thy  
praise;

So shall my lays, though rude, attention claim,  
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;  
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic  
worth,

And conscience shall bear witness to their  
truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,  
When erst the prophet of the favored seed  
From Israel sprung, high-honored Moses held,  
With trembling awe, converse with God  
Himself;

'Twas on that day, when round the sacred  
mount

The rapid lightnings shot their vivid glance,  
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,  
Whilst the dread thunder mutt'ring from  
afar,

With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,  
Burst rattling all around in discord wild,

When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,  
The holy prophet learned those high behests  
By which to lead his sacred flock, and show  
Types of a purer plan in days to come;  
On that same day, the still more sacred flock  
Of Christ, who only mourn His recent loss,  
Stol'n from the clamors of the impious crowd,  
In thought pursued His steps to heav'n, and  
cheered  
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to  
come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the  
soul

His last bequest has shed a gleam of joy;  
"A comforter to come" restrained their  
tears,

A steadfast faith suppressed the rising sigh,  
And expectation raised their downcast eyes.  
Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden  
burst

A rushing noise through all that sacred band,  
Silence profound and fixed attention claimed,  
A chilling terror crept through every heart,  
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry  
face:

The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery  
wings,

The dazzling emanation from above  
In brightest vision round each sacred head  
Diffused its vivid beams; mysterious light!  
That rushed impetuous through th' awaking  
mind,

Whilst new ideas filled the passive soul,  
Fast crowding in with sweetest violence.

'Twas then amazed they caught the glorious  
flame,

Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive  
words,

Warm from the heart, and to the heart  
addressed,

Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captived ear.

Oh see the crowd, pressing with eager steps  
To catch the flowing periods as they fall!

See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour  
The pleasing accents of their native tongue!  
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,  
With outstretched hands and smiles of social  
love,

To greet the partners of their native soil!  
Oh catch the varying transports in their looks,

In awful wonder see each passion lost,  
When ev'ry nation urged an equal claim.

Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of  
truth,

By weak restraints of language unconfined,  
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine  
From whence the dayspring draws her glit-  
t'ring store

To shine on all with undistinguished ray,  
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each  
pole

The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;

Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,  
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,  
And all is blindfold error and distress.

Ohi! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic  
pow'r

Burst through the organs of the sacred band,  
What time, O Salem! 'midst thy hallowed  
walls

The mingled crowd from many a distant  
realm,

In fixed attention hung upon their words,  
Which, with conviction fraught, flowed  
unrestrained,

Though, skilled alone in virtue's sacred lore,  
They never had employed life's precious  
hours

In learning's paths; without proud science  
wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus  
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His  
pow'r:

By Him inspired they speak with urgent  
tongue

Authoritative, whilst th' illumined breast  
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as  
their theme

Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,  
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,  
And, in such strains as science could not  
teach,

Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;  
The list'ning throng there feel its blessed  
effect,

And deep conviction glows in every breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind  
At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:

Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,  
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous  
lust,

And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,  
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:

They fade to rise no more; for see, a band  
Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,

And stamp the mansion with the seal of  
truth.

There heavenly Knowledge shines in glit-  
t'ring pride,

And Patience sits, with meek submissive  
smile

Disarming stern Oppression; Justice there  
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;

And there, with God's own armor all-begirt,  
Stands Fortitude erect in Christian strength;

There Temp'rance stands with ever-watchful  
eye,

To curb the passions with a steady rein;  
And Candor there her golden rule displays,

To act by others as thy heart must wish  
They, in like circumstance, should act by

But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat, [thee:  
Sits heav'n-born Charity; her eagle eye

Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's  
works,

Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,

She deems all human ills her own, and sighs  
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.  
With such bright guests the Christian mind  
is stored,

Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:  
These to make known became the sacred task  
By Heav'n imposed upon the chosen band;  
Thrice happy they to such high office called;  
The blessed ministers of God's high will!  
For them the fulness of His might is shown,  
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's  
laws;

Grim Death for them contracts his hasty  
stride,

And checks his dart even in the act to strike;  
His horrid messengers, Disease and Pain,  
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,  
And leave their prey to ease and thankful-  
ness;

For them bright Wisdom opens all her stores,  
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,  
Whilst Inspiration's all-enliv'ning light  
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring  
blaze;

Warmed by the ray they pour the sacred  
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine, [strain  
Forever registered in Heav'n's high page,  
Flow from their lips, and glow within their  
breasts;

Amazed they feel the sacred ecstasy,  
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;  
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom  
fraught

Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.  
This is no fancied power, no idle dream,  
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy formed;  
The genuine influence fills each raptured soul,  
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels,  
When, reason by delusive fancy led  
In sad captivity, the thoughts confused  
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense.  
Consider well, what are the genuine marks  
Of heavenly inspiration. It was not  
In wild ecstatic rants and dubious phrase,  
In doctrines intricate and terms perplexed,  
The simple messengers of Jesus spake.  
Oh search and see, were not their doctrines  
pure,

And in such plain and modest phrase ex-  
pressed  
As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?  
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,  
No meed, but that which conscious Virtue  
feels

When she conducts some hapless wand'rer  
back

To paths, without her aid, forever lost.  
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblamed  
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;  
If daily trained to ev'ry virtuous act,  
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,  
Through the strait path, the way of holiness,  
Then may ye lead your flocks to His abode;  
But, oh beware! think not the heav'nly guest

Can fix his residence with aught impure;  
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest  
guides

Can ever be the seat of heavenly grace;  
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell  
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defiled  
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with  
lust;

'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake  
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig  
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;  
Ev'n thus shall all be measured by their  
fruits;

So spake the living Oracle of Truth:  
Oh never, never lose this sacred guide,  
By every blast of doctrine borne away,  
But gazing ever on the gospel light,  
That endless source of evidence and truth,  
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule.  
And "try the spirits if they be of God."

*Charles Jenner.*

#### 4065. TOUCHING CHRIST, *Miracle* by.

*Luke viii : 43-48.*

Near Him she stole, rank after rank;  
She feared approach too loud;  
She touched His garment's hem, and shrank  
Back in the sheltering crowd.

A shamefaced gladness thrills her frame:  
Her twelve years' fainting prayer  
Is heard at last; she is the same  
As other women there.

She hears His voice; He looks about.  
Ah! is it kind or good  
To drag her secret sorrow out  
Before that multitude?

The eyes of men she dares not meet:  
On her they straight must fall;  
Forward she sped, and at His feet  
Fell down, and told Him all.

His presence makes a holy place;  
No alien eyes are there;  
Her shrinking shame finds godlike grace  
The covert of its care.

"Daughter," He said, "be of good cheer;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole."  
With plenteous love, not healing mere,  
He would content her soul.

*George Macdonald.*

#### 4066. TRANSFIGURATION, *The*.

O brightest of days in His sorrowful story,  
When there came such a voice from the ex-  
cellent glory,

"My beloved! my Son!"

A foretaste of triumph; a banner outflung,  
Emblazoned with a crown, ere by sharpness of  
dying

The battle was won.

O sweetest of hours! when in luminous  
vision  
Their senses were steeped in that splendor  
Elysian,  
The thrice-blessèd Three!  
Who, heavy with sleep, on the rough moun-  
tain heather  
Sank in weakness of earth, but were strength-  
ened together  
Heaven's brightness to see.

Transfigured before them, the dead and the  
living,  
His glory primeval, inherent, outgiving,  
He grew to a God!  
While the holy departed, as angels attendant,  
On either side one, in like glory resplendent,  
Stood there on the sod.

Can this be the Man who, with scorning and  
scourging,  
Shall pass through the street, while the mul-  
titude, surging,  
"Away with Him!" cry?  
Shall mount the sad hill with His mocking  
pursuers,  
Where, on either side one, He, with bold  
evil-doers  
Is lifted to die?

Be it far from Thee, Lord! In Thy glory and  
terror  
Redeem Thy lost sheep from their darkness  
and error,  
From thraldom and foe;  
Thy standard uprear, till, as floods over-  
flowing,  
The tribes of the Lord, in a mighty o'er-  
throwing,  
To victory go.

O foolish and blind! slow of heart in dis-  
cerning  
That He whom ye serve, all earth's vanities  
spurning,  
Must conquer through loss:  
Not so those bright strangers, who, lowly  
conversing,  
Listen long to their Lord, the Great Prophet,  
rehearsing  
His tale of the Cross.

Far other their end—he, the ancient Law-  
giver,  
Laid to sleep by the Lord—or Who, parting  
the river,  
Ascended in fire;  
But their dawn in His light, ever brighter  
outpouring,  
Must fade—as e'en now, to their Paradise  
soaring,  
They meekly retire.

Still in rapturous awe would His chosen ones  
linger,  
But, lo! one bright touch from that glorified  
finger

Unlooses the spell;  
Heaven fades, and their thoughts all too  
swiftly are gliding  
Back to life's common cares, as the ocean  
subsiding  
With tremulous swell.

Like a single bright star, for one moment  
outshining,  
Then hidden, for mists all the firmament  
lining,  
That vision was given; [overshading,  
But the light of that Cloud still their souls  
And the sound of that Voice from their  
hearts never fading,  
Was their beacon to heaven.

*Charles Lawrence Ford.*

#### 4067. TRANSFIGURATION, The.

Upward they trod  
The lonely mount to talk with God.  
One led; he wore a perfect form,  
With tender beaming smile and warm;  
And there were three that followed Him  
Up through the shadows wild and dim.  
They came to pray, and there apart,  
And far from worldly pomp and art,  
They bowed the knee,  
The Saviour, and His faithful three.

In solitude  
The soul best feels the reverent mood;  
Thus, it is blessed to recede,  
And find God's hiding in our need,  
To mount above the world's concern,  
And feel the inner glory burn,  
Of love's celestial fire. How sweet  
The silence of this lone retreat;  
Fit place for prayer  
Which hallowed all the mountain air.

O voice of love,  
Did e'er such words pathetic move  
The Spirit listening to all tones  
That rise from His dear pleading ones?  
Sweet voice of Jesus, never prayer  
Arose more tender on the air;  
It melted, charmed the listening three,  
Till on the wings of ecstasy  
They rose away,  
And stood before the gates of day.

The mountain fades,  
The daylight dwindles into shades;  
The gates of light swing open wide;  
And lo! a more than sun-bright tide  
Bursts from the azure on their sight!  
And Jesus stands enthroned in light!  
His native beauty this, when He  
Stood in his kingly dignity,  
In his own clime,  
Long, long before the birth of time.

Were they not four?  
Whence those bright forms unseen before?  
Ah, there he stands, last seen of old  
On Nebo's mountain, lone and cold,

Whither he went, his eye not dim,  
To wing his way with seraphim  
To his celestial Canaan far;  
Not his to cross the Jordan bar;  
A crown of light  
He wears, than Egypt's crown more bright.

And he, the same  
Who took the chariot of flame,  
And sped away in raptured flight,  
Till angels saw him strange alight  
Upon the royal steps of gold  
Of his dear throne, who heard of old  
His prayer, when Baal's hosts were bowed  
On Carmel's height mid clamor loud;  
Elijah, hail!  
Thy prayer was mighty to prevail.

Why come they now,  
And wait upon the mountain's brow?  
Dear Son of God, they come to Thee,  
To talk of all Thine agony;  
The shadow of Thy cross is seen  
Along the fields of fadeless green,  
And angel eyes are tearful there  
Before they hear Thy last sweet prayer—  
“Father, forgive;  
And let my persecutors live.”

Again the three  
Look forth and only Jesus see;  
But even till their latest hour  
The vision lingers with its power;  
Those gates ajar have left a gleam  
That brighter makes our earthly dream;  
The silver cloud on Tabor's height  
Still drops its music with its light;  
Nor shall it cease  
Till earth with heaven is all at peace.  
*Dwight Williams.*

#### 4068. TRANSFIGURATION, The.

Matthew xvii : 1, 2.

Hail! King of Glory, clad in robes of light,  
Outshining all we here call bright!  
Hail, light's divinest galaxy!  
Hail, express image of a Deity! [view,  
Could now Thy faithful spouse Thy beauties  
How would her wounds all bleed anew!  
Lovely Thou art all o'er and bright,  
Thou Israel's glory, and Thou Gentile's light.

But whence this brightness, whence this  
sudden day?  
Who did Thee thus with light array?  
Did Thy divinity dispense  
To its consort a more liberal influence?  
Or did some curious angel's chymic art  
The spirits of purest light impart,  
Drawn from the native spring of day,  
And wrought into an organized ray?

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;  
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:  
The sun and his bright company  
Are all gross meteors, if compared to Thee:

Thou art the fountain whence their light  
does flow,  
But to Thy will Thine own dost owe;  
For (as at first) Thou didst but say,  
“Let there be light,” and straight sprang  
forth this wondrous day.

Let now the Eastern princes come and bring  
Their tributary offering.  
There needs no star to guide their flight;  
They'll find Thee now, great King, by Thine  
own light.  
And Thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,  
And follow this bright guide of fire.  
Do Thou Thy hymns and praises bring,  
Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems  
sing. *John Norris.*

#### 4069. TREE OF LIFE, The.

There is a spot, of men believed to be  
Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's  
grave,  
And here a slip that from a barren tree  
Was cut, fruit sweet and salutary gave—  
Yet not unto the tillers of the land;  
That blessed fruit was culled by other hand.

The shape and fashion of the tree attend:  
From undivided stem at first it sprung;  
Thence in two arms its branches did outsend,  
Like sail-yards whence the flowing sheet is  
hung,  
Or as a yoke that in the furrow stands,  
When the tired steers are loosened from their  
bands.

Three days the slip from which this tree  
should spring  
Appeared as dead; then suddenly it bore, “  
While earth and heaven stood awed and  
wondering—  
Harvest of vital fruit; the fortieth more  
Beheld it touch heaven's summit with its  
height,  
And shroud its sacred head in clouds of light.

Yet the same while it did put forth below  
Branches twice six, these, too, with fruit  
endued,  
Which stretching to all quarters might be  
Upon all nations medicine and food, [stow  
Which mortal men might eat, and eating be  
Sharers henceforth of immortality.

But when another fifty days were gone,  
A breath divine, a mighty storm of heaven,  
On all the branches swiftly lighted down,  
To which a rich nectareous taste was given,  
And all the heavy leaves that on them grew  
Distilled henceforth a sweet and heavenly  
dew.

Beneath that tree's great shadow on the plain  
A fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene  
Nothing of earthly mixture might disdain;  
Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen

In all the world, nor on whose marge the earth

Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people young and old,  
Matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd  
Stream ever, who, when as they did behold  
Those branches with their golden burden bowed,

Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw

Toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.

But touch they might not these, much less allay

Their hunger, howso'er they might desire,  
Till the foul tokens of their former way  
They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,

And cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,  
Able from every spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received

Of that immortal fruit the gust divine,  
Straight of all sickness were their souls relieved.

The weak grew strong, and tasks they did decline

As overgreat for them they shunned no more,  
And things they deemed they could not bear they bore.

But woe, alas! some daring to draw near  
That sacred stream, did presently retire,  
Drew wholly back again, and did not fear  
To stain themselves in all their former mire,  
That fruit rejecting from their mouths again,  
Not any more their medicine, but their bane.

Oh, blessed they, who not withdrawing so,  
First in that fountain make them pure and fair,

And who from thence unto the branches go,  
With power upon the fruitage hanging there:  
Thence by the branches of the lofty tree  
Ascend to heaven—the tree of life, oh see!

*From the Latin, tr. by Archbishop Trench.*

#### 4070. TRUMPET, The Fifth.

Revelation ix : 1-11.

I heard a trumpet sound,  
Earth shook, the heavens were dim,

I saw a falling star,  
Like the moon's eclipsing limb.  
And a blood-stained haze  
Rushed round its blaze;  
But that star still shone  
On a kingless throne.

I saw from the abyss  
Shoot up a thousand fires;

I saw a locust-cloud  
Rise on their sulphurous spires.  
In his noontide, the sun  
Sank, sickening and dun;  
And the smoke wrapped the globe,  
Like a funeral robe.

Then, that hell-born locust-host  
Rolled onward like a flood;  
Yet the harvest field was safe,  
And safe the leafy wood.  
Of that plague-cloud wan,  
The prey alone was man;  
And the bond and the free  
To the locusts bent the knee.

There was torment in the land,  
The famine and the chain,  
And thousands writhed and groaned,  
And gnawed their tongues with pain.  
And the lovely and brave  
Were plunged in the grave;  
And in that agony  
Thousands prayed to die!

Upon the field of battle,  
In exile far and lone,  
Men perished for the temple,  
Men perished for the throne,  
Still the locust-cloud  
Was a living shroud;  
And the locust sting  
Slew the serf and the king.

I saw an idol temple!  
But there no idol shone,  
No golden censer burned  
To gods of wood or stone.  
To a mortal bowed  
The shouting crowd,  
And the nation's cry  
Was blasphemy.

I saw a mighty grave!  
But no holy sign was there,  
But the corpse of king and slave  
Was flung in without a prayer,  
And a pillar stood,  
Inscribed in blood,  
In that tainted gloom,  
"The eternal tomb."

Then, the trumpet rang again,  
And the locusts swept the earth;  
But 'twas now as if her womb  
Had teemed with human birth.  
They wore the helms of kings,  
And the rushing of their wings  
Was like rushing chariot-wheels,  
Or the tramp of chargers' heels.

Above them blazed the banner—  
That fiendish, fallen star;  
Above them winged the eagle,  
Scenting his prey afar.  
And the clang of their mail  
Rang loud on the gale;  
And crown and tiar  
Led their legions to war.

Their chieftain was a king—  
A king of fearful name!  
'Tis shouted in the central caves  
Of misery and flame.



Abaddon, the lord  
Of the sceptre and sword,  
Resistless by man.  
But his star shall be wan!

Then the storm of battle raged,  
And the earth was drenched with blood;  
And the warrior and his steed  
Were the wolf and vulture's food.  
And the world stood at gaze  
At that battle's red blaze,  
Like men on the shore  
Of an ocean of gore.

Once more the trumpet swelled,  
But 'twas glorious now and grand;  
And a shout of triumph pealed  
From the ocean and the land.  
For on fiery wings  
Came the spirits of kings,  
With banners unfurled,  
To rescue the world! *George Croly.*

#### 4071. TUBAL CAIN.

Genesis iv : 22.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when earth was young;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung:  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them  
well,  
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire:  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew!  
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood they  
shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace, smouldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"  
And the red sparks lit the air;  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright  
steel made,"  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the  
wall,  
And ploughed the willing lands;  
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Our stanch good friend is he;  
And for the ploughshare and the plough  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plough,  
We'll not forget the sword!"  
*Charles Mackay.*

#### 4072. TYRE.

High on the stately wall  
The spear of Arvad hung;  
Through corridor and hall  
Gemaddin's war-note rung.  
Where are they now? the note is o'er;  
Yes! for a thousand years and more,  
Five fathoms deep beneath the sea  
Those halls have lain all silently;  
Nought listing save the mermaid's song,  
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors  
along.

Far from the wandering East  
Tubal and Javan came,  
And Araby the Blest,  
And Kedar, mighty name—  
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,  
Some dripping fisherman may rest,  
Watching on rock or naked stone  
His dark net spread before the sun,  
Unconscious of the dooming lay  
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there  
shall brood for aye.

*Lyra Apostolica.*

#### 4073. TYRE.

And this is Tyre, the mighty mart of old,  
City of merchants! conquering kings with  
gold!  
Through whose long streets, that knew no  
dull repose,  
Like stormy waves, the voice of Commerce  
rose,  
While palaces, each worthy ocean's queen,  
O'erlooked in dazzling pride the busy scene.  
Here Afric brought her ivory and rich plumes,  
Ophir her gems, Arabia her perfumes;

The adventurous Tyrian sent his daring sail  
Where'er might roll the waves or sweep the  
gale;

Strange that to power no state or people  
grew,

From age to age their glory to renew;  
But like the sun they gain meridian height,  
Blaze their appointed time, then sink in  
night;

And so Tyre fell—her riches could not save;  
The city of the proud is now a grave,  
Swept, like her daughter Carthage, by the  
wings

Of ages, from the list of living things.  
And so Tyre fell—where rose her granite  
towers,  
And shone her palaced streets and jewelled  
bowers,

The goatherd heedless roves, nor asks her  
name,

Nor reck's her glories past and ancient fame.  
He sees bowed arch, an aqueduct, and well,  
But who their builders were he cannot tell.  
The wave, unsympathizing, beats the strand,  
Moss clothes black fragments buried deep in  
sand,

And sea-birds, stooping in their ocean flight,  
Pass with wild shrieks the vanished city's  
site.

*Nicholas Michell.*

#### 4074. TYRE.

So did thy ships to earth's wide bounds pro-  
ceed,

O Tyre! and thou wert rich and beautiful  
In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,  
Thy daughter, and the rival of thy fame,  
Upon the sands of Lybia; princes were  
Thy merchants; on thy golden throne thy  
state

Shone, like the orient sun. Dark Lebanon  
Waved all his pines for thee; for thee the  
oaks

Of Bashan towered in strength: thy galleys  
cut,

Glittering, the sunny surge; thy mariners,  
On ivory benches, furl'd the embroidered  
sails

That looms of Egypt wove, or to the oars  
That, measuring dipped, their choral sea-  
songs sung;

The multitude of isles did shout for thee,  
And cast their emeralds at thy feet, and  
said,

"Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee!"  
So wert thou glorious on the seas, and saidst,  
"I am a god, and there is none like me."

But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth:  
"Howl, for the whirlwind of the desert comes!  
Howl ye again, for Tyre, her multitude  
Of sins and dark abominations cry  
Against her," saith the Lord; "in the mid  
seas

Her beauty shall be broken; I will bring

Her pride to ashes; she shall be no more;  
The distant isles shall tremble at the sound  
When thou dost fall; the princes of the sea  
Shall from their thrones come down, and  
cast away

Their gorgeous robes; for thee they shall  
take up

A bitter lamentation, and shall say,  
'How art thou fallen, renowned city! thou  
Who wert enthroned glorious on the seas,  
To rise no more!'" *William Lisle Bowles.*

#### 4075. TYRE.

The wild and windy morning is lit with  
lurid fire;

The thundering surf of ocean beats on the  
rocks of Tyre—

Beats on the fallen columns and round the  
headland roars,

And hurls its foamy volume along the hol-  
low shores,

And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks  
its long desire:

"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the  
mighty ships of Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbor, choked with  
invading sand,

No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils  
of every land;

And like a prostrate forest, when autumn  
gales have blown,

Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and  
o'erthrown;

And from the reef the pharos no longer  
flings its fire,

To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly  
ships of Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on  
the waves—

Thou that thyself exaltest, till kings be-  
came thy slaves;

Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw  
thy will obeyed—

Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger  
sore afraid—

Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and  
thought them strong and sure,

And boasted midst the waters, "Shall I not  
aye endure?"

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy  
princely mart?

The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of  
Syrian art;

The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's spicy  
store;

The tributes of the islands thy squadrons  
homeward bore,

When in thy gates triumphant they entered  
from the sea

With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp  
and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory  
is laid waste:

There is no habitation; the mansions are  
defaced.

No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty  
sails;

No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in  
Shenir's vales,

And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand  
years of sun,

Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy  
harp and sing:

Call the rebellious islands to own their an-  
cient king:

Bare to the spray thy bosom, and, with thy  
hair unbound,

Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and  
disowned!

There mix thy voice of wailing with the  
thunders of the sea,

And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou re-  
membered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature  
still laments

The pomp and power departed, the lost  
magnificence:

The hills were proud to see thee, and they  
are sadder now;

The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears  
a troubled brow,

And evermore the surges chant forth their  
vain desire:

"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the  
mighty ships of Tyre?"

*Bayard Taylor.*

#### 4076. TYRE, Burden of.

In thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre;  
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;

All her proud people, in their brave attire,  
Thronging her streets for sport or sacrifice.

I saw her precious stones and spiceries;  
The singing girl with flower-wreath instru-  
ment;

And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's  
price.

Forth from all lands all nations to her went,  
And kings to her on embassy were sent.

I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,  
Her ships, that of the sea had government.

O gallant ships, 'gainst you what might pre-  
vail?

She stood upon her rock, and, in her pride,  
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe  
defied.

I looked again: I saw a lonely shore,  
A rock amid the waters, and a waste

Of trackless sand; I heard the black seas roar,  
And winds that rose and fell with gusty  
haste.

There was one scathed tree, by storm de-  
faced,

Round which the sea-birds wheeled with  
screaming cry.

Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;  
Now east, then west, he turned, with curious  
eye,

Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.  
Awhile he looked upon the sea, and then

Upon a book, as if it might supply  
The thing he lacked. He read, and gazed  
again;

Yet as if unbelief so on him wrought,  
He might not deem that shore the shore he  
sought.

Again I saw him come; 'twas eventide;  
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea;

The winds were hushed; the quiet billows  
sighed

With a low swell; the birds winged silently  
Their evening flight around the scathed tree;

The fisher safely put into the bay,  
And pushed his boat ashore; then gathered he  
His nets, and, hastening up the rocky way,

Spread them to catch the sun's warm even-  
ing ray.

I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene:  
"And this was Tyre!" said he; "how has  
Within her palaces a despot been! [decay  
Ruin and silence in her courts are met,

And on her city rock the fisher spreads his  
net."

*Mary Howitt.*

#### 4077. TYRE, Prophecy against.

*Ezekiel xxvi : 2.*

'Twas morning. On thy ramparts, Tyre,  
Spread to the sun the standard's fold,

And marched to sounds of trump and lyre,  
Thy mitred priesthood, purple-stoled;

And chieftains mailed, with haughty vane,  
Poured to Astarte's blood-stained fane.

And crowding on thy glorious bay,  
Far as the dazzled eye could gaze,

Where Tyre's imperial galleys lay,  
Rose choral hymns, and altars' blaze.

And surges, bright as molten ore,  
Wafted the incense to the shore.

Yet in the pageant clanked the chain,  
And mingled there the captive's groan;

And piled upon the ponderous wain,  
The golden spoils of Judah shone;

And sharper than the sword or spear,  
Struck to the heart the Tyrian's sneer.

Yet all, at once, are hushed as death,  
Recoils at once the living wave:

No footstep falls, is breathed no breath,  
As, like a comer from the grave,

Ezekiel's lip and eye of fire  
Peals Heaven's high wrath on guilty Tyre.

"Hail! queen of glory, slave of shame,  
Hail! head of gold, which curses crown,

Panther, thy ravening shall be tame,  
The bow is drawn that strikes thee down,

Eagle, thy wing shall lose its plume;  
Serpent, thy haunt shall be the tomb.

“Thy sword has smote Jerusalem,  
And for that smiting thou shalt die;  
Thy strength be dust, thy wealth a dream,  
Thy power like summer clouds pass by;  
Thy name, among forgotten things—  
Now war thee with the King of kings.

“The captive’s hopeless agony,  
The blood that clamors from the ground,  
The altar’s curse, the dungeon’s cry,  
At last, at last one throne have found.  
Tyran, thy turban shall be bowed,  
That throne is on the thunder-cloud.

“Ride on, in taunt and triumph ride,  
Thy heart shall be the vulture’s meal.  
Now follows thee a giant stride,  
A giant hand shall grasp thy wheel,  
Thy sceptre shall be weak as air,  
Thy throne shall be a bloody lair.

“The plague shall wither up thy heart,  
The famine waste thee to the bone;  
Through the rent skin the nerve shall start,  
Thy veins a flame, thy voice a groan.  
Pangs utterless thy soul shall fill,  
Yet comes the vengeance, sterner still.

“It comes—I know the distant roar,  
The rushing of the routed field.  
Hark to the storm, whose rain is gore:  
The flood, whose surge is spear and shield;  
I see thee in the worse than grave,  
I see thee, Asshur’s trembling slave.

“Yet thou shalt live. The feud within  
Through weary years thy strength shall  
Corruption fill thy cup of sin, [drain,  
And falsehood forge and fix the chain;  
And treason in the dark shall slay,  
And thus thy strength shall melt away.

“Strike, strike, thou Man of Macedon!  
Rush on her ramparts, smite her walls.  
Now sets in gore her lingering sun;  
Her palaces thy chargers’ stalls,  
Her wealth the harvest of thy spear.  
Now, Tyre, thou’rt of the things that were!

“The earth shall see a thousand kings,  
Yet thou shalt still be desolate.  
A sand, where vultures rest their wings,  
Where the sea-eagle meets its mate;  
A rock, by time and tempest riven,  
Abhorred by man, accursed by Heaven!”  
*George Croly.*

#### 4078. TYRE, Prophecy against.

A thousand harps their echoes gave  
Along the evening surge of gold;  
A thousand galleys stemmed the wave  
Beneath the Tyrian banners fold;  
And gallant shout, and joyous song,  
Rose from the city’s myriad throng.

Yet all at once were hushed ‘as death—  
Prince, warrior, minstrel, lord, and slave;

No foot-fall rang, was breathed no breath,  
As, like a comer from the grave,  
Ezekiel’s lip and eye of fire  
Flashed Heaven’s high wrath on guilty Tyre.

“Hail, queen of glory! queen of shame!  
Thou crowned with conquest’s richest  
Whose arrow was a shaft of flame, [crown!  
Whose trumpet but for blood was blown—  
Woe to thy banner and thy plume,  
Thy throne is past, behold thy tomb!

“Thy sword hath smote Jerusalem,  
And for that smiting shalt thou die;  
Thy power be dust, thy wealth a dream,  
Thy name like summer clouds pass by;  
Thy kingdom to itself make wings—  
Now war thee with the King of kings!

“Sheba and Rama were thy slaves;  
Dedan thy fiery charioteer;  
Tarshish and Ophir’s golden caves  
Brought tribute to thy giant spear;  
The Syrian emerald wreathed thy brow,  
E’en Judah knelt—What art thou now?

“The captive’s hopeless agony,  
The blood that clamors from the ground,  
The broken altar’s midnight cry,  
At last, at last, one throne have found;  
Tyran! thy turban shall be bowed;  
That throne is on the thunder-cloud!

“Ride on thy rushing chariots, ride,  
And rouse thy trumpets’ haughty peal;  
Yet o’er thee sweeps a giant stride,  
A giant grasp shall crush thy wheel;  
Thy helm and shield are weak as air,  
Thy bed shall be a bloody lair.

“The plague shall wither up thy heart,  
The famine waste thee to the bone;  
Through the rent skin the nerve shall start;  
The world thy face of woe shall shun;  
Pangs utterless thy veins shall fill,  
Yet comes the vengeance sterner still.

“It comes—I hear the distant roar,  
The whirlwind trampling of the field;  
Hark to the storm whose rain is gore!  
The flood whose surge is spear and shield!  
And whose the banner, like a sun  
Blazing above? Hail, Babylon!

“Yet worse than war—the feud within,  
The civil strife, thy strength shall drain,  
Corruption fill thy cup of sin,  
And falsehood forge and fix the chain,  
And treason in the dark shall slay;  
And thus thy strength shall melt away.

“Then comes the battle of despair,  
And Asshur’s sons shall climb thy walls,  
And Persia’s furious torches glare  
Through ivory gates and gilded halls;  
And thou be but a mightier tomb,  
Sealed, marked, undone—the child of doom!

"The earth shall see a thousand kings,  
 Yet thou shalt still be desolate—  
 A sand where vultures rest their wings,  
 Where the sea-dragon meets its mate;  
 A rock by time and tempest riven,  
 Abhorred by man, accursed of Heaven."  
*Philo.*

#### 4079. TYRE, THE UNITED STATES.

Tyre of farther West! be thou too warned,  
 Whose eagle wings thine own green world  
 o'erspread,  
 Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou  
 scorned  
 Thy father's God, O proud and full of bread?

Why lies the cross unhonored on thy ground,  
 While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt?  
 That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,  
 Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,  
 Thou bring it to be blessed where saints and  
 angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,  
 Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;  
 But many a rank weed round it grows apace,  
 And Mammon builds beside thy mighty  
 floods,  
 O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.  
 O while thou hast yet room, fair fruitful land,  
 Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,  
 Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,  
 Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest,  
 lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st  
 thine ear,  
 Listening if haply with the surging sea  
 Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear  
 To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!

Tyre mocked when Salem fell—where now is  
 Tyre?  
 Heaven was against her. Nations thick as  
 waves  
 Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire;  
 And now the tideless water idly leaves  
 Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned  
 merchants' graves. *John Keble.*

#### 4080. UZZAH AND OBED-EDOM.

The ark of God has hidden strength;  
 Who reverence or profane,  
 They, or their seed, shall find at length  
 The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought  
 Of old its destined place,  
 A blessing on the home it brought  
 Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all  
 The holy-vestured band,  
 Who laid on it, to save its fall,  
 A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the church would cleanse, and  
 How stern the warning runs— [mark  
 There are two ways to aid her ark,  
 As patrons and as sons.

*J. H. Newman.*

#### 4081. UZZAH, The Fate of.

*2 Samuel vi : 7.*

Behold your due in Uzzah dead  
 For touching an external sign,  
 You that the priestly right invade,  
 And minister in things divine!  
 Will ignorance your bodies save?  
 Inquire of Uzzah in his grave.

"But lo! unless our hands sustain,  
 The tottering ark will strike the ground."  
 God cannot need the help of man:  
 A thousand ways with God are found  
 His church in danger to defend,  
 And bear her up, till time shall end.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

#### 4082. UZZIAH.

*2 Chronicles xxvi : 9, 10, 16.*

The star of Judah's king rode high in plen-  
 itude of power,  
 And lauded was his sceptre's sway in palace  
 and in bower;  
 Fresh fountains in the desert waste were at  
 his bidding sprung,  
 And clustering vines o'er Carmel's breast a  
 broader mantle flung.  
 He hied him to the battle-field in all his  
 young renown,  
 And wild Arabia's swathy host like blighted  
 grass fell down.

Yet when within his lifted heart the seeds of  
 pride grew strong,  
 And unacknowledged blessings led to arro-  
 gance and wrong,  
 E'en to the temple's holy place with impious  
 steps he hied,  
 And with a kindling censer stood fast by the  
 altar's side;  
 But he whose high and priestly brow the  
 anointing oil had blest  
 Stood forth majestic to rebuke the sacrile-  
 gious guest.

"'Tis not for thee," he sternly said, "to tread  
 this hallowed nave,  
 And take that honor to thyself which God  
 to Aaron gave;  
 'Tis not for thee, thou mighty king, o'er  
 Judah's realm ordained,  
 To trample on Jehovah's law, by whom thy  
 fathers reigned.  
 Go hence." And from his awful eye there  
 seemed such ire to flame  
 As mingled with the thunder-blast when God  
 to Sinai came.

Then loud the reckless monarch stormed, and  
 with a daring hand  
 He swung the sacred censer high above the  
 trembling band;

But where the burning sign of wrath did in  
his forehead flame,  
Behold! the avenging doom of heaven, the  
livid plague-spot came;  
And low his princely head declined, in bit-  
terness of woe,  
While from the temple gate he sped—a leper,  
white as snow!

*Mrs. L. II. Sigourney.*

**4083. VIA DOLOROSA.**

John xix : 17.

I see my Lord, the pure, the meek, the lowly,  
Along the mournful way in sadness tread;  
The thorns are on His brow, and He, the holy,  
Bearing His cross, to Calvary is led.

Silent He moveth on, all uncomplaining,  
Though wearily His grief and burden press;  
And foes—nor shame nor pity now restrain-  
ing—  
With scoff and jeering mock His deep  
distress.

'Tis hell's dark hour; yet calm Himself re-  
signing,  
E'en as a lamb that goeth to be slain,  
The wine-press lone He treadeth unrepining,  
And falling blood-drops all His raiment  
stain.

In mortal weakness 'neath His burden sinking,  
The Son of God accepts a mortal's aid!  
Then passes on to Golgotha unshrinking,  
Where love's divinest sacrifice is made.

Dear Lord! what though my path be set with  
sorrow,  
And oft beneath some heavy cross I groan?  
My soul weighed down shall strength and  
courage borrow,  
At thoughts of sharper grief which Thou  
hast known.

And I, in tears, will yet look up with gladness,  
And hope when troubles most my soul  
would drown;  
The mournful way which Thou didst tread  
with sadness  
Was but Thy way to glory and Thy crown.

*Ray Palmer.*

**4084. VINE, The True.**

Numbers xiii : 23.

When Israel lay in Kadesh where Paran's  
wilds expand,  
Into the north twelve mighty men were sent  
to spy the land;  
Each tribe gave in its kingliest before the  
hosts of light  
Rose up all in Jehovah's name to spoil the  
Amorite.

Down in the fertile valley where Eshcol's  
waters roll  
They felled the lordly cedar-tree and wrought  
it to a pole,

And then they turned them south again and  
bare to Israel's line  
The first-fruits of the gift of God, the first-  
ripe of the vine.

And what to us (the world exclaims) that  
vine branch borne of two?  
Oh fools and blinded! is it not a figure of  
the True?

It is the sum of all things; yea, that deed of  
prescience done  
Speaks of two dispensations and the gift  
that made them one.

They who were grace-expectant, they who  
lived and died in grace—  
They who saw Christ far off, and they who  
see, though veiled, His face—  
Those went before; these follow: they are  
all one brotherhood,  
And in the midst the True Vine hangs upon  
the holy wood. *Lyra Eucharistica.*

**4085. VINEYARD, The Rented.**

Mark xii : 1-9.

God let His vineyard out to man,  
His rent of glory to obtain,  
Told him his soul was not his own,  
But made to serve his Lord alone;  
He bade him feed, increase, improve  
His grain of faith, his seed of love,  
And stocked him with sufficient grace  
To bear the fruits of righteousness.

Though long He seemed as distant far,  
His vineyard still engrossed His care;  
His servant in due time He sent  
To gather in the gracious rent;  
His messenger was good desires,  
With which He freely all inspires,  
And stirs us up to use the power  
To serve, and worship, and adore.

Conscience when we refuse to hear,  
And quite throw off our gracious fear,  
The serious thought resist, repel,  
Our heart against conviction steel,  
'Tis then the messenger we slight,  
Entreat the Sender with despite,  
By violence force Him to depart,  
And chase His spirit from our heart.

Scripture, a second servant, came  
The vineyard's fruit for God to claim;  
We its authority deny,  
And will not with the word comply;  
The word which doth His mind declare,  
We mangle, mutilate, and tear,  
Abuse with haughty rage and scorn,  
Nor make our Lord the least return.

The Lord, whose mercies never end,  
More messengers vouchsafed to send;  
By teachers His demands made known,  
By seers and saints required His own;

They called on man his rent to pay,  
They urged, "Repent, believe, obey,  
Restore whate'er His grace bestowed,  
And live to glorify your God."

But man, averse in heart and mind,  
Cast all his Maker's words behind,  
In every age th' ungrateful race  
Hath spurned the ministers of grace,  
Hated whoe'er the message brought,  
Their ruin and destruction sought;  
Truth and its witnesses abhorred,  
And stoned and killed them with the sword.

That all might savingly believe,  
And glory to Jehovah give,  
He sent at last His favorite Son  
To take possession of His own;  
To every soul He sends Him still,  
That every soul may serve His will,  
Their faith by meek obedience prove,  
With fear rejoice, with reverence love.

Murdered on earth by Jews He was,  
When once they nailed Him to the cross;  
But we renew His deadly pains  
Who glorious and triumphant reigns,  
Against His life contriving still,  
By twice ten thousand ways we kill,  
By twice ten thousand sins we slay,  
And crucify Him every day.

Ah, wretched man when God requires  
His soul, who in his sins expires!  
His soul, alas, is his no more,  
Consigned to the tormentor's power.  
Losing his soul, he loses all,  
Yet cannot into nothing fall,  
But hopelessly his doom bemoans,  
And pours in hell eternal groans.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4086. VIRGINS, The Foolish.**

Matthew xxv : 3.

"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"  
The midnight cry is heard:  
"Arise and join the train,  
Go forth to meet your Lord;"  
They wake, He is at hand,  
But they are unprepared.

Their lamps are by their side,  
But all unfilled the urn;  
"Oh, give us of your oil,"  
They cry to each in turn;  
"The flame is dying down,  
Our lamps refuse to burn."

"It cannot, cannot be!  
Enough but for our own;  
We cannot help you now,  
For each must stand alone;  
The past is now the past,  
And may not be undone.

"Go ye to them that sell!"  
But while they went to buy,

The Bridegroom came; they saw  
The bridal train sweep by,  
They saw the wise go in:  
In vain, in vain their cry!

The door, alas! is shut,  
They hear the festal strain,  
They see the virgin throng,  
To join it they would fain.  
The wise have all gone in:  
They knock, but knock in vain!

"I know you not," is all  
The welcome that they hear:  
"I know you not;" oh! words  
Of trembling and of fear.  
"Ye cannot join these songs,  
Nor in these halls appear!"

*Moratus Bonar.*

**4087. VIRGINS, The Foolish.**

"The midnight comes and my lamp un-  
filled!"

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)  
"Sisters, help! ere my hope be killed;  
Give, of your store, that my lamp be filled."  
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Sisters, help!" They have closed the door;  
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)  
Naught they gave of their brimming store,  
Each one watching the lamp she bore.  
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"I will knock, though the door be closed."  
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)  
"Lord, thy handmaid waits. Unclose!  
Around me night like a river flows."  
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Who knocks so late from the darkened  
East?"

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)  
"Depart! I know nor greater nor least  
Who brings no light to the marriage feast."  
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

"Depart! too late!" Oh words of doom!  
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)  
Watch well thy lamp, that it light the gloom  
And show the way to the festal room.  
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

*Marie B. Williams.*

**4088. VIRGINS, The Ten.**

Matthew xxv : 1-13.

Ten virgins, clothed in white,  
The Bridegroom went to meet;  
Their lamps were burning bright  
To guide His welcome feet.

Five of the band were wise—  
Their lamps with oil filled high;  
The rest this care despise,  
And take their vessels dry.

Long time the Lord abode;  
Down came the shades of night;  
The weary virgins nod,  
And then they sleep outright.

At midnight came the cry  
Upon their startled ear,  
"Behold the Bridegroom nigh,  
To light His steps appear."

They trim their lamps; in vain  
The foolish virgins toil:  
"Our lamps are out: oh deign  
To give us of your oil!"

"Not so," the wise ones cry;  
"No oil have we to spare;  
But swiftly run and buy,  
That you the joy may share."

They went to buy, when lo!  
The Bridegroom comes in state;  
Within those ready go,  
And shut the golden gate.

The foolish virgins now  
Before the gateway crowd;  
With terror on their brow  
They knock and cry aloud:

"Lord, open to our call!  
Hast Thou our names forgot?"  
Sadly the accents fall—  
"Depart, I know you not."  
*Robert Murray McCheyne.*

#### 4089. VIRGINS, The Ten.

The Bridegroom cometh to His bride;  
The church awaits her King;  
Come, take your lamps, with oil supplied;  
Oil in your vessels bring!

The waiting church waits on until  
The light of day hath set;  
Her Lord delays His coming still,  
The Bridegroom tarries yet.

And while He tarries on the way,  
The waiting church beneath,  
Impatient of the long delay,  
Slumbered and slept in death.

The virgins slept; and, side by side,  
The lantern of the wise  
Burns brightly on, with oil supplied;  
That of the foolish dies.

And while they sleep, the midnight cry  
Fills all the silent air—  
"Behold the Bridegroom draweth nigh!  
Arise! your lamps prepare!"

The wise awake and trim their light,  
Which still with oil is fed;  
The foolish wake, and all is night—  
Their lamps gone out and dead.

The lamp, the light, the oil of grace—  
There all the wisdom lies;  
It lights the dark and awful place,  
This wisdom of the wise.

The lamp that had no burning flame,  
Dead, cold, and unctious,  
Was to the five unwise their shame—  
It was their foolishness.

"Give of your oil, our lamp is shed;  
Give, for our light is gone."  
This to the wise the foolish said:  
This when the day was done.

"Nay, not enough is our supply  
With you our oil to share;  
Go ye to them that sell and buy,  
For those who sell can spare."

This none can buy and none can sell:  
It has no market price;  
Its cost is more than tongue can tell,  
This priceless gift of grace.

They went, but soon returned the same,  
More foolish than before;  
For as they went the Bridegroom came,  
And closed the festal door.

Lord, let our lamps be burning bright;  
Oil in our vessels bring;  
Thy grace the oil, our faith the light,  
And Thou our bridal King.  
*Robert Maguire.*

#### 4090. VIRGINS, The Wise.

Matthew xxv : 4.

Rejoice, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear!  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near:  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon will He draw nigh.  
Up! pray and watch and wrestle:  
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of earthly toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until, in songs of triumph,  
They meet the angel-choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up! up! ye heirs of glory:  
The Bridegroom is at hand!  
*L. Laurenti; tr. by Jane Borthwick.*



**4091. WARFARE, Christian.**

Soldier, go, but not to clam  
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,  
Not to build a vaunting name,  
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;  
Dream not that the way is smooth,  
Hope not that the thorns are roses,  
Turn no wistful eyes of youth  
Where the sunny beam reposes;  
Thou hast sterner work to do,  
Hosts to cut thy passage through;  
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—  
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest: but not for thee  
Spreads the world her downy pillow;  
On the rock thy couch must be,  
While around thee chafes the billow;  
Thine must be a watchful sleep,  
Wearier than another's waking;  
Such a charge as thou dost keep  
Brooks no moment of forsaking.  
Sleep as on the battle-field:  
Girded, grasping sword and shield;  
Those thou canst not name nor number,  
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise! the war is done!  
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying!  
'Twas thy Lord the battle won:  
Jesus vanquished them by dying.  
Pass the stream—before thee lies  
All the conquered land of glory;  
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,  
These proclaim the victor's story.  
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,  
Quit the sword and take the crown.  
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,  
Death is slain and earth has vanished.

*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

**4092. WATER MADE WINE.**

John ii : 1-11.

Marriage! sweet marriage! Cana's chimes  
Ring out their glad and golden rhymes,  
And tenderest music swells and falls  
Symphonious through the sounding halls.

The guests, a chosen, happy throng,  
Greeting and smiling, pour along;  
The bridegroom proud, the bride so fair,  
And Jesus and His band, are there.

Sweet moment! when, with mutual vows,  
Souls twin in heaven on earth espouse;  
Mix like two streams that far have run,  
Blend like two burning beams in one.

Sound forth, oh psalm! ring out, oh lyre!  
Tune, singing girls, your voices higher!  
Flow, vine-blood, from love's trysting bower!  
Let rapture crown the heavenly hour!

But lo! the generous wine is flown!  
The frugal, home-pressed store is gone;  
Confusion pains the bridegroom's breast,  
And wonder seizes every guest.

Then Mary, to her Son divine,  
Thus meekly said, "They have no wine;"  
And all the voiceless faith of years  
Rose on her thought, through doubts and  
fears.

"Mother, mine hour is not yet come."  
She answered not: her heart was dumb;  
But whispered, as she turned away,  
"Servants, whate'er He saith, obey."

Then came the impulse, and the word  
"Fill up the vases!" straight they heard,  
And soon the dimpling bubbles swim,  
And sparkle round each marble rim.

Once more the mandate, "Draw and bear  
To him who rules the banquet there!"  
When lo! a wonder! at that sign  
The water pours in purpling wine!

The awe-struck servants trembling haste;  
Ruler and guests admiring taste;  
The bridegroom hears, with brightening  
brow,  
"The good wine thou hast kept till now!"

O Thou who first, to crown man's joy,  
Thy power o'er nature didst employ,  
Here let us read Thy will expressed,  
That man in all right works be blessed.

And oh, like her whose heart alone  
Trusted and proved Thy power unknown,  
May we in all things trust Thee still,  
Obey and wait Thine utmost will.

*George Lansing Taylor.*

**4093. WATERS, Living.**

In some wild Eastern legend the story has  
been told  
Of a fair and wondrous fountain that flowed  
in times of old;  
Cold and crystalline its waters, brightly  
glancing in the ray  
Of the summer moon at midnight, or the sun  
at height of day.

And a good angel, resting there, once in a  
favored hour  
Infused into the limpid depths a strange  
mysterious power;  
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush  
again  
Where but some drops were scattered on the  
dry and barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in  
fear and haste,  
Far through the mountain desert, far o'er  
the sandy waste,  
If but he sought this fountain first, and from  
its wondrous store  
The secret of unfailing springs alone with  
him he bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend: yet may not  
meanings high,  
Visions of better things to come, within its  
shadow lie?

Type of a better fountain, to mortals now  
unsealed,  
The full and free salvation in Christ our Lord  
revealed?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise, and he  
who finds them there,  
All through the wilderness of life the living  
stream may bear;  
And blessings follow in his steps, until,  
where'er he goes,  
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom  
as the rose.

#### 4094. WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF, The.

A poor wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief  
That I could never answer nay:  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came,  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread  
He entered—not a word he spake—  
Just perishing for want of bread;  
I gave him all: he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then,  
For while I fed with eager haste  
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from a rock: his strength was gone;  
The heedless waters mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;  
I ran and raised the sufferer up,  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipt, and returned it running o'er:  
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof;  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
Laid him on my own couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway-side;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed:  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In pris'n I saw him next, condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him midst shame and scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view  
The stranger darted from disguise;  
The tokens in His hands I knew—  
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!  
He spake—and my poor name He named—  
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

*James Montgomery.*

#### 4095. WEEPERS, The Aged.

*Ezra iii : 12, 13.*

They wept, those aged patriots wept;  
The fame of vanquished years,  
And burning thoughts which long had slept,  
Now melted them to tears.  
They well remembered Salem's state,  
Ere Babel laid it desolate.

They saw the second temple rise,  
But far less fair and bright;  
And e'en their age-frozen eyes  
Dropt sorrow at the sight.  
They thought of many a vanished scene,  
Of what they were, and what had been.

Captivity hath been their lot  
For many a lonely day;  
Yet Salem cannot be forgot,  
Or memory pass away;  
And memory told the tale too well,  
For which their bitter tear-drops fell.

*H. Rogers.*

#### 4096. WELL, Woman at the.

*John iv : 5-29.*

In the hot noon, for water cool,  
She strayed in listless mood;  
When back she ran, her pitcher full  
Forgot, behind her stood.

Like one who followed straying sheep,  
A weary man she saw,  
Who sat upon the well so deep,  
And nothing had to draw.

"Give Me to drink," He said. Her hand  
Was ready with reply;  
From out the old well of the land  
She drew Him plenteously.

He spake as never man before;  
She stands with open ears:  
He spake of holy days in store,  
Laid bare the vanished years.

She cannot still her throbbing heart;  
She hurries to the town,  
And cries aloud in street and mart,  
"The Lord is here: come down."

Her life before was strange and sad,  
 Its tale a dreary sound;  
 Ah! let it go—or good or bad,  
 She has the Master found.

*George Macdonald.*

#### 4097. WHEAT AND TARES.

Matthew xiii : 37-43.

This is the field, the world below,  
 In which the sowers came to sow,  
 Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,  
 For so the word of truth declares;  
 And soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth! and is it so?  
 Must all the world that harvest know?  
 Is every man or wheat or tare?  
 Then for that harvest O prepare!  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

To love my sins, a saint to appear,  
 To grow with wheat, yet be a tare,  
 May serve me while I live below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow:  
 But soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

But all who truly righteous be,  
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see;  
 And shine like suns forever there:  
 He that hath ears now let him hear,  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

#### 4098. WHEAT AND TARES.

Matthew xiii : 37-42.

Tho' in the outward church below,  
 The wheat and tares together grow,  
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

Will it relieve their horrors there,  
 To recollect their stations here?  
 How much thy heard, how much they knew,  
 How long amongst the wheat they grew?

Oh! this will aggravate their case!  
 They perished under means of grace:  
 To them the word of life and faith  
 Became an instrument of death.

We seem alike when thus we meet,  
 Strangers might think we all are wheat;  
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes  
 Each heart appears without disguise.

The tares are spared for various ends,  
 Some for the sake of praying friends;  
 Others the Lord, against their will,  
 Employs his counsels to fulfil.

But tho' they grow so tall and strong;  
 His plan will not require them long;  
 In harvest, when He saves his own,  
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.

*John Newton.*

#### 4099. WHEAT AND TARES.

Matthew xiii : 24-30.

Lord, 'tis not in Thy church alone  
 That tares among good corn are sown;  
 Satan our hearts does discompose,  
 His tares there sows.

Soon as the amiable Dove  
 Sheds in our hearts celestial love;  
 And our cleared heaven erected eyes  
 This world despise;

Soon as our powers begin to feel  
 The suavities of heavenly zeal,  
 And stand propending to obey  
 Love's gentle sway:

Satan his force and wiles collects,  
 Loose thoughts into our souls injects,  
 Which our imaginations lure  
 To loves impure.

Thy word, Lord, in this life declares  
 That corn will mingled be with tares,  
 Thou separation dost delay  
 Till judgment day.

My God, let neither tares nor weeds  
 Choke in my soul Thy heavenly seeds,  
 Keep, Lord, what Thou Thyself dost sow  
 From the cursed foe.

From the cursed foe, for in my heart  
 'Tis he would fain usurp a part,  
 But I to Thee my heart resign,  
 Keep what is Thine.

My love shall Satan's spite oppose,  
 And if in me his tares he sows,  
 May he at judgment bear the blame:  
 I them disclaim.

Tares in the hearts of saints remain,  
 Foils to the true and beauteous grain,  
 For love they trials are designed  
 In souls refined.

Our birth propension sensual sows  
 To wilful sin, which cherished grows;  
 We all our life must God invoke  
 That growth to choke. *Bishop Ken.*

#### 4100. WHILE, A Little.

John xvi : 18.

What is this that He saith?  
 "It is but a little while,"  
 And trouble and pain and death  
 Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load  
 Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,  
 Where the steep and thorny road  
 Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?  
 "A little while," and the day  
 Of the servant that laboreth  
 Shall be done forever and aye.

Oh, the truth that is yet untold!  
 Oh, the songs that are yet unsung!  
 Oh, the sufferings manifold,  
 And the sorrows that have no tongue!

Oh, the helpless hands held out,  
 And the wayward feet that stray  
 In the desolate paths of doubt  
 And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall  
 On the lips that burn for speech,  
 And the needy and the poor that call  
 Will be forever out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do  
 Before the coming of death  
 There remaineth, O faithful few,  
 But a little while," He saith.  
*Washington Gladden.*

#### 4101. WIDOW'S SON, Raising the.

He that was dead rose up and spoke—he  
 spoke!

Was it of that majestic world unknown?  
 Those words which first the bier's dread  
 silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each tone?  
 Were the far cities of the nations gone,  
 The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,  
 For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,  
 Back from their portal summoned o'er the  
 deep?

Be hushed, my soul! the veil of darkness lay  
 Still drawn; thy Lord called back the voice  
 departed,

To spread His truth, to comfort His weak-  
 hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.  
 Oh, take that lesson home in silent faith,  
 Put on submissive strength to meet, not  
 question, death!

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

#### 4102. WIDOW'S SON REVIVIFIED.

Luke vii : 11-16.

'Twixt hoary Tabor's cloud-wrapt crown,  
 And fair Esdraelon's flowery plain,  
 Of old there stood an ancient town,  
 Where still it stands, the humble Nain.

And here a widow dwelt of yore,  
 A widow with her only son;  
 His sire had died long years before,  
 But left this child, this only one.

And through the dark and withered years  
 The mother watched her brightening boy;  
 And learned to dry her wasting tears  
 In hope of him, her trust and joy.

But when on manhood's verge he stood,  
 Fired with its first prophetic power,  
 Death chilled his free and bounding blood,  
 And felled and froze him in an hour.

Dead—dead—his mother's heart stood still,  
 Scarce quivering 'neath the shattering  
 stroke;

Her love, her pain, prayers, toil, and skill  
 All come to this! Her heart was broke.

They bore him forth, a numerous throng,  
 To rest by him whose name he wore;  
 Whose form, so like his own, so long  
 Had slept to wake on earth no more.

O God, is thus Thy goodness shown?  
 How dark the mystery, how profound!  
 Oh might her heart with these lie down,  
 And sleep till nature's knell shall sound!

But as, with solemn steps, and slow,  
 They move, her heart dissolves in tears,  
 Melts, breaks before the Lord; when lo!  
 A journeying multitude appears.

They pass the gate, the Lord draws near;  
 He sees her tears submissive flow;  
 His heart is touched, he stops the bier,  
 And speaks, in tenderest tones, and low:

"Weep not;" then turning to the dead:  
 "Young man, I say to thee, arise!"  
 He breathes! he moves! he lifts his head!  
 He speaks! he lives before their eyes!

"Woman, behold thy son." What awe,  
 What rapture in her bosom strove,  
 As, through her blinding tears, she saw,  
 And flew to clasp her boy in love!

And great fear fell on all that hour;  
 And God was glorified, whose hand  
 Had raised a seer of wondrous power,  
 And visited once more His land.

O hearts that break with utmost woe,  
 And deem perchance, God's ways severe,  
 Melt while ye mourn, and ye shall know  
 That He who smites is always near.

And O Thou pitying Christ and Lord,  
 When loved ones here go back to dust,  
 Help us to lean upon Thy word  
 Till earth gives back to heaven her trust.  
*George Lansing Taylor.*

#### 4103. WILDERNESS, The Church in the.

Exodus xlii : 22.

Entered on the vast wilderness,  
 Jesus, Thy helpless people see,  
 With comfort and protection bless  
 Thy gospel-church, redeemed by Thee.  
 A cloud by day, a fire by night,  
 Defend us with Thy guardian light.

Take not Thy sacred signs away,  
 The tokens of Thy guardian power;  
 Preserved by night, refreshed by day,  
 Baptized in many a gracious shower,  
 Cover us with Thy cloudy shrine,  
 And in Thy fiery column shine.

To all believers visible,  
 Who in Thy pardoning love confide,  
 With us Thou promisest to dwell,  
 And to that pleasant country guide,  
 Where Israel finds, of Thee possessed,  
 The land of everlasting rest.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4104.** WIND, Mystery of the.  
 John iii : 8.

Strangers to nature's mystery,  
 We hear its sound, but cannot see  
 The vague impetuous wind:  
 The Spirit's course we cannot trace,  
 The secret motions of that grace  
 Whose sure effects we find.

The ways of God are dark to man,  
 In vain we would describe, explain,  
 Delineate, or define:  
 The manner still remains unknown,  
 The sure reality we own,  
 And feel that birth Divine.

Just as He lists the Spirit blows,  
 But whence He comes and whither goes,  
 No mortal comprehends;  
 How He begins His power 't exert,  
 By what degrees renews the heart,  
 Or when His progress ends.

The soul in which His work is done,  
 Alike to worldly minds unknown,  
 To all that know not God;  
 The spiritual regenerate man  
 Others discern, but never can  
 Himself be understood.

His life a daily death they see,  
 A riddle of absurdity,  
 And quite unlike their own;  
 While saved from low terrestrial views,  
 He things invisible pursues,  
 And pants for God alone.

The heavenly principle within,  
 The spring of all his acts, unseen  
 And unsuspected lies!  
 His end they cannot understand  
 Who seeks some undiscovered land,  
 A kingdom in the skies.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4105.** WINE, Turning Water into.  
 John ii : 1-11.

The Lord of life among them rests,  
 They quaff the merry wine;  
 They do not know, those wedding guests,  
 The present power Divine.

Believe on such a group He smiled,  
 Though He might sigh the while;  
 Believe not sweet-souled Mary's child  
 Was born without a smile.

He saw the pitchers high upturned,  
 The last red drops to pour;  
 His mother's cheek with triumph burned,  
 And expectation wore.

He knew the prayer her bosom housed;  
 He read it in her eyes;  
 Her hopes in Him sad thoughts have roused,  
 Before her words arise.

"They have no wine," her shy lips said,  
 With prayer but half begun;  
 Her eyes went on, "Lift up Thy head,  
 Show what Thou art, my son!"

A vision rose before His eyes,  
 The cross, the waiting tomb,  
 The people's rage, the darkened skies,  
 His unavoided doom.

"Ah, woman-heart! what end is set  
 Common to thee and Me?  
 My hour of honor is not yet,  
 'Twill come too soon for thee."

The word was dark, the tone was kind;  
 His heart the mother knew;  
 And still his eyes more sweetly shined,  
 His voice more gentle grew.

Another, on the word intent,  
 Had heard refusal there;  
 His mother heard a full consent,  
 A sweetly answered prayer.

"Whate'er He saith unto you, do."  
 Fast flowed the grapes divine;  
 Though then, as now, not many knew  
 Who made the water wine.

*George Macdonald.*

**4106.** WINEPRESS, Christ Treading the.  
 Isaiah lxiii : 3.

The winepress, the winepress!  
 The voice is from God;  
 The floor of His fury  
 Is now to be trod;  
 The sins of all nations  
 Are full to o'erflowing;  
 And the blast of His anger  
 From heaven is blowing.

The thunder, the thunder!  
 A firmament burns:  
 All nature in wonder  
 To trembling turns;  
 Forked flashes of lightning  
 Illumine the skies,  
 As the universe brightening  
 In agony dies.

The angels, the angels!  
 They ride on the storm,  
 And their Maker's commandments  
 Prepare to perform;  
 To punish the guilty,  
 To utter the ban,  
 And empty their vials  
 Of vengeance on man.

The victim, the victim!  
 Behold He is here;  
 He looks on the tempest,  
 Its clouds disappear:

In the red robe of scourging  
Triumphant He stands,  
And blots out the sentence  
With blood on His hands.  
Roll backward, roll backward!  
Thou ocean of ire;  
Ye bolts of bright vengeance,  
In silence expire:

One drop of this purple  
Which Jesus has spilt  
Has ransomed His people,  
And paid for their guilt,

*M. Bridges.*

**4107. WINGS,** Longing for.  
Psalms iv : 6.

Oh for a wing—a plumed wing,  
Plucked from the bird of Jove,  
To bear my upward wandering  
To realms of perfect love!

Too long through dubious wilds I've strayed,  
Too long in error's night,  
Too long in sandy deserts stayed,  
Now upward be my flight.

I'm weary with earth's sorrowing,  
With dreary doubts I'm worn,  
Oh for a wing—a plumed wing,  
Fire-tipt—and upward borne.

Torn from the raven of the cloud  
With lightning in its sweep,  
That wing upon the tempest loud  
Its upward path would keep.

Nearer my Saviour's upper throne,  
Nearer the gates of light,  
That wing shall bear me up alone  
In my ecstatic flight.

*John Newland Maffitt.*

**4108. WISE MEN,** Song of the.  
Matthew ii : 10.

Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,  
Though clothed in the robe of humanity;  
Though mean Thine attire, and low Thine  
abode,  
We own Thy presence, incarnate God!

We have left the land of our sires afar,  
'Neath the blessed beams of Thine own birth-  
Our spicy groves, and balmy bowers, [star,  
Perfumed by the sweets of Amra flowers;  
Our seas of pearl, and palmy isles,  
And our crystal lake, which in beauty smiles,  
Our silver streams, and our cloudless skies,  
And the radiant forms, and the starry eyes  
That lit up our earthly paradise!

We have turned us away from the fragrant  
East,  
For the desert sand and the arid waste,  
We have forded the torrent, and passed the  
And the chilly mountain solitudes, [floods,

And the tiger's lair, and the lion's den,  
And the wilder haunts of savage men,  
Till Thine advent star its glories shed  
On the humble roof, and the lowly bed,  
That shelters, Lord, Thy blessed head!

Son of the Highest! we worship Thee,  
Though Thy glories are veiled in humanity!  
Though mean Thine attire, and low Thine  
abode,

We hail Thine advent, eternal God!

*David Vedder.*

**4109. WORTHIES,** Christ with the.  
Daniel iii : 25.

Never was a stranger story by the pen of  
prophet told,  
In that grandest of all histories, the Won-  
der-Book of old,  
Than the story of the Hebrews, in the fiery  
furnace's glow,  
When a spirit walked with Shadrack, Me-  
schak, and Abednego.

Much I marvel how the monarch called that  
fourth one by His name,  
When as yet so many years must pass before  
Messiah came  
As the Lord of light and glory, with the  
sons of men to talk,  
And with carpenters and fishermen by Gali-  
lee to walk.

O Thou crucified and risen, when eternity  
began  
Thou wert counselling the Godhead for the  
happiness of man;  
From the rolling world's creation has Thy  
precious blood been shed,  
And a thorny crown been plaited for a more  
than kingly head!

In the furnace of affliction though my soul  
be sorely tried,  
I shall never be quite overcome with Jesus  
by my side;  
For may not a sinful soul to-day as well the  
Master know  
As the wicked King of Babylon three thou-  
sand years ago?

*Simcon Tucker Clark.*

**4110. ZACCHEUS.**

Luke xix : 1-6.

Zaccheus climbed the tree,  
And thought himself unknown;  
But how surprised was he,  
When Jesus called him down!  
The Lord beheld him, though concealed,  
And by a word His power revealed.

Wonder and joy at once  
Were painted in his face;  
"Does He my name pronounce,  
And does He know my case?  
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?  
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

Thus were the gospels preached,  
And sinners come to hear;  
The hearts of some are reached  
Before they are aware.

The word directly speaks to them,  
And seems to point them out by name.

'Tis curiosity  
Oft brings them in the way,  
Only the man to see,  
And hear what he can say.  
But how the sinner starts to find  
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

His long-forgotten faults  
Are brought again in view,  
And all his secret thoughts  
Revealed in public too;  
Though compassed with a crowd about,  
The searching word has found him out.

While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow fills his heart,  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart.  
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest,  
*John Newton.*

#### 4111. ZACCHEUS.

He sought the Saviour's face to see,  
Ard climbed the sycamore, that he,  
Secure above the crowding mass,  
Might mark the wondrous Prophet pass.

Stinted in soul, dishonest, mean,  
A publican; worse than unclean  
Was he; the people's common hate,  
Beyond the heathen in the gate.

Yet he must needs that face behold,  
Of more, said Fame, than human mould;  
And hark! a thousand voices' hum  
Heralds his coming! see him come—

The theme of David's chorded lyre,  
Of whom spake seers in words of fire;  
Whom everlasting years saw shine—  
My hope, to-day, O saint, and thine!

He comes, in meek and lowly guise,  
Though shouts of welcome shake the skies.  
He comes! and kingly crowns are dim  
To light unseen that circles Him.

In auburn locks, his parted hair  
Lies on a brow surpassing fair;  
His beautiful eyes are upward cast,  
Scanning his home, when trial's past.

Zaccheus saw the Man, the God,  
Yet knew not He who toiling trod  
With weary feet the dusty way  
Was One whom eager worlds obey.

He met that upward glance with fear;  
Ah, publican! He sees thee here,  
And to the rabble's rage will give  
The wretch they deem not fit to live.

He sees!—but those mild eyes reveal  
Thoughts of a heart that knows to feel;  
He hears!—but music's self is flung  
Forth in the accents of that tongue.

"Make haste, Zaccheus, from the tree;  
To-day I must abide with thee."  
*Abide with thee!*—his heart was broke  
For sin, and healed, as Jesus spoke.

Fruits for repentance, straight in thought  
Conceived, sprang up, and ripe were  
brought;  
He stood redeemed—a man new-made  
By quickening living grace, and said:

"Behold, O Lord! the half of all  
My own the poor's henceforth I call;  
If others' goods by fraud I hold,  
I now restore the law's fourfold."  
*William B. Tappan.*

#### 4112. ZACHARIAS, The Song of.

Luke i: 68.

Born was the promised son,  
Ordned the great Messiah to forerun!  
The important tablet brought;  
Lo! by the father wrote,  
While admiration fills the attending throng,  
"His name is John!"  
Instant the power who sealed unloosed his  
tongue,

When, grateful, he repays  
The gift with hallowed filled;  
And thus, with rapture filled,  
Prophetic praises sung!—

Blessed be Israel's faithful Lord!  
Behold fulfilled His solemn word!  
He comes, He comes, the King of kings,  
Redemption on His healing wings!  
He comes salvation's mighty horn,  
From David's race, divinely born.  
He comes, by sacred seers foretold,  
From ancient times and years of old!  
He comes, from every foe to save,  
From sin, and Satan, and the grave!  
The promise to our fathers made,  
So long desired, so long delayed;  
The covenant He deigned to make,  
The oath Himself vouchsafed to speak,  
To Abraham, His selected friend,  
Now to their wished completion tend!

From each fear and foe set free,  
Ransomed into liberty,  
He will grant us to approve  
All we do with filial love;  
Grant us hence to serve and praise,  
Holy, righteous, all our days!  
And thou, my son, thou too shalt be  
The Prophet of the Deity!  
Thou, the day-spring's harbinger,  
Shalt His royal way prepare;  
Thou the joyful news proclaim  
Of salvation through His name;  
Thou shalt pardon preach, bestowed  
Through the tender of love of God!

Which on our benighted sphere  
 Raised this orient Morning Star,  
 Living light on them to shed  
 Who darkling sit, as 'midst the dead;  
 Light, that our feet may joyful trace  
 The shining paths of perfect grace.

*William Dodd.*

4113. ZAREPHATH, The Widow of.

1 Kings xvii : 9-24.

There fell no rain on Israel. The sad trees,  
 Rest of their coronals, and the crisp vines,  
 And flowers whose dewless bosoms sought  
 the dust,

Mourned the long drought. The miserable  
 herds

Pined on, and perished mid the scorching  
 fields,

And near the vanished fountains where they  
 used

Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning  
 flocks

Laid their parched mouths, and died.

A holy man,

Who saw high visions of unuttered things,  
 Dwelt in deep-musing solitude apart  
 Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark-winged  
 birds,

Intractable and fierce, were strangely moved  
 To shun the hoarse cries of their callow  
 brood,

And night and morning lay their gathered  
 spoils

Down at his feet. So of the brook he drank,  
 Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender rill  
 Which, singing, used to glide to Jordan's  
 breast.

Then, warned of God, he rose and went his  
 way

Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the gates  
 Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell  
 Where a pale, drooping widow, in the depth  
 Of desolate and hopeless poverty,  
 Prepared the last scant morsel for her son,  
 That he might eat and die.

The man of God,

Entering, requested food. Whether that germ  
 Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs  
 Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves it  
 strong

For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,  
 Sprang up at his appeal, or whether He  
 Who ruled the ravens wrought within her  
 heart,

I cannot say, but to the stranger's hand  
 She gave the bread. Then, round the fam-  
 ished boy

Clasping her widowed arms, she strained  
 him close

To her wan bosom, while his hollow eye  
 Wondering and wishfully regarded her  
 With ill-subdued reproach.

A blessing fell

From the majestic guest, and every morn  
 The empty store which she had wept at eve,  
 Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy

That ancient Israel felt when round their  
 camp

The manna lay like dew. Thus many days  
 They fed, and the poor famine-stricken boy  
 Looked up with a clear eye, while vigorous  
 health

Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure  
 cheek,

And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted limbs  
 Come like a garment. The lone widow mused  
 On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's name  
 Gave not the praise, but when the silent moon  
 Moved forth, all radiant, on her star-girt  
 throne,

Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and hailed  
 In the deep chorus of Zidonian song  
 "Astarte, queen of heaven!"

But then there came

A day of woe. That gentle boy, in whom  
 His mother lived, for whom alone she deemed  
 Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.  
 Wildly the tides of passionate grief broke  
 forth,

And on the prophet of the Lord her lip  
 Called with indignant frenzy. So he came,  
 And from her bosom took the breathless clay,  
 And bore it to his chamber. There he knelt  
 In supplication that the dead might live.

He rose, and looked upon the child. His  
 cheek

Of marble meekly on the pillow lay, [curls  
 While round his polished forehead the bright  
 Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept  
 Beauty and innocence in death's embrace,  
 It seemed a mournful thing to waken them.  
 Another prayer arose—and he, whose faith  
 Had power o'er nature's elements, to seal  
 The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's  
 dart,

And soon, from death escaping, was to soar  
 On car of flame up to the throne of God,  
 Long, long, with laboring breast and lifted  
 Solicited in anguish. On the dead [eyes,  
 Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor  
 seemed

To settle on those features, and the hand,  
 In its immovable coldness, told how firm  
 Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.  
 The awful seer laid down his humble lip  
 Low to the earth, and his whole being seemed  
 With concentrated agony to pour  
 Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife  
 Of intercession. Who shall dare to set  
 Limits to prayer, if it hath entered heaven,  
 And won a spirit down to its dense robe  
 Of earth again?

Look! look upon the boy!

There was a trembling of the parted lip,  
 A sob, a shiver, from the half-sealed eye  
 A flash like morning, and the soul came back  
 To its frail tenement.

The prophet raised

The renovated child, and on that breast  
 Which gave the life-stream of its infancy  
 Laid the fair head once more.

If ye would know



Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,  
Go ask a mother's heart, but question not  
So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul  
Of her of Zarephath in that blest hour  
Believed, and with the kindling glow of faith  
Turned from vain idols to the living God.

*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

**4114. ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN, Mother of.**

Matthew xx : 20-23.

She knelt, she bore a bold request,  
Though shy to speak it out;  
Ambition, even in mother's breast,  
Before Him stood in doubt.

"What is it?" "These, my sons, allow  
To sit on Thy right hand  
And on Thy left, O Lord, when Thou  
Art ruler in the land."

"Ye know not what ye ask." There lay  
A baptism and a cup,  
They understood not in the way  
By which He must go up.

She would have had them lifted high  
Above their fellow-men;  
Sharing their pride with mother eye—  
Had been blest mother then.

But would she praise for granted quest,  
Counting her prayer well heard,  
If of the three on Calvary's crest  
They shared the first and third?

She knoweth neither way nor end;  
There comes a dark despair  
When she will doubt if this great Friend  
Can answer any prayer.

Yet higher than her love can dare  
His love her sons will set:  
They shall His cup and baptism share,  
And share His kingdom yet.

They, entering at His palace door,  
Shall shun the lofty seat;  
Shall gird themselves, and water pour,  
And wash each other's feet.

For in Thy kingdom, lowly Lord,  
Who sit with Thee on high  
Are those who tenderest help afford  
In most humility.

*George Macdonald.*

**4115. ZERUBBABEL AND THE MOUNTAIN.**

Zechariah iv : 7.

O great mountain, who art thou,  
Immense, immovable?  
High as heaven aspires thy brow,  
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!  
Thee, alas! I long have known,  
Long have felt thee fixed within;  
Still beneath thy weight I groan;  
Thou art indwelling sin.

Thou art darkness in my mind,  
Perverseness in my will,  
Love inordinate and blind,  
That always cleaves to ill;  
Every passion's wild excess,  
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;  
Thou art sin and sinfulness,  
And unbelief of heart.

Not by human might or power  
Canst thou be moved from hence;  
But thou shalt flow down before  
Divine omnipotence;  
My Zerubbabel is near;  
I have not believed in vain;  
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,  
Shall sink it to a plain.

*J. and C. Wesley.*

**4116. ZION, Feast of.**

Holy Zion's feast is spread;  
Lo! to-day the church is wed.  
Robe of grace bessems her well,  
Sweet and loud the organs swell.  
Drops like dew God's gracious ruth,  
Drops like rain His heavenly truth.  
Lo! the Bridgroom, Mary's son,  
Healing grace for earth has won,  
Bringing, as the bridal dower,  
All the Spirit's sevenfold power.  
The life-giving feast is spread,  
He, the Lamb, once offered,  
While the Sire, the Heavenly King,  
Bids His own with welcoming;  
Abel spotless raiment wearing;  
Noah God's just wrath declaring.  
Blessing once again the feast  
Sits Melchisedec the priest.  
Abraham brings his tried sincerity,  
Isaac hope, and Jacob charity;  
Moses comes, with glory rayed,  
Joshua who the sun's course stayed.  
Youthful David smites the foe;  
Royal David's sweet Psalms flow.  
Joined the Law and Prophets stand  
By the Gospel's golden band.  
O'er earth and heaven His blessings fall,  
His fulness, who is All in all.

*From the Latin, tr. by P. Onslow.*

**4117. ZION, Hoping for.**

O Zion on the sacred hills,  
Fair mystery of mysteries!  
The noon of God her presence fills,  
The city of our solemnities.

O shall I up her pathways wend,  
And hear afar the rapt strange hymn,  
Where shooting rainbow-lights ascend  
Above the chanting seraphim?

Her golden gates all ills outbar;  
The shining river through her fleets  
In palmy shade; and angels are  
The common people of her streets.

I know not how, if unaware  
I met the Christ 'neath some fair tree,  
To hear Him speak my soul could bear,  
Nor die of joy and no more be.

But since thou knowest, who dost afford  
This boon above all other grace,  
I trust, even I, to see the Lord,  
And bear the beauty of His face.

*Holy Songs.*

**4118. ZION, Restoration of.**

But who shall see the glorious day  
When, throned on Zion's brow,  
The Lord shall rend that veil away  
Which hides the nations now?  
When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of His rebuke shall lie;  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn  
Beneath the heathen's chain;  
Thy days of splendor shall return,  
And all be new again.  
The fount of life shall then be quaffed  
In peace by all who come;  
And every wind that blows shall waft  
Some long-lost exile home.

*Thomas Moore.*

**4119. ZION, The Heavenly.**

To Zion beckoning friends invite,  
In David's city wait,  
Whose builder is the Source of light,  
The precious Cross her gate.

With living stones her walls are gay,  
Her guard the joyous King,  
Within her courts is endless day  
And smiles eternal spring.

There love unbroken peace maintains,  
And bloom unfading flowers,  
While ceaseless glide seraphic strains  
Along the gladsome hours.

There naught corrupts, nor aught is vile,  
Nor ever ills befall,  
Naught enters there that can defile,  
But Christ is All in all.

*Hildebert, tr. by N. B. Smithers.*

**4120. ZOAR, Lot in.**

Genesis xix : 17-22.

"Angel of wrath! why linger in mid-air,  
While the devoted city's cry  
Louder and louder swells? and canst thou  
Thy full-charged vial standing by?" [spare,  
Thus, with stern voice, unsparing Justice  
pleads,

He hears her not—with softened gaze  
His eye is following where sweet Mercy leads,  
Until she give the sign, his fury stays.

Guided by her, along the mountain road,  
Far through the twilight of the morn,  
With hurrying footsteps from the accursed  
abode

He sees the holy household borne  
Angel, or more, on either hand are nigh,  
To speed them o'er the tempting plain,  
Lingering in heart, and with frail sidelong  
eye,  
Seeking how near they may unharmed re-  
main.

Ah! wherefore gleam those upland slopes so  
fair?

And why, through every woodland arch,  
Swells yon bright vale, as Eden rich and rare,  
Where Jordan winds his stately march?  
"If all must be forsaken, ruined all,  
If God has planted but to burn,  
Surely not yet th' avenging shower will fall,  
Though to my home for one last look I turn."

Thus while they waver, surely long ago  
They had provoked the withering blast,  
But that the merciful avengers know  
Their frailty well, and hold them fast.  
"Haste, for thy life escape, nor look behind."  
Ever in thrilling sounds like these  
They check the wandering eye, severely kind,  
Nor let the sinner lose his soul at ease.

And when, o'erwearied with the steep ascent,  
We for a nearer refuge crave,  
One little spot of ground in mercy lent,  
One hour of home before the grave,  
Oft in His pity o'er His children weak  
His hand withdraws the penal fire,  
And where we fondly cling forbears to wreak  
Full vengeance, till our hearts are weaned  
entire.

Thus, by the merits of one righteous man,  
The church, our Zoar, shall abide,  
Till she abuse, so sore, her lengthened span,  
Even if Mercy's self her face must hide.  
Then onward yet a step, thou hard-won soul;  
Though in the church thou know thy place,  
The Mountain farther lies—there seek thy  
goal,  
There breathe at large, o'erpast thy danger-  
ous race.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look  
When hearts are of each other sure; [nook,  
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household  
The haunt of all affections pure;  
Yet in the world ev'n these abide, and we  
Above the word our calling boast; [free;  
Once gain the mountain-top, and thou art  
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to  
look, are lost. *John Keble.*

# INDEXES

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND AUTHORS.

## SECOND POETRY.

Abashed be all the boast of age	<i>Bp. Heber</i>	3272	At the bar of Pilate, bound	<i>J. M. Williams</i>	3293
A believer free from care	<i>Newton</i>	3556	A vineyard planted, and to man	<i>Maguire</i>	3515
Abide with us, the evening shades	<i>Raffles</i>	3394	A voice amid the desert	<i>Sigourney</i>	3710
Above all women praised be Jael	<i>Macduff</i>	4001	Awake, arise, thy light is come	<i>T. Moore</i>	3531
Above the towers of Bethlehem	<i>Toussend</i>	3186	Awake! Behold! within the	<i>Michell</i>	3595
According to Thy gracious word	<i>Montgomery</i>	3714	Away from the city and gay	<i>Dunning</i>	3377
Across the plains of Europe	<i>Bonar</i>	3505	Away in Eastern land a day	<i>Macaulay</i>	3904
Adam all day 'mid odorous	<i>Wilton</i>	3094	"Away, or ere the Lord break"	<i>Keble</i>	3814
Adam, where art thou?	<i>Ragg</i>	3092	Away to the desert, thou doomed	<i>W. Howitt</i>	3979
A father is praying	<i>Dana</i>	3558	A weary waste of blank and	<i>Arnold</i>	3483
Afflictions, though they seem	<i>Newton</i>	3897	A widow, poor, forlorn, oppressed,	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3664
A group had gathered on the	<i>Craner</i>	3870	A wilderness of barren sand	<i>Lee</i>	3943
Ah, Israel! on thy places high	<i>Huie</i>	3974	A world of sinners once was	<i>Montgomery</i>	3324
A holiday in heaven! glad jubilee	<i>D. Williams</i>	3126	A wreath of glory circles still His		3238
A hymn of glory let us sing	<i>Tr. J. M. Neale</i>	3127			
"A journeying to Emmaus!"	<i>Clark</i>	3396	Bare ridge that frowned on		3087
Alas! how changed from bowers	<i>Wilton</i>	3093	Barabbas, in his prison cell	<i>Butterworth</i>	3152
A leper once to Jesus came		3693	Beautiful are the children's	<i>Howitt</i>	2840
A leprous soul that feels	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3694	Before the summer comes the	<i>Maguire</i>	3633
A little sparrow twittered near	<i>Foulsson</i>	3190	Behind the hills of Naphtali	<i>McCheyne</i>	4042
All day, all night, I can hear the		3699	Behold a favorite of the skies	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3682
All day the Saviour sat beside the	<i>D. Williams</i>	4040	Behold, I knock! 'Tis piercing		3245
All night long on hot Gilboa's	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	3467	Behold that countenance	<i>Sigourney</i>	4023
All of you shall forsake me	<i>Moultrie</i>	3876	Behold the Bridegroom	<i>Bonar</i>	4086
Almighty Father, Lord of all	<i>Dix</i>	3903	Behold! the mountain of the Lord	<i>Logan</i>	3763
"Almost persuaded" now to	<i>Bliss</i>	3108	Behold the wretch, whose lust	<i>Watts</i>	3907
Almost ripe was the harvest	<i>V. A. Smith</i>	3987	Behold, two men go forth to-day	<i>Maguire</i>	3884
Alone and friendless; doomed to	<i>Hatton</i>	3485	Behold your due in Uzzah dead	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4081
Alone on Jordan's plain		3695	Behold your King! How like	<i>Bonar</i>	3632
A lonely woman's feeble hand	<i>Tomlins</i>	3554	Beneath the arch of eastern sky	<i>Dow</i>	4032
Along the dusty thoroughfare	<i>Stowe</i>	3999	Beneath the desert's rim went	<i>Preston</i>	3203
A maiden, clothed in purple	<i>Raves</i>	3202	Beneath the stately pyramids	<i>Burns</i>	3736
A man's nearest kin	<i>Tupper</i>	2827	Beside the River of Tears	<i>Bryant</i>	2846
"Amen, E'en so, Lord Jesus!"	<i>J. Williams</i>	3627	Better where awful	<i>Oriental</i>	2775
Amid the wilderness, alone	<i>Owens</i>	3482	Beyond the barren mountain	<i>Kittermaster</i>	3408
Amid the wrecks of empire	<i>Chapman</i>	3527	Beyond yon straggling	<i>Goldsmith</i>	2838
A mighty storm is on Gennesaret	<i>Clark</i>	4041	Birds have their quiet nest	<i>Monsell</i>	3247
Among the tribes, the weary	<i>Gates</i>	3410	Blessed are they who needing no	<i>Williams</i>	4060
A monument of mercy's power	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4056	Blessed cross, hail, holy rood	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i>	3286
An altar rude of turf	<i>Wilton</i>	3076	Blessed night, when first	<i>Bonar</i>	3238
And all the days of Methuselah	<i>Sigourney</i>	3764	Blest land of Judea! thrice	<i>Whittier</i>	3842
And didst thou, patriarch, tread		3765	Blest Spirit, who the woman's	<i>Bp. Ken</i>	4053
"And is there in God's world?"	<i>Keble</i>	3409	Blind Bartimeus at the gate	<i>Longfellow</i>	3154
And Rachel lies in Ephraim's land	<i>Knox</i>	3910	Blood is the price of heaven	<i>Faber</i>	3196
And this is Tyre, the mighty mart	<i>Michell</i>	4073	Blow on, thou mighty Wind	<i>Hopkins</i>	3867
And this was plucked by	<i>Tappan</i>	3462	Born was the promised son	<i>Dodd</i>	4112
And thou hast walked about, how	<i>Smith</i>	3808	Bowman in the ranks of battle	<i>Crane</i>	3112
And what is prayer	<i>Maguire</i>	3895	Bride of the Lamb, thyself	<i>Hare</i>	3940
And where stands Ephesus	<i>Michell</i>	3403	Bright as a vision, silent as	<i>Willton</i>	4051
An empire with its chieftain	<i>The Classic</i>	3517	Bright shadows of	<i>Vaughan</i>	2822
Angel of wrath! why linger	<i>Keble</i>	4120	Bright stream! whose wavelets	<i>Michell</i>	3417
A nightingale that all	<i>Couper</i>	2831	Bring forth the vessels! borrow	<i>Tappan</i>	3834
A poor wayfaring man of	<i>Montgomery</i>	4094	Burdened with our griefs	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	2825
Are thy pyramids still smiling	<i>Bonar</i>	3356	But grant man happy	<i>Young</i>	3515
Are we sowing seeds		2799	But louder yet the heavens	<i>Keble</i>	5144
Arise, ye men of war	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3778	But near where Jordan	<i>Michell</i>	3924
Around Bethesda's healing wave	<i>Barton</i>	3178	But now famed Memphis' ancient	<i>Michell</i>	3762
Art thou that Daniel of the	<i>Milman</i>	3166	But now in Beauty and in light	<i>Michell</i>	3446
A sinner blind and poor	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3157	But on before me swept the	<i>W. Alexander</i>	3127
A sister in anguish lamented	<i>Patterson</i>	3688	But the just like palms shall	<i>Sandys</i>	3691
As Jesus went into Jericho town	<i>Macdonald</i>	3156	But wherefore Peter? He whose	<i>Sigourney</i>	3875
As on some queenly forehead	<i>Punshon</i>	2584	But who shall see the glorious	<i>T. Moore</i>	4118
A sound on the rampart	<i>Croly</i>	3730	By Jericho's doomed towers	<i>J. Williams</i>	3652
A star shines forth in heaven	<i>Tr. from E. Syrus</i>	3405	By Judah's vales and olive	<i>Edmeston</i>	3985
A still dark joy! a sudden	<i>Macdonald</i>	3096	By Marah's stream of bitterness	<i>Doane</i>	3734
A storm was out upon the sea		4039	By Nebo's lonely mountain	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	3783
As, unwatched, the midnight	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i>	3667	By night amid the desert	<i>Freiligrath</i>	3330
At Elin, with its whispering grove	<i>Wilton</i>	3387	By robe or plume or equipage	<i>Wilton</i>	3111
A thousand harps their echoes		4078	By the wayside sat a blind man	<i>De Los Lull</i>	3993
A thousand lords before	<i>Mackenzie</i>	3170			
At length the worst is o'er	<i>Keble</i>	3240	Calm is it in the dim cathedral	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	3727
At night upon the silent plain	<i>Hunt</i>	3079	Calm on the listening ear	<i>Sears</i>	3239
At noon sat Midian's priest within	<i>Williams</i>	3803	Calmly resting from thy toil	<i>Bonar</i>	3174
A traveller fell among the thieves		3956	Capernaum, Sabbath afternoon	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3881

	AUTHOR.			AUTHOR.	
Capernaum's honored town	<i>G. L. T aylor</i>	3486	Flow on, for Zion, flow my tears	<i>Croly</i>	3602
Child of a mighty race	<i>H. W. J.</i>	3671	Flowers! when the Saviour's	<i>Hemans</i>	3701
Child of the latter days! thy		3809	Fond heart, when earnest thou	<i>Trench</i>	3080
Christ, our Passover, is slain	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3195	Footsore and weary, and with	<i>Macaulay</i>	3552
Christ, whose first appearance	<i>Tr. by R. Massie</i>	3261	Footsore and weary, Mary	<i>Catholic World</i>	3251
Christian, did no one, thinkest	<i>L. Eucharistica</i>	3366	For eighteen years, she patient	<i>Macdonald</i>	3199
Christian soldiers, wake		2777	For him a waking bloodhound	<i>G. Fletcher</i>	3659
City of celestial health	<i>Bonar</i>	3494	For the fount of life eternal	<i>Tr. by Littledale</i>	3853
City of God! Jerusalem	<i>Croly</i>	3289	Forth at the hour of prayer	<i>Patterson</i>	3679
Clad in a hairy robe of coarsest	<i>R. P.</i>	3381	Forth from the city, with the load	<i>Macdonald</i>	3817
Close his eyes, his work	<i>Boker</i>	2778	Forth through the solemn street	<i>Funshon</i>	3816
Cold is the midnight air	<i>Mitchell</i>	3929	Forward let the people go		3923
Cold is the wind, the scene	<i>Bridges</i>	3660	Four lamps were burning o'er	<i>Brainard</i>	3580
Come! let us wander by the silent	<i>Baker</i>	3508	Freshly the cool breath of the	<i>Willis</i>	3559
Come, let us with speed to	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3182	Friend at midnight!—that still	<i>Maguire</i>	3442
"Come near to me, I pray you"	<i>Hankey</i>	3649	Friendly the teacher	<i>Longfellow</i>	2841
Come, read of Egypt, O mine	<i>Tappan</i>	3355	From Abraham's breast, 'mid	<i>Williams</i>	3760
Come, read to me	<i>Longfellow</i>	2782	From conquest Jephtha came	<i>Graham</i>	3774
Come, sinners, to the gospel	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4021	From forth the Tetrarch's	<i>Macaulay</i>	3630
Come, sleep, O sleep	<i>Sidney</i>	2770	From Olivet's sequestered seats	<i>Cunningham</i>	3262
Come, son of Israel, scorned	<i>Mrs. Sigourney</i>	3567	From Olivet the surging	<i>Maguire</i>	3618
"Come unto me" with loving	<i>Sleight</i>	3990	From Sheba a distant report	<i>Newton</i>	3988
Commit thou all	<i>Gerhardt</i>	2852	From that mount where	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3227
Consider the lilies so gracefully		3702	From the far East we come	<i>Bonar</i>	4015
Consider whatever be	<i>Tupper</i>	2817	From the last hill that looks	<i>Byron</i>	3593
Count each affliction	<i>De Vere</i>	2786			
Courage, brother, do not stumble	<i>Macleod</i>	3934	Get ye up from the wrath	<i>Whittier</i>	2776
Crowds gathered to the Saviour's	<i>Maguire</i>	3852	Gethsemane, thine olive grove	<i>Crane</i>	3460
Cut it down, cut it down	<i>Bliss</i>	3430	Give me my portion, let me live	<i>Coldwell</i>	3900
			"Give us this day our daily"	<i>D. Williams</i>	3301
Dark Endor! canst thou now	<i>Michell</i>	3398	Go, bring me, said the	<i>Hunter</i>	2797
Dark hills of Moab! flinging down	<i>Bonar</i>	3775	Go not away, thou weary soul	<i>Keble</i>	3709
Dark is the night	<i>S. T. Clark</i>	3654	"Go preach my gospel," saith	<i>Watts</i>	3120
Dark spirit! blasting in thy fall	<i>Ford</i>	3730	Go to the lands afar		3335
Dark was the night, the wind	<i>McCheyne</i>	3800	Go wash in Jordan's limpid		3813
Darkness and silence, and the	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	4058	Go where a foot hath never trod	<i>Montgomery</i>	3745
Daughters of Israel, come	<i>Nittingale</i>	3772	Go calling ye! shall I	<i>Tersteegen</i>	2755
Daughters of his three captains	<i>Lamb</i>	3085	Go hath so many ships upon	<i>Spencer</i>	3980
David awoke	<i>Wills</i>	3200	God let His vineyard out to	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4085
David the king is mad	<i>Tr. from Span.</i>	3085	God of Daniel, hear my prayer	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3299
David, the man of war	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4046	God of Israel's faithful three	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3985
Dead is thy daughter; trouble	<i>Alexander</i>	3946	God speaketh wondrously	<i>Ford</i>	4025
Dead Petra in her hill-tomb	<i>Whittier</i>	3364	God's ways are not as our		2812
Dear beautiful saint! more	<i>Vaughan</i>	3755	God's wondrous power on that	<i>Jenner</i>	4064
Dear Friend, whose presence	<i>Clarke</i>	3216	Grant, Lord, her prayer, and let	<i>Macdonald</i>	4029
Dear Saviour, when Thy chosen	<i>Husenbeth</i>	4031	Great King		3503
Death cometh to the chamber	<i>Sigourney</i>	3944	Greece! hear that joyful sound	<i>Lynch</i>	3130
"Death!" loud and fiercely cried		3445			
Deep in his meditative bower	<i>Newman</i>	2635	Hail, King of Glory, clad in robes	<i>Norris</i>	4068
Deep thought, that from a seed	<i>Maguire</i>	2810	Hail to the hills where desolation	<i>Michell</i>	3843
Departed King! what wouldst	<i>Maguire</i>	2898	"Half dead!" Such life is not	<i>Hankey</i>	3824
Descend, O sinner, to thy woe	<i>Bonar</i>	2757	Happy, forever happy I	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3073
Dives put on his purple robes	<i>Hovitt</i>	3338	Happy he whose willing ears	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3944
Down from the slopes of Olivet	<i>D. Williams</i>	3457	Happy Mary! Oh how sweet	<i>Child'n's Hour</i>	3741
Draw near, ye weary, bowed and		3630	Happy saint, so quickly driven	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4019
Drawn by Thy messengers	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4007	Happy the souls that first	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3280
Drops from the ocean	<i>Bronne</i>	2893	Hark! hark! with harps	<i>Chapin</i>	3117
			Hark! the bells of Christmas	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3275
Each holy rite performed the	<i>Lettice</i>	3863	Hark! the judgment trump	<i>Percival</i>	3666
Each pillar of the temple rang	<i>Rogers</i>	4019	Hark! the prophet lays	<i>Bickersteth</i>	3345
Each single soul is as a separate	<i>Clark</i>	3528	Hark through the lonely waste	<i>Mant</i>	3629
Elijah's example declares	<i>Newton</i>	3373	Hast thou not seen at break	<i>Mrs. Alexander</i>	3399
Elisha, struck with grief	<i>Newton</i>	3383	Hast thou, then, been hired to		3677
Emerging from the whirlwind	<i>Hoyle</i>	3724	Hath the Master bidden	<i>Crane</i>	3981
Entered in the vast wilderness	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4103	Hear, after Jacob parted from	<i>Clarke</i>	3548
Entered the holy place	<i>Wes. Hymns</i>	3249	Hear what the desolate Rizpah	<i>Bryant</i>	3936
Enthroned upon the mountains	<i>L. Messianica</i>	3805	Heard ye, from Ramah's ruined	<i>Doane</i>	3918
Entreat me not to leave thee	<i>Crosby</i>	3950	Hearst thou that solemn	<i>Pierpont</i>	3862
Ere Moses could the prison-doors	<i>Wilton</i>	3791	Heaven is not reached at a single	<i>Holland</i>	3492
Esdrae'l's plain still boasts	<i>Michell</i>	3411	Heaven's favorite down a	<i>Wilton</i>	3648
Even thus amid thy pride	<i>Milnan</i>	3100	He came not with his heavenly	<i>Doane</i>	3105
			He climbed the mountain, and	<i>Montgomery</i>	3787
Faint on Rephaim's sultry side	<i>Lyte</i>	3312	He cometh! He cometh	<i>Greenwood</i>	3509
Fair gardens, shining streams	<i>T. Moore</i>	3641	He cometh not, although we	<i>Punshon</i>	3685
Fair fountains of Jerusalem	<i>Strickland</i>	3703	He fled! Ah! whither	<i>Bird</i>	3308
Faithful teacher, mighty Paul	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i>	3857	He hath at last his heart's desire	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3563
Fallen is stately Babylon		3140	He is coming and the tidings	<i>Bonar</i>	3908
Fallen is thy throne, O Israel	<i>T. Moore</i>	3529	He is gone—we heard Him say	<i>Stanley</i>	3125
Fallen on Zion's battlefield	<i>Maffitt</i>	3766	He journeyed on to Galilee	<i>Tappan</i>	3550
Fame, if not double-faced, is		3323	He laid him down in Gaza	<i>Littledale</i>	3258
Far back in the past	<i>McCarty</i>	3183	He lays his mantle by	<i>Wilton</i>	3907
Far from a father's hearth and	<i>Maguire</i>	3901	He lifts the hands stretched	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3616
Far in the desert East it shone	<i>London</i>	4014	He must grow greater, I grow	<i>Bonar</i>	3254
Far in the Eastern wild, begirt	<i>Michell</i>	3135	He sat upon the ass's foal	<i>Willis</i>	3587
Farewell? Oh no! it may not be		3952	He slept between two soldiers	<i>Sigourney</i>	3871
Father, into Thy loving hands	<i>J. E. Sarby</i>	3197	He sought Moriah's walls	<i>Tappan</i>	4047
Father of nations! what high	<i>Williams</i>	3830	He sought the Saviour's face	<i>Tappan</i>	4111
Father! Thy Son beholds the	<i>Tappan</i>	3617	He stood before the Sanhedrim	<i>John Hay</i>	3192
Father, to that first-born of Thine	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3542	He that was dead rose up	<i>Hemans</i>	4101
Fear was within the tossing bark	<i>Hemans</i>	4044	He walked with God, by faith	<i>Wilton</i>	3401
Few ruins now those willow	<i>Michell</i>	3645	Hell from beneath is moved	<i>Macduff</i>	3384
Fled! and from whom	<i>Sigourney</i>	3242	Here it found me	<i>Cooke</i>	3309

Here much and little, shift and	<i>Macdonald</i>	3774	It was a green spot in the	<i>Willis</i>	3236
Herod heard him, and	<i>Bickersteth</i>	3631	It was a lonely desert spot	<i>D. Williams</i>	3207
High on the stately wall	<i>L. Apostolica</i>	4072	It was a sultry day of summer	<i>N. P. Willis</i>	3392
High on the summit of a	<i>Mallock</i>	3184	It was an evening in the holy	<i>Hanaford</i>	4022
His unexhausted love	<i>Cowper</i>	2851	It was the calm and silent	<i>Donett</i>	3277
Ho! bring ye forth the chariot	<i>Ford</i>	3887	It was the sunset hour	<i>Huntingdon</i>	3328
Ho reapers of life's harvest	<i>Woodbury</i>	3919	I've passed my zenith	<i>Holmes</i>	2802
Ho ye! ho ye! We return from	<i>Dunning</i>	4012	I've reached the land of corn and		3187
Holy be this, as was the place	<i>Tappan</i>	2173			
Holy Lord Jesus, Thou wilt	<i>Craik</i>	3997	Jairus heard, and doubt and fear	<i>Dale</i>	2562
Holy Zion's feast is spread	<i>Tr. by Onslow</i>	4116	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Behold		3655
Home of the Christ-child	<i>Noel</i>	3243	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Chief in	<i>H. W. J.</i>	3588
Hosanna to the Prince of light	<i>Watts</i>	3129	Jerusalem, Jerusalem, enthroned	<i>Heber</i>	3508
How bright does the sunlight fall		3358	Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how glad	<i>Pierpont</i>	3592
How changed our fate	<i>H. More</i>	3208	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! If any	<i>Vere</i>	2597
How good a God have we	<i>J. Taylor</i>	2520	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! the	<i>Hale</i>	3606
How hurtful was the choice	<i>Newton</i>	3719	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Thou	<i>Ragg</i>	3594
"How long endure this priestly"	<i>Keble</i>	3676	Jerusalem, my Home	<i>Hopkins</i>	3596
How long o'er the lake hung the	<i>C. East</i>	3436	Jerusalem, the Golden	<i>Massey</i>	3900
How long, O Lord of grace	<i>Newman</i>	3404	Jerusalem's daughters, for Me	<i>Maginn</i>	3370
How pleasant to me thy deep	<i>McCheyne</i>	3448	Jesu, take my sins away	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3176
How shall we learn to	<i>Goethe</i>	2801	Jesus, back from Gadara came	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3560
How trembled prostrate Babylon	<i>H. W. J.</i>	3139	Jesus, fix Thy kingdom here	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4020
How wondrous are the ways	<i>Maguire</i>	3155	Jesus, in Thee our eyes	<i>Watts</i>	3607
Hushed is the voice of Judah's		3522	Jesus, the Father's darling Son	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3650
			Jesus was there but yesterday	<i>Willis</i>	3683
			Joy holds her court in great	<i>Hughes</i>	3167
			Judea's holy men, in desert	<i>Hovutt</i>	3371
I call the world's Redeemer mine	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3626			
I cannot choose, I should have	<i>Mason</i>	3740	Kindled from heaven, the mystic	<i>A. Smith</i>	3431
I cannot look above and see	<i>Croswell</i>	3283	King of kings, Jehovah	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3673
I dwell among mine own	<i>Taylor</i>	3991	King of the dead! how long shall	<i>Croly</i>	3532
If a liar accusest thee	<i>Tupper</i>	2763	Knelling on the earth, He prays	<i>Bonar</i>	3252
If but one Christian soul appear	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3833	Knocking, knocking, who is	<i>Stowe</i>	3246
If e'er I fall beneath Thy rod	<i>Newman</i>	3311	Knolest thou the	<i>Young</i>	2792
If for a world	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2789			
If I might guess, then guess I	<i>Macdonald</i>	3339	Lament, lament; look, look	<i>Quarles</i>	3091
If the Lord our leader be	<i>Newton</i>	3544	Land of the sunny East, where	<i>Mallock</i>	3844
If thou wilt indeed and truly	<i>Tr. by Worsley</i>	3287	Latest born of Jesse's race	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	3302
I have a wondrous house to build	<i>Mackay</i>	3511	Led by his God, on Pisgah's	<i>McCartee</i>	3789
I hear the tinkling camel's bell	<i>Upham</i>	3549	Lend me the key which opens the	<i>I. Williams</i>	3419
I heard a trumpet sound	<i>Croly</i>	4070	Let not the sceptic's ignorance	<i>Rolland</i>	3769
I looked on the dead, and		3698	Lift your glad voices in triumph	<i>Ware</i>	3256
Immortal infamy is his	<i>Tappan</i>	3888	Light of the Kosmos	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3266
Imperial Persia, bowed to	<i>Wilton</i>	3900	Like an arrow from the quiver	<i>Anderson</i>	3644
In a garden man was placed	<i>Montgomery</i>	3451	Like an arrow through the air	<i>Aird</i>	3119
In a napkin smooth and white		4033	"Little chamber" built "upon"	<i>Wilton</i>	3390
In anxious haste at God's	<i>Blenkinsopp</i>	3855	Little store of wealth have I	<i>Dorr</i>	3499
In Babylon they sat and wept	<i>Montgomery</i>	3625	Lo! in longing hope I stand	<i>C. Wesley</i>	3230
In Bethlehem He first arose	<i>Tr. Frothingham</i>	3181	Lo! in the moonless night		3244
In cloud by day, in fire by night	<i>Wolcott</i>	3282	Lo the day-star's golden car	<i>Clark</i>	3937
In doubt, in weariness, in we		3326	Lo to the pious monarch stands	<i>C. Wesley</i>	4009
In Elah's vale, at summer eve	<i>Nicholas</i>	3363	Long hath the crescent's	<i>Tappan</i>	3850
In His fields the Master walketh	<i>Mrs. Craik</i>	3490	Long-suffering God, Thou	<i>Maguire</i>	3585
In Israel's fame by silent night	<i>Cawood</i>	3966	Look at His train, the dead are		4059
In Judah's halls the harp is	<i>Lon. Keepsake</i>	3799	Looking backward, backward	<i>E. A.</i>	3500
In our museum galleries to-day	<i>Rossetti</i>	3826	Lord! it is good for us to be	<i>Stonley</i>	3222
In some wild Eastern legend the		4093	Lord, regard my earnest cry	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4099
In St. Luke's Gospel we are told	<i>Longfellow</i>	3877	Lord, 'tis not in Thy children	<i>Bishop Ken</i>	4048
In summer sunset stood	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3728	Lured by the grateful scent	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3347
In that last hour of agony	<i>Lockhart</i>	4057			
In the high places of the land	<i>H. W. J.</i>	3975	Macbeth does murder sleep	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2769
In the hot noon, for water	<i>Macdonald</i>	4096	Make friends with him! He is of	<i>Hunt</i>	3777
In the horror of great darkness	<i>C. P.</i>	3317	Man in society	<i>Cowper</i>	2774
In the land of Bethlehem Judah		3947	Many a perilous age hath	<i>B. W. Proctor</i>	3143
In the presence of approaching	<i>Snow</i>	3876	Many glories mingle	<i>Newman</i>	2808
In the tangled dim old garden	<i>Chicago Unity</i>	3305	Many the guileless years	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	4092
In this emblem see	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3161	Marriage! sweet marriage	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3739
In thought, I saw the palace	<i>Hovutt</i>	4076	Martha's faith in active life	<i>Holy Songs</i>	3748
In vision wrapt, by Hinnom's	<i>H. E.</i>	3346	"Mary!"—that voice is ever in	<i>Brodrick</i>	3740
Injured, hopeless, faint, and	<i>Mrs. Tighe</i>	3481	Mary to her Saviour's tomb	<i>Newton</i>	3749
Into some wave, which heedless	<i>I. Williams</i>	3647	Mary, to thee the heart was given	<i>Macdonald</i>	3753
Into the high-priest's palace	<i>Macaulay</i>	3874	Meet is the hour thy dreary site	<i>Michell</i>	3823
I read how Israel, after life's	<i>W. Alexander</i>	3540	Messiah saw within	<i>Tappan</i>	4048
I read upon that book	<i>Jean Ingelver</i>	3547	Meethinks we do as	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2785
I saw again the spirits on a day	<i>Clough</i>	3175	Midnight came slowly sweeping	<i>Tr. by Leland</i>	3168
I saw them in their synagogue	<i>Croswell</i>	4027	Monarchs are feasting in their	<i>Longfellow</i>	3264
I see my Lord, the pure	<i>Palmer</i>	4083	Moonlight upon this sacred	<i>Bonar</i>	3638
I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou	<i>Truman</i>	3608	Morn breaketh in the east	<i>Willis</i>	3083
I slept, and dreamed; and in my	<i>Maguire</i>	3868	Morn is come, the purple morn	<i>Croly</i>	3412
I stood upon the open casement	<i>Read</i>	2798	Morning of the Sabbath day	<i>Montgomery</i>	3255
I think Him David's Son	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3271	Moses, the meek man of God	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3779
Is it so far from thee	<i>Longfellow</i>	3084	Moses, the patriot fierce, became	<i>Newman</i>	3796
Is this thy tomb, amid	<i>Sigourney</i>	3086	Mother, I bring thy gift	<i>Hooper</i>	3502
Israel passed the Arabian bay	<i>Watts</i>	3680	Mount of horrors! Calvary	<i>Greenwood</i>	3211
Israel, thou wert once a Vine	<i>Croly</i>	3537	Mourn, for the land is desolate	<i>Mallock</i>	3122
Israel was a lieness	<i>Croly</i>	3705	Musicians think our	<i>Davies</i>	2793
It is a work of prevention		2850	My child! my child! methinks		3945
"It is finished!" All is done	<i>Barton</i>	3131	My feet are treading on the	<i>Neal</i>	3639
It is the same infrequent	<i>Harthorne</i>	3215	My God, while journeying to		3218
It is the secret	<i>Scott</i>	2826			
It may be your lot		2837			
It must be; and yet it moves	<i>Milman</i>	3599			
It was a day of darkness and	<i>H. S.</i>	3804			

My little span of	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2804	Oh! who shall dare in this frail	<i>Keble</i>	3735
My Saviour, can it be that I	<i>Keble</i>	3866	Old Tubal Cain was a man	<i>Mackay</i>	4071
My Saviour, what Thou didst	<i>Tr. Winkworth</i>	3158	Oldest of cities! linked with		3555
My sons, and ye the children of	<i>Clough</i>	3538	On Carmel's brow the wreathy	<i>Hogg</i>	3198
My youngest-born, my pride	<i>Taylor</i>	3922	On Gilead's hills a voice	<i>Michell</i>	3569
Near Him she stole, rank after	<i>Macdonald</i>	4065	On Horeb's brow the Tishbite	<i>Skeen</i>	3378
Never was a stranger story	<i>S. T. Clark</i>	4109	On Jordan's banks the Arab's	<i>Lord Byron</i>	3506
Next Heliopolis, city of the sun	<i>Ellis</i>	3840	On Jordan's stormy banks	<i>Stennett</i>	3219
Night, gentle night! 'sweet season	<i>M. J. J.</i>	3359	On Jordan's verdant borders	<i>Friellgrath</i>	3821
Night hung on Salem's towers	<i>Hemans</i>	3591	On land's remotest verge	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3927
Night on the chamber lay	<i>Judson</i>	3873	On Ramah's heights a voice is	<i>Bonar</i>	3911
Night reigned o'er Egypt's plains	<i>Dickinson</i>	3794	On the lone bosom of a lake	<i>McDuff</i>	2454
Night, throned on sombreous	<i>Hirst</i>	3437	On the rushing, mighty river	<i>Croly</i>	3163
Night was resting on the people	<i>Dix</i>	3514	On the sand and sea-weed lying	<i>Milman</i>	3925
"No longer let that tree remain"		3429	Once a woman silent stood	<i>Newton</i>	3822
No, Lord, it cannot shortened be	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3487	Once on a charger there was	<i>Lamb</i>	3953
No moon or planets ruled the	<i>Tappan</i>	3894	Once slow and sad the evening		3512
No, no; a lonelier, lovelier path	<i>Pierpont</i>	3846	Once the angel started back	<i>Williams</i>	3854
No radiant pearl	<i>Darwin</i>	2828	One day in the desert	<i>Upham</i>	3533
No smooth-tongued orator	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3426	One glory kindles night's	<i>I. Williams</i>	3656
No storehouse nor barn	<i>Freeman</i>	3189	One morn I tracked him	<i>Montgomery</i>	3088
Nor Pharisæ school, nor	<i>Williams</i>	3758	One of that chosen three	<i>I. Williams</i>	3565
Not as the straws upon the	<i>Maguire</i>	3504	One temple, one table, and	<i>Bonar</i>	3424
Not content with	<i>Akenside</i>	2835	Only an armor-bearer, proudly	<i>Bliss</i>	3637
Not eat? not taste? not touch	<i>Quarles</i>	3418	Only a tomb, no more	<i>Bonar</i>	3081
Not far, not far from	<i>Congregat'list</i>	3672	Onward it speeds, the awful hour	<i>Dale</i>	3200
Not here! not here! Not where		3970	Our country is a whole	<i>H. More</i>	2810
Not upborne on glittering wheels		3589	Our Lord His dissolution had	<i>Ken</i>	3930
Nothing but leaves	<i>Akerman</i>	2918	Our Lord is risen from the dead	<i>C. Wesley</i>	3128
Now in frail bark	<i>Angelo</i>	2814	Our time is fixed	<i>Blair</i>	2820
"Now say, my queen," the	<i>Jewish Expos.</i>	3776	Our weakness in this emblem we	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3488
Now upon Syria's land of roses	<i>T. Moore</i>	3689	Our years of life, our years	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3700
O blessed grief, that brings relief	<i>Watkinson</i>	3899	Over a river deep and wide	<i>Lukenbach</i>	3415
O blessed Jesus! when I see Thee	<i>Bethune</i>	3425	Over each tower a minaret	<i>Black</i>	3669
O brightest of days in his sorrow	<i>Ford</i>	4663	Palace and temple I desery	<i>D. Williams</i>	3786
O chief of cities, Bethlehem	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i>	3406	Pale, weary watcher by	<i>Barton</i>	3177
O Christ, I often think of Thee	<i>Upham</i>	3449	Passover week: strange stillness	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3519
O cross, O cross of shame	<i>Pierpont</i>	3284	Pause here, and with reverential	<i>Hoyle</i>	3806
O day most calm	<i>Herbert</i>	2821	Peace has unweild	<i>Guyon</i>	2823
O, eyes that are weary		3612	Pilate then, Jesus' spotless life	<i>Bishop Ken</i>	3259
O for a lodge in some	<i>Cowper</i>	2764	Pleasant were many	<i>Tolke</i>	2780
O, for a soul sleep, long	<i>Craik</i>	2766	Poor village, rich in name alone	<i>Bonar</i>	3996
O for a vision and a voice	<i>Hankey</i>	3725	Pour forth the oil, pour boldly	<i>Trench</i>	3855
O for that day, that day of bliss	<i>Jackson</i>	3772	Prayer an answer will obtain	<i>Newton</i>	3221
O gleaner, who homeward, as if	<i>Crane</i>	3470	Praying! and to be married	<i>Vaughan</i>	3526
O great mountain, who art	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	4115	Prepare! your festal rites	<i>H. More</i>	3315
O holy cross, on thee to hang	<i>Keble</i>	3115	Prophet of God, arise and take	<i>Keble</i>	3909
O holy Daniel! prophet, father	<i>H. More</i>	3297	Ready for battle's grim array	<i>King</i>	3206
O Israel! thy hills are resounding	<i>Vedder</i>	3468	Rejoice, all ye believers	<i>Tr. by Borthwick</i>	4090
O Jesus! once on Galilee	<i>Tappan</i>	3450	Rejoice, rejoice, believers		3104
O land of men of other days	<i>Upham</i>	3507	Remove your skull	<i>Byron</i>	2736
O lift ye the banner on high	<i>G. Woods</i>	3147	Repair to Pilate's hall	<i>Rowlands</i>	3214
O Lord our God! how wonderful	<i>Jewsbury</i>	3303	Rest, prophet, rest	<i>Sotheby</i>	3967
O plodding life! crowded so full		3613	Return, return, the way is long	<i>Macduff</i>	3902
O precious alabaster	<i>Maguire</i>	3321	Returning from a stranger	<i>Char. Elizabeth</i>	3624
O prodigal! come, I am waiting	<i>Howe</i>	3898	Rich valleys spread and fertile	<i>Maguire</i>	3441
O purest semblance of the	<i>Newman</i>	3646	Ride on! ride on in majesty	<i>Milman</i>	3582
O sleep! gentle sleep	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2765	Righteous Abel! first to tread	<i>Phelps</i>	3977
O soul of Jesus, sick to death	<i>Faber</i>	3107	Ringing out on the air	<i>D. Williams</i>	3241
O strong in purpose, frail in	<i>Waring</i>	3878	Rise from thy sleep	<i>Pollio</i>	3113
O thou, most glorious of th'	<i>Tr. from the Gr.</i>	3668	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	<i>Brydges</i>	3234
O woman of Samaria! tell	<i>Spear</i>	3954	Rise, my soul, thy God directs		3360
O ye, assembled Babylon	<i>Milman</i>	3165	Rise, O Lord! in all Thy glory	<i>Bridges</i>	3665
O Zion on the sacred hills	<i>Holy Songs</i>	4117	Rolling on, with march sublime	<i>Marsden</i>	4062
O'er the dark wave of Galilee	<i>Russell</i>	3253	Sabbath's soft silence sweetly	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3327
O'erwhelmed in depths of woe	<i>Lyra Catholica</i>	3291	Sad, purple well! whose bubbling	<i>Vaughan</i>	2074
Of all the burials time has	<i>Tappan</i>	3784	Safe across the waters	<i>Bonar</i>	3331
Of all the thoughts of God	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2767	Safe home! safe home in port	<i>Tr. by Neale</i>	3195
Offering up his soul in prayer	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3741	Said Enoch: "On this spot"	<i>Montgomery</i>	3210
Of him the sacred record saith	<i>Montgomery</i>	3151	Said the corn to the lilies	<i>E. A. Braddock</i>	3704
Of old at midnight's starry	<i>Lockhart</i>	3101	Samson the theatre o'erthrew	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3958
Oh close the book, and seal	<i>Punshon</i>	3213	Sandalled with green luxuriance	<i>Barr</i>	2708
O fly! 'tis dire suspicious	<i>Akenside</i>	2824	Satan, who in false Judas	<i>Bishop Ken</i>	3661
Oh for a wing—a plumed	<i>McFitt</i>	4107	'Scaped Gennesaret's humble	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3329
Oh for the faith in Jesu's name	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3443	Seated upon a throne superb	<i>Wilton</i>	4008
Oh it is hard to work for God	<i>Faber</i>	3933	Secure in his prophetic strength	<i>Newman</i>	3859
Oh let me not forget! 'Twas	<i>Upham</i>	3463	See and believe! it cannot be	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3770
Oh let me suffer	<i>Upham</i>	2818	See! he comes with fettered tread	<i>Howey</i>	3959
Oh let my prayer unceasing	<i>Maguire</i>	3518	See here an apostolic priest	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3149
Oh moments to others, but ages	<i>Ransom</i>	3935	See Israel's conquering captain	<i>Wilton</i>	3653
Oh not to Israel's haughty sons	<i>Madan</i>	3456	See that den	<i>H. More</i>	3296
Oh, proud was thy battle-cry	<i>Brooks</i>	3776	See the Conqueror mounts in	<i>C. Wordsworth</i>	3235
Oh that, ere death shall close	<i>I. Williams</i>	3114	See the true Elijah flies	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3968
Oh! thou didst die for me	<i>Jackson</i>	3465	See there a Jew from th' hallowed	<i>Ken</i>	2788
Oh fouch not thou that holy head	<i>Milman</i>	3978	Self-love no grace	<i>Guyon</i>	3925
Oh, when wilt thou return	<i>Bridges</i>	3890	Seller of purple! listener to the	<i>Tappan</i>	3723
Oh! where are the reapers that	<i>Hemans</i>	3908	Serene in the moonlight the pure	<i>Osgood</i>	3501
Oh wherefore was my birth from		3921	Servant of God, thy light is	<i>Preed</i>	3369
Oh whither, whither shall I fly	<i>Milton</i>	3993	She brought her box of alabaster	<i>Moore</i>	3750
	<i>Dale</i>	3912			

AUTHOR.		AUTHOR.	
She knelt, she bore a bold request	<i>Macdonald</i> 4114	The cross is ever good	<i>L. Messianica</i> 3285
She sat beneath the midnight	<i>Owens</i> 3938	The cruel king of Egypt	<i>Burch</i> 3798
She sits beneath her with'ring	3657	The day of God's great battle	<i>G. L. Taylor</i> 3123
She sitteth at the Master's feet	<i>Macdonald</i> 3743	The day of the Lord is at hand	<i>Kingsley</i> 3216
She sitteth idly at the Master's	<i>Longfellow</i> 3172	The day rose clear on Gibeon	<i>Van Schaick</i> 3654
She stood before her father's	<i>Willis</i> 3571	The door is shut! let none intrude	<i>Hankey</i> 3398
She stood breast-high amid the	<i>Hood</i> 3948	The dove let loose in eastern	<i>T. Moore</i> 3341
She turned her from the empty	<i>Tappan</i> 3752	The errand upon earth	<i>Willis</i> 3230
Sin is composed of naught	<i>Keach</i> 2754	The "Exodus" was only the	<i>Hankey</i> 3891
Sin is the living worm	<i>Bunyan</i> 2753	The few fond words of Enoch	<i>D. Williams</i> 3400
Since all that is not heaven	<i>Keble</i> 3134	"The field the world"	<i>Maquire</i> 3344
Since our country, our God, O my	<i>Lord Byron</i> 3570	The fire of heaven breaks forth	4030
Sing to Jehovah, who gloriously	<i>G. L. Taylor</i> 3928	The flowers live by	2844
Sing, trembling Muse, how	3312	The gloom of	<i>The Classic</i> 3325
Sit down and take thy fill of joy	<i>Keble</i> 3564	The grave, that never loosed	<i>Stigourney</i> 3681
Slow glides the Nile; amid the	<i>Grahame</i> 3801	The Grecian kings of Syria	<i>G. L. Taylor</i> 5498
Slow moves our skiff o'er still	<i>Michell</i> 3447	The harp the monarch minstrel	<i>Lord Byron</i> 3310
Slowly along the rugged	<i>Bickersteth</i> 3395	The hint malevolent	<i>H. More</i> 2760
So did thy ships to earth's wide	<i>Bowles</i> 4074	The historic Muse from age	<i>Keble</i> 3206
So language in the mouths	<i>Cowper</i> 2824	"The Host of God!" From	<i>R. P.</i> 3510
So Moses, servant of the Lord	<i>McCrae</i> 3790	The hour is come! The mighty	<i>Croly</i> 3982
So prayed the Psalmist to be free	<i>Malcolm</i> 3343	The Householder in Canaan's	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 3513
Sold by them that should have	<i>C. F. Alexander</i> 3651	The kine unguided went	<i>Newton</i> 3767
Soldier, go, but not to claim	<i>Char. Elizabeth</i> 4091	The king holds out the golden	<i>Hankey</i> 3413
Some lambs are missed	2839	The king of Israel sat in state	<i>Sigourney</i> 3972
Son of Jesse! let me go	<i>Sigourney</i> 3160	The king was on his throne	<i>Byron</i> 2171
Son of sorrow, doomed by fate	<i>L. Apostolica</i> 3294	The kingdom of our Lord	<i>Maquire</i> 3736
Son of the Highest! we worship	<i>Vedder</i> 4108	The limpid waters of the sacred	<i>A. F. P.</i> 3232
Soon as they at Mount Calvary	<i>Bishop Ken</i> 3288	The live-long night we've toiled	<i>Keble</i> 3438
Sorrow is solid joy	<i>C. Wesley</i> 2787	The Lord of life among them	<i>Macdonald</i> 4105
Sorrow weeps	<i>Bonar</i> 2842	The madman in a tomb had	<i>Heber</i> 3444
Sound the loud timbrel o'er	<i>Moore</i> 3771	The magi, skilled in astrology	<i>Clark</i> 3278
Speak, for thy servant heareth	<i>Howe</i> 3969	The many-colored domes	<i>R. Southey</i> 3142
Speech is the golden harvest	<i>Tupper</i> 2833	The marriage-feast is ready	<i>Moultrie</i> 3737
Speechless sorrow sat with	<i>Kimball</i> 3250	The Master has come over	<i>Gill</i> 3229
Speed thy light course	<i>H. W. J.</i> 3342	The Master hath need of the	<i>Thomson</i> 3920
Standing by a purpose true	<i>Bliss</i> 3301	The midday sun, with fiercest	<i>Keble</i> 3861
Star-gemmed floor of the land	3849	The midnight comes	<i>M. B. Williams</i> 4087
Stately on Shinar's ancient plain	<i>Punshon</i> 3133	The mighty God, who rules the	<i>More</i> 2822
Stern, awful was thy mercy	<i>I. Williams</i> 3365	The mighty Jordan's flood	<i>Small</i> 3643
Stern remembrances of error	<i>Kynaston</i> 3372	The moon had cleared the	<i>Hopkins</i> 4037
Still echoed through the dark	<i>Dale</i> 3663	The morning broke. Light stole	<i>Willis</i> 3484
Still in the dark and threatening	<i>Barton</i> 3916	The morning saw a cavalcade	<i>D. Williams</i> 3357
Still young and fine, but what	<i>Vaughan</i> 3917	The morning sun arose. And	<i>Nind</i> 4005
Strange scene of glory	<i>Norris</i> 3354	The morning's sun rose bright	3082
Strangers to nature's mystery	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 4104	The mountain is a blaze of light	<i>Croly</i> 3267
Such as I have I sow, it is not	<i>F. R. Haverghal</i> 4010	The mountain lifts its form	<i>Lockhart</i> 3367
Suffering curbs our	2819	The mountain hides the sun	<i>Clark</i> 3458
Suffering is the work	2816	The multitudes, miraculously	<i>Barton</i> 3268
Suitable grace to him is	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 3384	The night is come	<i>Browne</i> 2768
Sunlight upon Judea's hills	<i>Whittier</i> 3390	The night is far spent.	<i>Kynaston</i> 3675
Surely the Lord was in this place	3851	The nuptial robe, which all must	<i>L. Eucharistica</i> 3452
Sweet cup of sorrow	<i>Bonar</i> 2784	The ear is dipping in the waves	<i>Upham</i> 3362
Sweet (dove) the softest, steadiest	<i>Keble</i> 5326	The pine, the vine, the cedar	<i>Hemans</i> 3836
Sweet was the hour, O Lord	<i>Denny</i> 4024	The plume-like waving of the	<i>Cleveland</i> 3949
Sweet was the journey to the sky	<i>Watts</i> 3788	The poet came to the land	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 3348
Sweeter, O Lord! than rest to	<i>Denny</i> 3551	The poor afflicted saints	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 3340
Swift-rolling clouds the face of	<i>Rolls</i> 3880	The prodigal with streaming	<i>Sigourney</i> 3905
Swords of fire around us play	<i>Edmeston</i> 3116	The rich man sat in his father's	<i>Macdonald</i> 3337
		The rolling year brings back	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i> 3867
Take not his name	<i>Herbert</i> 2825	The rose was rich in bloom	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 3489
Ten cleansed, and only one	<i>Keble</i> 3696	The sands of time are sinking	<i>Rutherford</i> 3493
Ten thousand times ten	<i>Presbyterian</i> 3075	The Saviour looked on Peter	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 3369
Ten virgins, clothed in white	<i>McCheyne</i> 4088	The seed of right, the seed of	<i>Maquire</i> 4036
Tenfold vengeance wakens now	<i>W. G.</i> 3532	The sepulchre was open wide	<i>Berger</i> 3686
Thank God, bless God	<i>Browning</i> 2842	The sky is a drinking-cup	<i>Stoddard</i> 2758
That mysterious thing	<i>Sigourney</i> 2735	The snow was drifting o'er the	<i>W. H. D. A.</i> 3389
The Advent morn shines cold	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 3102	The Son of God in doing good	<i>Keble</i> 3318
The air is filled with shouts	<i>Croly</i> 3586	The son of Herod sate in regal	<i>Sigourney</i> 3110
The ancient of cities! the lady of	<i>Hervy</i> 3779	The soul, how passion	<i>Young</i> 2794
The angel cheer His	2836	The soul in meditation here	<i>Gould</i> 3638
The angel of death o'er the	3983	The soul on earth	<i>H. More</i> 2790
The ark of God has hidden	<i>Newman</i> 4080	The star of Judah's king	<i>Sigourney</i> 4082
The babe, the bride, the quiet	<i>Bonar</i> 3914	The stars are out in their eternal	<i>Wm. Alexander</i> 3732
The banners of Israel waved	<i>Tatham</i> 3471	The stones they raise	<i>Tr. by Bowring</i> 3392
The beast that meets him	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 3773	The strong winds burst on	<i>Lyons</i> 4045
The bed was earth, the raised	<i>Quarles</i> 3541	The struggle has been long	<i>Crane</i> 3553
The better portion didst thou	<i>Newman</i> 3077	The sun of the morning looked	<i>Knox</i> 3469
The blue Egean's countless	3856	The sun shone bright o'er	<i>Punshon</i> 3827
The board is spread with	<i>C. F. Alexander</i> 3541	The sun was sinking on the	<i>Croly</i> 3543
The boat that bore the Master	3341	The sun went down with	<i>Muller</i> 3829
The boats are out, and the storm	<i>Proctor</i> 3439	The sunset is calm on the	<i>Percival</i> 3191
The boy was sad, yet fair	<i>Willis</i> 3248	The tears we shed	<i>Upham</i> 2783
The Bridegroom cometh	<i>Maquire</i> 4089	The temple once which brightly	<i>Upham</i> 4052
The bud is in the	<i>H. Smith</i> 2807	The thieves on either hand on	<i>Ken</i> 4058
The building was a spacious	<i>Milton</i> 3960	The thirty pieces down he flung	<i>London</i> 3662
The burning East hath caught	<i>Hervey</i> 4013	The Tishbite dread, Elijah, stood	<i>G. L. Taylor</i> 3370
The cheerful sunbeams hastened	<i>Larcon</i> 3389	The tomb is empty; wouldst	<i>Bonar</i> 3382
The church has waited long	<i>Bonar</i> 3099	The tree that yields our care	<i>Gould</i> 3121
The circle formed we sit	<i>Cowper</i> 2832	The twelve holy men are	<i>Keble</i> 3121
The cloud is on the monarch's	<i>Mrs. Alexander</i> 3314	The type in Moses we confess	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i> 3781
The coming man	<i>Bungay</i> 2848	The voice of God was mighty	<i>Dale</i> 3273



The voice of the sluggard	AUTHOR.			
The watcher stood on Carmel's	<i>Watts</i>	2773	'Tis midnight now, and royal	<i>D. Williams</i>
"The widow's mite!" Who ever	<i>Dunning</i>	3379	'Tis night, a lovely night; and lo	<i>Pierpont</i>
The wild and windy morning	<i>Tappan</i>	3773	'Tis night! and the tempest	<i>Croly</i>
The wild gazelle on Judah's	<i>B. Taylor</i>	4075	'Tis night: the proud mansions	<i>Sears</i>
The wind blows chill across	<i>Byron</i>	3621	'Tis noon—the sun is in the sky	<i>Dale</i>
The winds are hushed; the	<i>Croly</i>	4004	'Tis said that when	<i>Bryant</i>
The wine-press, the wine-press	<i>Pierpont</i>	3516	'Tis slander	<i>Shakespeare</i>
The wolf is in thy kingly hall	<i>Bridges</i>	4106	'Tis so, the hoary harper sings	<i>Hillhouse</i>
The wondering sages trace	<i>Pollio</i>	3397	'Tis sorrow, O King! of the heart	<i>Knox</i>
The word is not, what Christ	<i>Tr. by Cox</i>	3407	'Tis still thine hour, O death	<i>Dale</i>
The world with calumny	<i>Maguire</i>	3722	'Tis the summons to battle	<i>Bonar</i>
The world's a room of sickness	<i>Pope</i>	2761	'Tis to the east the Hebrew bends	<i>Tappan</i>
Thebes, hearing still the	<i>Keble</i>	3150	Tishbite sage, inspired of Heaven	<i>Flelps</i>
Thee, O my God and King	<i>MicHELL</i>	4055	To be baptized, not cleansed	<i>Beaumont</i>
Then came from a mighty angel	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3906	To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms	<i>Bonar</i>
Then came the word, "Elijah"	<i>Atherstone</i>	3141	To Midian now his pilgrimage he	<i>Drayton</i>
Then Jesus called His twelve	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3382	To sit on rocks, to muse	<i>Byron</i>
Then Moath pointed where a	<i>Bemis</i>	3153	To the hall of the feast came the	
Then Noah stood forward in his	<i>Southey</i>	3711	To Zion beckoning friends	<i>Hildebert</i>
Then towered the palace, then	<i>Ingelow</i>	3831	Too late, no room! the "Lamb's"	<i>Hoffman</i>
There are in this loud stunning	<i>Ep. Heber</i>	4050	Too weak, alas! too weak	<i>Longfellow</i>
There closed in sleep his wearied	<i>Keble</i>	3759	Trembling with tenderest alarms	<i>Cawood</i>
There fell no rain on Israel	<i>H. W. J.</i>	3539	Tremendous oracle divine	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>
There is a kingdom far away	<i>Sigourney</i>	4113	'Twas eve on Jerusalem	<i>Croly</i>
There is a spot, of men believed	<i>Maguire</i>	4085	'Twas here, beneath this dark	<i>MicHELL</i>
There is a spot within this	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	4069	'Twas in the solemn hour	<i>H.</i>
There is a tear that	<i>Keble</i>	3461	'Twas midnight deep; the world	<i>Good</i>
There is none like her, none	<i>Caunter</i>	2845	'Twas morn: the rising splendor	<i>Croly</i>
There is no sweeter story told	<i>Tennyson</i>	3690	'Twas morning. On thy	<i>Croly</i>
There is sound of war in Judah		3231	'Twas on that dark, that doleful	<i>Watts</i>
There on Euphrates, in its	<i>Littledale</i>	3185	'Twas Sabbath at Philippi's town	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>
There stands a tree at Hebron	<i>Montgomery</i>	3416	'Twas silent all and dead	<i>Keble</i>
There was a seal upon the stone	<i>MicHELL</i>	3497	'Twas slander filled her	<i>Pollok</i>
There was a vale where roses	<i>Dale</i>	4061	'Twas within a Hebrew palace	<i>McLeod</i>
There went a man	<i>Jackson</i>	3986	'Twas twixt hoary Tabor's cloud	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>
There were ninety and nine	<i>Trench</i>	2830	Two clouds before the summer	<i>Keble</i>
There's darkness on the	<i>Clephane</i>	3717	Two men, one rich, the other	<i>Maguire</i>
There's not a cheaper	<i>Pennie</i>	3883	Two sad-faced women, haggard	<i>Hell</i>
They are coming, coming from	<i>Swain</i>	2847	Tyre of farther West	<i>Keble</i>
They are sleeping		3623		
They are sowing their seed	<i>Broune</i>	2772	Unto the East we turn	<i>I. Williams</i>
They come from the ends of the		2800	Untrodden, drear, and lone	<i>Lynch</i>
They gathered round	<i>Bailey</i>	3848	Up a rough peak, that toward	<i>Houghton</i>
They have left the camp	<i>Dunning</i>	3301	Upborne on towering fancy's	<i>Bolland</i>
They have toiled all night	<i>Bonar</i>	3072	Upon his knees, with reverent	<i>Huie</i>
They met to part—forever	<i>Craig</i>	3435	Upon the cold, cold earth	<i>MicHELL</i>
They miss the truth	<i>J. Williams</i>	3420	Upon the hill the prophet stood	<i>Croly</i>
They say, "The man is false"	<i>Eickersteth</i>	2806	Upon the loose unstable sands	<i>H. W. J.</i>
They say we were	<i>Keble</i>	3775	Upon the well by Sychar	<i>Bethune</i>
They seemed to die on battlefield	<i>Holmes</i>	2849	"Upon us let His blood," they	<i>H. W. J.</i>
They speak to me of princely		3742	Upward they trod the lonely	<i>D. Williams</i>
They stand amid their earnest	<i>Bonar</i>	3179		
They trod in peace the Arab	<i>Bulfinch</i>	3217	Wake, Deborah! wake; and	<i>Jackson</i>
This is the field, the world before	<i>Rogers</i>	3536	Wake not, O mother! sounds of	<i>Heber</i>
This is the month, and this the	<i>Rogers</i>	4095	Wandering afar from the	<i>Bliss</i>
This Man receiveth sinners		4097	"War against Babylon!"	<i>T. Moore</i>
This, this is he; softly awhile	<i>Milton</i>	3279	Warriors and chiefs! should the	<i>Byron</i>
This youthful arm has been	<i>Maguire</i>	3718	Watch-fires are blazing on hill	<i>New Mon. Mag.</i>
Tho' in the outward church	<i>Milton</i>	2962	Water! no water! rock and sand	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>
Thou art the great Ahasturus	<i>H. More</i>	3305	"Water! water!" went forth the	<i>Edwards</i>
Thou chosen judge of Israel's	<i>Newton</i>	4098	We dwell this side of Jordan's	
Thou com'st to me with sword	<i>Quarles</i>	3414	We enter Kedron's vale	<i>MicHELL</i>
Thou folio dusk and olden	<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>	3965	We have heard the voice of	<i>Bonar</i>
Thou sayest to us, "Go!"	<i>H. More</i>	3472	We know not what is expedient	
Thou sweet-gliding Kedron	<i>Freiligrath</i>	3188	We look with scorn on Peter's	<i>Hayne</i>
Thou sweet hand of God	<i>Greenwell</i>	3678	We sat us down by Babel's	<i>Neile</i>
Thou thrice-denied, yet thrice	<i>De Fleury</i>	3670	We sat down and wept	<i>Byron</i>
Thou that in life's crowded city	<i>Fr. the German</i>	3106	We sit beside the streams of	<i>I. Williams</i>
Thou thrice-denied, yet thrice	<i>Trench</i>	4034	Weary on the well reclined	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>
Thou to wax fierce	<i>Keble</i>	3879	Weep for your country	<i>Heber</i>
Though many be the shores	<i>Newman</i>	3568	Weep, weep for him, the man of	<i>Moore</i>
Though proudly through the	<i>Macduff</i>	3845	Weep, weep for the widow! all	<i>Hutton</i>
Thousands completely fed	<i>Barton</i>	3402	Wend o'er the waste where now	<i>MicHELL</i>
Three kings came riding	<i>Clinch</i>	3707	Were not the sinful Mary's tears	<i>Moore</i>
Three times through favored	<i>Longfellow-</i>	3729	Westward of that sea where	<i>Bickersteth</i>
Three women crept at break of	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3440	What boots it, they	<i>Emerson</i>
Thrice, and no more, he sounds	<i>Preston</i>	3811	What constitutes a	<i>Jones</i>
Thrice blest are they who feel	<i>H. More</i>	3473	What doth the ladder mean	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>
Through Galilee's remotest	<i>Newman</i>	3761	What hand is this that, half	
Through Palestine my wand'rings	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3328	What is this that He saith	<i>Gladden</i>
Through Timnath's vineyards as	<i>Shears</i>	3847	What is this that stops my way	<i>Howe</i>
Thus arrogant, and thus absurd	<i>Wilton</i>	3964	What means this eager, anxious	<i>Campbell</i>
Thus David slept, the great, the	<i>Barton</i>	3812	What mighty man, or mighty	<i>Watts</i>
Thus prayed the prophet	<i>Bishop</i>	3204	What mouldering pile near	<i>MicHELL</i>
Thy beauty, Israel, is fled	<i>Montgomery</i>	3375	What of the night, watchman	
Time hath no brighter jewel	<i>Sandys</i>	3976	What said those women as they	<i>Howland</i>
'Tis built on a rock, and the	<i>Ford</i>	3521	What sudden blaze of song	<i>Keble</i>
'Tis early morn; from off the	<i>Marsden</i>	3477	What though my feet had stood	<i>Tatham</i>
'Tis here my nature's state I see	<i>Scip. Sketches</i>	3479	What throng is this ascending	<i>Clark</i>
'Tis lost, one silvered treasure	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3806	What time the Saviour spread	<i>L. Innocentium</i>
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's	<i>Maguire</i>	3716	What wail was that which rose	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>
	<i>Tappan</i>	3537	What was't awakened first	<i>Coleridge</i>

	AUTHOR.		AUTHOR.		
What went ye out to see	<i>Keble</i>	3260	Where, oh! where is Babylon	<i>Mallock</i>	5138
What wonders this, that there	<i>Washbourne</i>	3942	Which of the petty kings of earth	<i>C. Wesley</i>	3118
What word is this? Whence	<i>Keble</i>	3820	While for us life undertakes	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3263
When adverse winds	<i>Sigourney</i>	2811	While Jesus prays alone	<i>Macaulay</i>	3610
When conquering Abram	<i>Blenkinsopp</i>	3078	While Joshua led the armed	<i>Newton</i>	3778
When evening choirs the praises	<i>Robertson</i>	4003	Whilst some affect the sun	<i>Blair</i>	3478
When eyes that watched the	<i>Wilton</i>	3915	Who are these that ride so	<i>Faber</i>	3674
When from before the		3374	Who believes the prophets true	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3109
When from that home, with	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3198	Who cometh here from Edom's	<i>Mant</i>	3353
When from thy beaming throne	<i>Dale</i>	3745	Who gazes from Mount Olivet	<i>Tappan</i>	3333
When God receives his servants	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3640	Who is this gigantic foe	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3308
When he from the scourge of	<i>Bryant</i>	3792	"Who touched Me?" dost thou	<i>Bonar</i>	3491
When his reason	<i>Tupper</i>	2781	Whose is that sword, that voice	<i>Roscoe</i>	3858
When I in thy likeness, O Lord	<i>Wells</i>	3971	Why came in dreams the low	<i>Macdonald</i>	3889
When Israel heard the fiery	<i>Newton</i>	3474	"Why cumbereth it the ground?"		3428
When Israel, of the Lord beloved	<i>Scott</i>	3534	Why doth my Saviour weep	<i>Keble</i>	3590
When Israel lay in Kadesh	<i>Lyra Euchar.</i>	4084	Why rush the wild thousands	<i>Croly</i>	3623
When Jacob slept in Bethel		3546	Why tarries Sisera? His mother	<i>Gould</i>	4000
When Jesus in the wild	<i>Bishop Ken</i>	3611	Why trembling and sad	<i>Eastburn</i>	3601
When Joshua, by God's	<i>Newton</i>	3466	Wide is the gate and broad the	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3453
When Lazarus left his charnel	<i>Tennyson</i>	3684	Wings of beauty		2791
When life is forgot, and night		3433	With awful dread his murderers	<i>Croswell</i>	4017
When man was foiled in	<i>Trench</i>	4054	With brow upraised, as one who	<i>Punshon</i>	3885
When Moses stood on Pisga's	<i>Macaulay</i>	3797	With eyes aglow, and aimless	<i>Macdonald</i>	3756
When, my Saviour	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2813	With grief and blows	<i>Alger, Tr.</i>	2771
When night had spread her	<i>Freeman</i>	3825	With heat o'ercome and with	<i>Heber</i>	3924
When saints forsake our mean	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3380	With him his noblest sons	<i>Montgomery</i>	3089
When scorn, and hate, and bitter		3841	With joyful pride her heart is	<i>Macdonald</i>	3738
When the great Hebrew king	<i>Cowley</i>	4006	With pilgrim's staff and hat	<i>Rückert</i>	3180
When the great Master	<i>J. H. Bryant</i>	3194	With staff in hand, stern Rizpah	<i>Macaulay</i>	3939
When the paschal evening fell	<i>Stanley</i>	3713	Within the cool quadrangle's	<i>Brodrick</i>	2923
When the radiant morn of	<i>Bryant</i>	4016	Within the darkened chamber	<i>Ritchie</i>	3557
When the storm of the	<i>Hawthorne</i>	3615	Within the temple at the hour	<i>Maguire</i>	3998
When this passing world is done	<i>McCheyne</i>	3320	Without the city walls	<i>Herbert</i>	3097
When vengeance on her victim's	<i>Hankinson</i>	3747	Woe is me! what tongue can tell	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3957
When wine they want, th'	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3768	Woe, woe to the sinner	<i>Hunter</i>	2756
Whence Jesus came I cannot tell		3159	Woe! woe! woe!	<i>Milman</i>	3605
Where ancient Carmel, vast	<i>Marsden</i>	3226	Worthy the Lamb, to interpret	<i>Crane</i>	2974
Where are thy pleasures once so	<i>Turnbull</i>	3496	Wounded and sore I bleeding	<i>Maguire</i>	3476
Where are thy walls, proud	<i>Michell</i>	3777			
Where Capernaum's wave-girt	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3832	Ye ancients of the earth	<i>Landon</i>	3692
Where climbs thy steep, fair	<i>Palmer</i>	3459	Ye daughters and soldiers of		3882
Where death's deep shade	<i>I. Williams</i>	3566	Ye flaming pow'rs, and winged	<i>Milton</i>	3281
Where famed Mount Hor lifts	<i>Michell</i>	3807	Ye prophets of Baal! let an	<i>Knox</i>	3132
Where had thy war-host, O Israel	<i>Brooks</i>	4023	Ye who Shiloh's gentle stream	<i>Small</i>	3994
Where is my strength, my faith	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3961	Yesterday with joy elated	<i>Tr. by Smithers</i>	4018
Where is that garden	<i>Mrs. Alexander</i>	3351	Yet there is room! The Lamb's	<i>Bonar</i>	3423
Where is the beauty of that	<i>Duncan</i>	3535	Yet there is room, the Master	<i>Doane</i>	3421
Where is the gourd that sudden	<i>J. &amp; C. Wesley</i>	3636	You friend of God, for God's	<i>Ep. Ken</i>	3336
Where is the tree the prophet	<i>Hemans</i>	3733			
Where Midian's hoary mountains	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	3785	Zaccheus climbed the tree	<i>Newton</i>	4110

# GENERAL AND ANALYTICAL INDEX.

Numbers preceded by a star are in the Cyclopædia of Poetical Illustrations, the first volume of which ends with 3071. All others refer to the Cyclopædia of Prose Illustrations, the first volume of which ends with 6275. Anec., indicates anecdotes; Ex. examples; Fab., fables; Leg., legends.

- Aaron and Hur Societies, 4597  
 Character of, 6276  
 Death of, \*2, \*3072  
 Imitation of, \*3073  
 Priesthood of, \*1, \*3607  
 Abauzit, Serenity of, 5625  
 Abbott, Rev. B., Anec., 1718, 2576, 11396  
 Abdallah, Anec., 2746, 8928  
 Abd-el-Kader, Truthfulness of, 5831  
 Abel, Blood of, \*3074, 6863  
 Burial of, 2705  
   in Heaven, \*3075, \*3977  
   Prominence of, 6277  
   Sacrifice of, \*3046, \*3076  
 Aben Ezra's Wisdom, 3495  
 Abilities, Concealed, \*3  
   Concentration of, 6278  
   Cultivated, \*4, 6279  
   Difference of, \*5, \*335  
   Feeble, 6280  
   Hindrances, 6281  
   Human, 1  
   Mistaken, \*6  
   Useful, 2  
   Wrecked, 6282  
 Abou Ben Adhem, \*2491  
 Abraham, \*3077  
   and Melchizedek, \*3078  
   Equivocations of, 8510  
   Faith of, 2107  
   Legends of, 592, \*3079, \*3080, 8775, 9732, 11460  
   Memorial of, \*3081  
   Renown of, 6283  
 Abraham's Sacrifice, \*3082, \*3083, \*3524  
 Absalom, David's Grief for, \*3084, \*3085  
   Death of, \*3  
   Tomb of, \*3086  
 Absalom's Pillar, 7083  
 Absence, Complaint of, \*9, \*11  
   Improvement of, \*10  
 Absent, Faith in the, 6285  
 Absent-mindedness, Ex., 3, 10, 11, 6284, 6286  
 Abstemiousness, Example of, 6287  
 Abstinence, a Remedy, 4  
   Battle of, \*12, \*14  
   Compulsory, 5  
   Ex., 6-9, 6290-6293  
   Gain of, 7, 6288, 6289  
   Habit of, \*13, \*15  
 Absurdity, Pagan, 6295  
   Royal, 6296  
 Abuse, Brevities, 6297  
   Use and, 6298  
 Acceptance, Divine, 6299  
   Personal, 6300  
 Access to God, 6301-6303  
 Accidents, 6304, 6305  
 Accommodation, Law of, 6306  
 Account, The Great, 6307  
 Accuracy, Importance of, 6308  
 Accusation, False, 6309  
 Accusers, The Sinner's, 6310  
 Acdama, \*3087  
 Achilles' Wound, 160, 181, 956  
 Acquiescence, Entire, \*16, \*17  
   Example of, 6311  
 Acquittal, Final, 6312  
 Actæon changed into a Stag, 5747  
 Action, Adaptation to, \*28, 6314  
   Appointment of, \*18, \*20  
   Brevities, 6315  
   Call to, 15, \*19, 26, 6325  
   Effect of, 13, 6313  
   Eloquent, 6316  
   God's Favor of, \*22  
   Important, 14, 16  
   Life in, 18, \*24  
   Pledge of, 6317  
   Prompt, \*23, \*25, 6318  
   Quality of, 17, 19, \*26  
   Reward of a Good, 28, 6319  
   Rules of, 12, 6320  
   Trifling, 23, 6321  
   Universal, 20  
 Actions, Inconsistent, 6322  
   Record of, 21, \*27  
 Activity, Christian, \*29, 6323  
   Future, 6324  
   Importance of, \*24, 25, 30  
   Mental, \*31  
 Actor, Conversion of an, 6326  
 Adam, 4267, 4292, 4293, 4530  
   Awakening of, \*3090  
   Conjugal Devotion of, \*35  
   Death of, \*3088  
   Enoch's Description of, \*3089  
   Legends of, 8617, 9066, 11306  
   Transgression of, \*34, \*36, \*3091  
   where art thou? \*3092  
 Adam and Eve, Description of, \*33  
   Doom of, \*3093  
   Golden Age of, \*33, \*3094  
 Adams, J. Q., Anec., 170, 4565, 11291

- Adams', J., Pardon of Fries, 1449  
 Adaptation, Proof from, 29-32, 6327, 6328  
   Utility of, \*37  
 Adder, Sting of the, 6329  
 Addison, Joseph, Anec., 4356, 8000  
 Adieu, Import of, \*38  
 Admiration and Esteem, \*39  
 Admonition, Benevolence of, 6330  
   Boldness in, 6331  
   Fable of, 6332  
   Popular, 6333  
   Resentment at, 6334  
 Adoption, Biblical, 6335  
   Custom of, 6336  
   Definitions of, 33, 36, 6339  
   Examples of, 6337  
   Honor of, 34, 35  
   Knowledge of, 6338  
   Spirit in, 6340  
 Adornment, Lesson of, 6341  
   True, 6342  
 Adornments, Protest against, 37, 6343  
 Adrian, Anec., 5903, 6148, 6513, 8537  
 Adulation, Penalty of, 6344  
 Adullam, Cave of, \*3095  
   David in, 11982  
 Adulteress, Forgiveness of the, \*3096, \*3097  
 Advent, Approaching, \*3098  
   Christ's Second, 38, 6345  
   Glory of the, 6348  
   Joy at the, 6349  
   Looking for the, 6346, 6347, 6350  
   Prayer for the, \*41, \*42, \*3099, 6351  
   Suddenness of the, \*3100  
   The First, \*3101  
   Waiting for the Second, \*40, \*3102, \*3103, \*3104  
   Welcoming the, 6352  
 Advents, Two, \*3105  
 Adversity, Discipline of, 39, 6343  
   Effect of, 40, 6354  
   Friendlessness in, 41, 45  
   Hymn to, \*51  
   Influence of, 42, 43, 46  
   Philosophy of, 44  
   Preferred, 6355  
   Reviewing, \*52  
   Virtue in, 6356  
 Advice, Answer to, 6357  
   Danger of disregarding, 47  
   Liberality with, 6358  
   Taking, 48  
   Too Late, 6359, 6360  
 Advocate, Advantage of an, 49  
   Christ our, 6361  
   Faithful, 6363  
   Faith in the, 6362  
   Responsibility of an, 6364  
 Advocates, Two, 6365  
 Æacus' Prayer, 4580  
 Æneas, Piety of, 4443  
 Æschylus, Anec., 406, 3336, 8502  
 Æson's Youth Restored, 93  
 Æsop, Anec., 3034, 5737, 6333  
 Æqui, Perfidy of the, 11474  
 Affability, Examples of, 6366  
   Importance of, 6367  
 Affectation, Cure of, 50, 51  
   Folly of, 6368  
   Ministerial, \*53  
   Vanity and, 6369  
 Affection, Conjugal, 53, 54  
   Cultivating, 55  
   Elevating, \*54, \*56  
   Emblem of, 56  
   Filial, \*55, 57-65, 6370-6372  
   Fraternal, 63-67  
   Maternal, \*57, \*63, \*6373  
   of the Poor, 68  
   Paternal, \*59, 66  
   Promotion of, 6375  
   Proof of, 6376, 6378  
   Rewarded, 69  
   Sacrifices of, \*60  
   Sudden, \*61  
   Superior, \*62  
   Want of Parental, 70, 71  
 Affections, Culture of the, 6379  
   Earthy, 72  
   enrich God, 73  
   Governing the, 74  
   Neglect of the, 6380  
 Affliction, Benefit of, \*65, 76, 6381, 6395, 6468  
   Blessedness of, 77  
   Brevities, 75, 78  
   Burden of, 6382  
   Challenging, 6404  
   Christians in, 6405  
   Cure for, 6383  
   Different Effects of, 6407  
   Eucharist of, \*67  
   Exchanging, 6385  
   Figures of, 88-90, 6386  
   Fitness of, 6409  
   Frost of, 6387  
   Furnace of, \*68  
   Graces from, 6388  
   Happiness in, 6389  
   Healthful, 79  
   Heroism under, \*66, \*69  
   Honor of, 6390  
   Improvement of, 6391  
   Jesu in, \*70, \*71, 91  
   Kinds of, 80  
   Legend of, 81  
   Lesson of, 6393  
   Need of, 6410  
   Peace from, 6394  
   Rejoicing in, 85  
   Rewards of, 86, 6411  
   Right View of, 6396  
   Sanctifying Power of, 84, 6397  
   Solace in, \*64, \*3106, 6406  
   Songs in, 6398  
   Stimulation of, 6399  
   Superior to, 6400  
   Support in, 6401  
   Trust in, 6402  
   Unsanctified, 6412  
   Use of, 87, 92, 6384, 6392, 6403  
   Welcoming, \*72  
 Afra, Martyrdom of, 7390  
 Africaner, Conversion of, 10605  
 Agamedes Rewarded, 7861  
 Agapius, Child Martyr, 7090  
 Agassiz, Anec. of, 11095, 11542  
 Agatha, St., Fortitude of, 2364  
 Agathocles' Ancestry, 9669  
 Agathocles' Monitor, 10632  
 Age, Approach of, \*74, \*80, \*81, \*85  
   Changed to Youth, 93  
   Cheerfulness with, 94, 96, 102

- Age, Comfort in Old, 6413  
 Corrupting, 6414  
 Dead, \*75  
 Deception of, 6415  
 Golden, \*76, 95  
 Human, 97  
 Iron, \*77  
 New, \*78  
 Religion in Old, 98, 99, 102  
 Reverence for, 6416, 6422, 6423  
 Silver, \*79  
 Softening Effects of, 6417  
 Traits of each, 6418  
 Unhappy, 100
- Aged, Absurdities of the, \*82, \*84, \*188  
 Conversion of the, 101, 6419  
 Death Song for the, \*83  
 Decay of the, 6420  
 Duties of the, 103  
 Heathen, 104  
 Illusions of the, 6421
- Agency, Free, \*73
- Agessilaus, Anec., 5117, 7582, 7697, 8405, 9600, 10634, 11225
- Agitation, Use of, 6424
- Agnes, St., Purity of, 3305
- Agony, The, \*3107, \*3457-3463
- Agreements, Legal, 6425
- Agriculture, Importance of, 6426  
 Nobility of, \*86  
 Prayerful, \*87  
 Treasure of, \*88
- Agriculturist, Life of the, 6427
- Agrippa, Anec., 5330, 9646  
 Indecision of, \*3108  
 Paul and, \*3109  
 Paul before, \*3110
- Ahab, Death of, \*3111, \*3112
- Ahasuerus, 6302
- Aim, Direct, 108, 6428, 6429  
 Execution and, 6430  
 Importance of, \*89, 105-108  
 Want of, 6431
- Air, Benefits of, 6432
- Ajax's Exception, 3572
- Akaba's Conversion, 1075
- Alarm, False, 6433  
 Sinner's, 6434
- Albert, Prince, Anec., 7862, 8504
- Alcibiades, Anec., 2244, 4687, 5332, 7697, 9837
- Alcohol, Effects of, 6435  
 Passion for, 6436
- Alexander, Dr. A., Anec., 1624, 4610, 5284, 11958  
 Dr. Jas. W., Death of, 7790  
 of Russia, 7928, 10400
- ALEXANDER THE GREAT, Anec., 61, 114, 472, 540, 598, 641, 671, 998, 1241, 1519, 1657, 1994, 2112, 2187, 2308, 2478, 2518, 2555, 2973, 3068, 3078, 3184, 3634, 3906, 3916, 4010, 4069, 4679, 5157, 5231, 5303, 5815, 6366, 6440, 6453, 6740, 6834, 6915, 7591, 7780, 8013, 8057, 8080, 8627, 8661, 8754, 8756, 8834, 8983, 8986, 9044, 9246, 9247, 9627, 9900, 10003, 10114, 10483, 10831, 10979, 11535, 11879, 12110, 12236, 12288
- Alfonus advising Deity, 2327
- Alfred the Great, Charity of, 7052
- Allegories, Advantage of, 6437
- Alleine, Rev. J., Anec., 5454, 7872
- Alleluia, Occasion for, \*90
- Alleluia, Victory by, 6438
- Allen, Ethan, to his Daughter, 3256  
 Father, and the Tramp, 6945
- Allotment, Diversities of, \*91
- God's, 6439  
 Thy, \*92
- Allurements, Avoiding, 110, 6440  
 Earthly, \*93, \*94  
 Fatal, 111, 6441  
 Legend of, 6442  
 Resisting, \*95, \*96, 110  
 Satanic, 109
- Almighty, Shadow of the, 6443
- Al Montaser's Remorse, 4956
- Alms, Law of, \*97
- Alphonsus, Clemency of, 7319
- Al Raschid's Feast, \*1312
- Al Sigil's Record, 10262
- Altades' Slothfulness, 9728
- Altamont's Confession, 1724
- Altar, Christ our, 6444  
 Safety only at the, 6445
- Altars, Jewish, 6446
- Ambert, Eliza, 10426
- Ambition, Carnal, 6447  
 Cheat of, \*98, \*103  
 Check to, 112  
 Christian, 6448  
 Conquered, 6449  
 Curse of, \*101, \*102  
 Danger of, 113  
 Defeat of, 6450  
 Disappointed, 6451  
 Dream of, 6452  
 End of, 114, 6453  
 Examples of, \*99, \*104, \*105  
 Fruitless, 6455  
 Ingratitude of, \*108  
 Insatiable, 116, 6456  
 Little Field of, 6457  
 Madness of, 115  
 Meanness of, 6458  
 Mortification of, \*99, \*109  
 Political, 6459  
 Reckless, 117  
 Slavery of, 118  
 Tricks of, 6460  
 True, \*100, \*110  
 Unhappiness of, 6461  
 Vanity of, 120  
 Works of, \*106, \*111  
 Youthful, 6462
- Ambrose, Anec., 4762, 5045
- Amen, Chinese, 122  
 Legend of, 6465  
 Meaning of, 123  
 Use of, 121, 6466
- Amendment, Real, 6463
- America, Fame of, \*112  
 Future of, 6464  
 Liberty in, \*113  
 Mission of, \*114  
 Prophecy of, \*115
- Amestes' Sacrifice, 10229
- Amiability in Religion, 124
- Amorites, Fall of the, \*3113
- Amplion, Anec., 2798, 7275
- Amurath, Anec., 259, 4063
- Amusements, Charm of, 6467  
 Demoralizing, 6468  
 Destructive, 6469

- Amusements, Empty, \*116, 125  
 Love of, 6470  
 Need of, 6471  
 Rescue from, 126  
 Rule for, 6472
- Amyntas' Intercession, 3336  
 Anastasius' Martyrdom, 8736  
 Anathema, Effect of the, 6473  
 Anaxagoras, Anec., 9423, 9601  
 Anaxarchus beaten, 6400, 7275  
 Anaximander's Singing, 531  
 Ancestors, Boasting of \*117, 6474  
 Ancestry, Noble, 6475  
 Pride of, \*118, 6476  
 Religious, 6477  
 Search for, 128  
 Sneering at, 129
- Anchor, Christian's, 6478-6480  
 Safe, 6481, 6482
- Andersen, Hans C., Escape, 10822  
 Andreas washing off his Vow, 5996
- Andrew, \*3114  
 and his Cross, \*3115  
 Rev. J. O., 9195
- Andromeda, Fable of, 6245  
 Andronicus, Anec., 3038, 8733  
 Anecdotes, Advantage of, 6483  
 How to use, 6484  
 Pleasure from, 6485  
 Using, 6486
- Angelo, Michael, Anec., 1169, 1826, 2060, 4382,  
 8388, 10191, 11116
- Angels, Assistance of, 6387  
 Care of the, \*119  
 Charge of, 6489  
 Defended by, \*3116  
 Destroying, 130  
 Doctrine of, 6490  
 Existence of, \*120, \*121  
 Fallen, 132  
 Guardian, 133, 134  
 Guides, 135  
 Ministry of, \*119, \*122, \*124, 136, \*3118  
 Music of, \*123  
 Nature of, 6491  
 Service of, \*3119, 6492, 6495  
 Song of the, \*3117.  
 Strife of, \*125  
 Sympathy of, 137  
 Two Attendant, \*126  
 Visits of, 131, 6493  
 Witnesses, 6494
- Anger, Benefit of, 6497  
 Brief, 138  
 Cessation of, 6498  
 Companion of, 139  
 Control of, 140  
 Cure of, 141, 6499  
 Deaths from, 6500  
 Deformity of, 142  
 Heathen Treatment of, 6504  
 Illustration of, 143  
 inconsistent with Devotion, 6505  
 Nourishing, 6506  
 Provocation to, 145  
 Quality of, 144  
 Restrained, 146, 6508, 6509  
 Results of, \*127, 147, 6501  
 Righteous, 148  
 Ruinous, 6510  
 Subduing, 6511
- Anger, Subject to, 6512, 6514  
 Suppressing, 6513  
 Treatment of, 149
- Animals, Creation of, \*128, \*564  
 Cruelty to, 6516  
 Kindness to, \*129, 150  
 Lesson from, 6517  
 Power over, 6515, 6518  
 Worship of, 6519
- Annihilation, Absurdity of, \*130  
 Advocates of, \*131  
 Impossibility of, 151  
 License of, \*132
- Anselm, St., Anec., 5000, 5324, 5427, 5688  
 Answer, Thoughtless, 6520  
 Answers to Prayer, 152-156, 6521-6523  
 Ant, Lesson from the, \*133
- Anthony, St., Anec., 219, 1512, 1569, 2322, 2577,  
 4802, 5657, 7670, 9096, 10158, 11754
- Antigonous, Anec., 6399, 11030  
 Antiochus' Stratagem, 11940
- Antipathies, Examples of, 6524  
 Restraint of, 6525
- Antiquity, Improving, 157
- Antisthenes, Anec., 4669, 6987, 7191, 8866
- Antonius, Anec., 4985, 6375
- Anxiety, Allayed, 158, 6527  
 Misery of, \*134, \*304, 6526, 6529  
 Useless, 159-161, 6530
- Apelles, Anec., 105, 529, 779, 1963, 4281, 5303,  
 8500
- Apollinaris' Martyrdom, 6488  
 Apollo, Fab., 117, 1972, 4066
- Apollodorus, Anec., 7635, 9404, 11250
- Apology, Sufficient, 6531
- Apostasy, Condemnation of, 6533  
 Crime of, 162  
 Danger of, 163  
 Deed of, 6532, 6534  
 Late, 6536, 6541, 6542  
 Memento of, 6537  
 Penalty of, 164  
 Possible, 6538  
 Punishment of, 6539  
 Repenting of, 165
- Apostate, Fate of the, 166, 6543
- Apostles, Commission of the, \*3120, \*3335  
 Fate of the, 167  
 Miracles of the, \*135  
 Pre-eminence of the, \*136  
 Triumphs of the, \*3121
- Apostolical Succession, 168, 169
- Apparel, Costly, \*137  
 Poor, \*138
- Appearance, Man's, 6545
- Appearances, Deceptive, \*139-141, 171, 174  
 Judging from, 172  
 Regarding, 173, 6547  
 of Evil, 170, 175, 6546
- Appetite, Power of, 176  
 Resisting, 6544
- Applause, Effect of, 6548  
 Love of, 177  
 Satisfactory, 178  
 Self, 6549
- Applications, Biblical, 6550
- Aquinas, Thos., Anec., 5500, 6248, 8988
- Arachne's Web, 183
- Arago, Anec., 1562, 9027
- Arcadius, Martyr, 7462
- Arcesilaus, Anec., 5211, 8953

- Archelaus, Anec., 3656, 9740, 9823  
 Archias' Delay, 4711  
 Archimedes, Anec., 11, 539, 1565, 8070  
 Ardalis' Conversion, 6326  
 Argument, Blindness to, 6551  
   Calmness in, \*143  
   Decisive, 6552  
   Gentleness in, 6553  
   Rule for, 6554  
   Vain, \*143  
 Argus Asleep, 5981  
 Aristides, Anec., 3430, 5116, 10073  
 Aristippus, Anec., 4362, 6506, 9621, 10315  
 Aristophanes on Cleon, 7690  
 Aristotle, Anec., 2174, 4800, 7191, 7591  
 Ark, Capture of the, \*3122  
   Entering the, 179  
   Import of the, 6555, 6556  
   Refusing to enter the, 6557  
   Safety in the, 6553, 6559  
 Armageddon, \*3123  
   Day after, \*3124  
 Armida, Arts of, 1507  
 Armor, Christian, \*144, \*145  
   Invisible, 180  
   Pasteboard, 6560  
   Whole, 181  
 Arnold, Dr., Anec., 3204, 10279  
   Punishment for, 5746  
 Arrogance, Growth of, 6562  
   Import of, 6563  
   Ridiculous, 6564  
   Selfishness of, 6565  
 Arrows, Barbed, 6566  
   God's, 6568  
   Gospel, 6567  
   Sharpest, 6569  
 Arsenius' Neglect, 10714  
 Art, Deception of, 182  
   Fable of, 183  
   Necessity for, 6570  
   Perfection of, 184, 185  
   Poetry of, 6571  
   Progress of, 186  
   Religiousness of, 6572  
   Votaries of, \*147, \*148  
 Artaxerxes, Anec., 3301, 3331, 8960, 10891  
 Artemon, Timidity of, 7716  
 Artifice, Shallow, \*149  
 Asbury, Bp., Anec., 1100, 6290  
 Ascension, Christ's, \*150-152, \*3125, 6573-6575  
   Glory of the, \*3126  
   Hymn of the, \*3127  
   The, \*3128  
   Triumph of the, \*3129  
 Asceticism, Example of, 6576  
   Varieties of, 6577  
 Asp, Poison of the, 6578  
 Aspasia's Beauty, 6691, 6693  
 Aspiration, \*153-158, 187  
   Universal, 188  
 Associates, Choice of, 6579  
   Damage of Bad, 6580  
   Influence of, 189  
   Limping, 190  
   Odor of, 191, 199  
 Association, Adjustment of, \*159  
   Advantages of, 192  
   Argument for, 193  
   Christian, 194  
   Association, Effect of, 196, 6583  
   Evil of, 195, 6582  
   Honorable, 6584  
   Influence of, \*160, \*163, \*164, 196  
   Innocent, 197  
   Law of, 198  
   Local, \*161, \*162  
   with Christ, 6581  
   Wonder of, 201  
   Associations, Circle of, 6585  
   Signs of, 200  
 Assumption, Danger of, 202, 6586  
   Fable of, 203  
   Failure of, 6587  
   Oriental, 6588  
 Assurance, Abiding, 6590  
   Absence of, 6591  
   Boldness of, 204  
   Certain, 212, 6592, 6594  
   denounced, 206  
   Experience of, 207  
   Faith and, 6593  
   False, 208  
   Ground of, 209  
   Happiness of, 6595  
   in Death, 205  
   Joy of, 210, 6596  
   Question of, 6597  
   Reception of, 211  
   Self-deception in, 213  
   Type of, 6598  
   Uncertain of, 6599  
   Variable, 214  
 Astor, J. J., Success of, 3655, 11846  
 Astronomy, Devotional, \*166  
   Discoveries in, 6600  
   Study of, 6601  
 Asylum, Lunatic, 6602  
 Athanasius, Anec., 933, 7192  
 Atheism, Absurdity of, 215  
   Conversions from, 6603, 6609, 6612  
   Crime of, 216  
   Cultivation of, 6604  
   Desolation of, \*167-169  
   Discoveries of, 217  
   Father of, 6605  
   Inexcusable, 223, 6606  
   Modern, 218  
   Refutation of, 219, 220, 6607  
   Unsatisfactory, 6608  
 atheist, Confusion of an, 6610, 6611  
   Difficulty of the, 221  
   Doom of the, 222  
   Labor of the, \*170-172  
 Athenagoras' Apology for Christianity, 7251  
 Athenodorus' Advice, 7949  
 Athens, Paul preaching in, \*3130  
 Atlanta, 4847  
 Atlantis, 10881  
 Atlas, Imitating, 1621  
 Atonement, Accepted, 224, 6613,  
   Applying the, 6614  
   Appropriating the, 6615  
   by Blood, 225, 6616  
   Completed, \*3131  
   Demand for, \*175, \*177, 231  
   Effects of the, 6617  
   Extent of, 226, 227  
   Greatness of the, 228  
   Illustrating the, 6619  
   Influence of the, 230

- Atonement, Jewish Custom of, 6618  
   Marvel of the, \*176  
   Objection to the, 232  
   Pagan, 6620  
   Reliance on the, 6621  
   Voluntary, 6622  
 Attainment, Mockery of, \*178, \*179  
 Attainments no Atonement, 6623  
 Attalus, Firmness of, 5001  
 Attention, Holding, 233-235, 6624  
   Selfish, 6625  
 Attraction, Method of, 6626  
   Overcome, \*180, \*181  
   Personal, 6627  
 Audley's Love for Christ, 658  
 Audubon's Perseverance, 4420  
 Augurs, Roman, 2742  
 Augustine, St., Anec. of, 387, \*761, 2787, 2901,  
   3093, 3098, 3759, 4772, 5229, 5343, 5786,  
   6232, 6330, 6538, 9688, 10266, 11088, 11932  
 Augustus Cæsar, Anec. of, 147, 1891, 2340,  
   5017, 5190, 7870, 10231  
 Aurelian at Thyana, 12024  
 Austerity, Monkish, 6628  
 Author, Advice to an, 6629  
   Empire of the, 6630  
   Influence of the, 6631  
 Authority, Deference to, 6632  
   Intoxication of, \*184, \*185  
   Private Judgment and, 6633  
 Authorship, Benefit of, \*181, \*183  
   Pride of, 6634  
 Autobiography, Difficulty of, 6635  
 Autumn, Beauty of, \*186  
   Harvest of, 6636  
   Moral of, \*187, 6637  
 Auxensius, Decision of, 7388  
 Avarice, a fearful Disease, 238  
   Claim of, 6639  
   Conquering, 6640  
   Cupidity of, 6641  
   Danger of, 236, 6648  
   Emblem of, 237  
   Expedient of, 6644  
   Folly of, 6645  
   Greed of, 188-190, 239, 6649  
   in Death, 6638, 6642  
   Legend of, 240, 241  
   Madness of, 6650  
   Misery of, 242  
   Mistake of, 6651  
   Offerings of, \*192  
   Oriental Proverbs, 6652  
   Penalty of, 243, 6654  
   Peril of, \*193  
   Power of, 6653  
   Pretence of, 244  
   Slavery of, \*194  
   Soil of, 246  
 Aversion, Isolation of, \*195  
 Aversions, A Bundle of, 6655  
 Awakening, Simile of, 6656  
 Aylmer, Bp. Anec. of, 2816, 7788  
 Azrael, The Death Angel, 1267  
  
 Baal, Prophets of, \*3133  
 Baalam, 1620, \*3148  
 Babe, Coming of a, \*196, \*1957  
 Babes, Deaths of, 197-199, 247, 267, \*1955,  
   \*1958, 6658, 6659, 9859  
 Babel and Pentecost, \*3133  
 Babel, Ruins of, \*3134  
   Tower of, \*3135, 6657  
 Babie Bell, \*196, \*198  
 Baby, Praying, 248  
 Babylon, Belshazzar's Feast in, \*3136  
   By the Waters of, \*3137, \*3146  
   Doom of, \*3138-3140, \*3143, \*3144  
   Prophecy of, \*3141  
   Ruins of, \*3142  
   War against, \*3145  
   Woe upon, \*3147  
 Bacchus, Worshippers of, 6214  
 Backbiting excused, 6660  
   Injury of, 6661  
   silenced, 6662  
 Backslider, Course of a, 249  
   Hope for a, 6665  
   Misery of a, 250, 251, 6664  
   Recalled, 6666, 6668  
   Reclaiming a, 6667  
 Backsliders, Deaths of, 252, 6663  
 Backsliding, Awfulness of, 254  
   Flattery of, 6671  
   Guard against, 255, 257  
   Hopelessness of, \*200  
   Occasion of, 256  
   Possibility of, 6672  
   Process of, 258, 262, 6673  
   Punishment of, 259  
   Recovery from, 260  
   Repeated, 6674  
   Repenting of, 6675  
   Sadness of, 253, 6676  
   Signs of, 261, 6670  
   Simile of, 6677  
   Treatment of, 6678  
 Bacon, Lord, Anec., 2304, 9616  
 Badge, The Best, 263  
 Baird's Self-sacrifice, 723  
 Bajazet's Cage, 1975  
 Balak and Balaam, \*3148  
 Balance, Weighed in the, 6679  
 Bali, \*139  
 Balls, Influence of, 264  
   Irreligious, 265  
   Opposition to, 6680  
 Bangs, Dr. N., Anec., 3945, 3963  
 Banishment, An Epilogue, \*201  
 Banner, Following the, 266  
 Banquet, Invitation to the, 6681  
   Oriental, 6682  
 Baptism, Blessing of, \*202  
   Emblem of, 267  
   Enforced, 6683  
   Forgetting, 268  
   Notion of, 6684  
   not Regeneration, 6685  
   a Token, \*203  
   Vow in, \*204  
 Barabbas, \*3152, 8228  
 Barbara Fritchie, \*2469  
 Barclay, R., Non-resistant, 10752  
 Barnabas, Apostle, \*3149, \*3150, \*3151  
 Barnes' Morning Work, 1785  
 Barrenness, Spiritual, 6686  
 Bartholomew, St., The Massacre of, 3077, 7673  
 Barmiteus, \*267, \*3153, \*3154, 6704  
   Call of, \*3155  
   Cry of, \*3156  
   Prayer of, \*3157  
   Story of, \*3158



- Bartimeus, Testimony of, \*3159  
 Bartlett, Phœbe, Early Piety of, 1783  
   Usefulness of Mrs., 1963  
 Barzillai, \*3160  
 Basil, Anec., 2291, 2922, 4557, 6896  
 Battle, Advance to the, 269  
   Autumn of, 1862, \*2960  
   Cause of, \*205  
   of Fredericksburg, 7126  
   Hymn of the Republic, \*206  
   Prayer before, 6687  
 Battles, Indecisive, 6688  
 Baucis and Philemon, 3074  
 Baxter, R., Anec., 1309, 1708, 3546, 4592, 10507  
 Bayard, Chevalier, Equal of, 5261  
 Beam, Dangerous, 6689  
 Beatitudes, the Eight, 6690  
 Beattie, Dr., and the Flower Letters, 9012  
 Beauty, Attraction of, 6691  
   Blindness to, 6692  
   Brevities, 271  
   Danger of, 272  
   Death of, \*208  
   Designations of, 273  
   Examples of, 6693  
   Excuse for, \*209  
   Frailty of, \*210-213, \*218  
   Joy of, \*212  
   Marrying for, 6695  
   Moral, \*214, \*217, 6694  
   Promoting, 6696, 6697  
   Realm of, \*215, \*217  
   Transformed, 274  
   True and False, 275  
 Beecher, H. W., Forgetfulness of, 2336  
   Dr. L., Anec., 1294, 5453  
 Beelzebub, 10972  
 Beeves and the Butchers, 9753  
 Beggar, Freedom of the, 6698  
   Lame, \*3161  
 Beggars, Accommodating the, 6699  
   All, 276  
 Begging, Chinese, 6700  
   Contrast of, 6701  
   Eloquent, 6702  
   Home, 6703  
   Ingenious, 277  
   Oriental, 6704  
   Professional, 6705  
   Public, 6706  
 Beginning, Danger of, 278  
   Delayed, 6707  
   Examples of, 6710  
   Evil, 281, 6708, 6709, 6715  
   Fable of, 6711  
   Faulty, 6712  
   Good, 6713  
   Prayerful, 6714  
   Right, 279  
   Small, 282, 283  
   Time of, 280  
   Unpromising, 6717  
 Behavior, Good, 6718, 6719  
 Being, Chain of, \*219, \*220  
 Belfrage, Dr., Blessing his Son, 6847  
 Belief and Unbelief, \*3162  
 Believer, A Dying, 6721  
 Believers, Paucity of, 284  
   Security of, 285  
   Sin in, 286  
   Support of, 6722  
 Believers, Test of, 287  
   Unfruitful, 288  
   Weak, 289  
 Believing, Comfort of, 290  
   is Laying Hold, 291  
   is Looking, 292  
   is Trusting, 293  
   without Seeing, 294  
   without Understanding, 295  
 Bells, Influence of, 6723  
 Belshazzar, \*3163, \*3164  
   Boast of, \*3165  
   Daniel before, \*3166  
   Fate of, \*3136-3147, \*3167  
   Sacrilege of, \*3168  
   Vision of, \*3171  
   weighed, 3408  
 Belshazzar's Feast, \*3169, \*3170  
 Benedict, St., 1955, 3239, 4770, 5209, 6512  
 Beneficence, Advantage of, \*224, 296, 305, 306,  
   308, 6724, 6731, 6732, 6736  
   Analogy of, 297  
   Appropriate, 6725  
   Blessedness of, \*221, 298  
   Call to, 6726  
   Contrast of, 6727  
   Demand for, \*222  
   Examples of, 299, 303, 6735, 6740  
   Gospel, 300  
   Gratitude for, 301  
   Habit of, 302  
   Haste to, 6729  
   Howard's Rule for, 6730  
   Ingratitude for, 6733  
   Instructions in, 6734  
   Monument of, \*223  
   Motive to, 304  
   No Retrenchment in, 307  
   Posthumous, 6737  
   Safety of, 6741  
   Self-denying, 309  
   Trifling, 6742  
   True, 6743  
   Unexpected, 6744  
   Voluntary, 6745  
 Benevolence, Beauty of, 310  
   Criticising, 6746  
   Devotion and, 311  
   Dubious, 6747  
   Excitement to, 312  
   Gain of, 313  
   Godlike, 314  
   Misdirected, 315  
   Motive to, 316  
   of Nature, 317  
   Proxy, 6748  
   Reason for, 318  
   Unsuccessful, 319  
   Useless, 6749  
   Verbal, 6750  
 Bengel, Anec., 7325, 6867  
 Benson, J., Sermon of, 11658  
 Bereavement, Bearing, 320  
   Consolation in, 321, 322, 6751  
   Heathen, 6753, 6755  
   Joy in, 324  
   Lessons of, 325, 6754  
   Parental, \*227, \*229, \*360  
   Reliefs in, 326  
   Revelations of, \*226, \*230  
   Songs in, 327

- Bereavement, Sorrow in, 328  
   Trial of, \*231  
   Use of, \*228, 323, 329, 330  
 Berkeley, Bp., Anec., 7478  
 Bermeke, Gratitude to, 9222  
 Bernadotte seeking a Crown, 1196  
 Bernard, St., Anec., 4042, 4618, 4678, 6086, 9678, 9857  
 Bernardino's Preaching, 3365, 3368  
 Berridge, J., Anec., 11044, 11142  
 Besetting Sin, Cure of, 332  
   Emblem of, 6756  
   Influence of, \*232, 333  
   Nature of, 334  
 Bessus' Accusers, 974  
 Best, All for the, 331  
   Do thy, 6758  
 Bethany, Christ at, \*3172  
 Bethel, \*3173  
   Dream at, \*3174  
 Bethesda, \*3175  
   Christ our, \*3176  
   Healed at, \*3177  
   Pool at, \*3178  
 Bethlehem, \*3179  
   and Calvary, \*3180  
   and Golgotha, \*3181  
   Invitation to, \*3182  
   The Babe of, \*3183  
   The Fountain of, \*3184  
   The Well of, \*3185  
   Towers of, \*3186  
 Beulah, Land of, \*3187, 6759, 6760  
 Beveridge, Bp., Death of, 3490  
 Beza's Knowledge of the Bible, 5229  
 Biancolelli, Satiety of, 3876  
 Bias' Fear, 7354  
 Bible, a Compass, 343  
   Adaptation of the, 335  
   Advantage of the, 6761, 6764  
   a Friend, 357  
   a Lighthouse, 368  
   A Living, \*233, 369  
   a Mine, 372  
   Analogies of the, 6762  
   Applying the, 336  
   Appropriating the, 337  
   Armor of the, 338, 346  
   Blind Girl's, 340  
   Charms of the, 6766  
   Child's, 341, 6767  
   Circulation of the, 342  
   Comfort of the, 6768  
   Companionship of the, 6769  
   Contents of the, \*235, \*249, 401  
   Criticising the, 344, 6771, 6789  
   Defiance of the, 6773  
   Delight in the, \*234, \*236, 6774  
   Destruction of the, 347  
   Devotion to the, 6765, 6775, 6776, 6783  
   Difficulties in the, 348  
   Discoveries of the, 349, 6800  
   Effect of the, 350, 6779, 6793, 6802  
   Etiquette of the, 351  
   Excellence of the, 352, 379, 392, 6780, 6781  
   Experience of the, 6782, 353  
   Family, \*238  
   Fear of the, 354, 6784  
   Follow the, 6785  
   Food from the, 355  
   for Sinners, 390  
   Bible, Freshness of the, 356  
   Harmony of the, 6786  
   How to use the, 359, 6805  
   Ignorance of the, 360, 6787, 6788  
   Illustrations in the, 362  
   Importance of correct, 361  
   Imprinting the, 6790  
   in Death, 345, 6809  
   Indebtedness to the, 364  
   Indestructibility of the, 6791  
   Infidels and the, 365, 6792  
   Influence of the, 374, 6804  
   in Sickness, 389  
   Inspiration of the, \*240, \*246, 366, 6794, 6808  
   Intent of the, 6795  
   Interpreters of the, 6796, 6770  
   Key to the, 6797  
   Love in the, 6798  
   Love of the, 363, 370, 6763  
   Marked with the, 6799  
   Mohammedan, 6801  
   Need of the whole, 404, 6803  
   Neglected, 375  
   No Better, 376  
   open to All, 378  
   Perversion of the, \*242  
   Philosophy of the, \*243  
   Picture, \*3188  
   Poetry of the, 380  
   Pre-eminence of the, 381  
   Preservation of the, 382  
   Prohibited, 383  
   Readers of the, 367, 6806  
   Reading the, 358, 384, 6772, 6807, 6813, 6816  
   Rejecting the, \*244, \*245  
   Respect for the, 6810  
   Resting on the, 6811  
   Romanism and the, 385, 6814, 6826  
   Sacredness of the, 386  
   Salvation in the, 6815  
   Searching the, \*247, 6812  
   Self-perpetuating, 388  
   Similes of the, \*239, \*248  
   Testimonies to the, 393-400  
   the Only Book, 377  
   Touchstone of the, 6817  
   Treasures in the, 6818, 6819  
   Unity of the, 6821  
   Unsealed, 402, 6882  
   Useless, 403, 407  
   Value of the, \*237, \*250, 405, 6823, 6824  
   Wonders of the, 406  
 Bigotry, Blindness of, 408  
   Cruelty of, 409  
   Danger of, 6827  
   Description of, 410  
   Envy of, 411  
   Fate of, 412  
   Infallible, \*251, \*252  
   in the Graveyard, 413  
   Monstrous, 6828  
   Narrow-minded, 414  
   of Romanism, 416  
   Personified, 415  
   Sin of, \*253  
 Bigots, Bondage of, 6829  
   One-sided, 6830  
 Bilney's Experience, 2048, 6596  
 Biographies, Useful, 417, 6831  
 Bion praying, 4936  
 Birds, Miracle of the, 6832

- Birds, Support of, \*3189  
   Voices of, \*3190  
 Birth, Place of, 6836  
 Birthday, \*254, 256  
 Birthdays, Ancient Commemoration of, 6833  
   Deathdays, 6834  
   Lucky, 6835  
 Birth of Christ, \*257-260  
 Bishop, A Model, 418, 6837  
   Responsibility of a, 6838  
 Biton and Cleobis, 7861  
 Blair, Dr., Anec., 1612, 4636  
 Blaise, St., Leg., 3929  
 Blame, Reception of, 6839  
   Shifting the, \*261  
   Vicarious, 419  
 Blanche, Innocence of, 3307  
 Blasphemer, Fate of a, 420  
 Blasphemy, Bold, 6840  
   Prize for, 6841  
   Punishment of, 6842  
   Temptation to, 6843  
 Blessed, Condition of the, 6844  
   Fewness of the, 421  
   Who are? \*262, \*263  
 Blessedness, Discovery of, 6845  
 Blessing, A Father's, 6847  
   Condition of, 6846  
   Greatest, 6848  
 Blessings, Abused, 423  
   Alternative of, 424  
   Asking God's, 422  
   Balance of, 6849  
   Certainty of, \*264  
   Obstructed, 6850  
   Recognized, 425  
   Transformed, 6851  
   Transient, 426, 6852  
 Blest, Land of the, \*3191  
 Blind groping in Darkness, 6853  
   leading the Blind, 6854  
   Opening the Eyes of the, 6855  
   Sight Restored to the, \*3194  
   Teaching the, 6856  
   Man's Testimony, \*3192  
   Men healed, Two, \*3193  
 Blindness, Causes of, 427  
   Compensation of, \*265  
   Complaint of, \*266, \*270  
   Cured, 6857  
   Discovery, 6858  
   Double, 6859  
   Duty in, \*268  
   Gratitude for, 6860  
   Natural, 428  
   Remedy for, 429  
   Removal of, 6861  
   Selfish, 6862  
   Spiritual, 430  
   Transient, 431  
 Bliss, Sublunary, \*271  
 Blondel and Richard I., 951  
 Blood, Accusing, 6863  
   Cleansing, 6864, 6865  
   Protecting, \*3195  
   Unity of, 6866  
 Blood of Jesus, Cleansing, 432  
   Efficacy of the, 435  
   Need of the, 434, 436  
   Power of, 437  
   Relying on the, 438  
 Blood, Symbology of the, 439  
   The, \*3196  
   Value of the, 440  
 Blumhardt's Last Words, 2876  
 Boardman, Rev. R., Preservation of, 11429  
 Boasting, Contrast of, 441  
   Dangers of, 442, 6878  
   Effects of, 443  
   Fulfilled, 6876  
   Groundless, 444, 6877  
   Meanness of, 445  
   Not, 446  
   Penalty of, 447  
   Vain, 448, 6875, 6879  
 Body, A Miracle, 451  
   Biblical, 6880  
   Care for the, 449  
   Constituents of the, 6881  
   Corruptibility of the, 6882  
   Death of the, 6883  
   Exposure of the, 6884  
   Glorified, \*272  
   Heavenly, 450  
   Mechanical perfection of the, 6885  
   Mind and, 6886  
   Misuse of the, 6888  
   Mutiny in the, 6887  
   Organization of the, 452  
   Prisoners in the, 453  
   Resurrection of the, 6889, 6890  
   Soul and, 455, 456  
   Veneration for the, 6892  
   Wonders of the, 454  
 Boehm's, Rev. H., Love of the Bible, 6772  
 Boerhaave, Anec., 2180, 5621, 6980  
 Boldness, Christian, 458, 6894  
   Examples of, 457, 459, 461, 6896  
   Heathen, 460  
   Ministerial, 462, 6895, 6897  
   Required, 6898  
 Boleslaus, Anec., 12  
 Bolingbroke, Anec., 854, 9131  
 Bonaventura, St., Anec., 4807, 9009, 10147  
 Bondage, Biblical, 6899  
 Bonivet's Bravery, 486  
 Bonner, Bp., Anec., 331, 658  
 Book, Dedication of a, \*274, \*275  
   Power of a, 465  
   Use of a, 466  
   Wonderfulness of a, 467  
 Book of Life, 6901-6903  
 Books, Advantages of, 6904  
   Borrowing, 468  
   Company of, 469  
   Destruction of Bad, 6906  
   Devotee of, 6907  
   Fate of Infidel, 471  
   Immortal, \*276, \*277  
   Influence of, 464, 470, 473, 474  
   Judging, 6908  
   Multiplicity of, \*278  
   Need of More, 6909  
   Omniscience of, \*279  
   Pleasure of, \*280  
   Repositories, 6910  
   Value of, 6912  
 Border Lands, \*3197  
 Borgia, St. Francis, 9664, 11098  
 Borromeo, St. Charles, 418  
 Borrowing, Conditions of, 6913  
 Boswell insulted, 3317

- Bottles, Oriental, 6914  
 Bound Woman healed, \*3199  
 Bounty, Divine, 6915  
   Rule for, 6916  
 Bourdaloue and Arrius, 1862  
 Boy, Converted, 6917  
   Enterprising, 476  
   Heroic, 6918  
   Nature of a, 477  
   Neglected, 478  
   Obedient, 479  
   Persevering, 480  
   The Praying Sailor, 481  
 Boyhood, Longing for, 475  
 Boyle, Archibald, Death of, 6224  
 Boys, Danger to, 6919  
   Dull, 6920  
   Encouragement to labor for, 482  
   Honor of, 483  
   Sympathy with, 484  
   Use for, 6921  
 Bovidilla's Mule, 5146  
 Bozrah, Vision of, \*3198  
 Bradford, J., Martyr, 1734, 3393, 6008, 11155  
 Bragg, Frank, Death of, 10341  
 Brainard, Missionary, 1520, 3230, 5455, 7236, 7262  
 Bramwell, Rev. Wm., Anec., 8016, 11139, 11149  
 Brasidas and the Mouse, 7927  
 Bravery, Christian, 485  
   Example of, 487, 491  
   Field for, \*19, \*281  
   Honesty and, 488  
   Inconstant, 6922  
   in Death, 486  
   Influence of, 489, 6923  
   in Reproving Sin, 492  
   in Telling Truth, 493  
   Mark of, 490  
   Patriotic, 6924  
   True, 6925  
 Bread, Blessing the, \*3200  
   Cost of, 6926  
   Fragments of, 6927  
   Our Daily, \*3201  
   Praying for and Seeking, 6928  
   upon the Waters, 494-497  
   Worst, 6929  
 Bread of Life, Hunger for the, 6930  
 Brevity, Advised, 6932  
   Example of, 6933  
   Motto of, 6934  
 Briareus, Employment for, 8127  
 Bribery, Influence of, \*282-284, 6935  
   Knavery of, 6936  
   Proof against, 6937  
   Resisting, 6938  
   Witnesses of, 6939  
 Bridaine, Anec., 7130  
 Bride, Serving for a, 6940  
   Three Songs of the, \*3202  
 Bridge of Sighs, \*819  
 Bridget, St., 11685  
 Brindelbund's Offering, 7206  
 Broidery-work, \*3203  
 Broken Things, Value of, 6941  
 Brooks and Sidney, 2397  
 Brother, Betrayal of a, 6942  
   Christ our, 6943  
   Discovery of a, 6944  
 Brother, Memory of a, \*285  
 Brotherhood, African Rite of, 501  
   Bond of, \*286-290, \*1385  
   Christian, 498  
   Claims of, 6945  
   Condescension of, 6946  
   Countersign of, 499  
   Inconsistencies of, 500  
   Nature's, 6947  
 Brothers, Love of, 502, 6948  
   Selfish, 503  
   Significance of, 504  
 Brown, J., Rev., Anec., 4277; 6870, 7826  
   Moses, Anec., 643, 7531  
   Rev. S. D., Last Words, 8228  
 Bruce, P., rejoices at Martyrdom, 1744  
   Rev. R., Anec., 4415, 7146, 8442, 11122  
 Brunel and the Thames Tunnel, 4182  
 Brutus, Anec., 7185, 10074  
 Buchanan, Claudius, 819  
 Buddhist Prayers, 4575  
 Budgett, S., Prayers for, 4043  
 Builder, Foolish, \*3204  
 Builders, The, \*291  
 Building, Character, \*291, \*292  
   Enemies of, 6949  
   for Eternity, 6950  
   Instinctive, \*293  
   Little by Little, 6951  
   Neglect of, \*294  
   Uncertain, 6952  
 Bulu, Joel, Conversion of, 8515  
 Bundy, Jas., Beneficence of, 4483  
 Bunyan, Anec., 885, 1931, 2193, 4724, 4728, 7040, 7142, 8052, 8926, 10953, 12133  
 Burden, Clinging to the, 505  
   Crying under the, 6953  
   Laying down the, \*295, \*296  
   Loss of a, 6954  
   St. Christopher's, 506  
 Burgoyne, Gen., captured, 4131  
 Burial, Christian's, \*299  
   Fiction, 6955  
   Miraculous, 6956  
   Place of, \*297  
   Sinner's, \*300  
 Burke, Capt., Death of, 3565  
   E., Anec., 6279, 7493, 11591  
 Burn, Gen., Conversion of, 10109  
 Burnet, Bp., Early riser, 8236  
 Burning of Chicago, \*1879  
 Burns, John, 10919  
   R., Anec., 2181, 2766  
 Burnside at Fredericksburg, 7126  
 Burr, A., Early Neglect of, 9165  
 Busby, Dr., Apology of, 1934  
 Bush, Burning, \*3206, \*3207  
 Bush, Modern Burning, \*3205  
 Business, Ashamed of, 6958  
   Bible in, 507  
   Excuse of, 509  
   Failures in, 510, 6959, 6973  
   Fidelity required in, 6960  
   God's Care for our, 6961  
   Honesty in, 6962  
   Laws of, 6964  
   Mastering one's, 511  
   Means of Grace, 6965  
   Qualities for, 6967  
   Religion in, 513  
   Religion for, 508, 512

- Business, Rivalries of, 6968  
   Secular, 6969  
   Success in, 6970  
   Test of, 6971  
   to be honored, 6963  
   Useful, 6972  
   Unsuccessful, 510, 6973  
 Busybodies, Danger of, \*303, 517  
   Description of, 514, 516  
   Repentance of, 515  
   Work of, 6974  
 Butler, Bp., Seclusion of, 107812  
 Byron, Death of, 1723  
   Egotism of, 8311  
   Inconsistency of, 7253  
   Infidelity of, 3231  
   Last Poem, \*813, 7769  
   Obscenities of, 6132  
   Satiety of, 2712  
  
 Cadmus, 1559  
 Cædmon's Gift, 2455  
 Cæpio, Misfortunes of, 5339  
 Cæsar, Augustus, Anec., 10266, 12088  
 Cæsar, J., Anec., 114, 141, 266, 472, 1395,  
   2411, 2595, 3479, 5059, 6325, 6454, 6834,  
   7143, 7880, 8180, 8756, 9696, 10580, 12193  
 Cain, \*3208, 617, \*3076  
   Brother of, \*3209  
   Curse of, \*3210, \*2352  
 Caius College Gateways, 9668  
 Cajetan and Oppeido, 8594  
 Calais Light-keeper, 3640  
 Calamities, Persons under, 518  
 Calamity, Extent of, 519  
   Influence of, \*305, 6975  
   Resistless, 520  
   Sympathy for, 6976  
   Times of, 521  
 Caligula, Anec., 1908, 6321, 6456, 7596, 8399,  
   11168  
 Calling, Abiding in our, 522  
   and Election, 525  
   Christian's, 523  
   Effectual, 524  
   Inefficiency in, 526  
 Callings, Mistake in, 527  
 Callisto changed into a Bear, 5747  
 Calumny, Allegory of, 6977  
   Defeating, 528  
   Description of, 529  
   Evils of, 530  
   Improvement of, 531  
   Reproof of, 6978  
   Spread of, 6979  
   Treatment of, 6980  
   Voracity of, 6981  
   Wise Use of, 6982  
 Calvary, \*3211, \*306-308  
   Bethlehem and, \*3180  
   Highway to, \*3214  
   Mount, 6983  
   Safety on, 6984  
   Scenes of, \*3212  
   Shrine of, \*3213  
   Star of, \*3215  
 Calvin, J., Anec., 1704, 6115, 6239, 9353  
 Calvinism, Dislike for, 6985  
   Fusion of, 532  
   Using, 533  
 Cambyses, Anec., 1909, 3300  
  
 Campbell's Escape, 7953  
   Unhappiness, 2181  
 Cana, Christ in, \*3216  
   The Marriage at, \*3217  
 Canaan, from Egypt to, \*3218  
   Prospect of, \*3220  
   The Heavenly, \*3219  
   The Woman of, \*3221  
 Canaanite, Prayer of the, \*3222  
 Canaanite, The, \*3223  
 Candiano died fighting, 8738  
 Canova, Anec., 3641, 5392, 9800  
 Canute, King, Anec., 1889, 2525, 5198, 10067  
 Capacities alone insufficient, 6986  
   Shameful, 6987  
   Special, 6988  
 Capacity, Dormant, 534  
   Purchasing a, 535  
 Capernaum, \*3224  
 Capital, Defined, 6989  
   Workingman's, 6990  
 Captives, Deliverance of, 6991  
   Song of the Jewish, \*3225  
 Captivity, Memento of, 6992  
 Cards, Asking a Blessing on, 537  
   Best Use of, 538  
   Folly of, 6993  
   Ruined by, 6994  
 Care, Absorption in, 539  
   Biblical, 6995  
   Brevities, 540  
   Divine, \*310, \*311, 543, 6996  
   for Souls; Legend of St. John, 541  
   Human, \*312-316  
   Personification of, 6997  
   Universal, 542, 6998  
 Carelessness, Childish, 6999  
   of Christians, 7000  
   Result of, 7002, 7003  
   Wicked, 544  
 Cares, Abusing, 7004  
   Advantage of, 545  
   Burden of, 546  
   Escape from, 547  
   Every-day, 548  
   Habit of, 549  
   Hurtful, 550  
   Love of, 551  
   Magnifying, 552  
   Transient, 7005  
   Troubling, 553  
   Worldly, 554  
 Carey, Rev. Wm., Anec., 480, 4479, 4830,  
   5545, 10588, 10602  
 Caricature, Advantage of, 7006  
   Evil of, 7007  
 Carmel, Elijah on, \*3226, \*3376  
 Carneades' Memory, 10475  
 Casabianca, \*1320, 4162  
 Caste, Absurdity of, 555  
   Barrier of, 7008  
   Folly of, 7009  
 Castell forgot his own Language, 8281  
 Catechising, Importance of, 556  
 Catechism, Influence of the, 7010  
 Catharine, St., Leg., 1198, 4130, 11976  
 Cathcart's Diary, 10099  
 Cato, Anec., 4207, 4380, 7163, 9918, 10445,  
   10635, 10819  
 Cato's Soliloquy, \*1931  
 Cause, Finding the, \*317

- Cause, Judging a, \*317-319  
 Caution, Christian, 7011  
   Example of, 557  
   Excessive, 7012  
   Wise, \*320  
 Cecil, Rev. R., Anec., 173, 602, 741, 1556, 2132,  
   5093, 5808, 6384, 6483, 7771  
   Sir C., Laying off Care, 6201  
 Celer, P., and his Wife, 9643  
 Cemeteries, Origin of, 7013  
 Censor, The, 559  
 Censoriousness, Description of, 560  
   Victims of, 7014  
 Censure, Cause of, 561  
   Eminence and, 7015  
   Habit of, 562  
   Improvement of, 7016  
   Mitigation of, \*321, 322  
   Preferring, 563  
 Centurion's Servant healed, \*3227  
 Ceremony, Legal, 7017  
   Profitless, 7018  
   Religious, 2, 323, 324  
 Ceriuthus and St. John, 1054  
 Cervantes, Anec., 2716, 4471  
 Chalmers, Rev. T., Anec., 1791, 2046, 3324,  
   3515, 4067, 7198, 8043, 11151  
 Chance, Explanation of, 564  
   No Such Thing as, 7019  
   Providence not, 7020  
   Weakness of, 565  
 Change, Advantage of, 566  
   Emblem of, 7021  
   Law of, \*325-329  
   Love of, 7022  
   Misconception of, 7023  
   Wonderful, 567  
 Changed Cross, \*591  
 Changes, Bodily, 7024  
 Chantry, Sir F., 7678  
 Character, Accomplished, \*330  
   Brevities, 568  
   Building, \*291, \*292, \*331  
   Carving, 569  
   Change of, 7025  
   Decisive, 7027  
   Desirable, 7028  
   Development of, 570  
   Difficulty of Changing, 7029  
   Elements of, 7030  
   Equanimity of, 571  
   Excellence of, 572  
   Formation of, 573  
   God's Knowledge of, 7031  
   Good, 7032  
   Influence of, 574, 7033  
   Inherited, 575  
   Judgment of, 7034  
   Knowledge of, 576, 7035  
   Light of, 7036  
   Materials for, 7037  
   Nature of, 578  
   Power of, 577  
   Remarkable, 579  
   Report of, 580  
   Revelation of, 581  
   Secretive, 582  
   Similarity of, 7038  
   Sternness of, 7039  
   Strength of, 583  
   Successful, 7040  
   Character, Vacillation of, \*334  
     Value of, 584  
     Vindicating, 585  
     Weighing, \*336  
 Charge of the Light Brigade, \*550  
 Charities, Collecting, 7041  
   Deposits, 7042  
   Small, 7043  
 Charity, Almsgiving, \*337-346  
   Apologue of, 7044  
   Christian, 586  
   Compulsory, 7045  
   Dishonoring, 587  
   Ecclesiastical, 588  
   Emblem of, 589  
   Grace of, \*341, \*345  
   Heathen, 590, 7048  
   Hundredfold Reward of, 591  
   Immortal, 7046  
   Jewish Apologue of, 592  
   Judging in, 593  
   Knavish, 594  
   Legend of, 595, 7047  
   Mistaken, 596  
   Present Duty of, 7049  
   Private, 7050  
   Providing for, 7051  
   Reason for, 597  
   Remuneration of, 598  
   Restraint of, 7053  
   Rewarded, 7054  
   Rule of, 599  
   Self-denying, 600  
   Unequal, 7055  
   Valuing, 7056  
 Charlemagne's Burial, 1325  
 Charles II., Secret of, 5236  
 Charles V., Anec., 6888, 7591, 7842, 8256, 9243,  
   9604  
 Charles IX., Anec., 1726, 9696  
 Charles XII. and the Bombshell, 6130  
 Charles, Rev. T., Life lengthened, 152  
 Charlotte, Princess, Anec., 5729, 7767  
 Charney and the Flower, 6612  
 Chase, Bp., and the Judge, 7963  
 Chasians' Obedience, 10778  
 Chastisement, Design of, 601, 7057, 7059  
   Use of, 602  
   Views of, \*347-\*349  
 Chastisements, Reception of, 7057, 7058  
 Chastity, Female, \*350-353, \*779  
   Legend of St. Margaret, 603  
 Chatham, Lord, Promise to his Son, 5912  
 Chaucer's Silence most agreeable, 7499  
 Cheerfulness a Blessing, 7061  
   Advantages of, 604, 7060  
   Christian, 605  
   Cultivating, 606, 7062  
   Enforced, 7064  
   Example of, 607  
   Fruits of, 608, 7063  
   Habit of, 7065  
   Influence of, \*354-356  
   in Misfortune, 609  
   Reason of, 610, 7066  
 Chef, St., Intercessor for Vienna, 9967  
 Chemistry, Utility of, 7067  
 Chesterfield, Lord, 3274, 4468, 7235  
 Child, Burying a, \*357, \*1586  
   Cost of a, 611  
   Faith of a, 612

- Child, Happy, 613  
   Heaven-bound, 7070  
   Work for a, 615  
 Childhood, Analogy of, 616  
   Beauty of, \*361, \*371  
   Conversion in, 7072  
   Crown of, \*362  
   Devotion in, 7073  
   Haste with, 7074  
   Indulgence in, 7075  
   Innocence of, 617  
   Memories of, 7076  
   Second, 618  
 Children, Advantage of, \*359, \*365, 619, 620, 7077  
   Advice to, \*358, \*364  
   Biblical Figures of, 7078  
   Bringing up, 621, 7100, 7101  
   Chance for the, 7079  
   Christ Blessing, \*366, \*367, \*3228-3230  
   Christianity and, 7081, 7087  
   Christ's Love for, \*3231, 7080  
   Controlling, 7082  
   Deaths of, \*368, \*369, 622-625, 7069  
   Destroyer of, 626  
   Discipline of, 627, 629  
   Duties of, 628, 7084, 7086  
   Education of, 630  
   God's Care for, 631  
   Government of, 632, 635  
   Imagination of, 7088  
   Indiscretion of, 633  
   Influence of, 614, 634, 641, 7094  
   Lesson from, \*372  
   Loss of, 636, 7104  
   Love of, 637, 7089  
   Martyred, 7090  
   Members of the Church, 638  
   Mother's Prayers for, 7091  
   Mourning for, 7092  
   Neglect of, 7093  
   Olive-Plants, 639  
   Over-trained, 640  
   Pleasure of, \*374  
   Prayers of, \*375, \*377  
   Prepare to Die, 642  
   Providing for, 643, 644  
   Respect for, 645  
   Responsibility of, 646  
   Sacrifice of, 7097  
   Saving the, 647, 7085  
   Self-reliant, 648  
   Shielding the, 649, 7096  
   Talents of, \*376  
   Teaching, 7098  
   Thankfulness for, 7099  
   Uncontrolled, 7102  
   Usefulness of, 7103  
   Value of, 650  
 Children's Hour, \*59  
 Chinnereth, \*3232  
 Chivalry, Knighthood of, 7105  
 Choice, Consider thy, 7107  
   Nobility of, \*379  
   of Martius, 651  
   Reasonable, 7108  
   Results of, 7109  
   Safe, 653  
   Wise, 654  
 Christ, Abiding with, \*380, \*381  
   Ability of, \*382, \*400  
 Christ, Abode of, 7110  
   Accessibility of, 7111  
   Agony of, 655, \*3233  
   All, 7113  
   All-sufficiency of, 7114  
   Alone with, \*383  
   Alpha, 656  
   Ascension of, 657, \*3234, \*3235, 7115  
   Attachment to, 658, 7116  
   at the Door, 678  
   at the Helm, 691  
   Attraction of, 659  
   Attributes of, 7117  
   Banner of, 7118  
   Baptism of, \*3236, \*3237  
   Baptized with, 661  
   Beauty of, 662  
   Birth of, \*3238, 7119  
   Birth-Song of, \*3239  
   Blood of, 713, 7120-7122  
   Bloody Sweat of, 7123  
   Branches of, 7124  
   Brother, 664  
   Burial of, \*3240  
   Calmness of, 7125  
   Care of, 665  
   Cleaving to, 667  
   Clinging to, \*384  
   Commander, 7126  
   Communion with, 668  
   Compassion of, 669  
   Confessing, \*385  
   Conquests of, 7127  
   Crowned, 1745  
   Crowning, 670, 7128  
   Crucifixion of, \*3241  
   Crucifying, 7130  
   Cure, 671, 716  
   Death of, 672  
   Dependence in, 7188  
   Description of, 673  
   Dignity of, 674  
   Divinity of, 676, 7131  
   Elevation by, 680  
   Emblems of, 681  
   Endurance of, 682  
   Enemies of, 7132  
   Equal with God, 683  
   Exaltation of, 7133  
   Example of, \*370, 685, 7134  
   Excellency of, 7135  
   Figures of, 7136  
   Forsaken, \*3242  
   For the Sake of, 7137  
   Freedom by, 7138  
   Friend, 686  
   Friendship of, \*387  
   Fulness of, 687, 7139  
   Glory of, 688, 7140  
   Grace of, 7143  
   Head, 7144  
   Heart of, 7146  
   Heirs with, 690  
   Hiding-place, 692, 7147  
   Home of, 693  
   Honoring, 694  
   Humiliation of, \*388  
   Hungering for, 7150  
   Image of, 695  
   Immortal, 7152  
   Incarnation of, 696, 7141, 7149, 7199

- Christ, Incomprehensible, 7151  
   Infancy of, \*3243  
   in History, 7148  
   Intercession of, 697, 7153  
   in the Bible, 663  
   in the Church, 666  
   in the Heart, 7145  
   in the Tempest, \*3244  
   Invisible, 7112  
   Judah's Lion, 7154  
   Judge, 698  
   Knocking, \*3245, \*3246, 7156  
   Leaning on, 7158  
   Legend of, 7159  
   Life of, \*386, \*391  
   Light of the World, 700, \*3266  
   Litany to, \*392  
   Loneliness of, \*3247  
   Longing for, 7161  
   Looking to, 7162  
   Love of, 703  
   Love to, 7163  
   Manifestations of, 675  
   Mercy of, 7164  
   Mighty to Save, 7165  
   Miracles of, 7166  
   Mirror of Truth, 7167  
   Mother of, \*3248  
   My Advocate, \*3249  
   My Guest, \*3250  
   Name of, 684, 704, 709  
   Nearer to, 705  
   Need of, 706  
   Neglect of, 707  
   None Cast Out by, 7169  
   No Room for, \*3251  
   Not a Hard Master, 7170  
   Offices of, \*394  
   Old Story of, \*395  
   Omniscience of, 708, 7157  
   our Keep, 7155  
   our Lord, 701  
   our Master, \*393  
   Painting of, 7171  
   Partner with, 710  
   Passion of, \*3252  
   Physician, 7172  
   Poverty of, \*3253  
   Power of, 711  
   Praise to, 712  
   Preparing the Way of, 7173  
   Presence of, 7174  
   Prizing, 7175  
   Prophecy of, \*3254  
   Receiving, 7176  
   Reflecting, 7177  
   Refuge, 714, 7178, 7186  
   Rejected, 715  
   Resurrection of, 717, \*3255, \*3256, \*3257, 7179  
   Revelation of, 7180  
   Righteousness of, 718  
   Risen, \*3257  
   Rock of, 719  
   Samson and, \*3258  
   Satisfaction in, 721, 7181  
   Saving, 720, 7182  
   Scourging, \*3259, 7183  
   Seeking for, \*3260, \*3261, 7184  
   Selling, \*398  
   Sentence of, 722
- Christ, Silence of, \*3263  
   Sin-bearer, \*399  
   Smitten, 7187  
   Star of, \*402  
   Suffering for, 724, 7190  
   Sufferings of, 723, 725  
   Suggested, \*401  
   Superiority of, 727, 7189  
   Support of, 728  
   Sympathy of, 729  
   Teacher, 7191  
   Temptation of, \*3265, \*3267  
   Testimony to, \*403, 7192  
   Thanking, 7193  
   The, \*3264  
   the Door, 679  
   the Good Shepherd, 689  
   the Ladder, 699  
   the Way, 734, 7204  
   Third Temptation of, \*3267  
   Touching, 7194  
   Trampling on, 7195  
   Transfiguration of, 7196  
   Trust in, 7197, 7198  
   Union with, \*404  
   Unworldliness of, 730  
   Valuing, 731  
   Venturing on, 7200  
   Vicarious Death of, 732  
   Victory of, 733  
   Visit of, 7201  
   Voice of, 7202  
   Volunteering for, 7203  
   Walking on the Sea, \*3268  
   Weariness of, \*3269  
   Weep not for, \*3270  
   What think ye of, \*3271  
   Will of, 7205  
   Wisdom of, \*3272  
   Words of, \*3273  
   Worthiness of, \*3274, 7206  
 Christian, Almost a, 735, 7207  
   Asleep, 737  
   Badge of the, 738  
   Blessedness of the, 7208  
   Brevities, 739  
   Cheerful, 740, 749, 758, 7209  
   Countersign of the, 7210  
   Detention of the, 7211  
   Flourishing, 742  
   Glory of the, 7213  
   God-bearing, 7214  
   Growth of the, 7215  
   Happiness of a, 743  
   in the World, 752  
   Knowledge Necessary to a, 7216  
   Rewarded, 748  
   Right Kind of, 7218  
   Shield of the, 7220  
   Soldier, 7221  
   Three Eyes of a, 7222  
   Two Worlds of the, 7224  
 Christianity, Active, 7225  
   Advent of, 753  
   Confidence in, 7226  
   Degrees in, 754  
   Diffusion of, 7227  
   Early Conquests of, 7228  
   Effect of, 755  
   Ethics of, 756, 7234  
   Evidence of, 7229, 7241



- Christianity, Home, 759  
 Intellect and, 7230  
 Judging, 760  
 Low Standard of, 7231  
 Mission of, 7232  
 Mocking, 7233  
 Mystery of, \*408  
 Nothing Better than, 7235  
 Objection to, 762, 7236  
 Origin of, 761, 763  
 Permanence of, 7237  
 Philanthropy of, 7238  
 Power of, 745, 7239  
 Primitive, 764  
 Progress of, \*409, \*437, 765, 7240  
 Reciprocity of, 7242  
 Resistance of, 766  
 Security of, 7244  
 Shown, 7243, 7245  
 Soil for, 767  
 Tested, 7247  
 Testing, 768, 7248  
 Treatment of, 7249  
 Tropics of, 7250  
 Truth of, 7251  
 Value of, 769  
 Zeal for, 7252
- Christians, Abstinence of, 770  
 Advantage of, 7246, 7253  
 Aim of, 771  
 Attendants of, 7254  
 Churlish, 772  
 Comfort of, 7255  
 Confidence of, 773  
 Consistent, 774  
 Contempt of, 7256  
 Death of, 741, \*410  
 Differences in, 775  
 Disagreements of, 777  
 Dwarfish, 7257  
 Emotional, 778  
 Endurance of, 7258  
 Fearlessness of, \*412  
 God's Hidden Treasure, 7260  
 God's Property, 7261  
 Hidden, 779  
 Ill-defined, 780, 790  
 Inconsistencies of, 783, 7259, 7262  
 Industry of, 781  
 Light of, \*413, 747, 784, 795  
 Making, 7263  
 Names of, \*414, 787  
 Neglects of, 788  
 Nobility of, \*407, \*415, 744, 776, 789, 7219  
 Nominal, 751, 786, 791, 7264  
 Pagan, 782, 801, 7265  
 Peculiar People, 785, 792  
 Periodical, 7266  
 Portion of, \*416, 746, 7217  
 Proud, 793  
 Purification of, 794  
 Relationship of, 796  
 Rich, 7267  
 Riches of, 7268  
 Sealed, 797  
 Soul-saving, 798  
 Superannuated, 799  
 Test of, 800  
 True, 750, 7223  
 Waterlogged, 7269  
 Work of, 802
- Christian's Loss of his Burden, 6954  
 Christian Union, Example of, 803  
   Obstacles to, 804  
   Power of, 805  
   Symbol of, 7270  
 Christina, Martyrdom of, 2154  
 Christmas Bells, \*3275  
   Day, \*3276  
   First, \*3277  
   Glory of, \*417  
   Hymns, \*418, \*423, \*3277  
   Importance of, \*419  
   Observance of, \*420  
   Offerings for, \*421  
   Return of, \*422  
   The Nativity, \*3279  
 Christopher, St., \*906  
 Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, \*3262  
 Chromatin's idol, 4966  
 Chryses' Remorse, 4958  
 Chrysippus' Conceit, 11634  
 Chrysostom, Nec., 1006, 2273, 2981, 6150, 7141, 7765, 10730, 11360, 11700  
 Church, The, Above and Below, 806, 7271  
   Ark of, \*424, 7272  
   Arms of, 7273  
   Army of, \*425  
   Assembly of, \*426  
   Attendance at, 7274  
   Attractions of, 7275  
   Baubles in, 7276  
   Betrayal of, \*427, \*434  
   Bride, 428, 7278  
   Children Joining, 807  
   Christians outside of, 808  
   Christ's, 809  
   Conduct in, \*429  
   Conquests of, 7279  
   Deliverance of, 7282  
   Dissensions in, 811, 831, 7283  
   Disturber, 812  
   Diversity in, 813, 7284  
   Endurance of, 814  
   Enlargement of, 815  
   Expenses of, 816  
   False Alarm in, 7285  
   Fashionable, \*431  
   Figures of, 7277  
   Frozen, 7287  
   Fruitful, 817  
   Gates of, \*432  
   History of, 820  
   Influence of, 821, 847  
   Invalids in, 7288  
   Joining, 822  
   Leader of, 7289  
   Life of, 823  
   Light-house, \*433  
   Light in, 824, 825  
   Militant, 826, 7292  
   Mission of, 827, 7297  
   Names of, 828  
   of the future, 818  
   Pillars of, 829  
   Powerless, 7293  
   Preaching, 7294  
   Preservation of, 7295  
   Pride at, \*435  
   Pride in a, 7296  
   Primitive, \*3280  
   Protestant, 830

- Church, Quiet of, 7298  
   Redemption of, \*436  
   Separatists from, 7299  
   Ship, 832  
   Stragglers from, 833, 834  
   Temple of, \*439  
   Tree, 7300  
   Trial of, 835  
   Unity of, \*440, 836-839  
   Victory of, 7301  
   Watch of, \*441  
   Weakness of, 840  
   Weapons of, 841  
 Churches, Cultivating, 842  
   Dead, \*430, 810, 843, 844, 7281  
   Gifts to, 819, 7280  
   Members of, 845, 7291  
   Unsocial, 846  
 Churchill's Stinginess, 11646  
 Churchyard, Elegy in a Country, \*442  
   Hope for, \*443  
   Tabernacles in, \*444  
 Cicero, Anec., 129, 7455, 7670, 8329, 8908, 9791,  
   10844, 11489, 11836  
 Cincinnatus' Occupation, 2716  
 Circe, 894  
 Circumcision of Christ, The, \*3281  
 Circumspection, Need of, 850, 7302  
 Circumstances, Adjustment to, 7303  
   Man the Creature of, 7304  
   Master of, 7305  
   Servants of, 7306  
 Cisterns, Broken, \*445  
 Cities, Benefit of, 7307  
   Ignorance in, 7308  
   of the Plain, \*2776  
 Citizen, An American, 848  
 Citizen-Saint, 849  
 City, Celestial, 7309  
   Sin in, 7310  
   Work in the, 7311  
 Civility, Advantage of, 851, 852  
   Neglected, 7312  
   True, 853  
 Civilization, Christianity and, 854  
   Current of, 7313  
   Future, 7314  
   Mark of, 855  
   Perfected, \*446  
   Progress of, 7315  
   Promotion of, 856  
   Triumph of, \*447  
 Claims, False, 7316  
 Clark, Dr. A., Anec., 24, 816, 1445, 1785, 4479,  
   4617, 5212, 6091, 8083, 9581  
 Claude, Anec., 8480, 11389  
 Clay, H., Anec., 1861, 5115  
 Cleanliness, Advantages of, 7317  
   Experiment, 7318  
 Clemency, Benefit of, 7319  
   Example of, 857, 7320, 7321  
 Clement, St., Miracle of, 2374  
 Cleobis and Bitron, 6004  
 Cleombrotus' Suicide, 3191  
 Cleon and I, \*2525  
 Cleon's Boast Fulfilled, 6876  
 Cleopatra, Anec., 3004, 6693  
 Clergy, the Labors of, 7322  
   Office of, 7323  
   Snares of, 7324  
 Clerk, John, 8792  
 Clitus cuts off his Hand, 9309  
 Closet, The Importance of, 858, 7325-7327  
   Neglect of, 859  
   Somewhere, 860  
   Waiting in, \*448, 7328  
 Cloud and Pillar of Fire, \*3282  
   Mission of a, \*449  
 Clouds, Christ in the, \*3283  
   Transformation of, 7329, 7330  
 Clymene, 117  
 Clytie, Fable of, 1013  
 Cobden, Work of, 7040  
 Cocaigne, 9328  
 Cockburn's Rule, 6554  
 Cocles' Desires, 9601  
 Codrus' Self-sacrifice, 11557  
 Cœur de Lion at his Father's Bier, \*889  
 Coincidence, Amusing, 863  
   of Prayer, 864  
 Cold, Effect of, 7331  
 Coleman, Samuel, 8305  
 Coleridge, Anec., 172, 1788, 4892, 6848, 7499  
 Collection, Making a, 862  
 Collier and Fuller, 10292  
 Collingwood, Anec., 8216, 8948  
 Collins, Rev. T., 6343, 7274, 7992, 9857, 10459,  
   10856  
   the Poet, 6763  
 Colors, Emblematic, 861  
 Colton, C. C., 11960  
 Columbus, Anec., 596, 1523, 1913, 2716, 7040,  
   7997, 9491, 10032, 10305, 10881  
 Combe, Vicissitudes of, 5576  
 Comfort, Abiding, 7332  
   Greatest, 7333  
   in Affliction, 865, 866, 7335, 7337  
   Personal, 7334  
   Power of, 867, 868  
   Religious, \*450-454  
   in Weakness, 869  
 Comforts, Carnal and Godly, 7336  
   How we lose, 7338  
 Comgall, St., walled about, 11257  
 Commandments, Breaking, 7339, 7340  
   Burden of, 870, 7341  
   Disposing of the, 7342  
   Excellency, 871  
   Hedge, 872  
   Origin of, 873  
   Penalty of, 874  
   Reasonable, 875  
   Rejecting, 7343  
   Shortening, 7344, 7345  
   Ten, \*455  
   Transgressing the, 876  
   Value of, 7346  
 Commendation, Excessive, 7347  
   Use of, \*456  
 Commerce and Christianity, 7348  
   Demand for, 877  
 Communion, Benefit of, 878  
   Christian, 457-459, 880, 885  
   Close, 881  
   Condition of, 882  
   Degrees of, \*460, 883  
   Divine, 879, 7349  
   Examples of, 884  
   Open, 7350  
   Renewal of, 7351  
   Sacramental, 7352  
   Satisfactory, 886

- Communion, Use of, 887  
 Companions, Choice of, \*461, \*463, 899  
   Dangerous, 890, 900, 901, 7357  
   Evil, 888, 891, 904, 7354  
   gone, \*462  
   Influence of, 892, 894, 896, 902  
   Responsibility for, 895, 897  
 Company, Atmosphere of, 898  
   How to please, 7358  
   Judged by, 903, 905  
   Memory of, 906  
   Protection from evil, 907, 7359  
   Public, 7360  
   Religious, 908  
   Rule for, 7356, 7361  
   Vicious, \*464, 7362  
 Comparison, Influence of, 909  
 Compassion, Duty of, 910  
   Legend of, 911  
   overcome, 7363  
   Practical, 7364  
   Self-sacrificing, 7365  
   Tears of, 7366  
 Compensation, Law of, \*465  
   Moral, \*466  
   required, \*467  
 Competence, Desirable, 7367  
 Competition, Considerate, 7368  
 Complaining, Habit of, 912, 7369  
   Self, 7370  
 Complaint, \*468-471  
   Inconsiderate, 913, 7371  
   Rubuke of, 914, 7372  
   Useless, 7373  
 Complaisance, Cultivate, 7374  
 Compliment unscriptural, 7375  
 Composure, Philosophic, 7376  
 Conceit, Advantage of, 7377  
   Appearance of, \*473  
   Danger of, 915, 7379  
   Example of, 7378  
   in Religion, 916  
 Concentration, Final, \*474  
 Concession, Duty of, 7380  
   The First, 7381  
 Concord, Advantage of, 917  
 Condé, Duke of, Anec., 1121, 7475  
 Condemnation, Dying, 7382  
   Freed from, 7383  
   Memento of, 918  
   Record of, \*475, 7384  
 Condition, Improvement of, 7385  
   Optional, 7386  
 Conduct, Importance of, 7387  
   Propriety of 919  
   Rule of, 920  
 Confessing Christ, 921-924, 7388-7392  
 Confession, Bar of, 7393  
   Biblical, 7394  
   Comfort of, 926  
   Escape by, 7395  
   Feigned, 7296-7298  
   Humble, \*476  
   Nature of, 927  
   Need of, 7399  
   Reason for, 920, 929  
   Repugnance to, 930  
 Confessional, Folly of the Romish, \*477, 931,  
   932, 7400  
 Confidence, Challenge of, 934  
   Childish, 7401  
   Christian, \*478, \*479, 935  
   Example of, 937  
   Experience and, 7403  
   Ground of, 933, 938, 939  
   in Darkness, 936  
   Influence of, 940, 7402, 7405  
   Misplaced, 941  
   Over, 7404  
   Three Epochs of, 7406  
 Confinement, Solitary, 7407  
 Conflict, Christian, 944  
   Close, 942  
   Needful, 943  
   Satanic, 945  
 Connor, the Irish piper, 10664  
 Conscience, Aberrations of, 980, 7408, 7417  
   Accusations of, \*480-483, 7409  
   Action of, 7410  
   Alarmed, 947, 7434  
   Analogue of, 948, 960  
   Apprehension of, 949, 954, 7414  
   Approbation of, 950, 7418  
   Awakened, 951, 983  
   Awe of, 7411  
   Biblical Examples of, 7412  
   Bonds of, 7413  
   Cheating, 952  
   Christ in the, 7426  
   Comfort of, 953  
   Converted, 7415  
   Court of, \*483, \*486  
   Cure of, 955  
   defined, 7416  
   Derivation of, 7419  
   Destroying, \*484, 957  
   Detection by, 958  
   Diary of, \*485  
   Disordered, 956, 7420, 7435  
   Disturbed, 959, 970  
   Guilty, 962, 963, 964, 7423  
   Heathen, 7424  
   Indestructibility of, 967, 7425  
   King, 968  
   Liberty of, 7427, 7428  
   Obedience to, 7421, 7429  
   Office of, 969  
   Peace of, 971  
   Power of, 972, 7430  
   Protecting the, 7431  
   Question of, 7432  
   Record of, 973, 7433  
   Remorse of, \*487-490  
   Self-accusing, 946, 974  
   Stings of, 975, 7436  
   Terrors of, 961, 966, 976, 977, 978  
   Tortures of, 7437  
   Unenlightened, 979  
   Varieties of, 981, 7422  
   Voice of, 982, 7438  
   Warning of, 984  
 Conscientiousness, Pagan, 7439  
 Consciousness, Interrupted, 7440  
 Consecration, Call to, \*491  
   Covenant of, \*492, 7442  
   Custom of, 7443  
   Duty of, 986  
   Emblem of, 7444  
   Entire, \*493, 987, 7441, 7445  
   Faith, 985, 988  
   False, 7446  
   Life of, 7447

- Consecration, Manner of, 989  
   Monastic, 7448  
   Offering, \*494, \*495  
   Personal, \*496, 990  
 Consequences, Disproportionate, 991  
   Rule of, 992  
 Consideration, Christian, 993  
   Importance of, 995, 996  
   Want of, 7449  
   Wisdom of, 994, 997  
 Consistency, Advantage of, 7450  
   Biblical, 7451  
   Brevities, 999  
   Christian, 1000, 7454  
   Conversational, 1001  
   Duty of, 998, 7453  
   Power of, 1002  
   required, 1003, 7452  
   Testimonial to, 1004  
   True, \*497, 1105  
 Consolation, Christian, \*498-503, 1008, 1009, 7460  
   Example of, 1006, 1007  
   Failure of, 7455  
   Form of, 7456  
   Pagan, 7456-7459  
   Source of, 7461  
 Constancy, Advantage of, 1010  
   Duty of, 1011  
   Examples of, 1012, 1015, 7462, 7463  
   Fable of, 1013  
   Friendly, \*504  
   Heroic, 1014  
   Virtuous, \*505  
 Constantine, 800, 1173, 2309, 2469, 4540, 7638, 8976, 10847, 10923  
 Contemplation, Pleasure of, \*506, \*507, 1016, 7467  
   Rules for, 7468  
   Subjects for, 117, 7464-7466  
 Contempt, Nature of, 1018  
   of the Truth, 1019  
 Contention, Avoiding, 1020  
   Christian, 1021  
   Contagious, 1022, 1023  
   Occasion of, 1024  
   Rule for, 7469  
   Useless, 1025, 7470  
 Contentment, Aid to, 7482, 1026  
   Argument for, 1027  
   Attainment of, 1028, 7471  
   Benefits of, 1029, 7472  
   Christian, 1030, 7475  
   Comfort of, 1029, 1031  
   Condition of, 7476  
   Cultivating, \*509, 7485  
   Examples of, 1032, 1037, 7474, 7478  
   Godliness with, 7479  
   Growth of, \*511  
   Imperfect, 7477, 7480  
   Natural, \*514, \*518  
   Nobility of, \*513  
   Profession of, \*510, \*512  
   Promotion of, 1036, 1038, 7481, 7483  
   Reason for, 1039, 1040, 7484  
   Riches of, \*515, 1041, 1042  
   Satisfaction of, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1044  
   True, 1034, 1045  
 Contrition, Biblical, 7486  
   Emblem of, 1046  
   Late, \*516  
 Contrition, Necessity of, 1047  
   Prayer in, \*518  
   Response to, \*517, \*519  
   Tears of, \*520  
   Transient, 7488  
   True, \*521  
 Controversy, Benefits of, 1048, 1051, 1053, 7489, 7490  
   Damage of, 1049, 7491  
   End of, 1050  
   Love of, 7492  
   Test of, 1052  
 Conversation, Ability in, 7493  
   Benefit of, 1056, 1059, 7494  
   Charm of, \*522, 7500  
   Dangerous, 1054  
   Deficiency in, 7496  
   Description of, 1055  
   Faults of, 7497  
   Habits of, 7498, 7499  
   Introduction of, 7501  
   Rebuke of Vain, 1060  
   Record of, 1061  
   Religious, 1037, 1058, 1062, 7502  
   Rules for, \*523, 7503  
   Stock, 7504  
 Conversion, Age at, 1063  
   Agents of, 1064, 1067  
   Almost, 1065  
   Believing for, 7505  
   Biblical, 7506  
   Change in, 1066, 1073, 7507, 7508  
   Complete, 7509  
   Conquests of, 7510  
   Crime and, 7513  
   Detained for, 7515  
   Different Ways of, 7516  
   Double, 7517  
   Dreams and, 7518  
   Early, 1068, 7519  
   Effect of, \*525  
   Evidence of, 1069, 7520  
   Examples of, 1072, 1080, 1083, 1084, 1087, 1091, 7511, 7512, 7521, 7523, 7526, 7535, 7539, 7540  
   Experience of, 1070, 7522  
   Fictitious, 1071, 1090  
   Figure of, \*526, \*527, 1085, 7538  
   Habits after, 1074  
   Hindrances to, 1075  
   Instantaneous, 1076  
   Interest in, 7524  
   Joy of, 1077, 7525  
   Knowledge of, 7527  
   Late, 1078, 7528  
   Liberty in, 7529  
   Marks of, 1079  
   Need of, \*528, 7530  
   Occasion of a, 7531  
   Opportune, 7532  
   Preaching and, 7533  
   Primitive, 7534  
   Prompt, 1081  
   Reality, 1082  
   Restraints of, 7536  
   Romish, 1084  
   Seeking, 7537  
   Sin after, 1086  
   Sound, 1089  
   Superficial, 7541, 7550  
   Time of, 7542

- Conversion, Transformation of, 7543  
   Unintentional, 7544  
   Unwilling, 7545  
 Convert, Aged, \*529  
   Enthusiastic, 7547  
   Whitefield's, 7552  
 Converts, Duty of, 1093  
   Joy over, 7548  
   Love for, 7549  
   Persecuted, 7551  
   Romish, 7553  
   Service of, 7554  
   Trials of, 7555  
 Conviction, Agent of, 1095  
   Biblical Figures of, 7556  
   Description of, 7558  
   Experience of, 1096, 1097, 7557  
   Fear in, 1098  
   Light in, 1099, 7559  
   Means of, 1100  
   Need of, 1101, 7560  
   Pardon, 1102  
   Quenched, 7561  
   Relief from, 7562  
   Repentance and, 7563  
   Resisted, \*531, 1103  
   Revelations of, 1104, 7564  
   Salvation and, 7565  
   Siege of, 7566  
   Strife in, \*532  
   Superficial, 1105  
   Surrender to, \*533  
   Thorough, 1106  
   Treatment of, 7567  
   True, \*534  
   Two Voices in, 7568  
   Unexpected, 7569  
 Cook, J., Liberality of, 8974  
 Cook, Rev. E., Death of, 7843  
 Cookman, Rev. Alfred, Anec., 7519, 7750  
 Cooper, Peter, Success of, 6973  
   Sir A., Skill of, 11656  
 Copernicus, Faith of, 1529  
 Cornelia, Anec., 650, 9686  
 Cornelius the Clown, 9124  
 Corner-stone, Christ the, 7570  
 Correction, Duty of, 1107  
   Gracious Reception, 7571  
   Severity in, 7572  
   Submission to, 1108  
   Wisdom in, 7573  
 Correggio, a painter, 1902  
 Corruption, Discovery of, 7577  
   Keeping down, 7574  
   Natural, 1109, 7575  
   Original, \*535, 1110  
   Power of, \*335, \*538-541  
 Corruptions, Destruction of, 7576  
   Indulgence of, 7578  
 Cortez, Anec., 238, 5049, 9090  
 Corwin, Gov., Anec., 2869  
 Cosmo and Damian, 1209  
 Cotter's Saturday Night, \*1269  
 Counsel, Corrupt, 1112-1114, 1117  
   Stability in, 1115  
   Trust in, 1116  
   Various, \*542  
 Counsellors, Two, 1118, 1119  
 Countess of Abingdon, \*3014  
 Country, Home in the, \*543  
 Courage, Biblical, 7579  
   Courage, Brevities, 1120  
     Challenge of, \*544  
     Christian, \*545, \*547-549  
     Demanded, 1122  
     Examples of, 1121, 1123-1127, 7580, 7583-7589  
     Fear and, 7581  
     Justice and, 7582  
     Military, \*550  
     Patriotic, \*551  
   Courtesy, Benevolence of, 1128  
     Effect of, \*552-554  
     Examples of, 7590  
     Importance of, 1129  
     Power of, 1130, 7591  
     Similes of, 1131  
   Courtship and Marriage, 7592  
   Courtship, Esteem of, \*555  
     False Notions of, 1132  
     Gravity of, 556  
     Interrupted, 1133  
     Mistakes in, 1134  
     Nature of, 1135  
   Covenant, Comfort of the, 593, 7593  
     Sign of the, \*557  
     Types of the, 7594  
   Covetousness, Absorption of, 7595  
     Baseness of, 7596  
     Cornered, 1136, 1142  
     Cure for, 1143  
     Emblems, 1153, 7597  
     Evils of, 1145, 7598  
     Fatal, \*533-541, 1146  
     Folly of, 1139, 1147, 7600  
     Fruitlessness of, 1141, 7601  
     Greed of, 1144, 1149  
     No Cure for, 1138, 7602  
     Penalty of, 1150, 7599, 7603, 7604  
     Poverty of, 1151  
     Prevalence of, 1152  
     Rebuke of, 7605  
     Snare of, 7606  
     Unhappiness of, 1140, 1154  
   Cowardice, Ashamed of, 7607  
     Confessed, \*562  
     Danger of, 1155  
     Moral, 1156, 7611  
     Penalty of, 7610  
     Religious, 7611  
     Safety of, \*563  
     Sight of, 1157  
   Cowper, Anec., 1077, 6809, 7511, 7557, 11273  
   Cox, Melville B., 10595  
   Cradle Song, \*1956  
   Craumer, Anec., 165, 1732, 1887, 5229  
   Crassus' Avarice, 7603  
   Crates' Fear of Gold, 6159  
   Creation, Attraction of, \*565  
     Benevolence in, 7612  
     Blight of, \*566  
     Cathedral of, \*567  
     Chain of, \*219, \*220, \*568  
     Chaos at, \*569  
     Comfort from, 7613  
     Commanding, 7614  
     Conservation of, \*570  
     Continual Miracle, 7615  
     Description of the, \*571  
     Design in, 1158  
     Gems of, \*573  
     God in, \*574  
     Government of, 7616

- Creation, Lesson of, 1159  
   Magnitude of, 1160, 7617  
   Order in, 1161  
   Provisions of, 7618  
   Psalm of, \*575  
   Voice of, \*372, \*576  
   Work of, \*577, 1162  
 Creator, Evidence of a, 7619  
   Praise to the, \*578  
   Question of the, 7620  
   Reasoning with the, 1163  
   Remember Thy, 7621  
 Credulity, Danger of, \*579  
   Folly of, 1164, 7622  
   Ignorant, 1165, 1166  
 Creed, Apostles', \*580  
   The First, \*581  
 Cressinus' Witchcraft, 1542  
 Cretans "Slow Bellies," 10611  
 Crichton, J., 7119, 10194  
 Crime, Avenged, 7623  
   Beginning of, 1167  
   Bible and, 7624  
   Cause of, 7625  
   Expiating, 7626  
 Criminals, Unreliability of, 1168  
 Crises, Eventful, 7627  
   Important, 7628  
   Mementos of, 7629  
 Crisis, American, 7630  
   Life's, 7631  
   Nation's, \*582  
   Soul, \*583, \*584  
   The Present, \*286, \*1793, \*2406, \*2966  
 Critic, The, \*585, \*586  
 Criticism, Check to, 7632  
   Conceited, 1169  
   Fable of, 1170  
   Ignorant, 1171  
   Laws of, \*587  
   Muddy, 7633  
   Personification, 7634  
   Rule for, 7635  
   Qualities of, 7636  
 Cræsus, Anec., 1804, 3604, 5103, 6004  
 Cromwell, Anec., 1123, 1668, 2716, 5395, 7064,  
   7276, 8328, 8605, 10334  
 Cross, The, \*3285, \*3286  
   All-sufficiency of, 7637  
   Apparition of, 7638  
   Attraction of, \*3284  
   Bearing, \*588, 7639  
   Benefit of, \*589  
   Burden of, 1172  
   Changed, \*591  
   Christ's, 1174  
   Clinging to, 7640  
   Confidence in, \*592  
   Constantine's, 1173  
   Cures of, \*593  
   Denial and, 7641  
   Discovery of, 1175  
   Fall and Recovery by, \*594  
   Fighting under, 1176  
   Glory of, \*595, 7643  
   Glorying in, 1178, 7642  
   Heraldic, 1178  
   Hope in, \*596, 7648  
   Humility and, 1179  
   Index of, 7644  
   Legend of, 7646  
   Cross, Offence of, 1181  
   Our Sins on, 7652  
   Power of the, 1182, 7647, 7649, 7651  
   Preaching, 1183  
   Pre-eminence of, \*597  
   Prizing, 1184  
   Refuge of, 7650  
   Rejoicing at, \*598  
   Remember, \*599  
   Significance of, 1185  
   Soldiers of, 7653  
   Taking, \*600, 7654  
   Traces of, 7655  
   Under, \*601  
   Use of, 1186, 7656  
   Victory of, 7657  
   Viewing, \*602  
   Way of, \*603  
   Yesterday's, \*604  
 Crosses, Badges, 1187  
   Compensation for, \*605  
   Exchanging, 1188  
   How to Bear, 1189  
   Lesson of, 1190  
   Parting with, 1191  
   Prized, 1192  
   Satisfaction with, 1193  
 Crown, Condition of, 1194  
   Estimating a, 1195  
   Incorruptible, 1196, 7659  
   Jewelled, 1197  
   Legend of the, 1198  
   Lost, 1199  
   of Thorns, The, \*3287  
   Race for a, 1200  
   Reward of the, 7660  
   A Starless, \*606  
 Crowns, Distribution of, 7661  
   Expecting, 7662  
   Jewelled, 7663  
 Crucifixion, The, \*3290, \*3291, \*3292  
   Agony of, \*607  
   Application of, 7664  
   Cause of, \*608  
   Christ's, \*3288-3293  
   Contemplating, \*609  
   Cruelty of, 7665  
   Description of a, 1201  
   Impression of, 1202, 7666, \*610, \*616  
   Lessons of, \*611  
   Litany of, \*612  
   Miracles at, \*613  
   Mystery of, \*614  
   Realized, 1203  
   Saved by, \*615  
   Scene of, \*3289  
   "Crucify Him!" \*3293  
 Cruden, A., died kneeling, 7815  
 Cruel, Death of, 7668  
 Cruelty, Examples of, 1204-1208, 7669-7677  
   Punishment of, 1205  
   Result of, 1206  
   Selfishness and, 1207  
   Unchristian, 1208  
 Cry of the Human, \*1878  
 Culture, Intellectual, 7680  
   Surface, 7681  
 Cumberer, Thoughts of a, 7682  
 Cumming, Dr., 10311  
 Cup, Overflowing, 7683  
   Tasting, 7684

- Curatii and Horatii, 1596  
 Cure for Melancholy, \*18  
 Cure, Marvellous, 1209, 7685, 7686  
 Curiosity, Danger of, 1210, 7687  
   Defined, 7688  
   Influence of, \*617  
   Objects of, 1212  
   Restlessness of, 1211, 1213  
   Scope of, 1214, 7689  
   Ubiquitous, 7690  
 Curtius, Marius, Contentment of, 7481  
 Curse, Bitter, \*618  
   Primal, \*619  
   Sinner's, 7691  
 Curses, Biblical, 7692  
   Causeless, 7693  
   Danger of, 1215  
   Divine, 7694  
   Human, 7695  
   Oriental, 1216  
   Reflex, 7696  
 Curtius' Self-sacrifice, 4348  
 Custom, \*620-623  
   Compliance with, 7697  
   Tyranny of, 1217  
 Cynegyus, Persistence of, 3065  
 Cynic, Description of a, 1218  
 Cyprian, Anec., 1393, 1637, 7190, 10736  
 Cyril and Methodius, 3176  
 Cyril, Child Martyr, 6241  
 Cyrus, Anec., \*1617, 3706, 3885, 5091, 6337, 6440, 7363, 8896, 8979, 9017, 11486  
  
 Dædalus, Anec., 113, 4930  
 Dagon Re-enthroned, \*524  
 Daher and Naber, 587  
 D'Alembert and Arago, 10964  
 Damage, Repairing, 1219  
   Resisting, 1220  
 Damocles, Sword over, 3044  
 Damon and Pythias, 2409  
 Dancing, Culture of, 1221, 7701  
   Eternity and, 1223  
   Evil Influence of, 1224, 1227, 7698, 7699  
   Gloomy, 1226  
   History of, 7701  
   Prohibition of, 7702, 7703  
   Rebuked, 1228, 1232  
   Slander or, 1229  
   Snare of, 1230  
   Unsafe, 1225, 1231  
 Dandy, Description of a, 7704  
 Danger, Advantage of, 1233, 1242  
   Approaching, 1234  
   Avoid, 1235, 1236, 7711  
   Confidence in, 7705  
   Dreams of Safety in, 1237, 1239  
   Everywhere, 1244, 7707, 7708  
   Fleeing from, 1240, 7706  
   Greatest, 1241, 7723  
   Influence of, 1238, 1242, 7725  
   Insufficient Protection from, 7710, 7713, 7715  
   Proverbs, 1243  
   Reckless of, 7709, 7712, 7714  
   Unlikely, 7719  
   Unseen, 7720, 7724  
   Valley of, 1245, 7718  
   Vows in, 7721  
   Warning of, \*624, 1246, 7722  
 Daniel, \*3294, \*3295  
   Deliverance of, \*3296  
   Daniel, Fidelity of, \*3297  
   in Captivity, \*3298  
   in the Den of Lions, \*3299  
   Prayers of, \*3300  
   Prophecy of, 11245  
   Tradition of, 7726  
 Daniel's Band, \*3301  
 Dante, Learning of, 10194  
 Darius, Anec., 8358, 9220  
 Dark Ages, Ignorance in, 7727  
 Darkness, Biblical, 7728  
   Curtain of, \*626  
   Dread of, 1249  
   Emblematical, 1250  
   in Death, 1248  
   Influence of, 7729  
   Inner, 1251  
   Need of, 7730  
   Outer, 1252  
   Power of, 1253  
   Regenerated, 1254  
   Scattered, \*627, \*628  
   Spiritual, \*625, \*629, 7731  
 Dartmouth's Devotion, 10642  
 Daughter, Address to a, \*630  
   Conduct of a, 7732  
 Davenport, Col., and the Dark Day, 1677  
 David, Call of, \*3302  
   Character of, \*631  
   Choice of, \*3303  
   Death of, \*3304  
   Error Concerning, 7733  
   Excellence of, 7734  
   Exploits of, \*3305  
   Five Smooth Stones of, \*3306  
   Goliath and, \*3307, \*3308  
   Grief of, \*3309  
   Harp of, \*3310  
   in Saul's Armor, \*146  
   Legend of, 11060  
   Numbering the People, \*3311  
   Offering of, \*3312, \*3313  
   Psalms of, \*632, \*3314  
   Victories of, \*633, \*3315  
 David's Parable, 5925  
   Race, 4846  
 Da Vinci, Death of, 10012  
 Davy, Rev. W., Perseverance, 10974  
 Dawson, Anec., 8167, 11108  
 Day, Accounting for a, 7735  
   Beautiful, \*634  
   Beginning the, \*635  
   Closing the, \*636  
   Kinds of, \*638  
   Life's, 1255  
   Living by the, 1256  
   of the Lord at Hand, \*3316  
   Question for each, \*640  
   Rainy, \*641  
   Wishing for the, \*3317  
 Daybreak, \*637  
 Day of Grace, Emblem of the, 1257  
   for Every Man, 1258  
   Neglecting the, 1259, 7737  
 Day of Judgment, \*642, \*643  
 Days, Computation of, 7738  
   Lost, \*639, \*644  
   Old, \*645  
 Dead, The Blessed, \*646, \*664, 7739  
   Burning, 7740  
   Censuring, \*647

- Dead, Communion with, 1260  
   Dirge for, \*648  
   Fear of, 7741  
   Glory of, \*650  
   Grief for, \*651  
   Happiness of, \*652  
   Honors to, 7742  
   Invoking, \*653  
   Mantles of, \*654  
   Memorials of, \*655  
   Memory of the, \*649, \*656, \*661  
   Message to, \*657, 1261  
   Mother, \*658  
   Nearness to, 1262  
   Number of, \*659  
   Raising, 7743  
   Reviving, 7744  
   Secret of, \*660  
   State of, \*663  
   Unburied, 1264  
   Unchangeable, 7745  
   Unconsciousness of, 7746  
   Voices of, \*665  
   Weep not for, \*666  
   Where are? \*662  
   Yet Speaking, 1263, 7747  
 Deaf and Dumb Healed, \*3318  
 • Death, Activity in, 1265  
   Adam's Vision of, \*668  
   a Departure, 1287  
   Admonition of, 7748  
   a Ferry-Boat, 7791  
   Agents of, \*669  
   Allegory of, 1266  
   Angel of, \*670, 1267  
   an Inquisitor, 1313  
   Anxiety About, 1269  
   a Penalty, 1333  
   Appearance of, 1270  
   Approach of, \*672, \*682, 1271  
   a Sleep, 1350  
   A Strange, 1353  
   at all Times, 1361  
   a Thief, 1359  
   a Transfer, 1362  
   Avarice in, 7751  
   Beautiful, \*1272, \*1273, 7752  
   Bells Ringing at, 7753  
   Best Time for, \*674  
   Biblical Figures of, 7754  
   Birth and, \*675  
   Blessing of, 1274  
   Bribeless, \*676, 1275  
   Certainty of, \*678, 1276, 1328, 1367, 7757,  
     7809, 7827, 7835  
   Chamber of, \*679  
   Change of, 1277, 7758, 7759  
   Children's, \*667, \*671, 1278, 7761  
   Child's Ideas of, 7762  
   Christian, 1280  
   Comfortable, 1281  
   Comfort in, \*681, 1282, 7766, 7772  
   Commission of, \*683  
   Conflict with, 1283  
   Condition of an Easy, 7767  
   Conquered, \*684, \*734, \*991, 1284, 1354,  
     1363, 1364, 1371, 7775, 7884  
   Conqueror, \*685, \*733  
   Consolation with, 1285  
   Contemplating, \*686  
   Contrast in, 7769  
 Death, Converted Heathen's, 7770  
   Conviction from, 7771  
   Courage at, 7773  
   Court of, \*687  
   Cowards or Fools, at, 7774  
   Day of, 1286  
   Desolations of, 1288  
   Diversities in, 7776, 7777  
   Dread of, 7778  
   in Duty, 1289  
   Early, 7749, 7779  
   Emblem of, 1290  
   Empire of, \*690  
   Empty Hands in, 7780  
   Entertaining, 1291  
   Entrance to Happiness, 7781  
   Equality in, \*691, 1292  
   Everywhere, 7782  
   Evidences in, 7783  
   Excellency of, 1293  
   Expecting, \*692, \*735, 1356, 1372, 7784  
   Exposure to, 7785  
   Faithful till, 7786  
   Faith in, 1294, 7768  
   Farewell in, 7787  
   Fearless of, 1296, 7788  
   Fear of, 1295, 7789  
   Feelings at, 7790  
   Fletcher's, 7792  
   Forewarned of, 7793  
   Forgotten, \*695  
   Freedom by, 1298, 7821, 7859  
   Friends in, 7794  
   Fruits of, \*696  
   Gain by, \*697, 1299, 7795  
   General Interest in, 7796  
   Glorious, 1303, 7798  
   God with us in, 1304  
   Graduation, 1305  
   Habit in, 7799, 7848  
   Halt, 1306  
   Happiness after, 1307, 7800  
   Happy, \*698, 7760, 7801  
   Health, 1309  
   Heathen View of, \*699, 1310, 7802  
   Highest Summons, 1311  
   Hopeless, 7804  
   Horrible, 7805  
   Horror of, \*694, \*701  
   Humility in, 7806  
   Hymn to, \*703  
   Ignorance of the Time of, 7807  
   Imminent, 1312  
   Impartial, \*691, \*704  
   Individual, 7808  
   Influence of, 7810  
   Insensibility to, 1314  
   Instantaneous, 7811  
   Invitation of, \*677, \*705, \*985  
   Joy in, \*724, 1315, 1342, 7813, 7814, 7858  
   Jubilee, 1316  
   Kneeling in, 7815  
   Knell of, 7816  
   Lamenting, 7818  
   Land of, 7819  
   Legend of, 7820  
   Lesson of, 1317  
   Life and, \*706  
   Life in, 1318, 7822  
   Life from, \*707  
   Limit of, \*709



- Death, Longing for, \*688, \*710, \*973, 7825  
 Looking to Christ in, 7826  
 Marks of, 1321, 7828  
 Meditating on, 1322, 7829  
 Memento of, \*711  
 Mental Enlargement in, 7831  
 Messenger, 1323  
 Mighty, 1324  
 Mindful of, 7832  
 Mockery of, 1325  
 Mountains of, 7833  
 Mystery of, \*712, 1326  
 Nature of, \*713, \*716  
 Nearness to, 1327  
 Non-existence of, \*680, \*714, 974  
 not Annihilation, 1268  
 No Warning of, \*715  
 Occupation and, 7838  
 of a Senator, 1348  
 of Little Nell, 7823  
 of Little Paul, 7824  
 of the Old Year, \*2388  
 Painless, 1330, \*797, 7856  
 Parting at, 7840  
 Patriotic, 7841  
 Pause Before, 7842  
 Peaceful, 1331, 1332, 7844  
 Personification of, 7845  
 Physical, \*717, 7846  
 Picture of, 7847  
 Place of, 1334  
 Port of, \*718  
 Postponement of, \*673, \*719, 7834  
 Postscript in, 1335  
 Power of, 1336  
 Premature, \*689, \*720  
 Premonitions of, 1337, 7849  
 Preparation for, 1338, 7850, 7851  
 Presence of, \*721  
 Providence in, \*693, \*722  
 Purifier, 7852  
 Putting off, 7853  
 Questions of, 7854, 7855  
 Readiness for, \*723, 1339  
 Region of, 1341  
 Regret in, 7857  
 Repentance at, 1343  
 Repulsiveness of, \*725  
 Resurrection from, 1345  
 Review at, 7860, 7861  
 Royalty at, 7862  
 Ruling Passion in, 1320, 7863  
 Sayings in, 7864  
 Scoffer's, 1347  
 Sermon on, 7865  
 Shrinkage by, 7866  
 Shrinking from, \*726  
 Simplicity in, 7867  
 Sin in, 1349  
 Solemnity of, 7868  
 Song in, \*727  
 Spiritual, 7869  
 Spoiled, \*728  
 Sting of, 1352  
 Stream of, \*729  
 Sudden, \*730, 1355, 1357, 7870, 7880, 7881  
 Temporary, 1358  
 Temptations in, 7872  
 Terrors in, \*732, 7873  
 Time of, \*702, 1360, 7874  
 The First, 1297, 7791
- Death, to the Righteous, 1346  
 Type of, 7879  
 Unclouted, 1365  
 Unpleasing, 7836, 7882  
 Unprepared for, 1329, 1366, 1369, 7837  
 Unselfishness in, 7883  
 Vacation, 1370  
 Vicarious, 7885  
 Views at, 7887  
 Voice from, 7888  
 Vow at, 7889  
 Warning of, 7890  
 Welcoming, 1319, 1373, 7756, 7891  
 Worldling's View of, 7764, 7892  
 Wounds of, \*736  
 Wretched, 1374  
 Young Sceptic's, 1375
- Death-bed, Revelations of the, 7893  
 Death of Christ, \*737, \*738, 1376, 1377, 7894, 7895
- Debate, Useless, \*739  
 Deborah, Song of, \*3319  
 Debt, Avoid, 1378, 1382  
 Brevities, 1380  
 Cancelled, \*740  
 Christian's, \*741  
 Danger of, 1381  
 Exemption from, 7896  
 Payment of, 7897, 7901  
 Relief from, 1383, 7898  
 Unpaid, 1384, 7899
- Debtor, Great, \*3320  
 Lamentation of a, 7900  
 Ungrateful, 1385
- Debtors, The Two, \*3321, \*3322  
 Decalogue, The World's, \*742  
 Decay, Example of, 7902  
 General, \*743, \*744  
 Law of, 7903  
 Moral of, \*745
- Deceit, Business, 1386  
 Detection of, 7904  
 Emblems of, 7905  
 Fable of, 7906
- Deception, Fatal, 7907  
 Life's, \*749  
 Self, 7908  
 The World's, \*748, \*751, 1387
- Decision, Christian, 1389, 1397, 1400, 7911  
 Circle for, 7910  
 Examples of, 1392, 1393, 7912, 7915  
 Importance of, \*752, 7913  
 Manly, 1388, 1391, 1395, 1396  
 Missionary, 7914  
 Overcome, 1390, 7916  
 Power of, 1394, 1398  
 Profession of, 1399  
 Promptitude in, 7917  
 Reward of, 7918  
 Success of, 1401, 7919  
 Symbol of, 7920
- Decrees, Book of, \*753  
 Disputing about, 7921  
 Mystery of, 7922
- Dedication, Biblical, 7923
- Deed, Motherly, 1403
- Deeds, Kind, 1402, 1404, 1406  
 Evil, \*754  
 Indelible, \*755  
 Judged by, 1405  
 Memory of Good, 1407

- Deeds, Monumental, 1408  
   Prayer of, \*756  
 Defeat, Providential, 7924  
 Defects, Boasting of, 7925  
 Defence, Armor for, 1409  
   God our, \*757, \*758  
   Hedge of, 7926  
   Instinct of, 7927  
   Invisible, 1410  
   Strange, 1411  
   The Lord our, 7928  
   Useless, 7929  
   Wall of, 7930  
 Defilement, Biblical, 7931  
 De Foe, Daniel, 2716  
 Degeneration, Human, 7932  
 Degradation, Pagan, 7933  
 Degraded, The Hope of, \*759  
   Labor for, 1412, 1413  
   Morally, 1414  
   Renovation of, 7934  
   Transformation of, 7935  
 Degrees, History of, 7936  
   Mercenary, 7937  
 Deicolus, Always Smiling, 7066  
 Deity, Address to, \*760  
   Emblem of, 1415  
   Footsteps of, 7938  
   Incomprehensible, \*761  
   Inferring, \*762  
   Ode to, \*763  
   Omnipresence of, 7939  
   Praise of, \*764  
   World without, 7940  
   Worship of, \*765  
 Dejanira's Charm, 2753  
 Delaure, Influence of, 4494  
 Delay, Danger of, 1416, 1426, 7941  
   Excuses for, 1417  
   Fatal, \*766, \*767, 1418, 7942, 7947  
   Folly of, \*768, \*771, 1419, 7943  
   Habit of, 1420, 7944  
   Inexcusable, \*769, \*770  
   Influence of, 1423, 1428  
   Lessons of, 1421, 1424, 1425  
   Presumption, 1427  
   Propensity to, 7945  
   Risking, 7946  
   Warning of, 1422, 1429  
   Youthful, 7948  
 Deliberation, First, 1430  
   Importance of, 1451  
   Proverbs, 1432  
   Rule for, 7949  
 Dellah, Fame of, \*3323  
 Deliverance, Improvement of, 7950  
   Memento of, 7952  
   Praise for, 1433  
   Providential, 1434, 7953, 7953  
   Sinner's, 1435  
   Transport of, 7954  
 Deliverer, Beholding the, 1436  
 Deluge, The, \*3325  
   Awaiting, \*772  
   Description of, 7955  
   Destruction by, \*774, \*775  
   Escape from, \*3324  
   Extent of, \*776  
   Provocation of, \*777  
   Tokens after, \*3326  
   Tradition of, \*778  
 Delusion, Destructive, 7956  
   Sinner's, 7957  
   Worldly, 1437  
 Demand, Supply and, 7958  
 Demaretus, Anec., 6455, 8068, 11691  
 Demas, Course of, 8768  
 Demetrius, Anec., 2430, 7571, 9606, 9839, 11174  
 Democritus, Anec., 1214, 6294  
 Demoniac of Capernaum, \*3327  
   Restoration of a, \*3328, 7959  
 Demons, Legend of, 1438  
   Legion of, Cast Out, \*3329  
 Demosthenes, Anec., 253, 2435, 2716, 2807, 6316, 4669, 6355, 7522, 8915, 10845  
 Denades, the Liar, 3751  
 Denominations, Abolition of, 7962  
   Advantage of, 1441, 1442  
   Diverse, \*781  
   Fellowship of, 1440, 1443  
   in Heaven, 1444, 7964  
   Love of, 1445  
   Result of, 1446  
   Traits of, 1439, 7963  
   Unity of, \*782  
   War among, 7965  
 Denton, Apostasy of, 164  
 Denton's Description of Water, 5985  
 Dependence, Benefit of, 7966  
   Daily, \*783  
   Hatred of, \*784, \*785  
   Human, 1447  
   Material, 1448  
   Omnipotence of, 1449  
   Refuge for, 1450  
   Self, 1451  
   Spiritual, \*786  
   Support in, 7967  
   Universal, 7968  
 Department, Rules for, 1452, 7969  
 Depravity, Admission of, 7970  
   Confession of, \*787, \*788  
   Course of, 7972  
   Conviction of, 1453, 1459, 1467  
   Corruption of, 1454, 7971  
   Debt of, \*789  
   Development of, \*790, \*791  
   Doctrine of, 1456, 7977  
   Emblem of, 1457, 1463, 1468  
   Enmity of, 1455, 1458  
   Evidences of, 7973, 7974  
   Fact, 1461  
   Fear of, 1462  
   General, \*793  
   Innate, 1464, 1465, 7975  
   Parable of, 7976  
   Physician for, \*792, \*795  
   Power of, 1466  
   Record of, \*794  
   Tests of, 1469  
   Total, 1460, 1470  
   Unconsciousness of, \*796, 1471  
 De Quincey's Computation, 10217  
 De Renty, M., 384  
 De Retz and Chigi, 3936  
 Descartes' Lunacy, 10259  
 Desert, A Vision in the, \*3330  
   Journeying in the, \*3331  
   Springs in the, \*3332  
   The Flower in the, \*3333  
 Desertion, Spiritual, 7978  
   Thought of, \*797

- Design, Evidence of, \*798  
 Fruitless, \*799  
 Fruits of, \*799, \*800  
 Designer, Omnipotent, 7979  
 Designs, Fate of Evil, 1472  
 Penalty of, 1473  
 Desire, Effects of, \*801, \*802, \*804-807  
 Holy, \*803, \*808  
 Ungratified, 1474  
 Desires, Government of, \*980  
 Gratification of, 7981  
 Growth of, 1475  
 Heavenly, 1476  
 Moderate, 1477  
 Passions and, 1478  
 Power of, 1479  
 Proverbs, 1480  
 Selfish, 7982  
 Worldly, 1481  
 Desolation, Despairing, \*809, \*810  
 Social, \*811  
 Despair Arrested, 7983  
 Cry of, \*813  
 Cure for, 7985  
 Death of Giant, 1483  
 Dishonors God, 7986  
 Hopeless, \*815  
 Evils of, \*812, \*814, 1482, 1484, 7984, 7987  
 Never, 1485, 1486, 7988  
 Overcome, \*817, \*818, 7989  
 Religious, \*816, 1487  
 Victim of, \*819  
 Weakness of, 1488  
 Despondency, Cause of, 1489  
 Cure for, \*821, \*825, \*828, 7990, 7992  
 Discard, \*820, \*822, \*823  
 Fatal Result of, 1490  
 Genius and, 7991  
 Hill of, \*824  
 Philosophy of, \*826  
 Prayer in, \*827  
 Destiny, Human, \*830  
 Destruction, Dream of, \*831  
 Easy, 7993  
 Personal, 1491, 1493  
 Responsibility of, 1492  
 Detection, Example of, \*832, 7995  
 Sure, 1494, 7994, 7996  
 Determination, Example of, 7997  
 Firm, \*833  
 Penitential, \*834  
 Detraction, Curse of, 1495, 7998  
 Harvest of, 7999  
 Honor of, 8000  
 Meanness of, \*835, 1496  
 Rebuked, 1497  
 Deucalion, 2314  
 Development, Animal, 8001  
 Law of, 1499, 8002  
 Deviation, Danger of, 1498  
 De Vigny's Poem, 6707  
 Devil, a Bishop, 1501  
 Answer to, 1500  
 Complaints of, 8003  
 Deceit of, 1502  
 Defeat of, 1503  
 Fear of, \*836  
 Image of, 8004  
 Kiss of, 8005  
 Origin of, \*837  
 Overcome, 8006, 8008  
 Devil, Resist, 8007  
 Rewards of, 1505  
 Schemes of, 1507  
 St. Anthony and, 1506  
 Symbol of, 1508  
 Transformed, 8009  
 Traveller, \*838, 1509  
 Work of, 1510, 8010  
 Worship of, 8011  
 Devils, Conflict with, \*839, 1504  
 Guard of, 8012  
 Incarnate, 1511  
 Worship of, \*840  
 Devotedness, Heathen, 1519  
 Ministerial, 1520  
 Devotion, Absence of, \*841  
 Acceptable, 1512  
 Advantage of, 8013, 8014, 8028  
 Ardent, \*842, \*848  
 Constant, \*843  
 Enemies to, 8015  
 Example of, 1515, 8016, 8021  
 Filial, 1513  
 Fire of, 8017  
 Glory of, 8018  
 Impaired, 8019, 8022  
 Interruption of, 8020  
 Obstruction to, \*845  
 Office of, 1516  
 Ostentatious, \*846  
 Prayer of, \*847, 8024  
 Private, 8023, 8025, 8029  
 Propensity to, \*850, 8026  
 Quality of, 1517  
 Temple of, \*849  
 Diogenes Dies for Joy, 10035  
 Diamond, Peculiarity of the, 8030  
 Value of the, 8031  
 Diana, Anec., 1136, 4128, 7896, 8632  
 Diazius Kills his Brother, 6942  
 Dickinson, J., Confidence in, 574  
 Diderot and the Bible, 6792  
 Die, Why will you? 8032  
 Dies Iræ, \*643  
 Difficulties, Allegory of, 1521  
 Avoiding, 1522  
 Biblical, 8033  
 Discipline of, 1524, 1525, 1530, 8035  
 Look Aloft in, 1528  
 Difficulty, Miracles of, 8036  
 Overcoming, 1523, 1526, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1532, 8034  
 Dignity, Burden of, \*851, \*852  
 Diligence, Approved, 1533, 1534  
 Blessing upon, 8037  
 Evil, 8038  
 Example of, 1535, 1539, 1540, 8039, 8040  
 Explained, 1536  
 Motives to, 1537  
 Power of, 1538, 8041  
 Triumph of, 1541  
 Witchcraft of, 1542  
 Diocles' Regard for Law, 10174  
 Diocletian, Abdication of, 6148  
 Diogenes, Anec., 1027, 1425, 3042, 3801, 4669, 4672, 5080, 6050, 7482, 8341, 8756, 8830, 9954, 10490, 10967, 11904  
 Dionysius, Anec., 1909, 3253, 8661, 8697, 9724  
 Disagreements, Advantage of, 8042  
 Cause of, 8043  
 Disappointment, Benefit of, \*853, \*855

- Disappointment, Blight of, \*854, \*859, \*863  
   Enduring, 1543  
   Fable of, 8045  
   General, \*856, \*857, \*862  
   Love's, \*858  
   Providential, 8046  
   Severe, \*861, 8047  
   True View of, \*860, 1544  
 Disbelief, Ignorance and, 8044  
 Disciples, Last Command to, \*3120, \*3335  
   Sleeping, \*3334  
 Discipline, Analogy of, 8048  
   Benefit of, \*864, 1545, 1546  
   Design of, \*865, \*867, 8054, 8056  
   Example of, 1547, 8049, 8051  
   Intention of, 1548, 8050, 8055  
   Object of, \*873, 1549, 8053  
   Peace in, \*868  
   Personal, 8052  
   Power of, 1550  
   Prayer for, 1551  
   Refuge in, \*866, \*870  
   Sculpture of, \*869, \*871  
   Severe, 1552  
   Weary of, \*872  
 Discontent, Absurd, 1555, 8057, 8062  
   Constant, \*874, 8058  
   Cured, \*875, 1553, 8059  
   Delusion of, 8060  
   Disease of, \*876  
   General, \*877-879, 1556  
   Growth of, \*880  
   Incurable, 8063  
   Misery of, 8064  
   Punished, 1554  
   Reproof of, 8065  
 Discontentment, Fable of, 1557  
   Simile of, 1558, 8061  
 Discord, Effect of, 8066  
   Fable of, 1559  
   Forgetting, 8067  
   Human, \*881-883  
   Offence of, 1560, 8068  
   Unchristian, 1561  
 Discouragement, Cured, 1562, 1564  
   Groundless, 1563  
   Prayer in, \*884  
 Discoveries, Accidental, 8069  
 Discovery, Joy of, 1565, 8070  
   of Sin, 1566  
 Discretion, Importance of, \*885, 1567, 8071  
   Test of, 1568  
 Discussion, Advantage of, 8072  
   Disastrous, 1570  
   Rule for, 8073  
   Trivial, 1572  
 Disease, Cause of, 8074  
 Disenchantment, Process of, \*886  
 Dishearteners, Guilt of, 8075  
 Dishonesty, Excuse for, \*887  
   Greed of, 8076  
   Paltry, 1573  
   Penalty of, 8077, 8079  
   Revelation of, 8078  
   Ways of, 1574  
 Dishonor, Perpetuity of, \*888  
 Disinterestedness, Examples of, 1575, 8080, 8081  
 Disobedience, Filial, 8083  
   Overcome, 8082, 8084  
   Propagation of, 1577  
   Result of, \*889, 1576, 1578  
 Disobliging, Punishment of, 8085  
 Dispatch, Kinds of, 8086  
 Disposition, Varieties of, 8087-8090  
 Disputant, Ready, \*890  
 Disputation, Patience in, 8091  
   Self-control in, 8092  
 Disputatiousness, Youthful, 8093  
 Disputes, Ecclesiastical, 8094  
   Settlement of, 8095  
 Disquiet, General, \*891, \*892  
 Disraeli, Anec., 1564, 6028  
 Dissatisfaction, Brevities, 1579  
   Cause of, \*893-895, 1580, 8096  
   Christian, 1581  
   Contrast of, 1583  
   Cure for, 1584, 8098  
   Examples of, 1586, 8097, 8099  
   Human, 1582, 1585  
   Influence of, 8100  
   Mutual, \*896  
   Rebuke of, 8101  
   Wail of, 8102  
 Dissension, Cause of, \*897  
   Church, 1587  
   Danger of, 1588  
 Dissipation, Study and, 8103  
   Tyranny of, 8104  
 Distance, Effects of, 8105  
   Enchantment of, \*898  
 Distinction, Danger of, 8106  
 Distrust, Groundless, 1589  
   Rebuked, 1590, 1591, 8107  
 Dives and Lazarus, \*3336-3338  
 Divi, Worship of, 9416  
 Divine Love, Permanence of, 8108  
 Divine Union, Blessedness of, 8109  
   Experience of, \*899, \*900  
   Simile of, \*901  
 Divinity, Ornaments of, 1592  
   of Christ, \*902, 1593, 1594, 8110, 8111  
 Divisions, Danger of, 1595, 8112  
   Result of, 1596  
   Unity and, 8113  
 Divorce, Arab Method of, 1597  
   Prevention of, 8114  
 Dix, Gen., and the Flag, 5227  
 Doctrine, Biblical and Human, 1598  
   Doctored, 8115  
   False, 8116  
   Heathen View of, 8117  
   Importance of, 8118  
   Mixed, 8119  
   Order of, 1601  
   Systems of, 8120  
   True, 1602  
   Unity of, 8121  
 Dodd, Dr., Anec., 3866, 6535, 11370  
 Doddridge, Dr., Anec., 463, 1785, 3609, 7768, 3712, 5454, 10655  
 Doeg's Insinuations, 2175  
 Dogmatism, Baseless, \*903  
   Spirit of, 8123  
 Dogmatist, Defined, 8124  
 Doing Good, Aim at, 8125, 8127  
   Call to, \*904  
   Effect of, 1605, 1606, 8130, 8134  
   Examples of, 1603, 1604, 1607, 1609, 8128  
   Heathen Ideas of, 8129  
   Importance of, \*905, \*907, 1608  
   in Trifles, 1614  
   Modes of, 1610

- Doing Good, Power of, 1611, 8131  
   Prescription of, 8132  
   Reason for, \*909  
   Remedy, 1612  
   Reward in, \*906, \*908, 1613, 1615  
 Doing Well, Benefit of, 1617, 8135  
   Ways of, \*910, 1616  
 Dominic, St., Anec., 3249, 4785, 7365  
 Domitian, Anec., 5051, 7571, 9720  
 Donald and Duke Gordon, 9966  
 Don Quixote, Anec., 4471, 6406, 6560  
 Doom, Approaching, \*911  
   Day of, \*912  
 Doomsday, Every Day, 8136  
 Door, Closed, 8137  
   Knock at, 8138  
   The Other, 8139  
   Sermon about, 8140  
 Dorcas, \*3339, \*3340  
 Doré, Success of, 6126  
 Doris, Contentment of, 9605  
 Dorso, Fidelity of, 460  
 Doubleday, Squire, 7378  
 Double-Facedness, Symbol of, 1619  
 Double-Mindedness, Biblical, 8141  
   Evil of, \*913  
   Example of, 1620, 8142  
   Folly of, 1621  
   Impossible, 1622  
 Doubt, Absurd, 1623  
   Biblical, 8143  
   Cure for, \*915, 1624-1626  
   Evil of, \*914, \*916, \*917  
   Personified, \*917  
 Doubting, Cause of, 1627  
   Pains of, 8144  
   the Promises, 1628  
 Doubts, Influence of, 1629  
   Preach Not, 8145  
   Ridicule of, 8146  
 Douglass, Fidelity of a, 1698  
 Dove, Homeward Flight of the, \*3341  
   Noah's, \*3342  
   Oh for the Wings of a, \*3343  
 Doves, Flight of, 8147  
 Draco's Penalties, 1333  
 Dragon, as an Emblem, 1630  
 Drake, Sir F., 6542  
 Draw-net, Parable of the, \*3344  
 Dream, A Fearful, \*918  
   Conviction Through a, 8148  
   Eugene Aram's, \*919  
   Fulfillment of a, 8149  
   Mariner's, \*920  
 Dreams, Conscience in, 8151  
   Conversion in, 1631  
   Divine Action in, 1632  
   Felicity of, 1634, 8152  
   Interpretation of, 1633  
   Land of, \*921  
   Lessons in, \*922  
   Nature of, \*923  
   Peculiarities of, 8153  
   Providence in, 1635, 8154  
   Views of, 1636, 8155  
   Warnings in, 1637, 8150  
 Dresden, Silver Egg, 4953  
 Dress, Attention to, 1638  
   Beneficence and, 8156  
   Caste of, \*924  
   Character and, \*925, 8161  
   Cost of, 8157  
   Crime in, 1639, 1640  
   Destitute of, \*926  
   Effect of, 1641  
   Game of, 8158  
   Importance of, 1642, 8160  
   Love of, \*927-929, 1643, 1646, 1649, 8159, 8163  
   Memento, 1644  
   Neglect of, 1645  
   Preaching against, 8162  
   Rules for, 1647, 8164  
   Sacrifice to, \*930  
   Singularity in, 1648  
   Wealth and, 8165  
 Drew, D., Anec., 2716, 5052, 11512  
   S., Anec., 3517, 9245  
 Drinking, Argument for, 1650  
   Fashionable, 1651, 1652  
   Progress of, 8166  
 Drunkard, Chain for the, 8167  
   in Cold Water, 1654  
   Portion of the, 8169  
   Salvation for, 1655, 8168, 8170  
   Wail of a, 8171  
 Drunkards, How to Rescue, 1670  
   Influence of, 1671  
   Responsibility of, 8172  
 Drunkenness, Beginning of, 1656  
   Breaking off, 8173  
   Conquest of, 1657, 1658  
   Deaths from, 1659, 1662, 8176  
   Effects of, 1660, 1665, 8174, 8175, 8181  
   Elevation of, 1661  
   Evils of, \*931-938  
   Illustration of, 1663  
   Incident of, 1664  
   Perpetual, 1666  
   Preventing, 1667  
   Punishment of, 1668  
   Rebuked, 1669  
   Resolute, 8177  
   Supernatural, 8178  
   Warning against, 8180  
 Drusus' Windows, 2532  
 Dry Bones, Ezekiel's Vision of, \*3345, \*3346  
 Duellist, Remorse of a, 8182  
 Duff, Dr., Anec., 7334, 8384  
 Duke D'Alva's Promise, 5446  
 Duke of Argyle Exposed, 5561  
 Duke of Brunswick Enslaved, 6002  
 Duke of Guise, Influence of, 9895  
 Duke of Northumberland's Death, 7221  
 Duke of Saxony, Cruelty of, 7672  
 Duke of Württemberg's Trust, 5818  
 Dulness, Failures of, 8183  
 Dumas' Courage, 7773  
 Duncan, Admiral, Preparing for Battle, 6687  
 Dunstan, St., Anec., 367, 5659  
 Duplicity, Emblem of, 8184  
 Duration, Eternal, 8185  
 Durham, Dr., Anec., 3946, 7255  
 Duty, Absorption of, \*939  
   Adaptation of, 8191  
   Alternative of, 8192  
   Benefit of, 8193  
   Biblical, 8194  
   Burden of, 8195  
   Calls to, \*940  
   Conviction of, 8196  
   Comfort in, 1673

- Duty, Daily, \*941  
   Done, 1673  
   Excuse for, \*942, 1674  
   Exhortation to, 1675  
   Exposure in, 1676  
   Fame of, \*943  
   Fidelity to, 1677, 8197  
   First, 1678, 8198  
   Happiness of, 1680, 8199  
   Help in, \*944, 8200  
   Home, 8201  
   Human, 1681  
   Ideal of, 8202  
   Imperfection and, 8203  
   Important, 8186, 8206  
   Impression of, 8204  
   Inspiration from, 8205  
   Legend of, 1683  
   Martyr to, \*945  
   Moderation in, \*946  
   Neglected, \*947, 1684, 8207  
   Obedience to, \*948  
   Ode to, \*949  
   Ours, 1685  
   Perseverance in, 1687  
   Practice of, 8187  
   Preparation for, 1688  
   Presentation of, 8188  
   Reception of, \*950  
   Refreshment by, 8209  
   Religious, 8189  
   Results of, \*951  
   Rewards of, \*952, 8210  
   Routine of, 8211  
   Sacrifice for, 8212, 8214  
   Sphere of, 1686, 1689, 8208  
   Strength for, 1690  
   Time for, \*953  
   Trifling, \*954  
   Triumphs of, 8215  
   Undone, 1691  
   Voluntary, 8190  
   Youthful, \*955
- Dying, Advantage of, 1692  
   at his Post, 1693  
   Beyond, \*957  
   Brief, \*958  
   Contrast of, \*959, 8217  
   Desire for, \*961, \*973  
   Dirge, \*962  
   Encouragement in, \*963  
   Experience in, 8218  
   Farewell of the, \*965  
   Fearless, \*960, \*964, \*966  
   for a Friend, 1694  
   Gain of, \*967, 1695  
   Gate Open to the, 8219  
   Glorious, \*963, \*984, 1696, 8220, 8221, 8225  
   Hopeless, 1697  
   Hope of the, \*969, \*970  
   Horror in, \*971  
   Invitation of the, 8222  
   Joyous, \*968, \*972, 8216  
   Message of the, 8223  
   Not, \*974  
   One by One, \*975  
   Peaceful, \*956, \*976, \*977  
   Revelations of, \*978  
   Scenes of, \*979  
   Simplicity in, 8224  
   Sleep of the, \*980
- Dying, Song in, \*981  
   Time of, \*982  
   Transition of, \*983  
   Unexpected, 1699  
   Visions in, 8226  
   with Christ, 1693, 5522  
   Words of the, \*986
- Dying Testimonies, of Christians, 1700-1721, 8227  
   of Infidels, 1722-1731  
   of Martyrs, 1732-1749  
   of Ministers, 1750-1768, 8228  
   of Women, 1768-1772
- Eagles, Gathering of the, \*3347  
 Ear, Mechanism of the, 8230  
 Earl of Breadalbane's Remorse, 975  
 Early Conversions, Benefit of, 1773, 1774  
   Possible, 1775  
 Early Death, Jewish Apologue, \*987  
   Memory of, \*988  
   Parable of, 8231  
   Safety of, \*989, \*991  
   Subjects of, \*990
- Early Piety, Call to, \*993, \*994  
   Examples of, \*995, 1778, 8232  
   Happiness of, 1779  
   Hope of, \*996, 1777  
   Importance of, \*992, 1780  
   Legend of, 1781  
   Logic of, 1782  
   Nobility of, \*997  
   Possible, \*998, 1776, 1783
- Early Rest and Early Rising, 8233  
 Early Risers, Famous, 8234  
 Early Rising, Examples of, 8236  
   Habit of, 1786, 8235  
   Importance of, 1785, 1787, 8237
- Early Training, Influence of, \*999, \*1000  
   Power of, 8238, 8239  
   Reason of, 1788, 1789  
   Responsibility for, 8240
- Earnestness, Christian, \*1001, 8241  
   Duty of, \*1002  
   Example of, 1791, 1795  
   Ministerial, 1793, 8242  
   Nature's, \*1003  
   Official, 1794  
   Plea for, \*1004, 8245  
   Power of, 8243  
   Result of, 8244, 8246  
   Time for, \*1005
- Earth Adapted to Man, 8247  
   Clinging to, \*1006, 1796, 8248  
   Destruction of the, \*1007, 8249, 8250  
   Dying View of, \*1008  
   Forsaking, \*1010  
   Glory of, 1797, 8251  
   Leaning on the, \*1012  
   Living on, \*1013  
   Magnitude of, 1799  
   Motion of, 8252  
   Need of, \*1014  
   Our Mother, 1800  
   Pleasures of, \*1009, \*1016  
   Pre-Adamic, \*1017  
   Prisoner of, \*1018  
   Renewed, 1801  
   Riches of the, \*1019  
   Shadowy, \*1020  
   Song of the, \*1011, \*1021

- Earth, Strangers in, \*1022  
   Transitory, 1802  
   Travelling through, \*1023  
   Voice of, 8253  
   and Heaven, \*1024, \*1025  
 Earthly Glory, Transient, \*1026  
   Brevity of, 8254  
   Uncertainty of, 8255, 8256  
 Earthly Greatness, 1805  
 Earthquakes, 8257, 8258  
 Ease, Danger of, 1806, 8259  
   Fashionable, 1807  
   Love of, 1808, 8260  
 East, Regard for the, 8261  
   The Poet in the, \*3348  
   Turning to the, \*3349  
 Easter, Hymn for, \*1027  
   Joy of, \*1028  
   Lessons of, \*1029  
   Triumphs of, \*1030  
 Eastman, Chaplain, 6271  
 Eating, Art of, 8262  
   Condition of, 8263  
   Sparingly, 8264  
 Eccentricity, Genius and, 8265  
 Echo, Moral of the, \*1031  
 Economy, Advantages of, 1809, 8266  
   Brevities, 8267  
   Description of, 1810, 8268  
   Industrious, 1812, 8269  
   Poor, 1814  
   Reason for, 1811, 1813, 1815  
   Results of Trifling, 8270  
   Worthy, 8271  
 Eddie, Anec., 3468, 4583, 7833  
 Eddystone Light, 2639  
 Eden, Adam and Eve in, \*1032  
   Departure from, \*1033  
   Description of, \*1034  
   Gethsemane and, \*1035  
   Lament for, \*1036  
   Lost, \*3350  
   Memories of, \*1037  
   Satan in, \*1038  
   Where is? \*3351  
 Edom, The Conqueror from, \*3352, \*3353  
   Who cometh from, \*3354  
 Education, Agent of, 8272  
   Aim of, 8273  
   Atheistic, \*1040  
   Barbarism and, 1818, 8274, 8275  
   Benefits from, 1839, 8276, 8291  
   Brevities, 1819  
   Capacity, \*1041  
   Christian, 1820, 8278  
   Contempt of, 1822  
   Dual, 8279  
   Duty of, \*1042  
   Early, \*1043  
   Forgotten, 8281  
   Habit in, 1823  
   Inheritance of, 8282  
   Liberal, \*1039, 8283  
   Light of, 8284, 8285  
   Maternal, 1824  
   Method of, 1825  
   Mission of, 1826, 1838, 8286  
   Mistaken, 1827, 8207  
   Necessity of, 1816, 1828  
   Neglect of, 1829, 8288  
   Patience in, 1830  
   Education, Practical, 1831, 8277  
     Primary, 1832, 8290  
     Public or Private, 8292  
     Religious, 1833, 1834, 8294  
     Self, 8289, 8295  
     Specific, 1835  
     Sphere of, 1836, 8296  
     Superficial, \*1044, \*1045, 8297  
     Time for, 1837  
     Unconscious, 8298  
     Views of, 1840  
     Work of, 1841  
 Edward, Black Prince, 3473, 3474, 12041  
   I., Heart of, 2841  
   III., Anec., 2465, 3670, 9964  
   VI., Anec., 6780, 9809  
 Edwards, Dr. J., Anec., 2394, 4572, 5282, 6186,  
   9166, 10058  
 Effects, Abiding, 8299  
   Judging by, 8300  
 Effeminacy, Example of, 8301, 8302  
 Effort, Benevolent, 1842  
   Christian, 8306  
   Daily, 8303  
   Duty of, \*1046  
   Encouragement to, \*1047  
   Fruitless, \*1048  
   Human, 1843  
   Individual, 1844, 8304  
   Intercession and, 8305  
   Opportune, 1845  
   Result of, 1846  
   Reward of, 1847  
   Special, 1848, 8307  
   Union of, 8303  
 Egotism, Avoiding, 8309  
   Bravery and, 8310  
   Effect of, 1849, 1853, 8311  
   Embarrassment of, 1850  
   Example of, 1851  
   Learned, 1852  
   Trait of, 1854  
   Weakness of, 8312  
 Egypt, Christ Called from, \*3355  
   Dead, \*3358  
   Israel's Escape from, \*3357  
   Last Plague of, \*3358, 3359  
   Left Behind, \*3360  
   The Flight into, \*3361  
   The Hope of, \*3362  
   "Ein Feste Burg," \*757  
 Elah, The Vale of, \*3363  
 Elect, Assembly of the, \*1049  
   Fewness of the, \*1050  
 Election, Certainty of, 1855  
   Christian, 1856, 8315  
   Conditions of, \*1051  
   Evidence of, 1860, 8314  
   Insured, 1857, 1858  
   Knowledge of, 8316  
   Links of, 8317  
   Nature of, 1859, 8313, 8318  
 Elegy, Gray's, \*442  
 Elevation, True, 8319  
 El Ghor, the Rook in, \*3364  
 Eliab's Cure, 1605  
 Eliezer in Sodom, 10082  
   Rabbi, on Repentance, 4154  
 Elijah, \*3365, \*4063, 8320  
   and the Prophets of Baal, \*3367  
   Angel's Invitation to, \*3366

- Elijah, Antitype of, \*3368  
   Ascent of, 2488, \*3369  
   Character of, 8320  
   Description of, \*3370, 4063  
   Discouragement of, \*3371  
   Elisha and, \*3372  
   Fed by Ravens, \*3373  
   Imitating, 1903  
   in the Wilderness, \*3374, \*3375  
   on Carmel, \*3326, \*3376  
   on Horeb, \*1053, \*3377, \*3378  
   Praying for Rain, \*3379  
   Searching for, \*3380  
   Translation of, \*1052, \*3384, \*3385  
 Elijah's Fire Test, \*3381, \*3382  
   Mantle, \*3383  
 Elim, Marah and, \*3386  
   Palms of, \*3387  
 Eliot, Rev. J., Anec., 908, 1712, 6188, 8040,  
   8787, 9153, 11144  
 Eliphaz, Vision of, \*3388  
 Elisha and the Angels, \*3389  
   and the Widow of Zarephath, 9203  
   at Dothan, \*3392  
   Chamber for, \*3390  
   Elijah and, \*3372  
   Helpers of, \*3391  
   Prayer of, 661, 662, \*3393  
   Qualities of, 8321  
 Elizabeth of Denmark, 9232  
   of Russia, Decision of, 4701  
   Queen, Anec., 4741, 5012, 5707, 8195  
 Elliott, Dr. C., Love for the Bible, 356  
 Elocution, Importance of, 8322  
 Eloquence, Acquiring, 1861, 8324  
   Adaptation of, 8323  
   Effect of, \*1054, 1862  
   God of, 8325  
   Hindrances to, 1863  
   Method of, \*1055  
   Natural, 1864  
   Power of, \*1056, \*1057, 8326  
   Prayer and, 8327  
   Pulpit, 1865  
   True, \*1058, 8328  
 Elpidophorus' Apostasy, 918  
 Elysium, \*1059, 2904  
   Preferred, 8329  
 Emancipation, Universal, 8330  
 Emergency, Fearful, 1866  
 Eminence, Ills of, \*1060  
   Road to, 8331  
 Emmaus, \*3394-3396  
 Emotions, Influence of the, \*1061  
   Interpretation of, \*1062  
 Emphasis, Improper, 8339  
 Empires, Fate of, \*3397  
 Employment, Advantage of, 8332, 8338  
   Amusements and, 8333  
   Fixed, 8334  
   Healthfulness of, 1867  
   Honorable, 8335  
   Necessary for Man, \*1063, 8337  
   Use of, \*1064, \*1065, 1868, 8336  
 Emulation, Disquiet of, \*1066  
   Necessity of, 1869  
   True, 1870  
 Encouragement, Angelic, 8340  
   Christian, \*1068, 1871, 1875  
   Examples of, 1872, 8341  
   Premature, 1873  
 Encouragement, Result of, 1874  
 End, Consider the, 8342, 8344  
   Common, 1876  
   Crown at, \*1069  
   Enduring to, 8343  
   Ignorance of, \*1070  
   Premonition of, 1877  
 Endeavor, Benefit of, \*1071  
   Reward of, \*1072  
 End of the World, Crime at, \*1073  
   Expected, 8345  
   Night Before, \*1074  
   Portents of, \*1075  
   Safety at, \*1076  
   Watching for, \*1077  
 Endor, Witch of, \*3398  
 Endurance, Angel of, \*1078  
   Duty of, 1878  
   Example of, 1879  
   Honor of, 1880  
   Reward of, \*1079  
   Sublimity of, 8346  
   Uncomplaining, 8347  
   Use of, 1881, 8348  
 Enemies, Benefit of, 1882  
   Best Use of, 1883, 8350, 8355  
   Conquered, 1884, 1892  
   Duty to, 1885  
   Fear of, 1886  
   Kindness to, \*1080, \*1081, 1891, 8349  
   Loving, 1887, 8351  
   Power over, 8352  
   Reconciled by Death, 1888  
   Reconciliation of, 1889  
   Repugnance to, 8353  
   Surrender to, 8354  
   Treatment of, 1890  
 Enemy, Giving Drink to an, 8356  
   His Own, 8357  
   Punishing an, 8358  
   Rescuing an, 8359  
   Revenge upon, 8360  
   Robbing an, 8361  
   Trusting an, 8362  
   Watching the, 8363  
 Energy, Examples of, 1893  
   Genius of, 1894  
   Importance of, 1895, 8364  
   Ministerial, 8365  
   Power of, \*1082, 1896, 8366  
   Sphere of, 8367  
   Want of, \*1083  
 Engagements, Keeping, 8368  
 Enghien, Duke de, 6468  
 England, and America, \*1084  
   Blessings of, 8369  
   Fraud in, 8844  
   Freedom in, \*1086  
   Love of, \*1087  
   Mariners of, \*1088  
   Progress of, 11226  
 Enjoyment, Capacity for, 8370-8372  
   Condition of, \*1089, 1897  
   Earthly, 1898  
   Lost, \*1090  
   Natural, 8373  
   Neglected, \*1091  
   Pursuit of, \*1092, 8374  
   Reflected, \*1093  
   Religious, 8375  
   Secret of, 8376



- Enjoyment, Uncertainty of, 8377, 8378  
 Enlightenment, Spiritual, 8379  
 Enmity to God, 8380  
 Ennui, Course of, \*1094  
   Evils of, \*1095, 8381  
   Question for, \*1096  
 Enoch, \*3399, \*3400, \*3401  
   Translation of, \*3403  
 Enterprise, Address to \*1097  
   Illustration of, 1899  
   Moral, 1900  
 Enthusiasm, Advantage of, 1901  
   Demand for, 8383  
   Example of, 8382, 8384  
   Fruits of, 1903  
   Mad, 1903  
   Noble, 8385  
   Power of, 8386  
   Religious, 1904, 8387  
   under Trials, 1905  
   Work Under, 8388  
 Envy, Avoid, 8389  
   Biblical, 8390  
   Cause of, \*1098  
   Character of, \*1100, 1906  
   Check to, 1907  
   Cure of, 8391  
   Deeds of, 1908  
   Delight of, 1909  
   Disadvantage of, 1910  
   Dwelling of, \*1099, 8392  
   Examples of, 1911  
   Food of, \*1101, 1912  
   Groundless, 1913  
   Innate, 1914  
   Literary, 8393  
   Malice of, 1915  
   Ministerial, 1916  
   Object of, 8395  
   Occasion of, 1917, 8396  
   Penalty of, \*1102  
   Personification of, \*1103, 1918  
   Poison of, 1919, 8397  
   Self-punishment of, \*1104, 1920, 8398  
   Similes of, 1921  
   Spirit of, 1922, 8399  
   Spite of, \*1105, 1924  
   Universality of, 1923  
 Epaminondas, Anec., 57, 3024, 6937, 7026,  
   7697, 8878, 9673, 10748  
 Ephesus, \*3403, 8400  
   The Beasts of, \*3404  
 Ephorus on His Country, 3225  
 Epictetus' Use of Calumny, 531  
 Epicure, Example of an, 8401  
   Fate of the, \*1106  
   Portrait of an, 8402  
 Epicurus' Summum Bonum, 2797  
 Epigrams, American, 8403  
 Epimetheus, 3772  
 Epiphany, The, \*3408  
   Attendants of, \*3405  
   Magi's Offering, \*3406  
   Morning Star, \*3407  
 Epitaph, A Lady's, \*1107  
 Equality, Claim of, \*1108  
   Consider, \*1109, \*1110  
   Gifts of, \*1111  
 Equanimity Preserved, 8404  
 Equity, Fidelity to, 8405  
   Uncertainty of, 8406  
 Equivocation, Crime of, 8407  
 Erasmus' Neutrality, 10727  
 Erostratus' Ill-fame, 8631  
 Erring, Duty to the, 8408  
   Hope for the, \*1112  
 Error, Avoid, \*1113  
   Castle of, 1925  
   Causes of, 8410  
   Danger of, 1926, 8409  
   Deceitful, 1927  
   Encouragement of, 8412  
   Flight of, \*1114  
   Habit of, \*1115  
   Incorrigibility of, 1928  
   Perversity of, \*1116  
   Progress of, \*1117  
   Warnings of, 8413  
 Erskine, Rev. E., 9375  
 Erskine, Rev. R., Anec., 1466  
 Esau Selling his Birthright, \*3409  
 Esau's Impatience, 9796  
   Worldliness, 6179  
 Escape, Narrow, 1929  
   Only Means of, 8414  
   Providential, 1930, 1931  
 Eschol, Grapes of, \*3410  
 Esdraclon, Plain of, \*3411  
 Esdras, Jews' Esteem for, 3723  
 Estate, Cost of an, 1932  
   Fearful, 1933  
 Esteem, Cultivating Self, 1934  
   Fable of Self, 1935  
   Reputation and, 8415  
   True Self, 1936  
 Esther—Mordecai, \*3412  
   Success of, \*3413  
   Vashti and, \*3414  
 Eternity, \*3415  
   Belief in, 8416  
   Character in, 1938  
   Choice for, 8417  
   Comparison of, 1939  
   Conceptions of, 8418  
   Defined, 1941, 1942  
   Dread of, 1943, 8429  
   Duration of, \*1119, \*1121, 1944, 1949  
   for Souls, 1958  
   Gain of, 1945  
   God and, 8419  
   Hastening, \*1120, 1937, 1947  
   Home in, 8420  
   Hopes of, 1948, 8430  
   Import of, 8421  
   Incomprehensible, \*1122, 8422  
   Launching into, \*1123  
   Living for, \*1124  
   Man without an, 1950  
   Measuring, \*1125, 1951  
   Meditating on, \*1126, 1940, 1952, 1959  
   of God, 1946  
   Parts of, 1953  
   Preaching for, 8423  
   Preparation for, 1954, 8424  
   Progressiveness of, 1955  
   Promises of, 8425  
   Prospect of, 8426  
   Question of, 1956  
   Reminder of, 1957  
   Responsibility for, \*1127  
   Rewards of, 8427  
   Sailing to, \*1128, 8431

- Eternity, Time and, 1960, 8428  
   Unchanging, \*1129  
   Unprepared for, 1961  
   Weight of, 8432  
   Window into, 8433  
   Working for, 1962  
 Etiquette, Undue Regard to, 8434  
 Euclid, Anec., 3702, 5499  
 Euclia's Avarice, 1140  
 Eucrates, Anec., 1140, 1502  
 Eudamidas, Will of, 988  
 Eudocia, Legend of, 9345  
 Eulalia, St., 1985, 10436  
 Eumenes, Anec., 7174, 9669  
 Euphrates, Source of the, \*3416  
   The, \*3417  
 Eupliu's Fidelity, 6783  
 Evanescence, Earthly, \*1130, \*1133  
   Emblem of, \*1131  
   Exceptions to, \*1132  
 Evanescent, Clinging to the, \*1134  
 Evangelist, Female, 1963  
   An Invalid, 1964  
 Eve, Description of, \*1135  
   Happiness of, \*1136  
   The Serpent and, \*1137, \*1138, \*3418  
 Evening, Associations of, \*1139  
   Benefit of, \*1140  
   Coming of, \*1141, 8435  
   Duty for, \*1142  
   Hymn for, \*1143, \*1149  
   Influence of, \*1144  
   Moral of, \*1145  
   Prayer at, \*1146, \*1150  
   Retirement of, \*1147  
   Splendors of, \*1148  
 Events, Extraordinary, 8436  
 Evidence, Chain of, 8437  
   Circumstantial, 1965, 8438  
   Conclusive, 1966  
   Weight of, 1967  
 Evil, Advantage of, \*1156, 1968  
   Abhorring, 8439  
   Anticipating, 1969  
   Avoiding, \*1151, \*1152, 1970, 1977, 8440  
   Brevities, 1971  
   Compensation of, \*1153, 1984, 8449  
   Definition of, 1973  
   Dispersion of, 8441  
   Enduring, 1974  
   Extinction of, 1972, 8442  
   Faith in, \*1154  
   for Evil, 1975  
   Forgiving, 8443  
   Fruitfulness of, \*1155  
   Good for, 1976  
   Hiding from, 8444  
   Inherited, 8445  
   No Co-operation with, 8446  
   not a Necessity, 8447  
   Overcome, 1979  
   Overruled, 1980  
   Power of, 1981  
   Progress in, 1982  
   Question of, 8448  
   Resisting, 1983  
   Resist not, \*1157  
   Seeds of, 8450  
   Society, 1985  
   Triumph of, 1986  
   Triumph over, 1978  
 Evil, Uprooting, \*1158  
 Evils, Anticipating, \*1159, \*1160  
   Compensation of, 1987, 1988  
   Enduring, 8451  
   Improvement of, \*1161  
   Self-imposed, 8452  
   Views of, 1989  
 Evil Speaking, Caution to, 8453, 8454  
 Evolution not Proved, 8455  
 Exactness, Advantages of, 8456  
 Exaggeration, Habit of, 1990  
   Slander and, 8457  
   Weakness of, 1991  
 Exaltation, Danger of, 8458  
   Punishment of, 8459  
 Examination, Daily, 1992  
   Self, \*1162  
 Example, Best, 8460  
   Boasting of, 1993  
   Choice of, 8461  
   Christ our, 1994, 8462, 8472  
   Contagious, 8463  
   Conversion by, 8464  
   Copying, 1995  
   Dangerous, 8465  
   Demonstration, 1996  
   Educational, 1997  
   Encouragement of, \*1163, \*1164, 2009, 2011,  
     8471, 8478  
   Fatal, 1998, 8466  
   Good, 2001, 8468  
   Imitating, 8469  
   Inconsistent, 8470  
   Known by, 2000  
   License of, \*1165, 8473  
   Martyr's, 2002  
   Maternal, 2003  
   Ministerial, 8474  
   Motive of, 8475  
   Need of, \*1166  
   Noble, 8476  
   Parental, 2004  
   Paternal, 1999, 2005, 8477  
   Posthumous, \*1167  
   Preaching by, 8479  
   Precept, 2006, 2007  
   Present, \*1168  
   Primitive, 2008  
   Regard for, \*1169  
   Reproved, 2010  
   Reward of, \*1170  
   Silent, 8480  
   Stimulus of, 8481  
   Teaching and, 8482, 8483  
   Triumph of, 2012  
 Excellence, Attainment of, \*1172, 2015  
   Cost of, 8484, 8486  
   Human, 8485  
   Possible, \*1173  
 Excelsior, \*1171  
   Import of, 8487  
 Excess, Avoiding, \*1174  
   Brevities, 2013  
   Evils of, 2014, 8488  
   Penalty of, \*1175, 8489  
 Excitement, Caution of, \*1176  
   Illumination of, 2016  
   Occasions for, 8490  
   Pursuit of, \*1177  
   Real, 2017  
   Use of, 2018

- Excuse, Absurd, 8491, 8492  
 No Time for Religion, 8493  
 Others' Sins an, 8494
- Excuses, Always Easy, 8495  
 Common, 2019  
 Example of, 2020  
 Indian, 8496  
 Lies, 8497  
 Proverbs, 2021  
 Ready, 2022, 8498  
 Reported to God, 2023  
 Useless, 2024, 8499  
 Vain, 2025
- Execution, Faulty, 8500
- Exercise, Health from, \*1178  
 Importance of, 8501  
 Law of, \*1179  
 Power of, 8502
- Exertion, Delightful, 8503  
 Demand for, 8504
- Exhortation, Appropriate, 8505  
 Tender, 8506
- Existence, Animal, \*1180  
 Animated, 8507  
 Blanks in, 2026  
 Immeasurable, 8508  
 Measuring, 2027  
 Proofs of, 2028
- Expectation, Contrast of, 2029  
 Disappointed, \*1181  
 Groundless, 2030  
 Moderate, \*1182  
 Promise of, \*1183  
 Proverb, 8509  
 Realization and, 2031  
 Suspense of, \*1184
- Expediency, Brevities, 2032  
 Carnal, 8510  
 Emblem of, 2033  
 Example of, \*1185  
 Failure of, 2034  
 Political, 2035, 8511  
 Symbol of, 2036  
 True, \*1186  
 Tyranny of, 8512
- Expenditure, Rules for, \*1187
- Experience, Benefit of, 2037  
 Birds', 2038  
 Brevities, 2039  
 Christian, 8513, 8514  
 Comfort of, 2040  
 Comparing, 8515  
 Dearness of, 8516  
 Deep, 8517, 8520  
 Defective, 8518  
 Dependence on, 8519  
 Difference in, 2041, 2055  
 Disregarding, 8521  
 Discipline of, \*1188  
 Education of, \*1189, 2045, 2047  
 Emblem of, 2042  
 Happy, 2043  
 Illumination in, \*1190  
 Indian's, 2044  
 in Religion, 2052  
 Judging, 8523  
 Key to, 2016  
 Light of, \*1191, 8524  
 Narrating, 2048, 2053  
 of Faith, 8522  
 Ordeal of, 8525
- Experience, Philosophy of, \*1192  
 Power of, 2049  
 Proverbs, 2050  
 Relation of, 2051  
 Solomon's, 8526  
 Testimony of, 2054  
 Thankful, 8527  
 Theology of, \*1193  
 Utility of, 2056  
 Wages of, 2057
- Experiment, Advantage of, 2058, 2059
- Extortion, Reward of, 8528
- Extravagance, Beginning of, 8529  
 Brevities, 8530  
 Penalty of, 2060, 8531  
 Religious, 2061  
 Ship of, \*1194
- Extremes, End of, \*1195  
 Law of, \*1196
- Extremity, Relief in, 2062, 2063, 8532
- Eye, Chamber of the, 8533  
 Dearest, \*1198  
 Education of the, 8534  
 Fall and Recovery by, \*1197  
 Influence of, 2064  
 Jaundiced, 8535  
 Power of, 2065, 8539
- Eyes, for Two Worlds, 2070  
 Grandfather's, 2066  
 Ignorant, 8536  
 Importance of, 8537  
 Incense of, \*1199  
 Light of, \*1200  
 Mechanism of, 8538  
 Offending, 2067  
 Opened, 2068  
 Right Use of the, 2069  
 The Use of the, 8540
- Eyre, J., Rewarded, 8077
- Ezekiel, \*3419  
 Portrait of, 8541  
 Ezekiel's Wheels, 3677
- Ezel, \*3420
- Ezra, Legend of, 11464
- Fabius, Honor of, 9606
- Fable, Influence of, 8542  
 Nature of a, 2071
- Fables, Advantage of, 8543  
 Popularity of, 8544  
 Teaching by, 8545
- Fabricius, Anec. 3241, 9602
- Facetiousness, Diversion of, 8546
- Facts, Corruption of, 8547  
 Mental Food, 8548
- Faculties, Use of, 2072, 2073, 8549
- Failure, Benefits from, 8550  
 Philosophic Endurance of, 8551  
 Scorn of, \*1201  
 Substitute for, 8552  
 Useful, 8553
- Faith, Accompaniment of, 2074  
 Aid to, 8555, 8576  
 Alone, \*1202  
 Analogy of, 8556  
 Answer to, 8557  
 Anticipations of, 2075  
 Application of, 2076  
 Attendants of, 8558  
 Bank of, \*1203  
 Basis of, \*1204

- Faith, Beautiful, 8559  
   Beginning of, 2077  
   Benefit of, \*1205, 2078  
   Biblical, 8560  
   Chemistry of, 8562  
   Child's, 2079, 8563, 8564, 8565  
   Christian, \*1208  
   Clear, 2081  
   Clew of, \*1207  
   Comfort of, \*1209, 8566  
   Commercial, 8567  
   Condition of, 2082  
   Controlling, 2083  
   Co-operating with, \*1210, 2084  
   Cultivating, 8568  
   Demand for, \*1212  
   Ear of, \*1213  
   Eclipse of, 2086, 8585  
   Elevation of, \*1214  
   Encouragement to, 2088, 2089, 2098, 8570  
   Excellency of, 2090  
   Expectation in, 2091  
   Faculty of, 2108, 8571  
   Figures, 2087, 8572, 8574  
   Flight of, 2094  
   Freedom of, 2095  
   Gift of, \*1215  
   Graces and, 8575  
   Guard thy, \*1216, 8590  
   Guide, 2096  
   Happiness of, \*1206, 2097, 8561  
   Honors God, 8577  
   Importance of, 2100  
   in Christ, 2080  
   in Darkness, 2085, 2092, 8569  
   in Falsehood, 2093, 8623  
   in the Promises, 2115, 8573  
   in Providence, 2116  
   in the Invisible, 8580  
   Justifying, 2101  
   Key of, 2102  
   Knowledge of, 2103, 8599  
   Lack of, \*1217, 8554  
   Lesson of, \*1218, 2099  
   Living by, 2105, 2143, 8564, 8582  
   Love and, 2106  
   Means and, 8583  
   not Sight, 2126  
   not Works, 8604  
   Obedient, 2110, 8584  
   Office of, \*1220, 2111  
   Offspring of, \*1221  
   Omnipotence of, \*1222  
   Our Father's, \*1223  
   Overcoming, 2112  
   Penetration of, 8586  
   Personal, 2114  
   a Pilgrim-grace, 8587  
   Pillars of, 8588  
   Power of, \*1224, 2107, 2128  
   Praying in, \*1225, 2113  
   Profession of, \*1226  
   Reason and, \*1227, 8591  
   Reign, 2117  
   Repentance, 8592  
   Required, 2109, 2118  
   Riches of, 2119  
   Robes of, 2120  
   Safety of, 2121, 8594  
   Saving, \*1228, \*1229, 2122, 2123, 8593  
   Shield, 2124, 8595
- Faith, Sight of, \*1219, 2125  
   Submission of, 2129  
   Temporary, 8596  
   Trial of, \*1230, 2130, 2131, 2133, 8597  
   True, 2134, 8598  
   Unites to Christ, 2135, 8581  
   Untutored, 2136  
   Unwavering, 2127, 2137  
   Value of, 2138  
   Venture of, 2139  
   Victories of, 2140, 2141  
   Visions of, \*1231, 2142, 8600  
   Weak, 2144, 2145  
   What is, 8602  
   Works and, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 8605  
   Works of, \*1211, \*1232, 8603
- Faithfulness, Angelic, \*1233  
   Canine, \*1234  
   Conjugal, 8606  
   Divine, 2153, 8607, 8610  
   Evidence of, 8608  
   Example of, \*1235, 2151, 2154, 2160, 8609  
   Import of, 8611  
   Logic of, 8612  
   Patriotic, 2155  
   Persistent, 2156  
   Rarity of, 2157  
   Reason for, 2158  
   Required, 2152, 8613  
   Rewarded, \*1236, 2159  
   Test of, 2161  
   Wayside, 8614
- Falieri, M., Treason of, 6587
- Fall, Children After, 8615  
   Consciousness of, 8616  
   Consequences of, \*1238, 2162, 2163, 2165  
   Permission of, 2166  
   Responsibility of, \*1239  
   Surviving, \*1240  
   Testimony to, 2167  
   Tradition of, 2168, 8617  
   Types of, 2164, 8618  
   Vindication of, \*1237, \*1241
- Falling, Dishonor of, 8619  
   Fear of, 2169  
   Kept from, 8620  
   Reason of, 2170  
   Risk of, 2171  
   Security Against, 8621
- Falsehood, Acting, 2172, 8622  
   Brevity of, 2173  
   by Insinuation, 2175  
   Gain of, 2174  
   General, \*1242  
   Mixture of, \*1243, 2177  
   Parental, 2176  
   Perpetuity of, 2178  
   Resisting, 2179  
   Scars of, 8624  
   Shame of, \*1244
- Fame, Advantage of, 2180  
   Anxiety for, \*1251, 8625, 8627, 8637  
   Arena of, \*1245  
   Bitterness of, 2181  
   Brevity of, \*1246, 2183, 2186, 8626, 8630, 8633  
   Conditions of, \*1247  
   Dialogue with, \*1248  
   Earthly, \*1249  
   Favorites of, 8629  
   Hope of, 8631  
   in Death, 2182

- Fame, Infamous, 8632  
 Isolation of, \*1250  
 Palace of, \*1252  
 Perpetuating, 8634  
 Posthumous, 2184  
 Power of, \*1254  
 Qualities of, \*1255  
 Rejecting, \*1256  
 Representations of, \*1253, 8635  
 Silencing, 8636  
 Spur of, \*1257  
 Temple of, \*1258, 2185  
 Vanity of, 2187, 2188, 8628  
 Familiarity breeds Contempt, 8638  
 Family, a Book, \*1259  
 A Little World, 8643  
 Death in a, 8639  
 Discord in a, 2189, 2197  
 Gatherings of the, \*1265, 8640  
 Gift of a, \*1260  
 Godless, 2191  
 Grave of a, \*1261  
 Happy, 2192, 8641  
 Importance of the, 8642  
 Inconsistency in the, 2193  
 Inseparable, \*1262  
 Joy in the, 2194  
 Life in the, 2195  
 Manners of a, 8644  
 Maxims for the, 2196  
 Patriotic, 2198  
 Peace in the, 2199  
 Peace to this, \*1263  
 Renunciation of, 8646  
 Residence of the, \*1264  
 Separation of a, 8647  
 The Religious Man in his, 8645  
 Ties of the, \*1266  
 Family Piety, Absence of, 2200  
 Family Prayer, Fidelity in, 8649  
 General, 8650  
 Love for, 8651  
 Neglect of, 2202, 8652  
 Punctuality in, 2203  
 Rejecting, 2204  
 Result of, 2205, 2206  
 Family Religion, Failure of, 2207  
 Family Worship, Duty of, \*1267, \*1268, 2201,  
 8648  
 Influence of, 8653  
 Mode of, 2208  
 Picture of, \*1269  
 Time for, 2209  
 Famine, Incident of, 2210, 8654  
 Plea of, \*1270  
 Supply in, \*1271, 2211  
 Fanatic, Description of the, 2212  
 Fanaticism, Credulity of, 8655  
 Definition of, \*1272  
 Example of, 8656  
 Subjects of, 2213  
 Fancy, A Sanctified, 2215  
 Death of, \*1273  
 Realm of, \*1274  
 Farewell, A Dying, \*1275  
 Dread of, \*1276  
 Lover's, \*1277  
 Painful, \*1278  
 Welcome and, \*1279  
 Farr, Rev. A. A., Last Words, 8228  
 Farragut, Anec., 5635, 9527, 11847  
 Farrar, Bp., Martyrdom of, 2002  
 Fashion, Absurd, 2216  
 Array of, \*1280, 8657  
 Ban of, \*1281  
 Caprice of, 2217, 8658  
 Clerical, 2219  
 Cost of, 2220, 2228  
 Covetousness of, 2221 2224  
 Cruelty of, 2222  
 Evils of, 2226, 8659  
 Fate of, 2223  
 Folly of, \*1282  
 Fool of, \*1283  
 Government of, 8660  
 Heartlessness of, 2225  
 in Church, 2218  
 Origin of, 2227, 8661  
 Queen of, \*1284  
 Woman of, \*1285, 2229  
 Fastidiousness, Selfishness of, 8662  
 Fasting, Acceptable, \*1286  
 Benefit of, 8663  
 Christian, 2230  
 End of, 2231  
 Lenten, \*1287  
 Method of, \*1288, \*1289  
 Need of, 2232, 8664  
 Origin of, 2233  
 Protracted, 8665  
 Senseless, \*1290  
 Fatalism, Absurdity of, 8666  
 Baseness of, 8667  
 Fate, Brevities, 8668  
 Impartial, \*1291  
 Limit of, \*1292  
 Storm of, 8669  
 Vision of, \*1293  
 Father, Affection of, \*1294  
 Confidence in a, \*1295  
 Counsel of a, 8670  
 Conversion of a, 2234, 2240  
 Devoted, 2235  
 Example, 2236  
 Faithful, 8671  
 First Duty of, \*1296  
 God our, 8672, 8673, 8674  
 Going to, 2237  
 Inconsistent, 2176  
 Influence of a, \*1297  
 in Heaven, 2238  
 Message to a, 2239  
 Pleasing, \*1298  
 Prayerless, 8675  
 Riches of, 8676, 8678  
 Unfaithful, 6679, 8677  
 Faustinus, Modesty of, 4734  
 Fault-finder, Fate of, 8680  
 Useful, 2241  
 Fault-finding, Habit of 1171  
 Faults, Discovery of, \*1301, 2243  
 Effect of, \*1302  
 Exposure of, 8681  
 Hiding, 2244, 8684  
 Home, 2245  
 Judging, 8683  
 No Room for, 8686  
 Ours and Others', 2242, 8682, 8685, 8687  
 Overcoming, 8688  
 Parable of, 8689  
 Parading, 2246, 2249, 8690  
 Proverbs, 2247

- Faults, Reproving, 1300, 2248  
 Favor, Deceit of, \*1303  
     Human, \*1304  
 Fawkes, Guy, Punishment of, 5752  
 Fear, Anxious, \*1311, 2250  
     Bloody Sweat from, 8691  
     Bondage of, 8692, 8707  
     Confidence and, 2252  
     Cowardly, 2254  
     Cultivation of, \*1305  
     Cure for, 2255, 2267, 8693, 8706  
     Deliverance from, \*1306, 2265, 2268, 8704  
     Effects of, 2256, 2260, 8694, 8705  
     Exaggeration of, \*1308, 2262  
     Fable of, 8695  
     Filial, 2257  
     Godly, 8697, 8703  
     Groundlessness of, 2259, 2270, 2271  
     Habit and, 8698  
     in Brave Men, 2251  
     in Conviction, 2253  
     Labors of, 8699  
     Love and, 2261, 8701  
     Natural, 2266  
     Occasion for, \*1309, 8702, 8708  
     of Men, 2263, 2269  
     of the Lord, 2258, 8696, 8700  
     Personification of, \*1307, \*1310  
     Use of, 2272  
 Fearlessness, Christian, 2273  
 Feast, Best, \*1313  
     Demoralization of, 8709  
     Frugal, 8710  
     Gospel, \*3424, 8711  
     How to Make, 2274  
     Invitation to, \*3421  
     Lesson for a, \*1312, 2275  
     No Room at the, \*3422  
     Room at the, \*3423  
 Features, Diversity of, 8712  
     Inherited, 8713  
 Feeling and Action, 2276  
     Apprehension of, 8714  
     Brevities, 2277  
     Caprice of, 2279, 8715  
     Faith and, 2280  
     Holy Spirit in, 8716  
     Judging from, 8717, 8720  
     Overcome, 2281, 2278, 8719  
     Over-sensibility of, 8718  
     Serving God without, 2282  
 Feelings, Influence of the, 8721  
     Training the, 8722  
     Variety of, 2283, 8723  
 Feet, Christ Washing, \*3425, 8725  
     Sliding, 8724  
 Felix, Bp., and the Bible, 6776  
     Paul before, \*3426  
     Saved by Spiders, 11267  
     St., Thankfulness of, 11947  
 Fellowship, Bond of, \*1314  
     Christian, \*1315, 2284  
     Heavenly, \*1316  
     Human, 2285, 8726  
     Incense of, \*1317  
     Law of, 2286, 8727  
     Sympathetic, \*1318  
 Fenelon, Anec., 194, 11431  
 Fenris The Binding of, 2756  
 Ferrier Sermonizing, 11123  
 Fetishes, 8728, 8729  
 Fiction, Truth of, 8730  
 Fidelity, Canine, 2287  
     Christian, \*1319, 2288  
     Classic, 8731  
     Comfort of, 2289  
     Conjugal, 2290  
     Duty of, 8732  
     Examples of, \*1320, 2292, 2293, 2298, 8733  
     Episcopal, 2291  
     Memento of, 2295  
     Military, 2294, 8734  
     Missionary, \*1321  
     Profession of, \*1322  
     Result of, 8735  
     Rewarded, 2299  
     Test of, \*1323  
     Uncompromising, 8736  
     Vows of, 8737  
 Field, C., Perseverance of, 4411  
 Fight, The Good, \*1324  
 Fighting, Hard, 8739  
     till Death, 8738  
 Fig-Tree, Barren, \*3427-3430  
 Figures, Natural, 8740  
 Fina, St., Legend of, 3593  
 Finney, Pres., Anec., 6971, 11145  
 Fire, Legend of, 8741  
     Nature of, 8742  
     Ordeal of, 8743  
     Perpetual, \*3431  
     Symbols of, 8744  
 Fireside, The, \*1821  
 Firmness, Christian, 2300, 8745  
     Duty of, 8746  
     Memento of, 8747  
     Power of, \*1325  
     Symbol of, 8748  
 Firmus and Rusticus, 10442  
 First-born, Death of Egypt's, \*3432-3434  
 Fish, Draughts of, \*3435-3437  
 Fishers of Men, \*3438, \*3439  
 Fisk, Gen., Anec., 2381, 10886, 11213, 12135  
 Fitzhardinge, Earl, Conversion, 7531  
 Five Thousand Fed, \*3440  
 Flaccus, Remorse of, 966  
 Flag, Devotion to his, 2302, 8749  
     Lift up the, 2301  
     Preserving the, 8750  
     Protected by the, 8751  
 Flaminius Frees the Greeks, 11595  
 Flatterer, Description of the, 2303  
 Flattery, Beware of, 8752, 8753  
     Commodity of, \*1326  
     Currency of, 2305  
     Food of, \*1327  
     Inconsistency of, \*1328  
     Influence of, \*1329, 2307, 2308  
     Love of, \*1330, 2311  
     Mirror of, \*1331  
     Mockery of, \*1332, 2304  
     Rebuked, 2309, 8756  
     Reward of, 2310  
     Ruin by, 8755, 8757  
 Flattich, Trust of, 159  
 Flavel, Anec., 2470, 4200, 6473  
 Flesh, Conflicts of the, 2312  
 Infirmities of the, 8753, 8759  
     Lesson of the, \*1333  
     Tabernacle of the, \*1334

- Flesh, Use of the, 2313  
 Fletcher, J., Anec., 1337, 1762, 2674, 3049,  
 7792, 7873, 8156, 10257, 10263  
 Flood, Description of the, \*1335  
 Earth before the, \*1336  
 Tradition of the, 2314  
 Floods, Eastern, 8760  
 Flowers, Death of the, \*1338  
 Emblems, \*1339  
 Faith of, \*1340  
 Hymn to, 1341  
 Influence of, 8761, 8762, 8764  
 Life's, \*1342  
 Love for, \*1337, 8763, 8766, 8767  
 Use of, \*1343, 8765  
 Voice of, \*1344, 2315  
 Fluvius and his Son, 9062  
 Fly on the Axle, 1935  
 Foes, Christian's, \*1345  
 Fogy, Legend of a, 2316  
 Following Christ, Earnestly, 8768  
 Fully, 2318, 8769  
 In Death, 2317  
 Influence of, 2319  
 Motive for, 2321  
 Only, 2320  
 Folly, Biblical, 8770  
 Brevities, 2324  
 Danger of, 2325  
 Examples of, 2326, 8771  
 Human, 2327  
 Parable of, 2328  
 The Sinner's, 8772  
 Food, Daily, \*1346  
 Forfeiture of, 8773  
 Miraculous, 2322, 8775  
 Necessity for, 8776  
 Poisonous, \*1347  
 Provision of, \*1348, 2323, 8774, 8777  
 Signal for, 8778  
 Spiritual, 8779  
 Thanks for, 8780  
 Fool, Discovery of, \*1349  
 Elect, 8781  
 Learned, \*1350  
 The Rich, \*1341  
 Wisdom of, \*1351  
 Fools, Angry with, 8782  
 Brevities, 8783  
 Foote, Com., Anec., 458, 1348, 4471, 7489, 9876  
 Footsteps, Tracing, 8784  
 Pop, Brevities, 8785  
 Forbearance, Divine, \*1352  
 Example of, 8786  
 Human, 2329  
 Tested, 1353, 3787, 3788  
 Forchbenc's Victory, 6840  
 Foreboding, Mistaken, 8789  
 Natural, 8790  
 Foreknowledge and Duty, 2330  
 Foreordination, Confidence in, \*1354  
 Foresight, Divine, 8791  
 Forest, Hymn of the, \*1355  
 Music of the, \*1356  
 Forewarning, Advantage of, 2331  
 Forgetfulness, Attained, 2332  
 Common, 2333  
 Criminal, 2334, 2335  
 Drunkard's, 8792  
 Incident of, 2336  
 Question of, 8793  
 Forgetfulness, Ungrateful, 2337  
 Forgiveness, Alternative of, \*1357  
 a Settlement, 8311  
 Bliss of, \*1358  
 Bravery of, 8794  
 Christian, 2338  
 Condition of, 2339, 8796  
 Cultivating, 2340  
 Difficult, 8797  
 Doctrine of, 2341, 8804  
 Duty of, \*1360, 8799, 8809  
 Example of, 2342, 2346  
 Freeness of, 2343, 8800  
 Fruits of, \*1359  
 Godlike, 8795, 8801  
 God's, 2344, 8798, 8802  
 Hope of, 2345, 8803  
 Joy of, 2348  
 Necessary, 2349  
 Nobility of, 2350, 8805  
 Pleasure of, \*1361  
 Power of, 2351, 8806  
 Profession of, 8807  
 Reasons for, 2352  
 Refusal of, 8808  
 Result of, 2353  
 Romish, 2354  
 Rule of, 2355  
 Seeking, 8810, 8812  
 Spirit of, 2356  
 Ugly, 2357  
 Forgotten, Fear of Being, 8813  
 Formalism, Brevities, 2358  
 Delusion of, 8816, 8817  
 Design of, 2360  
 Illustration of, 2361, 8815  
 Lifelessness of, 2359, 2362, 8814  
 Formalist, Inconsistent, 8818  
 Formalists Enemies to Christ, 8819  
 Formality, Church, \*1362  
 Forms, Argument for, 8820, 8821  
 Formulas, Realities of, 8822  
 Utility of, 8823  
 Fortitude, Advantage of, \*1363  
 Christian, 8824  
 Cultivating, \*1364  
 Defined, 2363  
 Demand for, \*1365, 8825  
 Emblem of, 8826  
 Legend of, 2364  
 Philosophic, \*1366  
 Fortunatus, Story of, 6057  
 Fortune, Best, 8827  
 Brevities, 2365, 8828  
 Caprice of, \*1367, \*1370, 2366, 2369  
 Counterpoise of, \*1368  
 Defiance of, \*1369, 8829  
 Encountering, 8830  
 Example of, 8831  
 Endowments of, \*1371  
 Gifts of, \*1372, 2367, 2368, 8832  
 Goddess of, \*1373  
 Honoring, 2370  
 Managing, 2371  
 Not Blind, 8833  
 Proverbs, 2372  
 Puppet of, \*1374  
 Revolution of, \*1375  
 Seizing, \*1376  
 Symbols of, 8834  
 Too Late, 8835

- Fortune, Trifles in, 2373  
   Winning, \*1377  
 Foscue, the Miser, 1146  
 Foster's Cyclopædias, 9767  
   J., Desire for Heaven, 2898  
 Foundation, Importance of, 8836  
   Sandy, \*1379, 8837  
   Sure, \*1378, 8833  
   Without, 8839  
 Fountain of Life, Allegory of, 2374  
   Beggar at, 8840  
   Coming to, 2375  
   Dying at, 2376  
   Emblem of, 2377  
   Influence of, 2378  
   Opened, 2379  
   Search for, \*1380  
 Fox's Book of Martyrs, 6748  
 Fox, F., Politeness of, 852  
 Frailty, Earthly, \*1381  
   Emblem of, 8841  
   Grades of, \*1382  
   Human, \*1383  
   Life's, \*1384  
   Reminders of, 8842  
   Type of, 8843  
 Francesca, Anec., 1515, 6719  
 Francis I., 409, 2321, 9020, 11307  
   St., Anec., 3523, 3812, 4171, 4619, 4781, 6888,  
   8020, 9675, 11037, 11816, 12053  
 Franklin, B., Anec., 1553, 2673, 2717, 4207,  
   9856  
 Frantz and Gaspard, 8095  
 Fraternity, Triumph of, \*1386  
 Fraud, Prevalence of, 8844  
 Frederick of Saxony's Pride, 128  
   the Elector, Decision of, 7909  
   the Great, Anec., 457, 1675, 3116, 4757, 7217,  
   8633, 10079, 10484  
 Freedom, Battle of, \*1387  
   Christian, \*1388, 2380  
   Claim your, 2381, 8845  
   Cost of, 8846  
   Decree of, \*1389, 8847  
   Foes of, \*1390  
   Ignorance of, 8848  
   Jubilee of, 8849  
   Land of, 8850  
   Personification of, \*1391  
   Progress of, \*1392  
   Repression of, 8851  
   Virtuous, \*1393  
   War of, \*1394  
   Watching for, 2382  
 Free Grace, Accept, 2383  
   Complaint of, 2384  
   Duty and, 8852  
   Example of, 2387  
   Experience of, 2388, 8853  
   in Dying, 2386  
   Memorial of, 8854  
   Message of, \*1395  
   Objections to, 8855  
   Power of, 8856  
   Trophies of, 8857  
   versus the Decrees, 2385  
 Free-thinker, 8858  
 Free-will, Dignity of, 8859  
   Endowment of, 8860  
   Foreknowledge and, \*1396, \*1397  
   Issues of, \*1398  
 Freischutz, 6661  
 French, Rev. A. M., Death of, 8221  
 Fresenius, 5817  
 Fretfulness, Argument Against, 8861  
   Cure for, 2389  
   Folly of, 8862  
   Prevented, 2390  
   Rebuked, 2391  
   Rule for, 2392  
   Traits of, \*1399  
 Fretting, Sin of, 8863, 8864  
 Friend at Midnight, The, \*3442  
 Friend, Confidence in a, \*1400  
   Departed, \*1402, 2395  
   The All-sufficient, \*1401, \*1407, 2393, 2394  
 Friends, Character of, \*1414, 8866  
   Choice of, 8867  
   Counsel of, 8868  
   Courtesy of, 8869  
   Danger of, 2412, 8870  
   Distrust of, 2411  
   Dying, \*1405  
   Entertainment of, \*1406  
   False and True, \*1408  
   Forsaking, 2413  
   House Full of, 8871  
   Lack of, \*1409  
   Making, \*1416, 8872, 8874  
   Mercenary, \*1410  
   Old, \*1411  
   Parable of, 2414  
   Parting of, \*1412  
   Prayer for, \*1413  
   Proverbs, 2415  
   Quarrels of, \*1415  
   The Best, \*1404, 2410  
   Three Sorts of, 8876  
 Friendship, Basis of, 2396, 2399  
   Boon of, \*1417  
   Brevities, 2397, 8877  
   Broken, \*1418  
   Christian, 2398  
   Devotion of, 8878  
   Example of, 8879  
   False, 8865, 8880, 8881  
   Growth of, \*1419, \*1420  
   Immortal, 8882  
   Importance, 2401, 8883  
   Intercourse of, 8884  
   Intimate, \*1421  
   Lasting, 8885  
   Love Kills, 8886  
   Measure of, 2403  
   Obligations of, 8887  
   Occasions of, 8888  
   Personified, \*1426, 2402, 8889  
   Philosophy of, \*1422  
   Power of, \*1423  
   Proverbs, 2404  
   Repairing, 2400, 2405  
   Sinful, 2406  
   Strange, 2407  
   Sympathy of, 8890  
   Tested, \*1424, 2408, 8875  
   True, \*1403, 2409  
   Unity of, \*1425  
   Visit of, 8891  
   Worldly, 8892  
 Friuli, Avarice of, 243  
 Frodobert, Legend of, 6857  
 Frugality in Trifles, 2416



- Frugality, Necessity of, 8893**  
 Pedigree of, 8894  
 Roman, 8895  
 Royal, 8896  
 Rule of, \*1427  
**Fruitfulness, Biblical Types of, 8897**  
 Cause of, 2417  
 Christian, 8898  
 Contrast of, 2418  
 Emblem of, 2419  
 False and True, 8899  
 Moral, \*1428  
 Passion for, 2420  
 Prayer for, \*1429  
**Fulgentius, Decision of, 11435**  
**Fuller, A., Anec., 2143, 2459, 7259, 7572, 7882, 9094, 9364**  
 Thos., Anec., 4440, 10486  
**Fundanus' Cure, 6504**  
**Funeral, A Hypocritical, 8900**  
 A Joyous, 2421  
 Hymn for a, \*1430  
**Funerals, Impressiveness of, 8901**  
 Lessons of, 8902  
**Furnace, Nebuchadnezzar's, \*3443**  
**Future, Anxiety about the, 8903**  
 Christian's, \*1439  
 Consideration of the, 8904  
 Course of the, 8905  
 Description of, 8906  
 Hope for, \*1432  
 Ignorance of, \*1431, \*1434, \*1435, 2422, 8907  
 Judgment of, 8908  
 of Life, 2423  
 Present and, \*1436  
 Promises of, \*1437  
 Prospects of, \*1433, 8909, 8913  
 Question of, 2424, 8910  
 Unalterableness of, 8911  
 Veil over, \*1441  
 Worldling's, \*1440  
**Futurity, Compensation of, 8912**  
**Gadara, Miracle in, \*3444**  
 The Maniac of, \*3445  
**Gagliani and Benedict XIV., 277**  
**Gain, By Death, 2425**  
 Criminal, \*1442, 8914  
 Immortal, 8915  
 True, \*1443  
 Unsatisfactory, 2426  
**Galba, Throne for, 1872**  
**Galen's Conversion, 451, 9310**  
**Galilee, \*3446**  
 Sea of, \*3447, 3450  
 The Inward, \*3449  
**Galileo, Anec., 6600, 6784, 7040, 8069, 9233, 10953, 12105**  
**Galitzin, Prince, 7928**  
**Gam, D., Fidelity of, 2299**  
**Gambling, Evil Effects of, 8916, 8919**  
 Inhumanity of, 2427, 8917  
 Objects of, \*1444  
 Penalty of, \*1445  
 Place of, 2428  
 Prevalence of, 8918  
**Gamester, A Female, 8920**  
**Gardens, The Three, \*3451**  
**Gardner, the Happy Rake, 3558**  
**Garibaldi, Enthusiasm of, 8383**  
**Garment, Wedding, \*3452, 8921, 8922**  
**Garments, Provisions of, 8923**  
 Rending, 8924  
**Garrick, Anec., 3742, 4622, 4806, 10843, 11120**  
**Garrison, W. L., Anec., 7918, 8246**  
**Gasparin, Mdm., 5032**  
**Gate, Entering the Straight, 8925, 8926**  
**Gates, The Two, \*3453**  
**Gayety, End of, 2429**  
 Innocent, \*1446  
 Motives to, 8927  
**Gedallah, Ingratitude to, 9636**  
**Gehazi, Parable of, 6641**  
**Gelasius, an Actor, 7540**  
**Generosity, Emblem of, 8929**  
 Example of, 2430, 8928, 8930  
 Excessive, \*1447  
 Miracle of, 8931  
 Rare, 2431  
 Rewarded, 8932  
**Genius, and Infidelity, 2434**  
 Brevities, 2432  
 Fruitfulness of, 8934  
 Hope and, \*1448  
 Industry and, 2433, 8935, 8937  
 Influence of, 8933, 8936  
 Impediments of, \*1449  
 Law of, 2435  
 Lights of, \*1450  
 Nature of, \*1451  
 Piety and, \*1452, 2438  
 Plans of, 2436  
 Power of, 2437  
 Rarity of, 8938  
 Test of, 2439  
 to be Respected, 8939  
 Unknown, 8940  
 Vitality of, \*1453  
 Waste of, 2440  
 Wife of a, 8941  
**Gennsaret, \*3454**  
 Jesus Walking on, \*3455  
**Gentiles, Biblical, 8942**  
 Call of the, \*3456  
 Manifestation of Christ, 8943  
**Gentleman, Defined, 1455, 2441, 8944**  
 Example of a, 2442  
 Nature's, 1454, 2443  
 True, 2444, 8945, 8946  
**Gentlemen, Rarity of, 8947**  
**Gentleness, Advised, 8948**  
 Description of, 2445, 8949  
 Need of, 2446  
 Power of, 2447  
 Words of, \*1456  
**Geologist, Conversion of a, 2448**  
**Geology, Atheistic, \*1457**  
 Facts of, 8950  
 Records of, 2449  
**George III, Anec., 2300, 6348, 6823, 7128, 12069**  
 IV. at the Sacrament, 11552  
 St., and the Dragon, 1978  
**Gerhard, P., Rewarded, 2159**  
**Geron's Old Age, 3250**  
**Gert Links, Death of, 8218**  
**Gertrude, St., 10875**  
**Gethsemane, \*3457, \*3458, \*3459, \*3460, \*3461**  
 Agony in, \*1458  
 An Olive Leaf from, \*3462  
 Christ in, \*1459  
 Eden and, \*1460

- Gethsemane, Forget not, \*3463  
   Interest of, \*1461  
   Lesson of, \*1462  
   Superiority of, \*3464  
   View of, \*1463  
 Getting On, The Goddess of, 8951  
 Ghosts, Belief in, 8952  
   Haunts of, \*1464  
 Giardino's Violin, 5577  
 Gibbon, *Anc.*, 3274, 7878, 8234, 9131  
 Gibbs, The Pirate, 2766  
 Gibeon, \*3465, \*3466  
 Gideon, Army of, 2114, 6561  
 Gideon's Fleece, \*3467  
   War-song, \*3468  
 Gifford's First Problem, 2717  
 Gift, Graceful, 8953  
   of Tongues, 8954  
 Gifts, All Have, 8955  
   and Graces, 2452  
   Angry, 8956  
   Best, 8957  
   Biblical, 8953  
   Diversity of, 2450, 8959  
   Enumeration of, 2451  
   Estimate of, 8960  
   Grace Preferable to, 8961  
   Heartless, 8962  
   Influence of, \*1465  
   Neglected, \*1466  
   Preserving, 2453  
   Proverbs, 2454  
   Spiritual, \*1467  
   Supernatural, 2455  
   Unacceptable, 8963  
   Using, 2456  
 Gilbert Becket and the Emir's Daughter, 3704  
 Gilboa, The Field of, \*3469  
 Giles', St., Compassion, 911  
 Gill, Dr., Preservation of, 3581  
 Gilmex in Captivity, 8256  
 Gilpin, B., Prepares for Death, 7832  
 Girard, S., *Anc.*, 5513, 5994, 10762, 11517  
 Giving, Analogies of, \*1468  
   and Praying, 2463  
   Beauty of, 8964  
   Cheerful, 8966  
   Credit for, 2457  
   Family, 2458  
   Heartily, 2459  
   Life by, \*1470  
   Luxury of, 2460  
   Means of, 8968  
   Measure of, 2461  
   Modes of, 2462  
   Necessity for, \*1469, 8969  
   our Best to God, 8965  
   Parsimonious, 8971  
   Receiving and, 8972  
   Reward of, \*1471, 2464  
   Rules for, \*1472, 8973  
   the Only Saving, 8970  
   the Tenth, 8974  
   to God, 8967  
 Gleaner, The, \*3470  
 Glenorchy, Lady, *Anc.*, 1772, 8216  
 Glory, Attraction of, 2466  
   Dawn of, 8975  
   Degrees of, 8977  
   Divine, \*1473, 2465, 2468, 8978  
   End of, 2469, 8979  
   Glory, Experience of, 2470  
   Fickleness of, 8980  
   Foretaste and Consummation of, 2471, 8981  
   Fulness of, 2472  
   Future, \*1474, 8982  
   in Death, 2467, 8976  
   Marks of, \*1475  
   Military, \*1476  
   Passion for, \*1477, 2473, 8983, 8984, 8987  
   Preservation of, 8985  
   Remains of, 2474  
   Road to, 8986  
   Short Way to, 2475  
   Vision of, 8988  
   War for, \*1478  
 Gnat and Bull, Fable of, 7379  
 God, Abode of, \*1479  
   Abraham's, \*1480  
   Accepting, 2476  
   Access to, 8989  
   Acknowledging, 2477  
   Activity of, 8990  
   a Defence, 2490  
   a Father, \*1492, 2500, 9016  
   All for, 8991  
   All in All, 2478  
   All-Seeing, 8992  
   All-Sufficiency of, 2480  
   All Things from, \*1481  
   Always With Us, 8993  
   Anger of, 2481  
   Anthem to, \*1482  
   a Refuge, 2544, 9058  
   Argument for, 8995  
   Armed, 8996  
   a Rock, 2548  
   a Shield, 2551  
   Assistance of, 8997  
   a Sun, 2553  
   a Thief, 9066  
   Attractions of, \*1483  
   Attractive Presentation of, 2482  
   Attributes of, \*1484  
   Belief in a, 2483  
   Benevolence of, 2484, 2518, 8998  
   Blessing or Curse of, 8999  
   Book of, \*1485  
   Care of, \*1487, 2485, 9000  
   Children of, 2486  
   Conception of, 2487, 2563, 9003  
   Confidence in, 2488  
   Conscience and, 9003  
   Creation Glorifies, 9004  
   Delight in, \*1488, 9009  
   Denial of, 9005  
   Derivation of, 9006  
   Description of, 2491  
   Difference between Man and, 9007  
   Discovery of, \*1489  
   Distance from, 2492  
   Emblems of, 2493  
   Empire of, 2494  
   Enemies of, 2495, 8994  
   Eternity of, \*1490, 9110, 9111  
   Evidence of, 2496, 2568, 9012  
   Existence of, 2497  
   Eye of, 2498  
   Faithfulness of, 2499, 9015  
   Favor of, 2501, 9017  
   Fear of, 2502  
   for All, 2479

God for Man, 2522  
 Fulness of, \*1493, 2503  
 Geometrizing, 9019  
 Gifts of, 2504  
 Glimpses of, \*1494  
 Glory of, \*1495  
 Glory to, \*1496, 9020  
 Goodness of, 2505  
 Government without, 9021  
 Gratitude Due to, 9022  
 Greatness of, \*1497, 2507, 9023  
 Heathen Ideas of, 9024, 9025  
 Holiness of, 2509  
 Humility before, 9026  
 Ideas of, 9027  
 Immensity of, \*1498  
 Immutability of, 9028  
 Incomprehensibility of, \*1499, 2511, 9029  
 Indefinable, 2512  
 Indwelling of, 9030  
 Inexhaustible, 9031  
 Infinity of, \*1500  
 in Grace, 2506  
 in Redemption, 2542  
 Invisible, 2513, 9032  
 Irresistible, 2514  
 is Light, 9035  
 Jewish Hymn to, \*1501  
 Justice and Mercy of, 2515  
 Knowledge of, 2516, 9033  
 Letter to, 9034  
 Life of, 2519  
 Likeness to, 9036, 9059  
 Longing for, 2520, 2569  
 Living without, 9037  
 Love for, 9038, 9074  
 Love of, \*1486, \*1502, 2521, 9040  
 Majesty of, \*1503  
 Manifestations of, 9041  
 Manifested in Christ, 9042  
 Man Trying to Forget, 9043  
 Mercy of, 2523  
 Morning Hymn to, \*1505  
 Munificence of, 2526  
 Name of, \*1506, 9044, 9068  
 Names of, 2527, 2555  
 Nature of, 9045  
 No Images of, 2528  
 No Likeness of, 2529  
 No Respector of Persons, 2545  
 Obscuration of, 9046  
 Ode to, \*1507  
 Omnipotence of, \*1508, 2530, 9047  
 Omnipresence of, \*1491, \*1509, 2531, 9048  
 Omniscience of, 2532, 9049, 9050  
 Our Heritage, 2508  
 Our Knowledge of, 2517  
 Oversight of, 9051  
 Patience of, 2535  
 Place of, 2536  
 Portion in, 2537, 9052  
 Power of, 2525, 9053  
 Praise to, \*1510  
 Presence of, \*1511, 2538  
 Promise of, 2539  
 Protection of, 9054  
 Providence of, 2540, 9055  
 Recognition of, 9056, 9057  
 Reflected, 2543  
 Resisting, 9008, 9060  
 Rewards of, 2546

God, Riches of, 2547  
 Robbing, 9061  
 Search After, \*1512  
 Secrets of, 2549  
 Seeing, 2550  
 Seeking, \*1513  
 Serving, 9062  
 Soul and, \*1514  
 Strife with, 9063, 9067  
 Submission to, 2552  
 Taking Hold of, 9065  
 Talking with, 9064  
 Testing, 2554, 2556  
 the Christian's Banker, 9001  
 the Creator, 2489  
 The Ideal, 2510  
 Thought of, \*1515  
 Trinity of, 2557  
 Trust in, 2558, 9069  
 Truth of, 9070  
 Unchangeable, 9071  
 Unity of, 2559, 9072  
 Unsearchable, \*1516, 2560, 9073  
 Unseen, 2561  
 Veracity of, 2562  
 Voice of, \*1517  
 Waiting, \*1518  
 Watchfulness of, 2564  
 Ways of, 2565  
 Wealth in, 9075  
 Weighing, \*1519  
 Will of, 9076  
 Wisdom of, 2566  
 Wonderful, \*1520  
 Workmanship of, 9077  
 Works of, 2567  
 General Worship of, \*1521, 9018  
 Godfrey, Anec., 1303, 10467  
 Godliness, Advantage of, \*1522, 2570, 9078  
 Basis of, 9079  
 Biblical, 9080  
 Blessedness of, 9081  
 Distinguishing, 2571  
 Example of, \*1523  
 Exceptions to, 2572  
 for Gain, 9082  
 Gain of, 2573, 2575, 2579  
 Hatred of, 2574  
 Influence of, 2576  
 Inspiration of, 9083  
 Merchandise of, 2577  
 Need of, 2578  
 No Excess in, 9084  
 Power of, 2580, 9085  
 Sincere, 9086  
 Superiority of, 2581  
 Gods, Death among the, \*1524  
 Goethe, Anec. of, 1251, 4467  
 Gold, a Curse, \*1526  
 a God, \*1529  
 Bribery of, \*1525  
 Cost of, 2582  
 Death by, 9088  
 Description of, \*1527  
 Disregard for, 9089  
 Duration of, 2583  
 Encumbrance of, 9090, 9091  
 Evils of, \*1528, 9087  
 Fable of Midas, 2584  
 Greed of, \*1530, 2585  
 Love of, \*1531

- Gold, Marrying for, 5286  
 Mottoes about, 2587  
 No Cure, 9092  
 Origin of, \*1532  
 Overladen with, 9093  
 Place for, 9094  
 Poison of, \*1533  
 Power of, \*1534, 2588  
 Root of, 9095  
 Strife for, \*1535, \*1536  
 Temptation of, 9096  
 Tomb of, 9097  
 Unused, 9099  
 Vanity of, \*1537, 2589, 9098  
 Votaries of, 9100  
 Want of, \*1538  
 Golden Calf, The, \*3474  
 Golden Rule, \*1539, 2590, 2591  
 Goldsmith, O., Anec., 4147, 6725, 6747, 6920, 7499  
 Golgotha, \*3181, \*3475  
 Goliath, \*3471-3473  
   David and, \*3307, \*3308  
 Gondoforus' Mansion, 2902  
 Good, Brevities, 9101  
   Final, \*1540  
   Mixture of, 2592  
   Unexpected, \*1541  
 Good Breeding, Civility and, 9102  
 Good-by, Preference of, \*1542  
 Good Deeds, Harvest from, 9103  
   Height of, 9104  
   Memory of, 9105  
   Neglect of, 9106  
   Passion for, 9107  
   Prolificness of, 2593, 9108  
   Relying on, 9109  
   Repaid, \*1543, 2594  
   Talking of, 2595  
 Good Name, Definition of a, 2596  
   Destroying, 2597  
   Endurance of, 2598  
   Growth of, 2599  
   Loss of a, 9110  
   Love of, \*1544  
   Preserving a, 2600  
   Tainted, 2601  
   Value of a, \*1545, 2602, 9111  
 Good Nature, Advantage of, 9112  
   Virtue of, 9113  
 Goodness, Beauty of, \*1546  
   Blessedness of, 9114  
   Degrees of, 2603  
   Divine, \*1547, 9121  
   Emblem of, 9115  
   Festival of, 9116  
   Hatred of, 9117  
   Immortality of, 2604, 9118  
   Import of, 9119  
   Majesty of, 9120  
   Measure of, 9122  
   Mixed, 2605  
   Monument to, 9123  
   Nature of, 2606  
   Nobility of, \*1548  
   Perseverance in, 2607  
   Reputation of, \*1549  
   Reward of, \*1550  
   Superiority of, 2608  
   Teaching, \*1551  
   True, 2609  
 Goodness of God, \*1552, 2610-2613  
 Good Samaritan, The, \*3476  
 Good Time Coming, \*447  
 Good Works, Lesson of, 2614, 9124  
   Manifesting, 2616  
   No Confidence in, 9125  
   Parable of, 2617  
   Planning, 2618  
   Profit of, 2619, 2621  
   Root of, 2615, 2620  
   The Best, \*1553  
   Trusting to, 9126, 9127  
 Gospel, Analogy of, \*1554, 2626  
   an Anthem, 2623  
   Appreciating the, 9128  
   Ark of the, \*1555  
   Ashamed of the, 2624  
   Breath of the, \*1556  
   Delay of the, 9130  
   Difficulties in the, 2627  
   Diffusion of the, \*1559, \*1560, 2628, 9155, 9160  
   Divinity of the, 2629, 9131  
   Duty towards the, 9132  
   Faith in the, 9133  
   Glories of the, 9134  
   Go with the, 9135  
   Hatred of the, 2631  
   Hero of the, 9137  
   Hindrances to the, 9138  
   Honoring the, 9139  
   Humanity of the, 9140, 9161  
   Immortality of the, \*1557  
   Improving the, 9142  
   Influence of the, 2630, 2632  
   Law and, 9143  
   Light of the, \*1558  
   Living the, 9144  
   Love in the, 2634  
   Message of the, 9145  
   Nature of the, 2622, 9146  
   Need of a Plain, 9147  
   Net of the, 9148  
   Novelty of the, 9149  
   Objection to the, 9150  
   Pardon and Holiness in the, 9151  
   Philosophy of the, 9136, 9152  
   Power of the, 2635, 9129  
   Preaching the, 9153, 9154  
   Providence and the, 9156  
   Receiving the, 9157  
   Rejecting the, 2636  
   Rejoicing in the, 2637  
   Release of the, 9158  
   Seeds of, 9159  
   Stability of the, 2625, 2639  
   Sublimity of the, 2640  
   Traits of the, \*1562  
   Triumphs of the, \*3477, 9162  
   Vitality of the, 2633, 2641  
 Gospels, Symbols of the, 2642  
 Gossip, Classic, 9163  
   Malicious, 9164  
 Goths Oppose Education, 8274  
 Gottlieb's Ripeness for Heaven, 3835  
 Gough, J. B., Reform of, 1655  
 Government, Art of, \*1563  
   Best, 9165  
   Family, 9166  
   Free, \*1564  
   God's, 2644, 9167

- Government**, Instinctive, \*1565  
 Mode of, 2645  
 of Children, 2643  
 Opinions on, 9168  
 Reason for, 9169  
 Religion in, 9170  
 Satire on, 2646  
 School, 2647  
 Seditions in, 2648  
**Governor**, A Good, 9171  
**Gracchus**, C., 6644, 9686, 10846  
**Grace**, Abounding, 2649, 9172  
 Accepting, 9173  
 Activity of, 2650  
 Adaptation of, \*1566, 2651, 9174  
 Agents of, 9175  
 All Through, 2652  
 and Glory, \*1570, 9182  
 A Solitary, 2683  
 at Meals, 2673  
 Bank of, 2653  
 Beginning of, 2654  
 Comfort of, \*1567  
 Continual, 2655  
 Decay of, 2656  
 Decline in, 2657  
 Development of, 2658  
 Dishonoring, 9176  
 Dying, 9177  
 Election of, 2659  
 Emblem of, 2660  
 Experience of, 2661, 9178  
 Falling from, 2662  
 Fountain of, \*1568, 9179  
 Free, \*1569, 2663  
 Fruits of, 2664  
 Fulness of, 9180  
 Gifts versus, 9181  
 God of All, 9183  
 Gospel, \*1571  
 Gradual, 2665  
 Growth in, 2666, 2669, 9194, 9195  
 Invincibility of, 2670  
 Light of, 2671  
 Living with, 9186  
 Manner of, \*1572, 2677  
 Marvel of, 2672  
 Maturity in, 9187  
 Moment by Moment, 9189  
 More, 2674, 9188  
 Mutiny Against, 9190  
 Need of, 2675, 9191  
 Offered, 2676  
 Oil of, 9192  
 Parable of, 9193  
 Perquisites of, 9194  
 Power of, 9195  
 Prayer for, \*1573, 9196  
 Preservation of, 2673, 9197  
 Provisions of, 2679  
 Receiving, 9198  
 Recovering, 2668, 2680  
 Reign of, 9199  
 Riches of, 2682  
 Seeking the Sinner, 2681, 9200  
 Sin and, 9201  
 Slighted, \*1574  
 Sovereign, 9202  
 Symbol of, 9203  
 Throne of, \*1575, 9204  
 Tide of, 9205  
**Grace**, Time for, 9206  
 versus Guilt, 2667  
 Works of, \*1576  
**Gracefulness**, Traits of, 9207  
**Graces**, Chain of, 9208  
 Christian, 2685  
 Constancy of the, 2686  
 Cultivation of the, 2687, 2690, 9210  
 Development of, 2688, 9209  
 Influence of, 2689  
 Queen of, 9211  
 Removal of, 2691  
 Trio of, \*1577  
 Weak, 2692  
**Grafting**, New Process of, 9212  
 Practice of, 9213  
**Grail**, Legend of the Holy, 9214  
**Grant**, Gen., Anec., 2089, 2716, 6973, 9650  
**Gratitude**, Analogy of, 2693  
 Christian, 9215, 9219  
 Demand for, \*1578, 9221  
 Effect of, 9216  
 Example of, 2694, 2695, 9217  
 Flow of, 9218  
 Hymn, \*1579  
 Instinct of, \*1580  
 Measure of, 2696, 9220  
 Offering of, 2699  
 Personification of, \*1581  
 Practicable, 2698  
 Tribute of, \*1582, 2697, 2700  
**Grave**, The, \*3478  
 Address to, \*1583  
 Adorning, \*1584, \*1590  
 Bliss of, \*1585  
 Christ in, \*1587, 2701  
 Congregation of, \*1588  
 Couch of, \*298, \*1589  
 Distance to, 9223  
 Domain of, \*301, \*1591  
 End of All, 2702  
 Equality in, 2703  
 Greed of, 2704  
 Gone to, \*1592  
 House of, \*1593  
 Hymn of, \*1594  
 Legend of the First, 2705  
 Light in, 2706  
 Meditation at, 9224  
 No Work in, 9225  
 Peaceful Associations of, 9226  
 Perfumed by Christ, 9227  
 Preaching of, \*1596  
 Rest Beyond, 2707  
 Rest in, \*1597, 2708  
 Sadness of, \*1598  
 Tent of, \*1599  
 Warnings of, 1600  
**Graveyard**, Hymn of, \*1601  
**Gravity**, False, 2709  
**Great Basle and Little Basle**, 4857  
**Great**, Exposure of the, 9228  
 Fear of the, 9229  
 Impotence of the, 9230  
 Pretensions of the, 9231  
 Salvation of the, 9232  
**Great Men**, Appearance of, 2710  
 Classes of, 9233  
 Death of, \*1602  
 Defects of, \*1603  
 Definition of, 2712

## Great Men, Distinguishing, 2713

Early Training of, 9234  
 Elevation of, 2714  
 Fewness of, 9235  
 Good, \*1604  
 Idea of, 9236  
 Influencing, 9237  
 Need of, \*1605  
 Opportunities of, 2715  
 Origin of, 2716  
 Perseverance of, 2717  
 Power of, \*1606  
 Spirit of, 9238  
 Superiority of, 9239  
 True, 2718  
 Weakness of, 9240  
 Greatness, Age of, \*1607  
 Brevities, 9241  
 Conditions of, \*1608, 2711  
 Consistent, \*1609  
 Danger of, 2719  
 Death and, 9242  
 Empty, 2721, 9243  
 Enduring, \*1611  
 Envy, 2722  
 Fallen, \*1612  
 False, \*1613  
 Habits of, 2723  
 Height of, 2724  
 Human, 9244  
 Humility of, 9245  
 Immunities of, 9246  
 Inspiration of, \*1614  
 Meanness of, 9247  
 Mental, 9248  
 Political, \*1615  
 Price of, \*1610, 9249  
 Religious, 9250  
 Simplicity of, 9251  
 Standard of, \*1616  
 Supreme, 2720, 2725  
 Title to, 9252  
 Tomb of, \*1617  
 Transient, 2726  
 True, 2727, 9253  
 Worth of, 9254  
 Greed, Fable of, 9255  
 Greediness, Fatal, 9256  
 Greengree, Mohammedan, 9257  
 Green, Dr. A. L. P., 7871  
 Greeting, Friendly, 2728  
 Gregory, Anec., 130, 3105, 5097  
 Grey, Lady Jane, 6674, 6691  
 Grief, Angels of, \*1618  
 Benefit of, \*1619, 9258  
 Brevity of, 9259  
 Consolation for, \*1620, \*1621  
 Dismission of, \*1623  
 End of, \*1624, \*1625, 2729, 9261  
 Excessive, 9262  
 Healing for, \*1626, 9263  
 Heathen View of, 9264  
 Impressions of, \*1627  
 Improper, 9265  
 Joy from, \*1628  
 Need of Relief for, 9266  
 Passionless, \*1629  
 Personification of, \*1630, 9267  
 Pining, \*1622, \*1631  
 Private, 2730  
 Sleepless, \*1632

## Grief, Sympathy in, \*1633

Vicissitude of, 2731  
 Yielding to, 9268  
 Grimaldi's Melancholy, 6191  
 Grimes, Gov., Anec., 1573  
 Grotius, Anec., 3543, 5714  
 Growth, Analogy of, 2732  
 Demand for, 9269  
 Heavenward, \*1635  
 in Grace, 2733, 2734, 9270  
 Mementos of, 9271  
 Plant, 9272  
 Possible, 2735  
 Rapid, 2736  
 Religious, 9273, 9274  
 True, \*1636, 9275  
 Gruber and the Infidel, 6788  
 Grumblers, Characteristics of, 2737  
 Fable of, 9276  
 Grumbling, Cure for, 2738  
 Guardian, The Omniscient, 2739  
 Guatimozin's Bed, 4338  
 Gudula, Legend of, 10236  
 Gueio, Obedient, 10773  
 Guelp and His Wife, 6074  
 Guericke's Barometer, 2033  
 Guericus' Late Repentance, 1276  
 Guidance, Christ's, \*1637, 9277  
 Definite, 2740  
 Divine, \*1638, 2741  
 Need of, \*1639  
 Prayer for, \*1640  
 Seeking, \*1641, 2742  
 Guide, Parable of the, 2743  
 Guides, Safe, 9278  
 Guido's "Aurora," 7167  
 Guilt, Beginning of, \*1642  
 Contrasts of, 9279  
 Degrees of, 9280  
 Discovery of, 9281, 9282  
 in Sickness, 9285  
 Proclivity of, 9283  
 Remorse of, \*1643  
 Scourge of, \*1644, 9287  
 Self-Punishment of, 9284  
 Slavery of, 9286  
 Transfer of, 9288  
 Unhappiness of, 9289  
 Guilty, Acquittal of the, 2744  
 Detection of the, 2745  
 Gulliver's Bonds, 1381  
 Gunadhyas' Poem, 6900  
 Guthrie, Dr., Anec., 6723, 7867, 10591, 11136, 12091  
 Guttentburg's Temptation, 1119  
 Guyon, Dr., Dying for Science, 2961  
 Mdm., Joy in Prison, 4694  
 Guyot's Benefit to Marseilles, 6737  
 Habit, Danger of, 2748, 9291, 9292  
 Description of, 2750  
 Destructive, 9293, 9304  
 Examples of, 2751, 2752  
 Illustrated, 2753, 2756, 9295  
 Influence of, 2754, 2757, 9290  
 Law of, 2758, 9294  
 Prevalence of, 2755, 9298  
 Power of, 2746, 2759, 2764, 9296  
 Slaves of, \*1645, 2760  
 Struggle Against, 9300  
 Unconsciousness of, 2761

- Habits, Change of, \*1646, 9297, 9302  
   Cure for Bad, 9303  
   Good and Evil, 2762, 9306  
   Growth of, \*1648, 9301  
   Holy, \*1649, 2747, 9299  
   Inveterate, 2763, 9305  
 Hacket, Dr. J., 8197  
 Hagar, \*3479-3485  
 Hagar and Sarah as Types, 7594  
 Hale, Sir M., Anec., 1645, 2274, 4577, 7625, 8236, 9912, 11317  
 Half-Measures, Danger of, 2765  
 Hall, R., Anec., 1564, 3084, 3160, 5677, 6551, 7633, 8622  
 Hamet and Raschid, 4003  
 Hamilton, A., Industry of, 8937  
 Hand, Cure of the Withered, \*3486, \*3488  
   Legend of a, 9307  
   Mechanism of the, 9308  
   Offending, 9309  
   Power of the, 9310  
   Shakes of the, 9311  
   Superiority of the, 9312  
   The Lord's, \*3487  
 Handel, Anec., 2450, 8125  
 Hands, Joining, 9313  
   Kissing, 9314  
 Hannah Parting with Samuel, \*3489  
 Hannibal, Anec., 114, 3740, 7403, 8699, 9858, 11472  
 Hanno and Agorastocles, 9638  
 Happiness, Attaining, \*1651, 2787, 9317  
   Blessed, 2767, 2791  
   Chance of, \*1653  
   Child's Idea of, 9315  
   Christian, \*1654, 2768, 9316  
   Condition of, \*1655, 2769, 2772  
   Desire for, \*1656  
   Diffusers of, 9319, 9332  
   Disturbances of, 2780, 9320  
   Domestic, \*1657  
   Empty, 9322  
   Enduring, 9323  
   Equality of, 2771  
   Example of, \*1658  
   Experience Regarding, 2773  
   False, 9324  
   Foundation of, \*1652, 9325  
   Gauge of, \*1659  
   Haunts of, \*1660  
   Human, 2770, 2776  
   Humility and, 9326  
   Incomplete, 2777  
   Indescribable, 2775  
   Ingredients of, 2778, 2779  
   in Suffering, 2794  
   King's Idea, \*1661  
   Land of, 9328  
   National, 9329  
   Negative, 9330  
   Non-essential, 9331  
   Perfect, 2782  
   Plant of, \*1662  
   Power of, 2783, 2793  
   Price of, \*1664  
   Profession of, 2784  
   Quest of, \*1663, \*1650, 2789, 9333, 9334  
   Rare, 2785, 9341  
   Reciprocal, 9335  
   Religious, 2774, 2786  
   Risking Eternal, 9336  
 Happiness, School of, 2788  
   Secret of, 2790, 9327, 9339  
   Sensuous, 2792  
   Sources of, 9337  
   Thankfulness of, 2795  
   Theories of, \*1665, 2781  
   The World's, 9343  
   True, \*1666, 9338  
   Trying to Work Out, 9340  
   Using, 2796  
   Virtue and, \*1668  
   Within, \*1667, 9342  
 Hardness of Heart, Biblical, 9344  
 Harlot, Conversion of a, 9345  
 Harlots, Labor for, 9346  
 Harmony, Condition of, 2798  
   Example of, 2799  
   Fable of, 9347  
   Need of, 2800  
 Harmosan, \*1229  
 Harper Brothers, 9597  
 Harvest, Analogy of, \*1669  
   End of the, \*1670  
   Hymn of, \*1671  
   Rejoicing for the, 9348  
   Spiritual, \*1672  
   The World's, \*3490  
 Hasan, Clemency of, 7320  
 Haste and Dispatch, 9349  
   Sin of, 9350  
 Hastings, Warren, 4829  
 Hatred, Cure of, \*1673  
   Envy and, 9351  
   Habit of, 2801, 9352  
   Misanthropic, \*1674  
   Object of, \*1676, 2802  
   Poison of, \*1675  
   Romish, 9353  
 Havelock, H., Anec., 3149, 4164, 4577, 11761, 11762  
 Hazael and Serujah, 2328  
 Head, The Human, 9354  
 Healing, Miracle of, \*3491, 9355  
 Health, Benefit of, 9356, 9359  
   Lost, 9357  
   Restoration of, 9358  
 Hearers, Careless, 2803  
   Choice of, 9360  
   Constant, 2804  
   Critical, 2805  
   Forgetful, 9361  
   Impatient, 2806  
   Inattentive, 2807, 2816  
   Interested, 2808, 2820  
   Kinds of, 2809, 9367  
   Motives of, 2810, 9375  
   Offending, 2811  
   Only, 2812, 9362, 9374  
   Opinionated, 9363  
   Practical, 2813, 2818, 2819  
   Sleepy, 9364  
   Tastes of, 2814  
   Test of, 9365  
   Too Generous, 9366  
 Hearing, Attentive, \*1677, 9363  
   Benefit of, 2815  
   Biblical, 9369  
   Different Results of, 9371  
   Duty of, 9372  
   Mystery of, \*1678  
   Neglect of, 9376

- Hearing, Peculiar, 9377  
   Preoccupied, 9378  
   Sense of, \*1679, 9370  
 Heart, Activity of the, \*1680, 2821  
   a Furnace, 2836  
   a Garden, 9390  
   a Hive, 9395  
   a Reservoir, 2851  
   Argument from, 9379  
   Attacks upon, 2822  
   Bad, 9380  
   Beginning at, 9381  
   Bitterness of, \*1682  
   Breaking, \*1681  
   Burying a, \*1683  
   Calls to the, \*1684  
   Care of the, 9383  
   Carnal or Spiritual, 9384  
   Changes in the, \*1685, 2823  
   Christ Entering the, 2824  
   Christ Knocking at the, 2825  
   Christ's Kingdom in the, 2826  
   Closet of the, 9385  
   Color of the, 9386  
   Consecration of, \*1687  
   Contents of the, \*1688, \*1697  
   Corruptions in the, 2828, 9406  
   Cross and, \*1689  
   Cure for a, 2829  
   Darkness in the, \*1690  
   Deceitfulness of the, 2830  
   Depravity of the, \*1691, 2831  
   Discipline of the, 9387  
   Diversities of, 2832  
   Divided, 2833  
   Double, 9388  
   Fear of the, 2834  
   Figures of the, 9389  
   for Jesus, 2844, 2853  
   Germs in the, \*1692  
   Giving the, 2849, 9391  
   God in the, 9392  
   God's Love for the, \*1693  
   God's Temple, \*1701, 9393  
   Good, 2837  
   Guilty, 2838  
   Hardness of the, 2766, 2839, 2840  
   Highway of the, \*1694  
   Home of, 2841  
   Hornets in the, 2842  
   Idolatry in the, 9396  
   Image in the, 2843  
   Influence of the, \*1695  
   in Heaven, 2841  
   Insatiable, 2835, 9394  
   Keeping the, 2827, 9397  
   Lock for the, 2845  
   Mechanism of the, 9398  
   Morals of the, 9399  
   Music in the, \*1696  
   New, 2846  
   Occupied, 2847  
   of Stone, 2854, 9408  
   Out of Tune, \*1698  
   Parable of the, 9400  
   Peaceful, 2848  
   Purged, 9401  
   Purifying our Own, 9403  
   Purity of, 9402  
   Responsibility of the, 9404  
   Renewing the, 2850  
   Heart, Right, 2852  
   Softening the, 9405  
   Soil of the, \*1699  
   Stability of, 9407  
   Storms in the, \*1700  
   Strife for the, 2855  
   Testing the, 9409  
   The Bolted, 9382  
   Treasures of the, 2856, 9410  
   Trouble in the, 2857  
   Unfruitfulness of the, 9411  
   Unregenerated, 2858  
   Unsatisfied, 2859  
   Value of the, 2860  
   War in the, 9412  
   Weakness of the, \*1702  
   Wearing the, 2861  
   Writing on the, 2862  
 Heat, Effects of, 9414  
 Heathen, Exposure of the, 9415  
   Judging the, \*1703  
 Heathenism, Bloody Rites of, 9416  
   Cruelty of, 9417  
   Gods of, \*1704, 2863  
   Hopelessness of, 2864  
   Ignorance of, 2865  
   Sacrifices of, 2866  
   Superstition of, 2867  
 Heaven, Activity in, 2868  
   Adjustment in, 9418  
   Admittance to, 2869, 9419  
   All White in, 9420  
   and Earth, \*1766, \*1767, \*1768, 9437  
   Appearance of, \*1705  
   Approach to, \*1706  
   A Present, 2915, 9476  
   Ascent to, \*3492, 9426  
   Associations of, 2870  
   at Last, 9459  
   Attraction of, \*1707, 2871  
   A Year in, \*1708  
   Beauties of, \*1709  
   Biblical Figures of, 9421  
   Bliss of, \*1710  
   Brevities, 9422  
   Care for, 9423  
   Children in, 2872  
   Child's Thought of, 9424, 9479  
   Christians in, 9425, 9443  
   Christ in, \*1711, 2873  
   City of, \*1712, 2874  
   City of the Forgiven, \*3494  
   Cloudless, \*1713  
   Company of, \*1714, 2921, 9427  
   Compensations of, 9428  
   Completeness in, 9429, 9492  
   Dawn of, 2876  
   Degrees in, \*1715  
   Delights of, \*1716, 9480  
   Denominations in, 9431  
   Description of, \*1717  
   Dimensions of, 2878  
   Discoveries of, 9433  
   Disregarded, 9432, 9434  
   Distance to, 2879  
   Doing Business for, 9436  
   Dreams of, \*1719  
   Duration of, 2880, 9927  
   Employment in, \*1720, 2881  
   Enduring for, 9439  
   Entrance to, \*1721, 2882, 2883



- Heaven, Epitome of, \*1722  
   Esteeming, \*1723  
   Excellence of, 9440  
   Experience of, \*1724  
   Fair, \*1725  
   Fatherland, \*1726  
   Fighting for, 2884, 9430  
   Figures of, 2885, 9433  
   Fitness for, 2886  
   Foretaste of, 2911, 9441  
   Friendship in, \*1727  
   Fruition of, 2887  
   Gate Open to, 9442  
   Glimpses of, \*1728, 2888  
   Glories of, \*1729, 2889, 2890, 9444, 9445  
   God in, \*1730, 2891  
   God's House, 9447  
   Going to, 2892, 9448  
   Happiness in, \*1731, 2901, 9449  
   Harps in, \*1732  
   Hastening to, 2894  
   Hell and, 2936, 9450  
   Home in, \*1733, 2895, 2896  
   Honors of, 9452  
   Hope of, \*1734, 2897, 9453  
   Immanuel's Land, \*3493  
   Inconceivable, \*1751, 9455  
   Incorruptible, \*1735  
   Indescribable, 2899, 9456  
   Indian's, \*1762, 9454  
   Infamy of Losing, 9457  
   Inhabitants of, \*1736  
   Invitations from, \*1737, 2930  
   Knowledge in, \*1738, 9458  
   Landing in, \*1739  
   Live for, \*1740  
   Locality of, 9460  
   Longing for, \*1718, 2935, 9461  
   Manners of, 9462  
   Mansions in, \*1743, 2902, 2924  
   Meeting in, \*1744, 9463  
   Mementos in, 2903  
   Minister's Welcome to, \*1745  
   Morning in, 9465  
   Music in, 9466, 9467  
   My Place in, \*1746  
   Mythological, 2904  
   Nearing, \*1747, 2905  
   Nearness of, \*1748, 2906, 2907  
   Negative, 9468  
   Nobility of, 2908  
   No Death in, 2877  
   No Graves in, 9446  
   No Other Way to, 9470  
   No Stranger in, \*1750  
   No Treasure in, 9471  
   One Gate to, 9472  
   Outside of, 2909  
   Peace in, \*1752, 2875  
   Peoples in, \*1742, 2910  
   Praise in, 2912  
   Prayer for, \*1753  
   Preparing for, 2913, 2914, 9475  
   Presenting, 9474, 9477  
   Prospect of, \*1741, \*1754  
   Purchased, 2916  
   Qualification for, 9451, 9478  
   Recognition in, \*1755, 2917, 9481  
   Registered in, 9482  
   Reminders of, \*1756, 9491  
   Rest in, \*1757
- Heaven, Review in, 9483  
   Ripe for, 9484  
   Roll Call in, 9486  
   Sabbath of, \*1758  
   Safe in, \*3495  
   Saints in, \*1759  
   Scaling, 2918  
   Scorning, \*1760  
   Securing, 9487  
   Service of, 2919  
   Shut Out of, 9488  
   Signs in, 9489  
   Sinless, 2920  
   Splendor of, \*1761  
   Steps to, 2923  
   Sure of, 2922  
   The Grave not, 2893  
   Thoughts of, \*1763  
   Title to, 2900, 2925, 9473  
   Triumph of, 2926  
   Unity in, 9493  
   Unveiled, \*1764  
   Viewing, \*1765  
   Views of, 2898, 2928  
   Visions of, 2929  
   Way to, 2931, 9485, 9490  
   Welcome to, 2932  
   Won, 2933  
   Wonder in, 9494  
   Wonders of, 2934
- Heavens, Contemplating the, \*1769  
 Heavenly Mindedness, Quiet of, 9495  
 Hebrew Minstrel's Lament, \*3496  
 Hebron, The Oak of, \*3497  
 Heine's Losses, 3669  
 Heirship, My, \*3499  
 Helen and Paris, 10420  
 Helena, Anec., 1175, 4938, 6342  
 Heliiodorus, The Scourging of, \*3498  
 Heliogabalus, 3041, 3620, 8980, 11208  
 Hell, Bridge of, 9497  
   Bridge to, \*1770  
   By-Way to, 2937  
   Characters in, \*1771, 2938, 9514  
   Choosing, 9498  
   Considering, 9499  
   Demand for, 2939  
   Derivation of, 2940  
   Description of, \*1772, 2941  
   Dispute About, 9501  
   Doubting a, \*1773, 9502  
   Duration of, 2942, 2943, 2946  
   Existence of, 2944, 9504  
   Extemporized, 9505  
   Fear of, 2945, 9503, 9506  
   Fire of, 9507  
   Glimpses of, 9508  
   Immunity from, 9509  
   Location of, 2947  
   Memory in, \*1774, 9510  
   Misery in, 2948  
   Mockery of, \*1775  
   Mohammedan, 9511  
   Near the Wicked, 2949  
   Personal, 9512  
   Portal of, \*1777  
   Power of, 2951  
   Punishment of, \*1776, 2952  
   Sinner's Own Way to, 9513  
   Torments of, 9515  
   Unbelief in, \*1778, 2953, 9500

- Hell, Universe of, \*1779  
   Working Hard for, 9516  
 Help, Adaptation of, \*1780  
   Divine, 2954, 9517, 9518  
   Providential, 9520, 9523  
   Reciprocal, 2656, 9519, 9521  
   Reward of, 9522  
   Timely, 2957  
 Hemans', Mrs., Last Words, 1771  
 Henry II., Anec., 1473, 7487, 9120  
   IV., Anec., 740, 3723, 6749, 7156  
   VIII., Supremacy of, 11876  
   Matthew, 422, 1700, 1785, 3254, 3862, 5454, 7864  
   Patrick, 10790, 11367  
   Philip, 141, 1141, 2208, 2954, 4569, 10413  
 Heraclius, 1179, 1433  
 Hereafter, Secret of the, \*5781  
   The Great, \*1782  
 Hercules, Anec., 2753, 4129, 4327, 5310, 6214, 9517  
 Heresy, Genealogy of, \*1783  
   Odor of, 9524  
   Trifling, 2958, 9525  
 Heritage of the Rich and Poor, \*1784  
 Hermit Life, \*1785, 2959  
 Hermits, First Principles of, 9526  
 Hermocrates' Heir, 5104  
 Hermodius and Iphsicrates, 6475  
 Hermon, \*3500  
 Hern's Trust, 11265  
 Hero and Leander, 10333  
   Death of a, \*1787  
   Definition of a, 9528  
   Marks of the, \*1788  
 Herod, Anec., 1089, 5051  
 Herodias, The Daughter of, \*3501, \*3502  
 Heroes, Examples of, \*1786, \*1789, 9527  
   Forgotten, \*1790  
   God's, \*1791  
   Moral, \*1792  
   Seed of, \*1794  
   True, \*1793  
 Heroine, Grave of a, \*1795  
 Heroism, Example of, 2961, 9529  
   Christian, 2960, 9532  
   Medal for, 9530  
   Military, \*1796, 9531  
   Patriotic, 2962  
   True, 2963  
   Unconscious, 9533  
 Hervey, Rev. J., 1715, 5620, 7772, 7787  
 Hesitation, Weakness of, 9534  
 Hezekiah, Pool of, \*3503  
   Recovery of, 3839, 7793  
 Hickington's Close Preaching, 4604  
 Hiding Places, Oriental, 9535  
 Hid Treasure, \*3504  
 Higher Life, Attaining, 9536  
 High Priest, Christ our, \*1798  
 Highway, God's, 9537  
 Hilarion, Child Martyr, 7071  
 Hill, Rev. R., 1793, 3980, 4607, 7343, 7518, 7826, 8375, 8649, 8708, 8973, 9631, 10071, 10329, 10392  
 Hillet, Parables, 3135, 7921  
 Hindrances, Throwing Out, 2964  
 Hinnom, Valley of, 2940  
 Hiram, King of Tyre, 2833  
 History, Burden of, 9538  
   Duration of, \*1799  
 History, Revelations of, 9539  
 Hobbs, T., Anec., 1248, 1731  
 Hobby, A Medical, 9540  
 Hogarth, Anec., 1877, 7007, 8935  
 Hohenslaufen's Cell, 3569  
 Holbein's Painted Fly, 182  
 Holiness, Abuse of, 2965  
   Ashamed of, 9541  
   Attainable Now, 2966  
   Aversion to, 9542  
   Beauty of, 9543  
   Defined, 2697, 2968  
   Diffusing, 2961  
   Divine, 9544  
   Emblem of, 2970, 9545  
   Example of, 2972  
   Excellency of, 2973  
   Experience of, 9546, 9551  
   Graces of, 2974  
   Highway of, \*1800  
   Influence of, 2975  
   Instantaneous, 9547  
   Light of, 2976  
   Living, 2979, 9548  
   Necessity of, 2971, 2977, 9549  
   Power of, 2978  
   Reasonableness of, 9550  
   Reign of, 2980  
   Robes of, \*1801, 2981  
   Seeking, \*1802  
   Spirit of, 2982, 2983  
   Throne of, \*1803  
   Tree of, \*1804  
   Unselfish, 2984  
   Way to, \*1805  
   Work of, 2985  
 Holy Land, Attractions of the, \*3505  
   Defilement of the, \*3506  
   Interest in the, \*3507  
   Our, \*3508  
 Holy of Holies, Penalty of Entering, 9552  
 Holy Spirit, Agency of the, 9553  
   a Guide, \*1809  
   Descent of the, \*1806, 9555  
   Earnest of the, 2987, 9556  
   Effect of the, 2988  
   Emblems of the, 2989  
   Energy of the, 9558  
   Gentleness of, 9559  
   Gift of the, \*1807, 2990  
   Grieved, \*1808, 9560  
   Impression of the, 2986, 2991  
   Influences of the, \*1810, 2992, 2993, 9561  
   Instrument of the, 2994  
   Life by the, 9562  
   Light of the, 2995  
   Litany to the, \*1811  
   Manifestation of the, 2996  
   Names of the, 2997  
   Need of the, 2998, 2999  
   Office of the, \*1812, 3000  
   Outpouring of the, 3001  
   Personality of, 3002  
   Power of the, \*1813  
   Prayer to the, \*1814  
   Quenching the, 3003, 3005  
   Resisting the, 9566  
   River of the, \*1815  
   Sin Against the, 3006  
   Temples of the, \*1816  
   Want of the, 3007

- Holy, Withdrawal of the, 9568  
   Workings of the, 3008, 9567  
 Home, Advice for the, 9569  
   Almost, 9570  
   Ambition of All, 9571  
   Centre of, \*1819  
   Ceremonies of, \*1820  
   Cheerfulness of, 3010  
   Contented with, \*1821  
   Definition of, 3011  
   Duties of, 3012  
   Dying at, \*1822  
   Education in the, 9572  
   Esteeming, 9573  
   Gone, 9575  
   Going, \*1823  
   Happy, 3013, 9577  
   Heaven our, 3014  
   Influence of, 3015  
   Joys of, \*1824  
   Kingdom of, \*1825  
   Light of, \*1826  
   Longing for, 2935, 3016, 3019  
   Love in the, \*1817, \*1827  
   Love of, \*1818, \*1823, 3009  
   Man's and Woman's, \*1829  
   Memory of, \*1830  
   Piety in the, \*1831, 9574  
   Proverbs, 3018  
   Sorrows of, \*1832  
   Sweet, \*1833  
   Trifles of, \*1834  
   Unhappy, 9579  
   Unity of, \*1835  
 Homer, Anc., 472, 2716, 10344  
 Homes, English, \*1836  
 Honest Poverty, \*2232  
 Honesty, Advantage of, 3020, 3028, 9592  
   Best Policy, 3021  
   Christian, 9580  
   Commercial, 3022, 9581  
   Death or, 9582  
   Fable of, 9584  
   Faith and, 9585  
   Frankness of, \*1837  
   Heathen, 3025  
   Indian, 3024  
   Language of, 9586  
   Moral, 9587  
   Motive to, 3026  
   Nobility of, \*1838  
   Principle of, 3027, 9583  
   Public, 3029  
   Rare, 9589  
   Record of, 9590  
   Religion and, 9591  
   Reward of, 3030  
   Scrupulous, 3023, 3031  
   Selling, \*1840  
   Stability of, \*1841  
   Success of, 9583, 9593  
   Tested, 9594  
   Triumph of, 9595  
   True, 3032  
   Unpopular, 9596  
   Youthful, 3033  
 Honor, Appeal to, 9597  
   Brief, 3044, 9598  
   Chasing, 9599  
   Christian, \*1842  
   Conferring, 9600  
   Honor Defined, \*1843  
   Disputed, 3035  
   Fleeting, 3036, 3037, 3038  
   Love of, \*1845  
   Moderate, 9601  
   Pagan, 9602, 9606  
   Preserving, \*1846, \*1850  
   Regard for, 3039  
   Rejected, 9603, 9604, 9605  
   Road to, \*1847, 3034, 3040  
   Rules of, \*1848  
   Sacred, \*1849  
   Satiety of, 3041  
   Seat of, 9607  
   Source of, 9608  
   Tested, 3043  
   Vanity of, 3042, 3045  
   Worldly, 9609  
   Youthful, 9610  
 Honoring the Lord, 9611  
 Hooker's Mother, 10655  
 Hooper, Bp., Anc., 1733, 2161, 10438  
 Hope, an Anchor, \*1851, 3046, 9613  
   and Fear, 3057  
   Basis of, \*1852  
   Basis of Christian, 9612  
   Beguiling, \*1853  
   Benefit of, 3047  
   Biblical, 9613  
   Breivities, 9614  
   Characteristics of, \*1854  
   Christian, \*1855, 3048  
   Danger of, 3049  
   Death-bed of, 9616  
   Development of, 3052  
   Drafts of, 9617  
   Encourage, \*1856, 9615  
   Eternal, \*1857  
   Extent of, 3053  
   Faith and, \*1858, 3054, 9619  
   False, 3056, 9620  
   Field of, \*1859  
   Fruition of, \*1860, 3058  
   Good Man's, \*1872  
   Grace of, \*1861  
   Groundless, 3055, 3059  
   Heathen, 9621  
   Heavenly, \*1862  
   in Danger, 3050  
   in Death, 3051  
   Influence of, \*1863  
   Inspiration of, 3060  
   Light of, 3061  
   Living, 9622  
   Loss of, 9623  
   Nature of, 3062  
   Occasion of, 3063  
   Origin of, \*1864, 3064  
   Paternal, \*1866  
   Persistent, 3065  
   Personification of, \*1867  
   Philosophy of, \*1868  
   Powers of, \*1869, 3066, 9624  
   Praise of, \*1870  
   Promises of, 9625  
   Proper Use of, 9626  
   Prophecies of, \*1871  
   Reservation of, 9627  
   Sinner's, 3067  
   Spring of, 9628  
   Support of, 9629

- Hope, Surviving, 9630  
   Treasure of, 3068  
   Unsatisfied, \*1873  
   Use of, 3069  
   Without, 3070  
   Wrecked, 3071  
 Hopper, I., Anec., 3455, 6515, 7318  
 Hora Novissima, \*2023  
 Horse, Prayer for a, 9631  
 Horsemen, The Two, \*3509  
 Hortensius' Memory, 3885  
 Hospitality, Biblical, 9632  
   Heathen, 9633  
   Legend of, 3072  
   Mohammedan, 9634  
   Oriental, 9635  
   Outraged, 9636  
   Rewarded, 3073, 3074  
   Selfish, 9637  
   Token of, 9638  
 Hospitals, Treasures in, 9639  
 Host of God, The, \*3510  
 Hours, Flight of the, 9640  
   Lost, 9641  
 House, Building the, \*3511  
 Household, A Christian, \*1875  
   Angels in the, \*1874  
   Chinese God of the, 9642  
   Happiness of the, \*1876  
   Quarrels in a, 9643  
 Householder, Parable of the, \*3513  
   Sending Forth his Son, \*3514  
 House of God, \*3512, 9664  
   Food at the, 3075  
   Love for the, 3076  
 Houses, Preferable, 9645  
 Howard, J., Anec., 600, 702, 1334, 2716, 6730  
 How's My Boy? \*2342  
 Huguenots, Anec., 6946, 7673  
 Humanity, Advantage of, 9646  
   Brotherhood of, \*1877  
   Cry of, \*1878  
   Example of, 3077, 9647  
   Gospel of, \*1879  
   Memory of, 9648  
   Model of, 9649  
   Official, 9650  
   Rewarded, 3078, 9651  
   Stream of, 3079  
   True, 9652  
   Unity of, 3080  
 Human Nature, Characteristics of, 9653  
   Divineness of, 9654  
   Inconsistency of, 9655  
   Proverbs, 3081  
   Rebellion of, 9656  
   Studying, 3082  
   Treachery of, 3083  
 Humboldt, Anec., 1721, 7644  
 Hume, Anec., 3270, 3272, 3436, 8144  
 Humiliation, Christ's, 9658  
   Improved, 3085  
   Traits of, 3084  
   Valley of, 3086  
 Humility, Advantage of, 3087, 9659  
   Affected, \*1880, 3095, 9660  
   Apostolic, 3088  
   Blessing of, \*1881  
   Cause for, \*1882, 3039  
   Christian, 3090  
   Confident, \*1883  
   Cultivation of, 3092, 9657, 9664  
   Demand for, \*1884  
   Derivation of, 9665  
   Effect of, 9666  
   Emblem of, 3091, 9667  
   Entrance to Honor, 9668  
   Examples of, 3093, 9662, 9669  
   Exhortation to, 3094  
   Fable of, \*1885, 9675  
   Flower of, 9672  
   Grace of, 9671  
   Greatness of, 3096  
   Happiness of, 3097  
   Heathen, 9673  
   Ideals of, \*1886, 9676  
   Importance of, 3098, 9670  
   in Prayer, 3101  
   Intellectual, 9674  
   Modesty of, 3099  
   Monkish, 3100  
   Place of, \*1887  
   Preaching, 3102  
   Profit of, \*1888, 9677  
   Promoting, 9678  
   Reason for, 3103  
   Royal, 9679  
   Test of, \*1889, 9681, 9682  
   True, 3104, 9680, 9683  
 Humiston Children, 67  
 Hunger, Absence of, 9684  
   Influence of, 9685  
 Hungry, Feeding the, 3105  
 Hunter, the Martyr, 7912  
 Huntingdon, Lady, Anec., 99, 1772, 3601  
   3673, 6728  
 Hurons, Anec., 6683, 8496, 9454  
 Husband, Choice of a, 3106, 3111  
   Devoted, 3107, 9686  
   How to Treat a, 3108  
   Meaning of, 3109  
   Mercenary, 3110  
   To an Absent, \*1890  
   and Wife, Reconciliation of, 9689  
   and Wife, Unity of, 9690  
   and Wife's Grave, \*1926  
 Husbandmen, The Wicked, \*3515  
 Husbands, Hen-pecked, 9687  
   Ill-natured, 9688  
 Huss, J., Anec., 1393, 1741, 2317, 2631, 7171  
 Hutton, Bp., Anec., 6933, 10500  
 Huxley on Evolution, 8455  
 Hydra, The, 5326  
 Hymelin, St., 7753  
 Hymn, The Last, \*3516  
 Hypochondria, Horrors of, \*1891  
 Hypochondriac, Cure of a, 9691  
 Hypocrates' Cure, 7602  
 Hypocrisy, Biblical Figures of, 9692  
   Branded, 3112  
   Ceremonious, \*1892  
   Common, 9693  
   Concealment of, 9694  
   Confession of, 9695  
   Deception of, \*1893  
   Detecting, \*1894  
   Discovered, 3113  
   Emblem of, 3114  
   Examples of, 9696  
   Invisible, \*1895  
   Proverbs, 3115

- Hypocrisy, Religious, 9698  
   Serpent of, \*1896  
   Speciousness of, 9699  
   Successful, 3116  
   Universal, 3117  
   versus Honesty, 9697  
 Hypocrite, Assumption of the, 9700  
   Detection of a, 9701  
   Doom of a, 9702  
   Emblems of the, 9703  
   Exposure of the, 9704  
   Fate of the, 9705  
   Goodness of the, 3118  
   Simile of the, \*1897, 3119  
   Unmasked, \*1898, 3120  
 Hypocrites, Carefulness of, 9706  
   Devil's Dupes, 9707  
   Motives of, 9708  
   Schemes of, 9709  
  
 Ibis, 963  
 Icarus, Flight, 113  
 Ichabod, 2164, \*2894  
 Ichneumon and Crocodile, 1773  
 Idea, One, 3121  
   Property in an, 3122  
 Ideal, Influence of, 9710, 9712  
   Unattainable, 9711  
 Ideas, Association of, 3123  
   Striking, 3124  
   Succession of, \*1899  
 Identity, Conscious, 3125  
 Idiosyncrasy, Acquaintance with, 9713  
   General, 9714  
 Idleness, Accounting for, 9715  
   and Trifling, 9730  
   A Philosopher of, 9728  
   Busy, 3126  
   Considered, \*1901, 9717  
   Danger of, 3128, 3130  
   Degradation of, 3129, 9719  
   Employment of, 9720  
   Extreme, 3131  
   Figure of, 3135, 9722  
   Influence of, 3132, 9716  
   Intellectual, 9723  
   Luxurious, 3133  
   Misery of, \*1900  
   not Enjoyment, 9721  
   Offence of, 9725  
   Proverbs, 3136  
   Punishment of, 3137, 3138, 9726, 9727  
   Remedy for, 3127, 3139, 9718  
   Sight-Seeing, 3140  
   Sin of, 3141, 9729  
   Tax of, 3142  
   Testimonies Against, 3143  
 Idolatry, Christian, 3144  
   Common, \*1902  
   Conversion from, 9731  
   Heathen, 3146  
   Human, \*1903, 3145  
   Ignorance and, 9733  
   Local, 9734  
   Motive of, 9735  
   Nature of, \*1904  
   Overthrow of, \*1905  
   Prevention of, 3147  
   Snake-Worship, 3148  
 Idols, Accusations of, 9736  
   Best Use of, 3149  
  
 Idols, Broken, 3150  
   Classification of, 9737  
   Destruction of, 3151, 9738  
   Removed, \*1907  
   Weakness of, 3152  
 If, Danger of, 9739  
 Ignatius' Black Militia, 9997  
   Theophorus, 7214  
 Ignorance, Ancient, 9740  
   Cause of, 3154  
   Contentions from, 9741  
   Dangers of, 3155  
   Darkness of, 3156  
   Deformity of, 9742  
   Deprecating, 9743  
   Excuse of, \*1908  
   Fate of, 9744  
   Foolish, 3157  
   Guilt of, 9745  
   Inexcusable, 9746  
   Instinct and, 9747  
   Misconception of, 3158  
   Natural, 3159  
   of Prayer, 3160  
   of the Bible, 3153  
   Personification of, \*1909  
   Religious, 3161, 3162  
   Remarkable, 3163  
   Reproving, 3164  
   Unexpected, 9748  
   Views of, 3165  
   Violence of, 9749  
 Illiberality Cured, 9750  
   Excuse for, 9751  
   Rebuked, 3166  
   Self-condemned, 9752  
   Ungrateful, 3167  
 Illness, Christian in, 3168  
   Consolation in, \*1910  
   Effects of, 3169  
 Ills, Bear Present, 9753  
   No Remedies for, 9754  
   Origin of, 9755  
   Overstatement of, \*1911  
   Philosophy of, \*1912  
   Responsibility for, \*1913  
 Illumination, Key to, 3170  
   Need of, 3171  
 Illusion, True, \*1914  
 Illustration, Advantage of, 9756  
   Approval of, 3172  
   Blunder in, 9758  
   Cautions, 9759  
   Effect of, 3173, 9757, 9761  
   Examples of, 9762, 9764  
   Faculty of, 9760, 9763  
   Failure of, 3174  
   Habit of, \*1915  
   in Preaching, 3173  
   Pictorial, 3176  
   Power of, 3177, 9765  
 Illustrations, Arrows, 9766  
   Books of, 9767  
   Enticement of, 9768  
   How to Use, 3175  
   Natural, 9770  
   Oriental, 9771  
   Remembering, 9769  
   Result of, 9772  
 Image, Daniel's Vision of the, \*3517  
 Imagination, Benefit of, 3179

- Imagination, Chambers of the, 9773  
   Death from, 3180  
   Effect of, 3181  
   Imposition of, \*1916, 9775  
   Pleasures of, \*1917, 9774, 9776  
   Possessions of, \*1918  
   Power of the, 3182  
   Riches of, 9777  
   Support of, \*1919  
 Imitation, Danger of, 3183  
   Faulty, 9778  
   Law of, 9779  
   Mistake of, 3185  
   of Defects, 3184  
   Passion of, 9780  
   Snare of, 3186  
 Immanuel, \*3520  
   Emblems of, \*1920  
 Immensity, Image of, 9781  
 Immortality, Attraction of, 3187  
   Conception of, 3188  
   Confidence in, \*1921  
   Consideration of, 9782  
   Denial of, \*1923  
   Desire for, \*1923  
   Emblem of, 3189, 9783  
   Faith in, 9784  
   Forfeiture of, 9785  
   Heathen, 9786, 9787  
   Importance of, 9788  
   Inference of, \*1924, 3190  
   Intimations of, \*1925  
   Legend of, 9789  
   Lesson of, \*1926  
   Longing for, \*1927, 3191, 3201, 9791  
   Love of, 3192  
   Measure of, 3193  
   Mystery of, \*1928  
   Napoleon on, 3194  
   Opinions of, 9790  
   Patrimony of, \*1929  
   Presage of, 3195  
   Progress in, \*1930  
   Proverbs, 3196  
   Question of, 9792  
   Reason for, \*1931  
   Seekers after, 9793  
   Symbol of, 3197  
   Testimony to, 3198  
   Traces of, 3199  
   Transition of, \*1932  
   Types of, 3200  
   Verdict of, \*1933  
   Warning from, \*1934  
   Wonder of, \*1935  
 Immutability, Divine, 9794  
 Impatience, Aggravation of, 9795  
   Biblical Examples of, 9796  
   Check to, \*1936  
   Folly of, \*1938, 3202  
   Nature of, 9797  
   Penalty of, 9798  
   Proverbs, 3203  
   Reprieved, \*1937, 3204  
   Suicidal, 3205  
 Impenitent, Conscience of the, 3206  
   Danger of the, 3207  
   Habits of the, 3209  
 Imperfection, Excuse of, 3210  
   Human, 3211, 9799  
   Marks of, 9800  
 Imperfection, Universal, 9801  
 Impiety, Bold, 9802  
   Mohammedan, 9803  
   Papal, 9804  
   Punishment of, 9805  
 Importunate Widow, The, \*3518  
 Inportunty, Example of, 3212  
   Need of, 3213  
 Impossibility, Conditions of, 9806  
   Example of, 9807  
 Impotent Man, Cure of the, \*3519  
 Impracticable, Fable of the, 9808  
 Imprecations Answered, 9809  
   Fulfilled, 9810  
 Impressions, Abiding, 3215  
   Distant, 9811  
   Early, 3216  
   Erasure of, 3217  
   False, 9813  
   First, 3218  
   Obeying, 9813, 9814  
   Transient, 3220  
 Imprisonment, Expenses of, 9815  
   Glorying in, 9816  
   Joyous, \*1939  
 Improvement, Discouraged in, 9817  
   Moral, 9818  
   Objectors to, 9819  
 Improvidence, Characteristics of, 9820  
   Fable of, 9821  
 Impudence Gratified, 9822  
   Refusal of, 9823  
 Impurity, Detection of, 9824  
   Passion of, 9825  
 Imputation, Illustration of, 3221  
 Ina, Conversion of, 8254  
 Inability, Biblical, 9826  
   Human, 3222  
   No Excuse, 3223  
   View of, 3224  
 Inactivity, Record of, 3225  
 Inappropriateness, Case of, 9827  
   Emblem of, 3226  
 Incarnation, Christ's, \*3521  
   Mystery of, 9828  
   Song of, 3227  
   Wonders of the, \*1940  
 Inclination, Mere, 9829  
   Power of, 3228  
 Incompleteness, \*2085  
   Law of, \*1941  
 Incomprehensible, Struggle for the, \*1943  
 Inconsistency, Biblical Figures of, 9830  
   Effects of, 9831  
   Emblem of, 9832  
   Example of, 3229, 9833  
   Ignorant, 9834  
   Influence of, 3230, 3231  
   Items of, 3232  
   Knavish, 3233  
   Pagan, 9835  
   Practical, 3234  
   Proverbs, 3235  
   Self-Condernnation for, 9836  
   Superstitious, 3236  
 Inconstancy, Artful, 9837  
   Emblem of, 9838  
   Example of, \*1943  
   Fable of, 3237  
   General, 3238  
   Human, \*1944

- Inconstancy, Popular, 9839  
 Incontinence, Temptations to, 3239  
 Incorruptibility, Example of, 3240  
   Noble, 3241  
   Political, 3242  
 Incredulity, Faith and, 9840  
   Ignorant, 9841  
 Indecision, Emblems of, 9842  
   Example of, 3243  
   Influence of, 9843  
 Indifference, Proverbs, 3244  
 Indigestion, Evils of, 9844  
 Indiscretion, Mischief of, 9845  
 Indolence, Awaking from, \*1945  
   Castle of, \*1946, 3245  
   Fatal, 3246  
   Hereditary Sin of, 9846  
   Penalty of, \*1947  
   Remonstrance Against, 9847  
   Victim of, \*1948  
 Indulgence, Danger of, 9848  
 Indulgences, Papal, 9849  
 Industry, Advantage of, 3248, 9850  
   Benefit of, \*1949  
   Bread of, 9851  
   Capacity for, 9852  
   God's Delight in Man's, 9854  
   Habits of, 9855  
   Honored, 9856  
   Incentives to, \*1950, 9853  
   Legend of, 3249  
   Monuments of, \*1951  
   Motives for, \*1952  
   Parable of, 3250  
   Peace of, \*1953  
   Power of, 3251  
   Profit of, 3252  
   Royal Example of, 3253  
   Works of, \*1954  
 Inebriate, Degradation of the, 3254  
 Infancy, Consecrating, 9857  
   Thoughts of, \*1956  
 Infant, Destiny of the, \*1956, 1959  
   Gift of an, \*1960  
   Ignorance of an, \*1961  
   Lullaby, \*1962  
   Baptism, Abuse of, 9858  
   Baptism, Improvement of, 3255  
 Infants, Blessing, 9860  
   Future Life of, \*1963  
   Mourning for, \*1964  
   Safety of, 9861  
   Slaughter of the, \*3522, 9927  
 Infidel, Advice of an, 3256  
   Christian Burial Denied to an, 9862  
   Death of Voltaire, 9863  
   Fidelity of an, 3257  
   Inconsistency of an, 9864  
   Judgment of an, 9865  
   Sealing an, 9866  
   Work of an, 3258  
 Infidelity, Absurdity of, 3259  
   and Faith, 9870  
   Bible and, 3268, 9867  
   Cause of, 3260, 3266  
   Credulity of, 3261, 9868  
   French, 9871  
   Guilt of, \*1965  
   Hopeless, 9872  
   Influence of, 3262, 9869  
   Insincerity of, 3263, 3272, 9873  
   Infidelity, Madness of, 3264  
   Misery of, 3265  
   Propagating, 9874  
   Results of, 9875  
   Shifts of, 3267  
   Tested, 9876  
   Thoughtlessness of, 9877  
   Worthlessness of, 9878  
 Infidels, Agreement of, 9879  
   Character of, \*1966  
   Choice of, 3269  
   Confessions of, 3270  
   Cowardice of, 3271  
   Effrontery of, 9880  
   Ignorance of, 3273, 9881  
   Rebuke of, \*1967  
   Thwarted, 3274  
   Works of, 9882  
 Infinity, Characteristics, 9883  
 Infirmities, Benefit of, 9884  
 Infirmity, Sins of, 9885  
 Influence, Analogy of, 3275  
   Biblical Figures, 9887  
   Christian, \*1968  
   Contagious, 9888  
   Dangerous, 9889  
   Demand of, \*1969  
   Extensive, 3276, 9899  
   Female, 9890  
   Good, \*1971  
   Growth of, 3277  
   Illustration of, 3278  
   Immortal, \*1972, 9886  
   Inevitable, 3279  
   Irremediable, 3280  
   Lesson of, \*1973  
   Maternal, 9891  
   Opportunity for, \*1974  
   Parental, 9892  
   Path of, \*1975  
   Perpetuity of, \*1976  
   Personal, 3281  
   Posthumous, 3282, 9893  
   Power of, \*1977, 3283  
   Records of, 9894  
   Reflex, \*1970, 3284  
   Responsibility of, \*1978  
   Saintly, \*1979  
   Secret of, 9895  
   Spiritual, 3285, 9896  
   Sum Total of, 9897  
   Teacher's, 9898  
   Unconscious, \*1980, 3286  
 Ingratitude, Alexander's, 9900  
   Base, \*1981, 3287  
   Blindness of, 9901  
   Example of, 9902  
   Experience of, 9903  
   Frequency of, 3288, 9905  
   Fortune of, \*1982, 9904  
   Inconsistent, 3289  
   Insatiableness of, 3290  
   Monster of, \*1983, 9909  
   Pride and, 9906  
   Proverbs, 3291  
   Punished, 3292  
   Punishment of, 3293, 9907  
   Selfishness of, 3294  
   Similes of, 9908  
   Unkindness of, \*1984  
 Inhospitality, Rebuked, 3295, 9910

- Injuries, Benefits and, 9911  
   Blessings for, \*1985  
   Damage of, 9914  
   Forgetting, 3296, 9912  
   Forgetting and Forgiving, 9913  
   Overlooking, 3297  
   Proverbs, 3298  
   Revenge of, \*1986, 3299  
 Injustice, Criticising, 9915  
   Punished, 3300  
   Rebuke of, 9916  
   Treatment of, 9917  
   Worse than Poverty, 3301  
 Inkle and Yarico, 9902  
 Innocence, Advantage of, 9925  
   and Guilt, 3303  
   Armor of, \*1987, 9923  
   Example of, 9918  
   Evil Spoken of, 9926  
   Fable of, 3302  
   Happiness of, \*1988  
   Instinct of, 3304  
   Legend of, 3305  
   Memento of, 9919  
   Peace of, 9920  
   Persecuted, 3306  
   Power of, 9921  
   Rare, 9922  
   Vindicated, 3307  
 Innocent, Accusing the, 9924  
 Innocents, Slaughter of, 9927  
 Inquiries, Answers to, \*1989  
 Inquisition, Fear of the, 9928  
 Insanity, Cause of, \*1990  
   Examples of, 3308, 3309  
   Varieties of, 9929  
 Insignificance, Advantage of, 9930  
 Insincerity, Foolish, 3310  
 Inspiration, Conviction of, 9931  
   The Style of, 9932  
 Instability, Human, 3311  
 Instinct, Animal, \*1991  
   Argument from, 9933  
   Example of, 3312  
   Filial, 3313  
   Law of, 9934  
   Man's, 9935  
   Power of, 3314  
   Proverbs, 3315  
   Reason and, \*1992, 9936  
 Instruction, Acceptable, 3316  
   Adaptation of, \*1993  
   by Example, 1994  
   Frozen, 9937  
   Repetition of, 9938  
   Reward of, \*1995  
 Instruments, God's, 9939  
 Insult, Bearing, 3317  
   Customary, 9940  
   Disregarding, 3318  
   Provocation of, 9941  
 Integrity, Example of, 3319, 9942  
   Official, 3320  
   Preserve thy, 9943  
   Roman, 3321  
 Intellect, Council of the, \*1996  
   Culture of the, 3322  
   Development of the, 9944  
   Distribution of, \*1997  
   Employments of, 9945  
   Grades of, \*1996  
   Intellect, Mistake of, 3324  
   Pleasures of, 3325, 9946  
   Power of, \*1999, 9947  
   Right Use of, 9948  
   Under the Fall, 3323  
   Unseen, 9949  
   Wealth of, \*2000  
 Intemperance, Companions of, 9950  
   Cost of, 3326  
   Cure of, 3327  
   Curse of, \*2001, \*2002  
   Death's Prime Minister, 9951  
   Desolation of, \*2003  
   Effects of, 9952, 9953  
   Infatuation of, 3328  
   Prevention of, 3329, 9954  
   Roman, 9955  
   Suicide by, 9956  
   Trophies of, 9957  
   Upsetting Sin of, 9958  
   Victims of, 3330  
 Intentions, Biblical, 9959  
   Exposure of, 9960  
   Importance of, 3331  
   Proverbs, 3332  
   Retribution of, \*2004  
   Transient, 9961  
 Intercession; Christian, 3333  
   Christ's, 3334, 9962  
   Effects of Christ's, 9963  
   Example of, 3336, 9964  
   In Death, 3335  
   Meaning of, 3337, 9965  
   Method of Christ's, 3338  
   Office of, 3339  
   Romish, 9966  
   Sandalphon's, \*2005  
   Victorious, 3340  
 Intercessor, Appointing an, 9967  
   Our, \*2006  
 Interest, Influence of, 9968  
   Power of, 9969  
 Intermediate State, Description of, \*2007  
   Jewish Idea of the, 9970  
   Mohammedan Idea of, 9971  
 Intolerance, Religious, 3341  
 Intoxication, Comfort of, 3342  
   Cured, 3343  
 Invisible, Love for the, 9972  
 Invitation, Accepting an, \*2008, 3344, 9973  
   Angelic, \*2009  
   Christ's, \*2010  
   Death's, \*2011  
   Discipline and, 9974  
   Gracious, \*2012  
   Heavenly, 3345  
   Society for, 9975  
 Iolaus Transformed, 5747, 5748  
 Iolaus Transformed, 12026  
 Iphecrates, 9669, 11875  
 Irrascibility, Treatment of, 9976  
 Irby and Mangles, 9635  
 Irenæus, Choice of, 7106, 8646  
 Irregularity, Scriptural, 9977  
 Irresolution, Evils of, 9978, 9980  
   Influence of, \*2013  
   Misery of, 9979  
 Irreverence, Beware of, 9981  
   Crime of, 9982  
 Isaac, \*3523  
   Abraham's Sacrifice of, \*3524



- Isaac, Antitype of, \*3525  
 Isaac's Marriage, \*3526  
 Isaiah, Character of, 9983  
 Ishmael, Descendants of, \*3527  
 Hagar and, \*3481-3485  
 Isidora, St., Legend of, 8781  
 Isidore, Legend of, 11669, 10193  
 Isis' Search for Osiris, 5844  
 Isles, He Taketh up the, \*3528  
 Isolation, Human, \*2014  
 Israel, Fallen, \*3529  
   Hope of, \*3530  
   Restoration of, \*3531, \*3532  
   Song of, \*3534  
   The Return of, \*3535  
   The Woe Upon, \*3536  
 Israel's Deliverance from Egypt, \*3533  
 Italy and Scotland, 4773
- Jack and the Red Hand, 229  
 Jackdaw, The, \*2713  
 Jackson Quoting Latin, 5581  
 Stonewall, Anec., 7003, 8747  
 Jacob, \*3538  
   at Bethel, \*3539  
   Days of, 7738  
   Death of, \*3540  
 Jacob's Bed, \*3541  
   Blessing, \*3542  
   Children, 643  
   Dream, \*3548  
   Ladder, \*3544, \*3545, \*3546  
   Ladder Ours, \*3547  
   Vision, \*2016  
   Well, Christ at, \*3548-3552, \*3608  
   Well, The Rest by, \*3551  
   Well, The Woman at, \*3552  
   Wrestling, \*3553  
 Jael, \*3554  
 Jaffa—Joppa, \*3555  
 Jailer, Conversion of the, \*3556  
 Jairus, The Daughter of, \*3557-3562  
 James, \*3563  
   St., Legends of, 270, 11469  
   St., Martyrdom of, 9984  
   The Apostle, \*3564  
   the Great, \*3565  
   the Less, \*3566  
 James, Bp., Anec., 8021, 8227, 10603, 11081, 12196  
 Janet's Solemnity, 10428  
 Janeway, J., Anec., 1711, 6349, 7801, 11055  
 Jay, Wm., Occupation of, 4479  
 Jealousy, Injustice of, \*2017  
   Love Without, 9985  
   not Love, 3346  
   Personification of, \*2018  
   Proverbs, 3347  
   Venom of, \*2019, 9986  
 Jeering, Cruel, 9987  
   Unallowable, 9988  
 Jehoshaphat, The Valley of, \*3567  
 Jehovah, The Name, 9989  
   Tsidkenu, \*2020  
 Jehu, Zeal of, \*3568  
 Jeine's Regret, 4695  
 Jenkyn, Rev. Wm., 7821  
 Jephtha's Daughter, \*3569-3572  
   Vow, \*3573, \*3574  
 Jeremiah, \*3575, 9990  
 Jericho, Conquest of, \*3576, \*3578
- Jericho, Ruins of, \*3577  
 Jerome, St., Leg., 2413, 2959, 3459, 5229, 7583, 11331  
 Jerusalem, \*3579, \*3580  
   Beauty of, \*3581  
   Christ Entering, \*3582, \*3585-3587, \*3589  
   Christ Gazing on, \*3588  
   Christ in, \*3584  
   Christ's Sympathy for, \*3588  
   Christ Weeping over, \*3590, 7366  
   Day of, \*3598  
   Depart from, \*3591  
   Desire to See, \*3592  
   Desolate, \*2021  
   Destruction of, \*3593  
   Dying in, \*3594  
   Fall of, \*3599  
   Famine in, 8654  
   Immortal, \*3595  
   Jews Weeping in, \*3601  
   Last Day of, \*3602  
   Modern, \*2022  
   My Home, \*3596  
   Ode to, \*3597  
   Overthrow of, 9991  
   People of, 9992  
   Prophecy of, \*3603  
   The Golden, \*2023, \*3600  
   The New, \*2023  
   Warning to, 9993  
   Woes of, \*3604  
   Woe Upon, \*3605  
   Worship in, \*3606  
 Jestings, Lawful, 9995  
   Proper and Improper, 9994  
 Jesuits and the Decalogue, 7344  
   Character of, 9996  
   Punishment of the, 1505  
 Jesuitism, Doings of, 9997  
 Jesus, Aaron and, \*3607  
   Anywhere with, \*2024  
   Appearance of, 3348  
   Ashamed of, \*2025  
   at Jacob's Well, 3548-3552, \*3608  
   Attractions of, 3349  
   Blood of, 9998  
   Charity of, \*2026  
   Cling to, \*2027  
   Coming of, 3350  
   Companionship of, 9999  
   Company of, 3351  
   Compassion of, 3352  
   Darkness at His Death, \*3609  
   Esteem, not Love for, 10000  
   Found, 10001  
   Gentleness of, 3354  
   Glory of God Seen in, 3355  
   Going to, 3356  
   Grasping, \*2028  
   Greatness of, 10002  
   Happiness by, 3357  
   Help in the Name of, 10003  
   Humiliation of, 3353, 3359  
   Ideas of, 3360  
   in the Heart, 3358  
   in the Storm, \*3610  
   Knowing, 3361  
   Leaning on, 10004  
   Lessons of, 10005  
   Life of, \*3611  
   Looking to, \*2029, 3612

- Jesus, Love of, 3362  
 Loving, 3363  
 Mementos of, \*2030  
 Mission of, 10006  
 Music of, 3364  
 Name of, \*2031, 3365, 10007  
 Need of, \*2032, 10008  
 Never Giving Up, 3366  
 No Room for, 3713  
 of Nazareth Passeth By, \*3614  
 Omnipresence of, \*2033  
 on the Sea, \*3615  
 Our, 10009  
 Perfection of, 10010  
 Power of the Name of, 3367  
 Preaching, 3368  
 Precious Name of, \*2034  
 Presence of, 10011  
 Purity of, 3369  
 Safety in, 3370  
 Sayings of, 3371  
 Sight of, 3372  
 Sleep in, 10012  
 Submission to, 3373  
 Touching, \*2035  
 The Hands of, \*3616  
 The Prayer of, \*3617  
 The Tears of, \*3618  
 Unchanged, \*2036  
 Under the Orders of, \*3619  
 Visit of, 10013  
 Wept, \*3620  
 Words of, 10014  
 Work for, 3374, 10015  
 Work of, \*2037  
 World Without, 3375  
 Wreath for, 3376
- Jewel, Bp., 6675  
 Jewels, Preparation of, 3377  
 Saviour's, 3378  
 Search for, 3379
- Jews, Biblical Figures of, 10016  
 Blindness of the, 10019  
 Captivity of, 10017  
 Christ and the, 10018  
 Conversions of, 3380, 3381  
 Desolation of the, \*309, \*2038  
 Dispersion of the, \*3621  
 Fate of the, \*2039  
 Features of the, 8713  
 Honor of the, \*2040  
 King of the, \*3622  
 Land of the, 3382  
 Power of the, 10020  
 Return of the, \*3623  
 The Returned, \*3624  
 Weeping Places of the, \*3625, 10021
- Job, Faith of, \*3626  
 Jochanan, Rabbi, 7778  
 John of Alexandria, 6498, 7045  
 St., Legends of, 541, 1064, 10340  
 the Almsgiver, Legends of, 6731, 6735  
 The Apostle, \*3627  
 the Baptist, \*396, \*3628, \*3629, 7699  
 the Baptist, Beheading of, \*3630  
 the Baptist, Death of, \*3631  
 the Baptist, Life of, \*3632  
 The Dwarf, Anec., 6667, 10767, 10779  
 The Forerunner, \*3633
- Johnson, Dr. S., Anec., 4216, 4525, 5586, 6291, 6662, 7322, 7499
- Johnstones and Jardines, 9637  
 Joke, Fatal, 10022  
 Joking, Caution in, 10023  
 Danger of, 10024  
 Jonah Fleeing from Duty, \*3634  
 in Nineveh, 11412  
 Sins of, \*3635  
 Jonah's Gourd, \*3636  
 Jonathan, \*3974-3976  
 Jonathan's Armor-Bearer, \*3637  
 Jones, Sir Wm., Anec., 1535, 10194  
 Jordan by Moonlight, \*3638  
 Passage of the, \*3639, \*3643  
 Smitten, \*3640  
 The Banks of, \*3641  
 The Other Side of, \*3642  
 The River, \*3644, \*3645
- Joseph, \*3646-3648  
 and his Brethren, \*3649, 6944  
 Antitype of, \*3650, \*3651, 10025  
 Josephine's Parentage, 2716  
 Joshua, \*3652, 10026  
 Death of, \*3655  
 Miracle of, \*3653, \*3654
- Joy, Accessible, 3383  
 Aids to, \*2042  
 Believer's, 10027  
 Biblical Emblems of, 10028  
 Cause for, 3384  
 Christian, 3385  
 Cometh in the Morning, 10029  
 Cured by, 10030  
 Death from, 10031, 10035  
 Duration of, 3387  
 Duty of, 3388  
 Ecstasy of, 10033  
 Eternal, 10034  
 Future, 3389  
 Health from, 10036  
 Hoarding, 3390  
 Influence of, 3391  
 in Martyrdom, 3393  
 in Persecution, 3397  
 in Religion, 3405, 10037  
 Life Without, 3392  
 Mad, \*2043  
 Measure of, 3394  
 Mixture of, \*2044  
 Nature of, 3395  
 of Discovery, 10032  
 of Doing Good, 3386  
 of Salvation, 3399  
 of Sinner and Saint, 3402  
 of the Sinner, 3401  
 over Penitents, 3396  
 Rarity of, 3398  
 Shouting for, 3400  
 Soil for, \*2045  
 Spiritual, 10038  
 Sweetness of, 3403  
 Testimony of, 10039  
 Virtuous, \*2046  
 Worldly, 3404
- Judah, The Curse of, \*3658  
 Judah's Lion, 7154  
 Judas, \*3659  
 Betrayal of Christ, \*3659  
 Doom of, \*3660  
 Legend of, 3406  
 Remorse of, \*2047, \*3661  
 Sale, 518

- Judas, The Modern, 6178  
 The Repentance of, \*3662  
 Tree, The, 5306
- Jude, \*3656
- Judea Desolate, \*3657
- Judge, Christ Our, 3407  
 No Man His Own, 10040  
 The Unjust, \*3664
- Judging, Rules for, \*2048
- Judgment, Belshazzar's, 3408  
 Book of, \*2049, 3409, 10041  
 Day of, \*2050, \*3665-3667  
 Delay of, \*2051  
 Description of the, \*2052  
 Escape from, \*2053  
 Eternal, \*2054  
 Excuses at the, 10042  
 Fame at the, \*2055  
 First in the, 10043  
 Forestalled, \*2056  
 Hymn of, \*2057  
 Ignorant, 3410  
 Indifference to the, 10044  
 Legend of, 10045  
 Mercy in, 3411  
 of Solomon, 3414  
 Painting of the Last, 3412  
 Power of, \*2058  
 Prejudice in, \*333, 3413, 10047  
 Question of the, 10048  
 Revelation of, \*2059  
 Reversal of, 10049  
 Sinner at the, 10050  
 Slighting the, 10051  
 Storm of, 10052  
 Unavoidable, \*2060  
 Vision of, \*2061  
 Worldling at the, 10053
- Judgment-Day, Anticipating the, 10054  
 Appeal to the, 10055  
 Awards of the, 3415  
 Certainty of the, 3416  
 Conscience against the, 3417  
 Considering the, 3418  
 Disclosures of the, 10057  
 Discoursing on the, 10058  
 Dismay at the, 3419  
 Fear of the, 3420  
 Foreboding of the, 3421  
 Impartiality of the, 10059  
 Lessons of the, 10046, 10060  
 Methods of the, 10061  
 Reckoning at, 3422  
 Revelations of the, 3423  
 Scene of the, 3424  
 Separation at the, 3425, 10062  
 Terrors of the, 3426  
 Universal, 3427
- Judgments, Divine, 10063  
 Uncharitable, 10064
- Judson, Dr. A., Anec., 685, 750, 1563, 1758,  
 2320, 3995, 7526  
 Mrs., Anec., 1080, 5951, 7777
- Julian the Apostate, 166, 1491, 6532, 6896,  
 6903, 9758, 11274
- Juno and Vulcan, 70
- Jupiter, Fables, 3074, 4054, 5310, 7578, 8680,  
 12175  
 Hymn to, \*3668
- Just, Death of the, \*2062  
 Memory of the, \*2063
- Justice, Advantage of, 3429, 10065  
 and Mercy, 3442  
 Appeal for, 3428  
 Appeal from, 10067  
 Course of, \*2064, 10070  
 Definition of, 10068  
 Delay of, \*2065  
 Disinterested, 3430  
 Divine, \*2066, 3431  
 Doing, 10069  
 Eventual, 3432  
 Example of, 3433  
 First, 10071  
 Hand of, 10072  
 Hatred of, 10073  
 Human, \*2067  
 Impartial, 3434  
 Importance of, 3435  
 Inexorable, 10074  
 in Sodom, 10082  
 Interest in, 10075  
 Maladministration of, 10077  
 March of, 10078  
 Memorial of, 10079  
 Motto of, 10076  
 Opinions of, 3436  
 Regard for, 3437, 10080  
 Reward of, 3438  
 Sword of, 3439  
 Symbol of, 3440  
 Triumph of, \*2068, 3441  
 True, 10083  
 Unspotted, 10084
- Justification, Allegory of, 3443  
 Attendant of, 10085  
 by Faith, 3446  
 Change in, 3444  
 Concomitants of, 3445  
 Constituents of, 10086  
 Fruits of, 3447  
 Importance of, 3448  
 Means of, 10087  
 Nature of, 3449  
 Need of, 3450  
 Self, 3451
- Justin Martyr, 2008, 7534
- Kali, Service of, 6205
- Kane, Dr., Anec., 2683, 4633
- Kazainak, 230
- Kedron, \*3669  
 and Olivet, \*3670
- Keeper, The Lord Our, 10088
- Kempis, Thos. á, 7328
- Kenite, Doom of the, \*3671
- Kentigern, St., Legend of, 8741
- Kepler's Success, 10973
- Kilpin, S., Anec., 9972, 10423
- Kindness, Acts of, 10089  
 and Confidence, 3452  
 Biblical, 10090  
 Christ's Approval of, 10091  
 Conquering by, 3453  
 Defective, 3454  
 Demand for, \*2070  
 Domestic, \*2071  
 Duty of, \*2072  
 Effective, 3455  
 Expedient of, 3457  
 Foes of, \*2073  
 Greatest, 10093

- Kindness, Instinctive, 3458  
   in Trifles, 3469, 10103  
   Jewels of, 10094  
   Law of, \*2074  
   Legend of, 3459  
   Mistaken, 10095  
   Motive to, 10096  
   Power of, 3463  
   Reason for, 3464  
   Reciprocated, 10097  
   Record of, 10099  
   Result of, 3466  
   Reward of, \*2075, 3465, 10098  
   Scarce, 3467  
   Sermon on, 3468  
   to an Enemy, 3456  
   to the Poor, 3462  
   Universal, 3470  
 King, A Bountiful, 3472  
   A Condescending, 3473  
   A Conquering, 3474  
   Crowning the, 3475  
   Despising the, 3476  
   Exalted to be, 10104  
   Parable of the Disguised, 10105  
   Throne for Our, 3477  
 Kingdom of Christ, Belonging to the, 10106  
   Duration of, 3478  
   Feature of the, 10107  
   Peaceable, 3479  
 Kingdom of God, Not far from the, \*3672  
   Preparation for the, 10108  
   Seeking First the, 3480  
   Threefold, 3481  
 Kingdom of Grace and Glory, 3482  
 Kingdom of Heaven, Closing the, 10110, 10111  
   Duration of, 3483  
   Giving all for, 3484  
 Kingdom of Satan, Character of the, 3485  
 King's Son, Parable of the, 10112  
   Wedding of the, \*3673  
 Kings, The Three, \*3674  
 Kingsley, Bp., Distinction of, 5081  
 Kircher's Argument for a God, 215  
 Kisses, Affection's, \*2076  
   Quality of, \*2077  
 Klaus, Peter, 2316  
 Kleber's Officer, 9531  
 Klemfeldt, Catharine, 4434  
 Knapp, Jacob, in Penn Yan, 5072  
 Knocking, Custom of, 10113  
   The Lord's, \*3675  
 Knot, The Gordian, 10114  
 Knowledge, Adaptation of, 3486  
   Alone, 10116  
   Application of, 3487  
   Appreciation of, 3488  
   Benefit of, \*2078, 10117  
   Best, 3489  
   Christian, 10118  
   Concealment of, 10119  
   Cultivation of, 10120  
   Dangers of, \*2079  
   Desire for, 3491, 10121, 10139  
   Direction of, 3492  
   Discolored, 10122  
   Divine and Human, 10123  
   Experimental, 3494  
   Extent of, 3493, 10124  
   Figures of, 10125  
   First Step to, 10126  
   Knowledge, Glorying in, 10127  
   How to Obtain, 10128  
   Ignorance of, \*2080  
   Imperfection of, 3495, 3498  
   Importance of, 10129  
   Mercenary, 3496  
   of Christ, 3490  
   Offices of, 3497  
   Pleasure of, 3499  
   Prayer and, 10130  
   Pride of, 10131  
   Profitable, 10132  
   Pursuit of, \*2081, 10133  
   Responsibility of, 3500  
   Safe, 10134  
   Safeguard of, 10135  
   Self, 3501  
   Sorrow of, 10136  
   Summary of, 10137  
   Superficial, 10138  
   Thorough, 3502  
   Tree of, 10140  
   True, \*2082, 10141  
   Unappreciated, 3503  
   Unused, 3504  
   Useful, 10142  
   Use of, 3505, 10143  
   Wisdom and, \*2083  
 Knowles, Rev. J. H., 7841  
 Knox, J., Anec., 459, 1703, 1931, 3051, 4592,  
   5465, 5547, 5651, 7040, 7817  
 Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, \*3676  
 Koran, Reverence for the, 6801, 10144  
 Kosciusko's Benevolent Horse, 302  
 Koshagantaim, 7820  
 Kossuth, 2297  
 Labor, Above, 3506  
   and Prayer, 3512, 10157  
   Ashamed of, 3507  
   Benefit of, \*2084  
   Blessings of, 10145  
   Burden of, \*2085  
   Dignity of, 3508  
   Eminence and, 10146  
   Faithful in, 10147  
   for Others, 3511  
   Healthfulness of, 10148  
   Honors to, 10149  
   Hymn of, \*2086  
   Incessant, 10150  
   Law of, 10151  
   Lesson of, \*2087  
   Life Character of, 10152  
   Little, \*2088  
   Necessity of, 3509, 10153  
   No Rest from, 10154  
   Objects of, \*2089  
   Opportune, 3510  
   Original, \*2090  
   Place for, 10155  
   Power for, 10156  
   Prayer with, 10158  
   Proverb, 3513  
   Result of, 3514  
   Seasonable, 3515  
   Time for, 3516  
   Useless, 3517  
   Value of, 10159  
 Laborers, Call for, \*3677  
   Christ's Call for, \*3678

- Laborers, Hiring, 10160  
   Parable of the, 10161  
 Lacedemon, Anec., 3329, 6923, 7342  
 Ladder of St. Augustine, \*1172  
 Ladies, Blind Girl's Idea of, \*2091  
   Education of, 10162  
   Influence of, 10163  
 Lady, Accomplished, 3518  
   A True, 3519  
 Lady's Dream, \*340  
   " Yes," \*536  
 Lafayette and the Eye, 2498  
 Lais, Beauty of, 4992, 6693  
 Laity, Influence of the, 10164  
 Lajolia and Napoleon, 4299  
 Lamachus' Reproof, 8686  
 Lamæ of Thibet, 8842  
 Lamartine's Unhappiness, 8097  
 Lamb as an Emblem, 3522  
   Cared for, 3520  
   Legend of, 3523  
   Marriage of the, \*2092  
   Marriage Supper of the, \*2093  
   Shorn, 3524  
 Lambert, Martyrdom of, 731, 7676  
 Lambs, Carrying the, 3521, 10165  
 Lame Man, Healing the, \*3679  
 Lamia's Eyes, 1212  
 Lamp, Foot, 10166  
   Lesson from a, 10167  
 Land, The Better, \*2094  
 Lander, Gen., Anec., 2740  
 Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, \*2505  
 Language, Power of, \*2095, 10168  
 Laocœon, 66, 9306  
 La Place's Confession, 10672  
 Las Casas and Slavery, 315  
 Last Rose of Summer, \*462  
 Latimer, Anec., 204, 938, 1061, 1749, 2048,  
   7580, 8191  
 Laughter, Advantages of, 10169  
   Death from, 10170  
   Power of, 10171  
   Use of, 3525  
 Laurence, St., Death of, 7876  
 Lavater, Anec., 7333, 10156  
 La Verrier's Prophecy, 3187  
 Law, and Gospel, 3528, 10177  
   a Looking-Glass, 3529  
   Cost of, \*2096  
   Definition of, 10172  
   Dignity of, 10173  
   Divine, 10187  
   Expedients of, 10175  
   First, 3526  
   Giving of the, \*3680  
   Going to, 3527, 10176, 10183  
   Higher, 10178  
   Obligation of the Moral, 10179  
   Observance of, 10174, 10180  
   Obstructions to, 10181  
   One Transgression of, 3531  
   Power of, \*2097, 3532  
   Preaching the, 3530  
   Quarrels of, 10182  
   Restraints of God's, 3533  
   Spiritual, 10184  
   The Sword and the, 10185  
   Violation of, 10186  
   Geo., 473  
 Lawson, Prof., 3883
- Lazarus, \*3681  
   after his Resurrection, 7466  
   and Dives, \*3336-3338, \*3682  
   and Mary, \*3683  
   Liberty for, 3551  
   Silence of, \*3684  
   The Raising of, \*3685-\*3687  
   The Sister of, \*3688  
 Laziness, Disease of, 3534  
   Example of, 3535  
   Penalty of, \*2098  
   Leaf, Fading, 10189  
 Leander and Hero, 10333  
 Lean Hard, \*295  
 Learning, Advancement of, 10190  
   Always, 10191  
   and Godliness, 3538  
   Difficult, 3536  
   Dislike of, 3537  
   Indigested, \*2099  
   Intention of, 10192  
   Little by Little, 10193  
   Men of, 10194  
   Modesty of, 3539  
   Object of, 3540  
   Proverbs, 3541  
   Sanction of, 3542  
   Time for, 10196  
   Unsatisfactory, 3543  
   Unused, \*2100  
   Way to, 3544  
 Lear's, King, Daughters, 4735  
 Lebanon, \*3689  
   Sighing for, \*3690  
   The Cedars of, \*3691, \*3692  
 LeClerc's Excuse, 6531  
 Lee, Gen. R. E., Anec., 2442, 11877  
 Legends, Irish, 10197  
 Leighton, Bp., 884, 1358, 5620  
 Leisure, Compulsory, 10198  
 Lely, Sir P., and a Picture, 7357  
 Lent, The True, \*2101  
 Leo IX., Death of, 7866  
   X., Death of, 9804  
 Leonard of Basle, 6442  
 Lepers, Description of, 10199  
   Healing, \*2102, \*3693-\*3695  
   The Ten, \*3696  
   The Ungrateful, \*3697, 7391  
 Lethe, The River, 2332  
 Letter, An Ill-tempered, 10200  
 Liars, Evil of, 10201  
   Fate of, 10202  
   Punishment of, 10203  
 Liberality, Benefits of, 3546, 3548  
   Best, \*2103  
   Opinions of, 3547  
 Liberalism, Personified, 3545  
 Liberty, Appreciating, 3549  
   Approved by God, 3550  
   Christian, \*2104, 3551, 10204  
   Forgotten Heroes of, \*2105  
   Instinct of, \*2106  
   Instruments of, 3552  
   Joy of, 10206  
   Love of, 3553  
   News of, 10207  
   Progress of, \*2107  
   Prophecy of, 3554  
   Right to, 3555  
   Sacrifice for, 3556, 10208

- Liberty, Spiritual, 3557  
   Transformation of, 10209  
   Triumph of, \*2108  
   Waiting for, 10210  
   Working for, 10211  
 Library, Miracle of a, 10212  
 Licentiousness, Prevention of, 3559  
   Misery of, 3558  
 Lie, Erasure of a, 10213  
   Fatal, 10214  
   The, \*749  
 Lies, Avoiding, 10215  
   Great, 3560  
   Half, 10216  
   Love of, 3561  
 Lietbert's Prayer, 6465  
 Life, a Book, \*2112, 3563  
   Abuse of, \*2109  
   a Circle, 10222  
   a Clock, 3568  
   Active, \*2110  
   a Delusion, 3575  
   a Game, 3589  
   a Loan, 10248  
   a Loom, 3596, \*3699  
   A Lost, 3597  
   an Apologue, 3563  
   and Death, 3574  
   An Infidel's, 10244  
   an Island, \*2126  
   a Pendulum, 10255  
   a Play, \*2135  
   a Riddle, 10267  
   a Ride, \*2138  
   Arithmetic of, 10217  
   a River, 3587, 3610  
   a Sermon, 10270  
   a Stream, 10272  
   a Tragedy, 10274  
   Autumn of, \*2111  
   a Voyage, 3621  
   a Web, 3623  
   Boundaries of, \*2113, 10218  
   Brevity of, 2114, 10219, 10220  
   Building Up, 3564  
   Caravan of, \*2115  
   Changeless, 3566  
   Checked, 3567, 10250  
   Careful, 3565  
   Christian, 10221  
   Close of, 3580, 10223  
   Computation of, \*2116, \*2128  
   Contraction of, 3569, \*3698  
   Crises in, 3570-3572  
   Dangers in, 3573  
   Darkened, 10224  
   Decline of, \*2118  
   Desire for, 10225  
   Destinies of, \*2119  
   Dirge of, \*2120  
   Dissatisfied with, 10226  
   Division of, 3576, 10227  
   Earnest, \*2121, 3577  
   Emblems of, 3578, 3579  
   Embroidering, 10230  
   Ending, 10231  
   Enjoyment of, 3581  
   Estimate of, 10232  
   Eternal, \*2123  
   Eternity and, 10233  
   Evanescence, 10234  
   Life Everywhere, 3585  
   Evidences of, 3584  
   Examples of, 10235  
   Exercise in, 10236  
   Exposure of, 3582  
   Extremes of, 3583  
   Failure in, 10237  
   Flight of, 3586  
   Frailty of, 10238  
   Glory of, 10239  
   Godly, \*2124  
   Growth in, 3591  
   Guarded, 10240  
   Happiest Period of, 10241  
   Hidden, 10242  
   Human, 10243  
   Importance of, \*2125  
   Incompleteness of, 3592  
   Joy and Sorrow in, 10245  
   Lengthening, 10228, 10246  
   Length of, \*2127, 3594  
   Living, 10247  
   Long, 3595  
   Love of, 3598, 3614  
   Measure of, 10249  
   Mental, \*2129  
   Mistake of, 3599  
   Mockery of, \*2130  
   Mysteries of, 3600  
   Nearing the End of, 10251  
   Object of, 3601, 10259  
   Our Years of, 3700  
   Parable of, \*2131  
   Parting with, \*2132  
   Passing Through, 10254  
   Perfect, 3602  
   Personal, \*2134  
   Phases of, 10256  
   Pivots in, 10257  
   Plan of, 3603  
   Portion in, 3604  
   Portraits of, 10258  
   Preservation of, 3605  
   Projection of, 3606  
   Prolonging, 10229, 10259  
   Providence in, \*2136  
   Purpose of, 10260  
   Quality of, 3607  
   Quiet, \*2137  
   Race for, 10261  
   Ready for, 3608  
   Record of, 10262  
   Register of, 10263  
   Re-lived, 10264, 10265  
   Results of a, 10266  
   Reviewed, 3588, 3609  
   River of, \*2139  
   Rule of, 10268  
   Sadness of, \*2140  
   Seasons of, \*2133, \*2141, 3611  
   Serious, 10269  
   Shortness of, 3612, 10271  
   Sin Against, \*2142  
   Solemnity of, 3613  
   Sympathy of, \*2143  
   the Gift of God, 3590  
   Theories of, \*2144  
   Too Short, 10273  
   Traces of, 3615  
   Transitions in, 3616  
   True, 10275

- Life, Uncertainty of, 3617  
   Unity of, \*2146  
   Uphill, 2147  
   Useful, 3593  
   Use of, \*2148, 3618, 10276  
   Varieties of, 3619  
   Vicissitudes of, 3620  
   Way of, \*2150, 10278  
   Work of, 10279  
   Wanted, 10277  
   Waymarks of, 3622  
   Wonderful, 3624  
 Ligarius Ready for Service, 7185  
 Light, A Shining, \*2151, 3637, 10287  
   A Small, 3629, 10289  
   Borrowed, 3625  
   Christian, 3626  
   Creation of, \*2152  
   Guiding, 10281  
   in Darkness, 3628  
   Intellectual, 3630  
   Latent, 3631  
   Mental and Moral, 10282  
   Mistaking the, 3632  
   More, 10283  
   Motto of, 3633  
   Obstructed, 3634  
   of the Church, 3627  
   Omniscience and, 10284  
   Reflection of, 10285  
   Rejected, 3635  
   Rekindled, 10286  
   Responsibility of, 3636  
   Shunning the, 10288  
   Spread of, 3638  
   Walking in the, 3639  
   Warning, 3640  
 Lightning, Effect of, 10291  
 Lights, The Lower, 10290  
 Likeness, Necessary to Liking, 10292  
 Lilburne, John, 5626  
 Lilies and Birds, \*3701  
   Consider the, \*3702  
   of Jerusalem, \*3703  
   Oriental, 10293  
   The Corn and the, 3704  
 Limbo, Fool's, \*2153  
 Linnaeus, Anec., 1818, 4226  
 Lincoln, Pres., Anec., 1436, 1848, 2716, 3458,  
   4138, 4409, 5778, 5921, 5949, 6973, 8989, 11163  
 Lion and Dolphin, 10901  
 Lion and Woodman's Daughter, 10335  
 Lion's Whelps, \*3705  
 Lisbon, Earthquakes at, 8257, 8258  
 Litany, Penitential, \*2154  
   The Soul's, \*2155  
 Litchfield Indian's Payment, 3465  
 Literature, Divine Protection of, 10294  
   Pleasures of, 10295  
 Little Children Everywhere, \*2156  
   Foxes, Danger from, 10296  
   Nell, Death of, 7823  
   Paul, Death of, 7824  
 Little Sins, Danger of, 3641, 3642, 3643  
   Emblem of, 3644  
   Fable of, 10297  
   Fatality of, 3645  
   Growth of, 3646, 10298  
   Treachery of, 10299  
 Little Things, \*2160, 3648, 10301  
   Damage of, 10300  
 Little Things, Discoveries of, 3647  
   Doing, \*2157  
   Influence of, \*2158, 3649, 10302  
   Power of, \*2159, 3650  
   Results of, \*2161  
   Tests, \*2162  
 Livingstone, Dr., Anec., 2967, 5591, 7815  
 Loaves and Fishes, Miracle of the, \*3707, \*3708  
 Loaves, Boy with the Five, \*3706  
 Lochiel When Old, 6417  
 Locke, John, Anec., 1060, 5901  
 Locusts, Cloud of, \*3711  
 Logic, Mathematical, 10303  
 Lombard, Peter, 7936  
 Loneliness, Relief for, 10304  
 Longing, Benefit of, \*2164  
   Emblem of, \*2163  
 Long-Suffering, Abused, 3651  
   Improved, 3652  
 Looking Back, Oriental Custom, 10306  
 Looking to Jesus, Deliverance by, 3653  
   Illustration of, 3654  
   Influence of, 3655  
 Loquacity, Danger of, 3656  
   Evils of, 3657  
   Repenting of, 10307  
   Restraining, 10308  
 Lord's Day, Types of the, 3658  
 Lord's Prayer, \*2165  
   Fulness of the, 3659  
   Influence of the, 3660  
   Paraphrase of the, \*2166  
   Spirit of the, 3661  
 Lord's Supper, 3668  
   Admission to, 3662  
   A Memorial, 10310  
   Emblem of the, \*2167, 3663  
   Equality at, 3664  
   Import of the, 10309  
   Institution of the, \*3712  
   Intent of the, \*3713  
   Invitation to the, \*2168  
   Names of, 3665  
   Neglect of the, 3666  
   Real Presence in the, 10311  
   Suggestions of the, \*3714  
   Title in the, 10312  
   Unfit Array for the, 10313  
   Unworthy of the, \*3715  
 Losses, Bearing, 3669  
   Benefit of, \*2169  
   Consolation in, 3670  
   Gain of, \*2170  
   Greatest, \*2171  
   Lessons Derived from, 10314  
   Parable of, 3671  
   Philosophic Endurance of, 10315  
   Providence in, 10316  
   Retrieving, 3672  
   Riches with, 10317  
   Selfishness in, 10318  
 Lost, Hope for the, 3673  
   Knell of the, 3674  
   Peril of the, 3675  
   Searching for the, 10320, 10321  
   Sympathy for the, 10322  
   The Living, \*2172  
 Lost Day, \*639  
 Lost Piece of Money, The, \*3716  
 Lost Sheep, Parable of the, \*3717  
   The, \*3718

- Lot, \*4120  
   in Sodom, \*3719  
   The Common, \*2173  
 Louis IX., Anec., 5557, 7889  
   XI., Anec., 1275, 1984, 6372, 6897, 7446  
   XII., Anec., 1186, 7321  
   XIV., Anec., 2820, 4362, 7375, 9683  
   XV., Anec., 9242  
 Louisburg, Capture of, 7988  
 Love, Abiding, 3676  
   A Child's, 3682  
   Activity of, 3677  
   Appreciation of, 10323  
   Baptism of, 10324  
   Bar to, \*2174  
   Bliss or Bane of, \*2175  
   Brevities, 3679  
   Brotherly, 3680, 3681  
   Charms of, \*2176  
   Christian, 3683  
   Christ's, 10326  
   Climax of, 10327  
   Commanded, 10328  
   Companionship of, \*2177  
   Conception of, 10329  
   Conjugal, 3685  
   Constancy of, 3686  
   Course of True, \*2178  
   Creative, \*2179  
   Demand for, 3687  
   Demands of, 10330  
   Demonstration of, 10331  
   Departed, \*2180  
   Descent of, \*10332  
   Description of, 3688  
   Devoted, \*2181, 10333  
   Divine, \*2182  
   Early, \*2183  
   Efforts of, 10334  
   Enduring, \*2184, 3717  
   Enemies of, \*2185  
   Example of, 3689  
   Exhortation to, 3690  
   Fable of, 3691  
   Fidelity of, \*2186  
   Filial, 3692  
   First, \*2187  
   Foolishness of, 10335  
   Generosity of, 3693, 10336  
   Heaven of, \*2188  
   Immeasurable, \*2189, 10342  
   Importance of, \*2190  
   Incredible, 10337  
   Indestructible, 10338  
   Instinct of, 3694  
   Legend of, 10340  
   Light of, 3695  
   like Christ's, 3684  
   Longing for, 10341  
   Maternal, \*2191, 3696  
   Matured, \*2192  
   Mean of, \*2193  
   Measure of Christ's, 10343  
   Measure of God's, 10344  
   Message of, 3697  
   Mother's, 3698, 10345  
   Ocean of, 10346  
   Omnipotence of, 3699  
   Origin of, 3700  
   Pain of, \*2195  
   Parental, 10347  
   Love, Paternal, 10348  
   Patriotic, 3701  
   Persevering, 3702  
   Pleasure in, 3703  
   Power of, \*2194, 3704  
   Pre-eminence of, \*2196, \*2204, 3715  
   Present, \*2197  
   Preserving, 3705  
   Price of, \*2198  
   Proof of, 3706  
   Proverbs, 3707  
   Reciprocal, \*2199  
   Redeeming, \*2200  
   Rescue of, 3708  
   Rules for, \*2201  
   Sacrifice for, 10349  
   Sameness of, 10350  
   Sceptre of, \*2202  
   Scope of, \*2203  
   Secret of, 3712  
   Seeking and Following, 10351  
   Sordid, 3713  
   Strength of, 3714  
   Surprise of, 3716  
   Test of, 3709, 3710  
   Treatment of, \*2205  
   Trial of, 10352  
   True, \*2206, 10353  
   True Christian, 3711  
   Unbought, \*2207  
   Union of, 3718  
   Universal, 3719  
   Unlimited, 10354  
   Unstable, 3720  
   Voice of, 3721  
   Woman's, \*2208, 10355  
   Works of, \*2209  
   Zeal in, \*2210  
 Lover, Hope of a, 10356  
 Love of Christ, Experience of, 3722  
   Fulness of the, 3723  
   Greatness of the, 3724  
   Inheritance of, 3725  
   Wonder of, 3726  
 Love of God, Simile of the, 3727  
   Universal, 3728  
 Loyola's Effort, 2046  
 Lucia, St., Legend of, 2067  
 Lucian and Marcian, 7239  
 Lucifer, \*3720  
 Luck, Good and Bad, 10357  
   Knowledge and, 10358  
   Labor and, 10359  
   Proverbs, 3729  
   Superstition of, 10360  
 Lucknow, Relief of, 4911, 12015  
 Lucullus' Victory, 12163  
 Luke and Demas, \*3721  
 Lukewarmness, 3730  
   Cured, 3731  
   Danger of, 3732  
   Guilt of, 3733  
   Prevention of, 3735, 10361  
   Provocation of, 3734  
   Testimonies of, 3736  
 Lukman, Anec., 5471, 6393  
 Lullaby, \*1963  
 Lunatic Child, The, \*3722  
 Lust, Apostrophe to, 10362  
   Bitterness of, 3737  
   Fascination of, 3738, 10363



- Lust, Perpetuity of, \*2211  
   Power of, \*2212  
 Lusts Must be Overcome, 10364  
 Luther, Martin, *Anec.*, 461, 645, 673, 830, 1124,  
   1181, 1273, 1503, 1590, 1702, 1931, 1940,  
   2046, 2219, 2331, 2718, 2891, 2922, 3281,  
   3340, 3352, 3446, 4092, 4295, 4490, 4577,  
   4581, 4606, 4786, 5097, 5658, 6115, 6287,  
   6351, 6824, 7039, 7110, 7937, 8006, 8081,  
   8155, 8473, 8539, 8556, 8745, 8763, 8803,  
   9054, 9127, 9144, 9524, 10103, 10575, 11024,  
   11355, 11680, 11822  
 Luxury, Bane of, \*2213  
   Consistent, 3739  
   Corrupting, 3740  
   Effects of, 3741, 10365  
   Influence of, 3742  
   Living for, 3743  
   Proud, 10366  
   Trophies of, \*2214  
 Lycurgus, *Anec.*, 871, 1667, 7679, 9547, 9907  
 Lydia, \*3723  
 Lydington, Chameleon, 9337  
 Lying, Crime of, 3744  
   Disgrace of, 3745  
   Fatal, 3746  
   Gain of, 10368  
   Habit of, 3747, 10369  
   Hatred of, 3748, 10370  
   Improvement in, 10371  
   Proverbs, 3749  
   Punishment of, 3750  
   Reputation for, 3751  
   Resolved Against, 10372  
   Treatment of, 10373  
   Unsafe, 3753  
   Useless, 3754  
 Lysander and Cyrus, 1540  
 Lysimachus' Thirst, 4465, 5450  
 Lystra, Paul and Barnabas at, \*3724  
  
 Macarius, *St.*, *Leg.*, 4815, 7747, 9663, 11180  
 Macaulay, *Anec.*, 703, 1396  
 Macedonia, The Man of, \*3725  
 Machpelah, The Cave of, \*3726, \*3727  
 Macfan's Delay, 4710  
 Magi, *The*, \*3728  
   Visit of the, \*3729  
 Magic, Notion of, 10374  
 Magnanimity, Example of, 3755  
 Mahadeo and Mr. Richards, 2529  
 Mahmoud Leaving his Wealth, 5997  
   the Idol-breaker, \*1906  
 Mahomet Effendi, 9802  
 Maiden, A Virtuous, \*2215  
   Counsel to a, \*2216  
 Maimon and Hillel, 4563  
 Maintenon, *Mdm. de*, 8036  
 Malachi, \*3730  
   Character of, 10375  
 Malakoff, 371  
 Malcolm and the Indians, 5346  
 Malevolence, Bitterness of, 10376  
   Misery of, 3756  
 Malherbe's Rhetoric, 7848  
 Malice, a Fire, 3757  
   Murder of, 3758  
   Reproof of, 3759  
 Mammon, a Friend, 3761  
   Anxiety of, 3760  
   Corruption of, \*2217  
  
 Mammon, Delusions of, 10377  
   Enslavement of, \*2218  
   Greed of, 3763  
   Influence of, 3762  
   Making Friends of, 3764  
   Use of, \*2219  
 Man, A Brainsless, 10380  
   A Dull, 3778  
   A Good, 3781  
   a Heavenly Plant, 10386  
   Ambitious, 3766  
   a Miracle, 10394  
   a Missionary, 3788  
   An Agreeable, 3765  
   An Obstinate, 10396  
   Antithesis of, \*2220  
   A Passionate, 10397  
   Apostrophe to, 10378  
   a Rebel, 3793  
   Assumption of, 3767  
   a Watch, \*2235  
   Brotherhood of, 3768  
   Christ's Power Over, 10381  
   Contending with God, 3770  
   Contradictions in, 3771  
   Creation and Fall of, 3772  
   Credulity of, 3773  
   Decided, 3774  
   Definitions of, \*2222, 3775  
   Dependence of, 10382  
   Development of, 3776  
   Dignity of, 3777  
   Endowments of, 2223  
   Enthusiasm of, 10383  
   Exaltation of, \*2224  
   Fallen, 3779, 10384  
   First Duty of, 3780  
   Glorified, 10385  
   Good and Evil in, 3783  
   Greatness of, \*2225  
   Heathen Account of, \*2226  
   Idiosyncrasies of, 10387  
   Immortality of, 10388  
   Imprisoned, \*2227  
   Infelicity of, 10389  
   Inference of, 10390  
   in Ruins, 3796  
   Life of, 3783  
   Life in, 10392  
   like a Book, 10379  
   Lordship of, 3784  
   Lost, 3785  
   Manufacture of, 3786  
   Measuring, 3787  
   Nature of, 3789  
   Nobility of, \*2228, 10395  
   Powers of, \*2229  
   Preparation for, 3791  
   Preservation of, 10393  
   Probation of, \*2230  
   Progress of, 3792  
   Race of, 10399  
   Relation of, 3794  
   Repairing, 10400  
   Restoration of, 3795  
   Reverence for, \*2231  
   Seraph Within, 3798  
   Signs of a Wise, 10401  
   Six Species of, 10402  
   Sovereignty of, 3799  
   Standard of, \*2232

- Man, the Child of Mercy, 3769  
   The Last, 10391  
   The Melancholy, 10393  
   The Perfect, 3790  
   The Sabbath of, 3797  
   The Wise, \*2233  
   Unreliability of a Bad, 10403  
   Vanity of, \*2234  
   Well-armed, 10404  
   Worldly, 3800  
 Manhood, Degradation of, 10405  
   Scarcity of, 3801  
 Maniac, Misfortune of the, 2236  
 Mankind, Foes of, \*2237  
   Unity of, \*2238  
 Manlius, Execution of 9022  
 Manna, Coming of the, \*3731  
   Daily, \*2239  
   Typology of, 10406  
 Manners, Agreeable, 3802  
   Brevities, 3804  
   Corruption of, 3805  
   Ill, 3803, 3806  
   Importance of, 10407  
   Influence of, 10408  
   Neglected, 10409  
   Proverbs, 3807  
   Study of, 3808  
   Striking, 10410  
   Trifles in, 3809  
   Vulgarity of, 10411  
 Man of Ross, \*223  
   was Made to Mourn, \*2348  
 Mansions, The Many, \*3732  
 Marah, Elim and, \*3386  
   Healing the Waters of, \*3733  
   Waters of, \*3734  
 Marcellus' Martyrdom, 11760  
 Marceian's Robes, 7047  
 Marcion and Polycarp, 1054  
 Marcius, Untired, 8613  
 Marco Bozzaris, \*1476  
 Marcus of Arethusa, 1738, 7212  
 Marcy, Wm. L., 482  
 Margaret, St., Martyrdom of, 603  
 Marignon, Battle of, 2321  
 Marina, St., Legend of, 6309  
 Mariners of England, \*1088  
 Marius, Apprehension of, 6229  
 Mark, The Apostle, \*3735  
 Marks, Legend of, 3812  
   of Christ, 3810  
   of Christians, 3811  
   of Sin, 3813  
 Marriage, Advantage of, 3814, 10412  
   Advice Concerning, 10413  
   Age for, \*2240  
   A Happy, 3822  
   Benefit of, 3815  
   Breach of, 3816  
   Brevities, 3817  
   Cares of, \*2241  
   Ceremony at, 10414  
   Childless, 10415  
   Circumspection in, 10416  
   Clouds of, \*2242  
   Counsels for, 10417  
   Danger of, 3818  
   Death at the, 10418  
   Degrading, \*2243  
   Eastern Ceremonies of, 3819  
   Marriage. Effect of, 10419  
   Estrangement in, \*2244  
   Fate in, 3820  
   Foolish, \*2245  
   Fortitude in, 3821  
   Ill assorted, 10420  
   Importance of, \*2246  
   Improving, 3823  
   Jars in, 3824  
   Losses in, \*2247  
   Love and, 10421  
   Love in, 10422  
   Mercenary, 3825  
   of the King's Son, \*3736  
   of the Lamb, \*3737  
   Pledge of, \*2248  
   Predetermined, 10423  
   Prevention of, 10424  
   Proposal of, 10425  
   Proverbs, 3826  
   Purity of, \*2249  
   Religion in, 3827, 10426  
   Responsibility of, 3828, 10427  
   Solemnity of, 10428  
   Sorrows in, \*2250  
   Stimulus of, 10429  
   Trial for, 3829  
   Uncomfortable, 10430  
   Unequal, 3830  
   Unfortunate, 3831  
   Unity in, 3832, 10431  
   Unsuitable, \*2251, 10432  
 Martha, \*3738  
   and Mary, \*3739  
   or Mary, \*3740  
 Martian's Temptation, 11924  
 Martin, Rev. Carlos R., 7914  
   Rev. H., Anec., 77, 4994, 5729, 6449, 6553,  
   8091, 8623, 9590  
   St., Legend of, 4084, 5165  
 Martineau, Miss, 2764, 4853  
 Martyr, First Christian, \*3741  
   Qualities of a, 10433  
 Martyrdom, Accepting, 3833  
   Crown of, \*2253  
   Joy at, 10434  
   Nobility of, \*2254  
   Novel, 10435  
   Passion for, 10436  
   Revelations of, \*2255  
 Martyrs, Ashes of the, \*2256  
   Blood of the, \*2257  
   Christian, \*2258  
   Death of the, \*2252, 3834  
   Decision of, 10437  
   Endurance of, 10438  
   Escort of, \*2259  
   Influence of, \*2260  
   Number of, 10439  
   of Vice, 10441  
   Pre-eminence of, \*2261  
   Record of, 10440  
   Seed of, \*2262  
   Triumph of, \*3742  
   Victory of, 10442  
 Marvell, A., Incorruptibility of, 3242  
 Mary, \*3743, \*3744  
   and her Child, \*3745  
   and Lazarus, \*3683  
   at the Sepulchre, \*3747, \*3748  
   "Master!" \*3746

- Mary, Offering of, \*3750, \*3751  
   Queen, and Calais, 704  
   "Rabboni!" \*3752  
   the Mother of Christ, \*3753  
   Weeping, \*3749  
 Mary Magdalene, \*2263, \*3754-3756  
   Legend of, \*3757  
 Mary of Egypt, St., 6083  
   of Mesopotamia, St., 9200  
 Mascaron and Louis XIV., 2820  
 Masses, Discouragement with the, 10443  
 Massilon, Anec., 2720, 4670, 5287  
 Master, Ascertaining the, 10444  
 Masters, Duty of, 10445  
 Matador of Brazil, 6183  
 Mather, Dr. C., Anec., 5729, 8128  
 Matthew, Father, 8028  
 Matthew, \*3758, \*3759  
 Matthias, \*3760  
 Maturity, Christian, 3835  
   Marks of, 10446  
   Signs of, 10447  
 Maximilian, Anec., 6467, 10076  
 Maximinus, Anec., 5051  
 Maynard, John, 2963  
 Mazarin, Cardinal, 7877  
 Mazeppa, 3708  
 McCabe, Dr. C. C., 2962, 9471  
 McCheyne, Anec., 1096, 9896  
 McDonald, Shod Like a Horse, 11471  
 McDonough's Secret of Victory, 8739  
 McLaren on the Plank of Free Grace, 2386  
 McLean, Chief Justice, Anec., 8648  
 McMahan's Kindness, 1406  
 Meanness, Example of, 3836  
   Height of, 10448  
 Means, Apothegms of, 3837  
   Character of, 3838  
   Endeavors and, 10450  
   Ineffectual, 3840  
   Use of, 10451  
   Using the, 3841, 10449  
   Without God, 3839  
 Means of Grace, Benefit of, 3842  
   Holy Spirit in, 3843  
   Interruptions of, 10452  
   Neglecting, 10453  
   Using, 3844  
 Meat-Offering, Import of, 10454  
 Meddlesomeness Punished, 10455  
 Meddling, Danger of, 10456  
 Mediation, Acknowledged, 3845  
   Analogy of, 10457  
   Christ's, 3846  
   Conditions of, 10458  
   Illustration of, 3847  
   in Physical Evils, 3848  
   Successful, 10459  
 Mediator, Examples, 10460  
   Royal, 10461  
 Meditation, Advantage of, 10462, 10463  
   Enforced, 3850  
   Excellency of, 10464  
   Office of, 3852  
   on Death, 3849  
   on Heaven, 3851  
   Result of, 3853  
   Use of, 10465  
 Meek, Blessing of the, 3854  
   Defined, 3855  
   Future Glory of the, 3856  
 Meek, Happiness of the, 3857  
   Inheritance of the, 3858  
 Meekness, Advantage of, 3859  
   Attainment of, 3860  
   Biblical, 10466  
   Christian, 10467  
   Description of, 3861  
   Example of, 3862  
   Imperfect, 3863  
   Importance of, 10468  
   Influence of, 3864  
   Power of, 3865  
   Secret of, 3866  
   Test of, 3867  
 Meeting, Eternal, \*2264  
   Hope of, \*2265  
   Prophecy of, \*2266  
 Meetings, Family Prayer, 3869  
   Religious, 3868  
 Meetness for Heaven, Advantage of, 3870  
   Nature of, 3871  
   Needed, 3872  
   Tested, 3873  
 Meissonier's Death, 1283  
 Melancholy Cured, 10469  
   Disease of, \*2267  
   Distortion of, 3874  
   Examples of, 3875  
   Groundless, 3877  
   Incurable, 3876  
   Kinds of, \*2268  
   Misanthropic, \*2269  
   Receipts Against, 3878  
 Melancthon, Anec., 1466, 3960, 4581, 4791,  
   6103, 6334, 7330, 9823  
 Melchizedek, \*3078, \*3761  
 Melonius, Legend of, 11788  
 Melville, H., Sermonizing, 5287  
 Memnon, Statue of, 10029  
 Memorial, Lasting, 10470  
 Memory, Acquisitive, 10471  
   Activity of, 10472  
   Association of, \*2270  
   Bad, 10473  
   Bells of, \*2271  
   Christian, 3879  
   Comfortless, \*2272  
   Conversion through the, 3881  
   Cup of, \*2273  
   Definitions of, 3882, 10474  
   Exact, 10475  
   Examples of, 3883  
   Good, 10476  
   Imperishable, 3884  
   Light of, \*2274  
   Method with, 10477  
   of Scripture, 3887  
   Perpetuation of, \*2275  
   Pictures of, 10478  
   Pollution of, 10479  
   Power of, 3885, 10480  
   Purifying the, 3880, 10481  
   Qualities of, \*2276  
   Retentive, 10482  
   Sacred, 3886  
   Sanctified, 10483  
   Test of, 10484  
   Thoughts on, 3888  
   Traces of, 3889  
   Utilizing the, 10485  
   Well Used, 10486

- Memphis, \*3763  
 Men, Christ's Image in, 10487  
   Classes of, 10488, 10492  
   Demand for, \*2277  
   Development of, 3890  
   Insane, 10489  
   Iron, 3891  
   Lead, 3892  
   Perfumed, 3893  
   Rarity of Good, 10490  
   Reliable, 10491  
   Steel, 3894  
   Thrown Away, 10493  
   Types of, 3895  
   Underground, 10494  
   Variation among, 10495  
 Mercatus and Pictus, 9789  
 Mercies, Acknowledgment of, 10496  
   Appreciating, 3896  
   Computation of, 10497  
   Continuous, 10498  
   Daily, 3897  
   Forgetting, 3898  
   God's, 10499  
   Gratitude for, 3899  
   Remembered, 10500  
   Right Use of, 3900  
   Sum of Small, 3901  
   Thanksgiving for, 3902  
   Yearly, 10501  
 Mercury, Fables of, 8325, 9584  
 Mercy, Abuse of, 3903, 10502  
   Accessible, 3904  
   Alternative of, 3905  
   Appeal for, 3906  
   Blessed, \*2278  
   Divine, \*2279, 3907  
   Door of, 10503  
   Effect of, 3908  
   Emblem of, \*2280, 10504  
   Example of, 3909  
   Free, 3910, 3918  
   Gift of, \*2281  
   God's, 10505  
   Great, 3911  
   Ideas of, 3912  
   Importance of, 3913  
   Instinctive Cry for, 10506  
   Invitation of, \*2282  
   Limitless, 10507  
   Love of, 3914  
   Manifold, 3915  
   Offered, 3916  
   Plea for, 3917  
   Question of, 10508  
   Reciprocated, 3920  
   Refuge of, 3919  
   Rejection of, 10509  
   Rescue of, \*2283  
   Reward of, 3921  
   Shoreless Ocean of, 10510  
   Stores of, 10511  
   Yielding to, 10512  
 Merit, Absence of all, 10513  
   Assumption of, 3922, 10514  
   Attainment of, \*2284  
   Baseless, 10515  
   Human, \*2285, 3924  
   Intrinsic, \*2286  
   of Beneficence, 3923  
   Pre-eminence of, 3925  
 Merit, Rewards of, 10516  
   Useless, 3926  
 Merle D'Aubigne's Conviction, 1097  
 Meroz, Curse upon, 10753  
 Messiah, Expectation of the, 6346  
   Reign of the, \*2287, \*3763  
 Metellus' Pride, 11183  
 Method, Importance of, 10517  
   Slaves to, 10518  
   Want of, 10519  
 Methodism, Influence of, 10520  
   Preservation of, 10521  
 Methodists, Two Kinds of, 10522  
 Methuselah, \*3764, \*3765  
 Metrocles' Happiness, 8830  
 Mexican Sacrifice, 12224  
 Michael's Deception of Saul, 8816  
 Michael, The Archangel, 130  
 Midas, 2584  
 Mighty Fallen, The, \*3766  
 Milch-kine Drawing the Ark, \*3767  
 Millennium, Animals in the, \*2288  
   Antecedents of the, \*2289  
   Coming of the, 3927  
   Description of the, \*2290  
   Glory of the, \*2291  
   Prophecy of, 3928  
   Triumph of the, 3929  
   Vision of the, \*2292  
   Watching for the, \*2293  
 Miller Preserved for Work, 6125  
 Millionaire, How to Become a, 3930  
 Mills, Rev. Samuel J., 282  
 Milne, Dr. Wm., 265, 9677  
 Milton, J., Anec., 1784, 2716, 3553, 7499, 8114, 8936, 9949  
 Mind, Abstraction of, 10523  
   Activity of the, \*2294  
   Classes of, 10524  
   Contentment of, \*2295  
   Cultivation of, 3931  
   Dark, 3932  
   Disciplined, 3933  
   Failure of, 10525  
   Freedom of, \*2296  
   Fruitful, 3934  
   Hue of, \*2297  
   Immortality of, 10526  
   Impressing, 3935  
   Independence of, \*2298  
   Index of, \*2299, 3936  
   Infancy of, 10527  
   in Old Age, 10531  
   Intolerance of, 10528  
   Intrepidity of, 3937  
   Irregularity of, 10529  
   Key of the, \*2300  
   Kingdom of the, \*2301, 10530  
   Poverty of, 3938  
   Power of, \*2302  
   Spiritual, \*2303, 3939  
   Test of, 3940  
   Triumph of, 10532  
   Writing on, 10533  
 Minds, Great, 3941  
   Great and Little, 10534  
   Ignorant, 3942  
   Scarce, 3943  
 Minerva, 183, 274, 1412, 6047  
 Minister, An Ambitious, \*2304  
   A Remarkable, 3949

- Minister, A Zealous, 3951  
   Character of a, 3944  
   Death of a, \*2305  
   Dignity of a, \*2306  
   Encouraged, 3945  
   Faithful, \*2307  
   Faith of a, 10535  
   Friendly, 10536  
   Helping the, 10537  
   Honor of the, \*2308  
   Humility of a, 3946  
   Legacy of the, 10538  
   Life of the, 10539  
   Prayers of a, 10540  
   Praying for the, 3947, 10541  
   Professional, 3948  
   Responsibility of a, 3950, 10553  
   The Unfaithful, \*2309, 6266
- Ministers, Children of, 3952  
   Curse upon Idle, 10542  
   Divine Mission of, 10543  
   Examples for, 3953  
   Fishers of Men, 10544  
   Godless, 10545  
   Hireling, 3955  
   Holiness in, 3956  
   Humbug, 10547  
   Imperfection of, 10548  
   Judgment of, 10549  
   Love in, 3957  
   Murderers, 3958  
   Objections to, 10550  
   Office of, 10551  
   Perseverance of, 10552  
   Proverbs, 3959  
   Right Choice of, 10554  
   to be Honored, 10546  
   Unfaithfulness of, 3961  
   Weakness of, 3960
- Ministry, Brevities, 3962  
   Call to the, 3963  
   Earnestness in the, 3964  
   Emblem of the, 10555  
   Gifts in the, 3965  
   Paying the, 3966  
   Preparation for, 3967  
   Qualification, 3968  
   Self-elected, 3969  
   Serious Work of the, 3970  
   Success of the, 3971  
   Support of the, 3972, 10556  
   Thrust into the, 10557  
   Trifling in the, 10558
- Mirabeau, Anec., 1729, 11111, 11125
- Miracle at Nain, \*2310  
   Christ's First, \*3768
- Miracles, \*3769  
   Attestation of, \*2311  
   Christian, 3974  
   Constant, 10559  
   Continuation of, 10560  
   Demand for, \*3770  
   Denying, 10561  
   Legend of, 10562  
   Modern, 10563  
   Necessity of, 10564  
   Papist, 10565  
   Reception of, 10566  
   Use of, 3975  
   Vindicated, 3976  
   Why Ceased, 3973
- Miracles, Working, 10567
- Miriam, Song of, \*3771, \*3772
- Mirth, Cheerfulness and, 10568  
   Devotion of, 10569  
   Fear of, \*2312  
   Madness of, 10570  
   Reckless, 3977
- Misanthrope, Description of the, 10571  
   Heathen, 10572
- Miser, Beneficent, 10573  
   Degradation of the, \*3313  
   Description of the, \*2314  
   End of a, \*2315  
   The Rich, 10574
- Misers, Misery of, 3978  
   Spiritual, 3979  
   Treatment of, 3980
- Misery, Address to, \*2316  
   Causes of, 10575  
   Confession of, 3981  
   Happiness and, 10576  
   Human, \*2317  
   Influence of, 10577  
   Lesson from, 3982  
   Melody of, \*2318  
   Personal, 3983  
   Use of, 3984
- Misfortune, Brevities, 3985  
   Compensation of, 3986  
   Friends in, \*2319  
   Good Fortune, 10578  
   Overcoming, 10579  
   Proverbs, 3987  
   Test of, 10580  
   Victims of, \*2320
- Misfortunes, Conduct in, 10581  
   Opinions Concerning, 10582  
   Preference for, 10583  
   Unavoidable, 10584
- Missed or Not, 10585
- Mission, Your, \*2321
- Missionaries, Haste for, 10586
- Missionary, Zeal of a, 10587
- Missions, Authority for, 3988  
   Banner of, \*2322  
   Basis for, 10588  
   Consecrated to, 10589  
   Demand for, \*2323  
   Era of, 10590  
   Field of, 10591  
   Gifts to, 10592  
   Gold for, 10593  
   Influence of, 3989  
   Legend of, 3990  
   Light of, \*2324  
   Love for, 10594  
   Martyrs of, 10595  
   Official Tribute to, 10596  
   Orders for, 3991  
   Principle of, 3992  
   Progress of, 3993  
   Promoters of, 3994  
   Providence and, 10597  
   Result of Love for, 10598  
   Societies for, 10599  
   Spirit of, 10600  
   Success of, \*2325, 3995  
   Supplies for, 10601  
   Support of, 3996, 10602  
   Temporal Advantage of, 10604  
   Trophy of, 10605

- Missions, Twenty-fold Return for, 10606  
 Mistakes, Important, 10607  
   No Exemption from, 10608  
   Rectifying, 3997  
 Mistrust, Prevalence of, 10609  
 Mitchel's Telescopic Observation, 4225  
 Mite, Influence of a, 3998  
   The Widow's, \*3773, \*3774  
 Mites, Our Two, 10610  
 Mithridates, Anec., 10033, 12294, 12312  
 Moderation, Importance of, 3999, 10611  
   Impossible, 4000  
   Neglect of, 4001  
   Proverbs, 4002  
   Submissive, 10612  
   Wisdom of, 4003  
 Modesty, Absence of, 10613  
   Abuse of, 10614  
   Analogy of, 4004  
   and Silence, 4003  
   Example of, 4005  
   Importance of, 4006  
   Instinct of, 10615  
   Reward of, 4007  
   Test of, 10616  
   True, \*2326  
 Moffat, Rev. R., Anec., 104, 8117, 8777  
 Mohammed, Anec., 2716, 1008, 6227, 6487,  
   8608, 9736  
   Religion of, 10617  
 Mohammedan Begging, 6706  
   Swords, 5964  
 Mohammedanism, Dogmas of, 10618  
   Secret of the Success, 10619  
 Mohun, Lady, Meanness of, 3836  
 Molière, Anec., 1665, 2716, 4471  
 Molloy E., Mercy's Debt to, 3922  
 Moment, Importance of the Present, 10620  
 Moments, Suicide of, \*2327  
 Momus, Anec., 8394, 8680  
 Money, Abuse of, 4009  
   Benefits of, 10621  
   Buried with His, 10622  
   Corrupting, 4010  
   Devices on, 4012  
   How to Get, 10623  
   Increase of, 4013  
   in Death, 4011  
   Keeping, 4014  
   Laughter Over, 10624  
   Love of, 4015  
   Making, 10625  
   Necessity for, 10626  
   Origin of, 4016  
   Profitless, 10627  
   Rules for, 4017, 10628  
   Temptations of, 10629  
   Test of, 10630  
   Utility of, 4018  
   Victory of, \*2328  
   Worship of, 10631  
 Monica, Anec., 9688, 11088  
 Monitors, Employment of, 10632  
 Monomaniac, The Cure of a, 10633  
 Monothelite Ordeal, 10847  
 Montezuma, Overthrow of, 8459  
 Monument, An Enduring, 4019  
   Honorable Deeds a, 10634  
   Want of a, 10635  
 Moody, D., Anec., 7564, 8084, 9065, 9279, 11046  
   Parson, 308  
 Moralist, Conversion of a, 4020  
   Danger of the, 4021  
   Fable for the, 4022  
   Fate of the, 4023  
   Not Christian, 4028, 10636  
 Morality, Allegory of, 4024  
   Averaging, 10637  
   Deficient, 4025  
   Insufficiency of, 4026, 10638  
   Necessary, 4027  
   Quality of, 4029  
 Morals, Christian, 10639  
   Code of, 4030  
   Old, 10640  
   Standards of, 10641  
 Mordecai, \*3776, \*3777  
 More, Hannah, Anec., 1769, 9795, 11763, 12293  
   Sir T., Anec., 3780, 6371, 8335, 8795  
 More's Utopia, 8236  
 Morning, Duties of, \*2329, 10642  
   Hymn for, \*2330  
   Joy of the, 10643  
   Mercies of, \*2331  
   Moral of, \*2332  
   Prayer in the, 10644  
   Song for the, \*2333  
 Moroseness, Cure for, 10645  
 Morrison, Dr. Anec., 8611, 11907  
 Mortality, Emblem of, 10647  
   Heritage of, \*2334  
   Human, \*2335  
   Mementos of, \*2336  
   Overcome, \*2337  
   Reminder of, 4031  
   Thoughts on, \*2339  
   Universal, 4032, 10646  
 Moscow Burned, 10208  
 Moses and Amalek, \*3778  
   and Christ, \*3779  
   and Jethro's Daughters, \*3780  
   Antitype of, \*3781  
   Birth of, \*3782  
   Burial of, \*3783, \*3784  
   Calling of, \*3785  
   Character of, 10648  
   Choice of, \*3786  
   Death of, \*3787-3790  
   Discipline of, \*3791  
   Grave of, \*3792  
   Imitating, 9603  
   Infant, \*3793  
   in the Ark, \*3794  
   in the Desert, \*3795  
   Learning Humility, 9915  
   Meekness of, \*3796  
   Miracles of, \*2341  
   on Pisgah, \*3797  
   on Sinai, \*3798  
   Rescue of, \*3799  
   The Song of, \*3800  
   The Finding of, \*3801  
   Weep for, \*3802  
   Wooing, \*3803  
   Youth of, \*3804  
 Mosheh's Death, 9177  
 Moslem's Shroud, 1338  
 Mother, A Missionary, 10653  
   A Model, 4042  
   Anchor of, 4033  
   and Child, 4036  
   A Promise to, 4044

- Mother, Associations of, 4034  
   Attachment of, \*2342  
   Brevities, 4035  
   Duty of, 4037  
   God of my, 4038  
   Influence of, \*2343, 10649  
   Instructed, 10650  
   Kiss of, 4039  
   Letter of, 4040  
   Love for, 10651  
   Memory of, 10652  
   Mistake of a, 4041  
   Mourning for a, \*2344  
   Noble Work of, 10654  
   Office of, \*2345  
   Prayers of, 4043  
   Proverbs, 4045  
   Reminiscences of, 4046  
   Religious, 10655  
 Motives, Discriminating, \*2346  
   Importance of, 4047  
   Mercenary, 4048  
   Reward of, 4049, 10656  
 Mountains, Sacred, \*3805, 3806  
 Mount Hor, \*3807  
 Mourning, Christian, \*2347  
   Heritage of, \*2348  
   Lesson of, 4050  
   Occasion of, \*373, \*2349  
   Oriental, 10657  
   Tears of, \*2350  
 Mozart's Premonition, 1337  
 Müller, Geo., Work of, 2113, 10858  
 Mumbo Jumbo, 12250  
 Mummy, Address to an Egyptian, \*3708  
 Muncer, Fanaticism of, 8655  
 Munroe, Mrs., Death of, 8219  
 Murder a Part of Worship, 10658  
   Motives of, \*2351  
   Penalty of, 4051  
   Steps to, 10659  
 Murderer, Curse of the, \*2352  
   Detection of a, 10660  
   Good Character of a, 10661  
   Horrors of a, 10662  
   Imagination of the, \*2353  
 Murmuring, a Mother-Sin, 4056  
   Brevities, 4052  
   Cured, 4053  
   Danger of, 4054  
   Evil of, 4055  
   Fight Against, 10663  
   Proneness to, \*2354  
   Punishment of, 4057  
   Satan-like, 4058  
   Sin of, 4059  
   Uselessness of, 4060  
 Music, Abuse of, \*2355  
   Associations of, \*2356  
   Author of, \*2357  
   Charms of, \*2358  
   Consecrated, \*2359  
   Custom of, 4062  
   Fable of, \*2360, 10664  
   Heaven's Sweet, 10665  
   in Battle, 4061  
   Incidents of, 4064  
   Indulgence in, 10666  
   Influence of, 4063, 10667  
   Love of, 4065  
   Miracles of, \*2361  
   Music, Mystery of, 10668  
   Nature's, \*2362  
   Power of, 4066  
   Soul, \*2363  
   Spell of, 10669  
   The Sweetest, 4067  
   Undying, 10670  
   Universal, 10671  
   Mustard-seed, The, \*3810  
   Mutation, Benefit of, \*2364  
   Earthy, \*2365  
   Heathen View of, \*2366  
   Local, \*2367  
   My Birdling, \*1957  
   Mycerinus' Life, 10246  
   My Child, \*360  
   Mycillus and Gallus, 1140  
   Myconius' Dream, 4630  
   My Mother's Picture, \*2344  
   My Psalm, \*356  
   Myrillus' Shield, 8595  
   Myrrh-Bearers, \*3811  
   Mysteries, Confession of, 10673  
   Divine, 10673  
   Mystery, Brevities, 4068  
   Key to, 10674  
   Reason for, 10675  
   Solution of, \*2368  
   Veil of, \*2369  
   Naaman, Folly of, \*3812  
   Generosity of, 154  
   Healing of, \*2370, \*3813  
   Nabal's Covetousness, 1139  
   Naber's Fraud, 587  
   Nadab and Abihu, \*3814  
   Nain, Grief of the Widow of, \*3815  
   Miracle of, \*2310, \*3816  
   Widow of, \*3817, \*3818  
   Naked, Clothing the, 4084, 10676  
   Name, A Bad, 10677  
   A Good, 4070, 10678  
   Divine, 4069  
   Heritage of a, 4071  
   Inappropriate, 10679  
   Loss of, 4073  
   Power of a, \*2371  
   The Incomprehensible, 4072  
   The Mighty, 10680  
   Names, Importance of, 10681  
   Need of, 10682  
   Naomi, \*3819, \*3950  
   Napier, Sir Charles, Anec., 4406, 4410, 4744  
   Napoleon, Anec., 114, 119, 218, 255, 487, 810,  
   1878, 1896, 2127, 2153, 2716, 3358, 4064,  
   4299, 4327, 4485, 4641, 4739, 5395, 5641,  
   6239, 6450, 6452, 6633, 7387, 7777, 8234,  
   8749, 9240, 9647, 10579, 11594  
   on Christ, 727, 3478, 8110  
   on Immortality, 3192  
   on the Gospel, 2640, 9133  
   on Infidelity, 2489, 3261  
   III. and Parlow, 11473  
   Narcissus, Bp., Accusers of, 9810  
   Narcissus, Fable of, 5252  
   Nast, Dr., Gift of, 6777  
   Nathan, Parables of, 3316, 4239  
   Nathaniel, \*3820  
   Nation, Prayer for the, 10683  
   Nations, Christian, 4074  
   Crises of, 10684

- Nations, Fate of, \*2372  
   Governing, 4075  
   Individual Responsibility in, 4076  
   Insanity of, 4077  
   Peculiarities of, 4078  
   Prayer for, 4079  
   Providence among, 4080  
   Punishment of, 4081  
   Safeguard of, 4082  
   Traits of, 4083  
 Natural Man, Blindness of the, 4085  
   Conscience of the, 4086  
   Danger of the, 4087  
   Door to the, 10685  
   Evidence from the, 10686  
   Ignorance of the, 4088  
   Impotence of the, 10687  
   Inability of the, 10688  
   Spots of the, 10689  
   Victory over the, 4105  
 Nature, Above Science, 4103  
   Admiration for, 10690  
   Alone Antique, 10691  
   Beauty of, 10692, 10700  
   Blot in, 10693  
   Calm of, 10694  
   Cause of, 10695  
   Changeless, \*2373, 10710  
   Confidence from, 10696  
   Considering, 10697  
   Delight in, 10698  
   Discoveries in, \*2374  
   Economy of, 10699  
   Force of, 10701  
   Gladness of, \*2375  
   God in, \*2376, 4089, 4090  
   God's Thoughts in, 4091  
   Imitation of, 10702  
   Influence of, \*2377  
   Instructions of, \*2378  
   Intention of, 10703  
   Laws of, 10704  
   Lessons of, \*2379, 4092, 10705  
   Light of, 4093  
   Music in, 4094  
   Order of, 4095  
   Perfection of, 10706  
   Physical, 4096  
   Pictures of, 4097  
   Power of, 4098  
   Religion of, 4099  
   Report of, 4101  
   Sacredness of, 10707  
   Song of, \*2380  
   Studying, 4103  
   Study of, \*2381, 10708  
   Teachings of, \*2382, 10709  
   The Religious, 4100  
   Types of, 4104  
   Voice of, \*2383  
   Worshipping, \*2384  
   Wrath and Love in, 10711  
 Naylor, James, a False Christ, 6587  
 Neander, Anec., 1766, 3381  
 Nebo, Mount, \*3821  
 Nebuchadnezzar, Fate of, \*3822  
 Nebuchadnezzar's Image, 4714  
 Necessities, Small, 10712  
 Necessity, Abuse of, 10713  
   Brevities, 4106  
 Need and Supply, 4111  
   Need and Supply, Proverbs, 4107  
   Special, 4109  
   Supplied, 4110  
   The Sinner's, 4108  
 Neff's Influence, 6098  
 Neglect, Atoning for, 10714  
   Avaricious, 4112  
   Conduct under, 10715  
   Contrast of, 4113  
   Danger of, 4114  
   Fatal, 4115  
   Fraternal, 4116  
   Momentary, 10716  
   Parable of, 10717  
   Penalty of, \*2385  
   The Sinner's, \*2386  
 Negligence, Evil Results of, 10718  
 Nehemiah to Artaxerxes, \*3823  
 Neighbor, Definition of, \*2387  
   Good, 10719  
   Hatred of, 10720  
   Our, 10721  
   Power over a, 10722  
   Who is my, \*3834, 10723  
 Neil, Gen., Promotion of, 3045  
 Nelson, Lord, Anec., 1672, 5508, 9083, 11293  
 Nemesis, 12150  
 Neri, St., and the Student, 2424  
 Nero, Anec., 5051, 7363, 10366  
 Nerves, Sympathy of the, 10724  
 Nervousness, Influence of, 10725  
 Nervous System, The, 10726  
 Nestor and Patroclus, 8481  
 Nettleton, Dr., Anec., 4152, 7977  
 Neutrality, Picture of, 10727  
 New Birth, Alternative of, 10728  
   Author of, 4123  
   Change by, 10729, 10730  
   Death and, 10731  
   Mystery of, 10732  
   Need for, 4124, 10733, 10734  
   Nobility of, 10735  
   no Earthly Change, 4125  
   Objections to, 10736  
   Reformation is not, 4126  
   Waiting for, 10737  
 New Creature, Formation of, 4127  
   Immortality of the, 4128  
   Triumphs of the, 4129  
 New Heart, Legend of a, 4130  
 New Jerusalem, Parallel of the, 10738  
 Newman, Dr. J. P., on Purity, 6705, 9459, 11303  
 Newport, Francis, 1730, 1943  
 News, Telling, 4131  
 Newspapers, Power of, 10739  
 Newton, Isaac, Anec., 10, 446, 2726, 3273, 3493, 3879, 5682, 6284, 6809, 6920, 9233  
   Rev. John, Anec., 2652, 2741, 3280, 7855, 9891, 10251, 11596  
   Rev. R., 1765, 3822  
 New Year, Brevities, 4135  
   Improvement with the, \*2388  
   Threshold of the, \*2389  
   Uncertainty of the, \*2390  
 Nicephoras' Martyrdom, 8808  
 Nicholas, St., Legend, 303, 626, 2211  
 Nicholas von der Flue, 11871  
 Nichomachus', Martyrdom, 6536  
 Nicodemus' Night Visit, \*3825  
 Night, Charms of, \*2391



- Night, Events of, \*2392  
   Knell of, \*2393  
   Moral of, \*2394  
   Study at, 10741  
   Temple of, \*2395  
   Tranquillity of, 10742  
   Works of, 10743  
 Nightingale and Toad, 5113  
 Nilus, St., Anec., 463, 6894  
 Nimrod, 9426  
 Nineveh, Burden of, \*3826  
   Repentance of, \*3827  
   Site of, \*3828  
   The Fall of, \*3829  
 Ninon's Father's Counsel, 2429  
 Ninus, Death of, 9848  
 No, Absence of, 10744  
   Advice on, 10745  
   Described, 10746  
   Importance of, 10747  
 Noah, \*3830  
   Legends of, 129, 6557, 12195  
   Methusaleh's Prophecy of, \*3831  
 Noah's Ark, Ancestry in, 128  
   Carpenters, 4023  
 Nobility and Promotion, 4138  
   Christian, 4136  
   End of All, 4137  
   Patriotic, 10748  
   Real, 10749  
   True, \*2396  
   Untitled, 4139  
 Nobleman's Son, The Cure of a, \*3832  
 Nobody, Deeds of, 10750  
 Nolley, Rev. Richard, 6268  
 Non-Resistance, Example of, 10751  
   Power of, 10752  
   Security in, 4140, 4141  
   Successful, 4142  
 Norris, Gen., Wound of, 3644  
 Nothing, Doing, 10753  
 Notker, Wit of, 11169  
 Nott, Dr., Anec., 618, 8224, 9317  
 Novels, Caution Against, 4143  
   Curse of, 4144  
   Enervating, 4145  
   Evils of, 10754  
   Fascination of, 4146  
   Influence of, 4147, 4148  
   Injury by, 10755  
   Modern, 4149  
   Nature of, \*2397  
   Poison of, 4150  
   Reading, 4151  
   Vicious, \*2398  
 Novelty, Charms of, 10756  
   Seeking for, 10757  
 Now, Accepted Time, 4152  
   Importance of, 4153, 4155  
   Opinions About, 10758  
   Rejecting Christ, 10759  
   Repent, 4154  
   Then and, \*2399  
 Noyes, J., Martyrdom of, 1739, 10434  
 Nugas, Presents to, 520  
 Numa's Defender, 2490  
  
 Oath, Fidelity to an, 10760  
 Oaths, Ancient, 4156  
   Frequent, \*2400  
   Reliable, 10761  
  
 Obed-Edom, Blessings of, \*3833  
 Obedience, Advantage of, 10762  
   Affectionate, 4157  
   Angelic, 10763  
   Brevities, 4158  
   Cheerful, 4159  
   Complete, 4160  
   Duty of, 4161, 10764  
   Enforced, 10765  
   Example of, 4162  
   Exceptions to, 10766  
   Filial, 4164  
   Fruit of, 10767  
   Happiness of, 10768  
   Implicit, 4163, 10769  
   Importance of, 4165  
   Light and, 10770  
   Motive in, 4166  
   No Substitute for, 10771  
   Order of, 10772  
   Oriental, 10773  
   Oriental Proverbs of, 10774  
   Our Duty, 4167  
   Parable of, 10775  
   Perfect, \*2401  
   Prompt, 4168  
   Rare, 4169  
   Sacrifice and, 10776  
   Safety of, 4170  
   Securing, 4171  
   Trifling, 10777  
   True, 4172  
   Unconditional, 10778  
   Unquestioning, 10779  
 Obligation, Absolute, 4173  
   Biblical Figures of, 10780  
   Effect of, 4174  
   Ground of, 4175  
   Personal, 4176  
   Universal, 4177  
 Oblivion, Emblem of, \*2402  
   Human, 10781  
 Obscurity, Ministerial, 10782  
 Observation, Advantage of, 4178, 4183  
   Brevities, 4179  
   Conceited, 4180  
   Diversity of, \*2403  
   Faculty of, 4181  
   Habit of, 4182  
   Points of, \*2404  
   The Pleasures of, 10783  
 Observations, General, 10784  
 Observers, Superficial, 10785  
 Obstinacy, Conquered, 4185  
   Example of, \*2405  
   Folly of, 10786  
   General, 4184  
   Human, 10787  
 Obstruction, Example of, 10788  
 Obstructionist, A Model, 10789  
 Occasions, Duties and, \*2406  
 Ocean, Benefits of the, 4186  
   Benevolence of the, 4187  
   Descriptions of the, 10795  
   Hymn on the, \*2407  
   Hymn to the, \*2408  
   Worship of the, \*2409  
 Occupation, Abandoning, 4188  
   Adaptation to, 10790  
   Bias of, 10791  
   Blindness of, 10792

- Occupation, Happiness of, 10793  
   Idolatry of, 10794  
   Importance of, 4189  
   Test of, 4190  
   Useless, 4191  
 Octavius, 1513  
 Odell, M. F., 11861  
 Odin and the Midgard Serpent, 1460  
 Offence, Cherishing, 10796  
   Common, 10797  
   One, 4192  
 Offences, Forgetting, 4193  
   Reproving Private, 4194  
   Treatment of, 4195  
 Offering, A Complete, \*2410  
   Savor of the, 10798  
 Offerings, Christ in the, 10799  
   Guilty, 4196  
   Heathen, \*2411  
   Personal, \*2412  
   Sin in our, 10800  
 Office, Disappointed Seeker of, 10801  
   Love of, 10802  
 Office-Seekers, Hungry, 10803  
 Oil, The Widow's, \*3834, \*3835  
 Olaf, King, Anec., 7252, 9738, 12338  
 Old, Fear of Growing, 10804  
 Old Age, Alleviated, 4197  
   Approach of, 4198  
   Change in, 4199  
   Cheerful, \*2413  
   Conversion in, 4200  
   Covetous, 4201  
   Decay in, 10805  
   Faithfulness in, 4202  
   Green, \*2414  
   Happiness in, 4203  
   Happy, \*2415  
   Honoring, 4204  
   Hopeful, \*2416, 4205  
   Hopeless, 4206  
   Irreligious, \*2417, 4208  
   Learning in, 4207  
   Need of Christ in, 10806  
   Redemption of Time in, 10807  
   Reward in, 10808  
   Ripe, \*2418  
   Signs of, \*2419  
   Spiritual Growth in, 10809  
   Temptations in, 10810  
   Veneration for, 4209  
   Vigorous, 4210  
   Waiting, \*2420  
 Old Folks, \*2413  
 Oldrey, Cap. of the Hyacinth, 7917  
 Old Testament, and New, 4212  
   Message of the, 4211  
   Obscurity of the, 4213  
   Relation of the, 4214  
 Old Year, Reckoning with the, \*2421  
   Works of the, \*2422  
 Olin, Dr., Child of, 6659  
 Olive, Suggestions of the, \*3836  
 Olivers, T., Conversion of, 4972  
 Olivet, Christ on, \*3837  
   Mount, \*3838  
   Night on, \*3839  
 Olympian Games, 4848  
 Olympias, 61  
 Olynthus, Destruction of, 7632  
 Omission, Brevities, 4215  
 Omission, Forgiveness of, 4216  
 Omnipotence, Divine, 10811  
   Help of, 4217  
   Manifestations of, \*2423  
   Resisting, 10812  
   Using, 10813  
 Omnipresence, Comfort from, \*2424, 4218  
   Divine, 10814  
   Elevation by, 10815  
   Escape from, 10816  
   Faith in, 4219  
   Praying to, 10817  
   Proclaimed, \*2425  
   Token of, 4220  
 Omniscience, Discoveries of, 4221  
   Divine, 4222  
   Emblem of, 10818, 10823  
   Fear of, 4223  
   Forgotten, 4224, 10819  
   Illustration of, 4225  
   Infinitude of, 10820  
   Influence of, 4226  
   Lesson of, 4227  
   No Obscuration of, \*2426  
   Perfection of, 4228  
   Records of, 10821  
   Rejected, 4229  
   Report of, 4230  
   Restraints of, 4231, 10822  
   Testing, 4232  
   Thought of, 4233  
 On-Heliopolis, \*3840  
 Onias' Sleep, 11749  
 Only Waiting, \*2420  
 Onward, Ever, \*2427  
   Hurrying, \*2428  
 Ophelia and Topsy, 5611  
 Opinion, Force of, 10824  
 Opinions, Arbitrary, 10825  
   Brevities, 4234  
   Change of, 4235  
   Diffusion of, 4236  
   Non-Criminality of, 10826  
   Self-Interest in, 4237  
   Social, 4238  
   Vacillating, 4239  
   Vassalage of, 10827  
 Opportunity, Alternative of, \*2429  
   Demand for, 4240  
   Emblems of, 10828  
   Fable of, 4241  
   Golden, \*2430  
   Guilt of, \*2431  
   Importance of, 10829  
   Improvement of, 4242, 10830  
   Irrecoverable, 10831  
   Last, 4243  
   Lost, 4244, 10832  
   Misused, 4245  
   Narrowing, 4246  
   Passing, 4247, 4251  
   Preciousness of, 10833  
   Proverbs, 4248  
   Prudence with, \*2432  
   Seized, 4249, 4250  
   Trifling with, 10834  
   Unused, 4252  
   Use the, \*2433  
   Watch Your, \*2434  
 Opposer, A Habitual, 10835  
 Opposition, Effects of, 10836

- Opposition, Help of, 4254  
   Overcome, 10837  
   Satanic, 4255  
 Oppression, Egyptian, 10838  
   Resistance to, 10839  
 Oppressors, Everywhere, 10840  
 Oracles, Beginning at their, 6710  
   Trusting the, 7403  
 Orator, The Pulpit, 10841  
   Treasures of the, 10842  
 Oratory, Bid for, 10843  
   Effects of, 10844  
   Price of, 10845  
   Restraints of, 10846  
 Ordeal, Decision by, 10847  
 Order, Argument from, 10848  
   Brevities, 4256  
   Contrast of, 4257  
   Divine, \*2435  
   Importance of, 4259  
   in Creation, 4258  
   Interruption of, 10849  
   Law of, \*2436  
   Nature of, 4260  
   Personified, 4261  
   Wise, 10850  
 Ordinances, Benefit of, 10851  
   Brevities, 4262  
   Emblem of, 4263  
   Jesus in, 4264  
   Observing, 4265  
   Using, 4266  
 Orestes and Pylades, 8879  
 Organization, Benefit of, 10852  
 Origen, Anec., 3093, 4564  
 Originality, Meaning of, 10853  
   Uncommon, 10854  
 Original Sin, a Root, 4270  
   Brevities, 4267  
   Denial of, 4268  
   Effects of, \*2437  
   in the Infant, 4269  
   Unseen, 4271  
 Ornament, Guide to, 10855  
 Ornaments, Folly of, 4272  
   Given Up, 4273  
   New Use of, 10856  
   of Nature, 4274  
   Spiritual, 10857  
 Oromazes' Egg, 9343  
 Orphanage, Spiritual, \*2438  
 Orphans, Adoption of, 4275  
   Father of, \*2439  
   Kindness to, 4276  
   Provided for, 4277  
   Work for, 10858  
 Orpheus, Fab., 256, 4066, 8386  
 Ossorius' Whited Hair, 8705  
 Ostentation, Puffed up with, 10859  
   Rebuke of, 10860  
 Osterhaus, Col., Presentiment of, 4654  
 Ostervald the Miser, 3978  
 Oswald's Charity, 595  
 Others, Deferring to, 4278  
   He Saved, \*3841  
   Preferring, 10861  
   Proverbs, 4279  
   Rewarding, 10862  
   Treatment of, 4280  
 Otho, Anec., 6894, 8345, 10080, 11913  
 Ottocar's Hypocrisy, 3113  
 Our Master, \*393  
 Outside the Church, \*781  
 Overdoing, Effect of, 4281  
 Owen, Dr., Anec., 886, 7819, 7826  
   the Infidel, 9872  
 Pachomius, St., Anec., 7296, 8126, 9681, 10771  
 Pætus, Cecina, 1398  
 Page, Harlan, Anec., 3070, 3333, 5893, 12171  
 Pain, Hymn to, \*2440  
   Necessity of, 4282  
   Useless, 4283  
   Yielding to, 10863  
 Paine, Thos., Anec., 1374, 6304, 7630, 7839,  
   9869, 9875, 9881, 10268  
 Painters, Industry of, 10864  
 Pale Horse, Death on the, 7845  
 Palestine, \*3842  
   Associations of, \*3843  
   Cursed, 3382  
   Desolate, \*3844  
   Farewell to, \*3845  
   Going to, \*3846  
   Interest in, \*3847  
   Jews Return to, \*3848  
   Redemption of, \*2441  
   Skies of, \*3849  
   Unblest, \*3850  
 Paley's Incentive, 5387, 8236  
 Palmer, Mrs. Phœbe, 8227  
   of Reading, 9443  
 Palm Leaves, Whispers in the, \*3851  
 Palm Tree, Use of the, 10865  
 Palsied Man, Healing the, \*3852  
 Pambo, St., Leg., 5739, 7053, 7056, 7860, 11570  
 Pamphilus Instructed, 5155  
 Pandora, 426, 3052, 3064, 3772, 8481  
 Pantheism, Applied, 4284  
   Caution Against, 10866  
   Delusion of, 4286  
   System of, 10867  
 Papist in Peril, 4287  
 Parables, Ancient, 4288  
   Benefit of, 4289  
   Nature's, 10868  
   Old Testament, 10869  
   Scripture, 10870  
   Use of, 4290, 10871  
 Paradise, Adamic, 10872  
   Clue to, \*2442  
   Earthly, \*2443  
   Heavenly and Earthly, 10873  
   Individual, 10874  
   Journeying to, 10875  
   Joys of, \*3853  
   Location of, 10876  
   Longing for, \*2444  
   Luxuries of, 10877  
   Mohammedan, 10878  
   Music of, 10879  
   Prayer of, \*2445  
   Satisfaction in, \*2446  
   Search After the, 10880  
   Traditions of, 10881  
 Paradoxes, Religious, 4291  
 Pardon a Free Gift, 10885  
   Appeal for, 10882  
   Brevities, 4292  
   Complete, 4293  
   Condition of, 4294  
   Consolation of, 4295

- Pardon Detained, 10883  
 Experience of, \*2447  
 Forfeited, 10884  
 Gratitude for, 4298  
 Greatness of, 4297  
 Haste for, 10886  
 Influence of, 4296  
 Joy of, \*2448  
 No Substitute for, 10887  
 Not Justice, Wanted, 4299  
 Reception of, 4300  
 Settlement by, 10888  
 Unexpected, 10889  
 Parent, A Cruel, 10890  
 An Unnatural, 10892  
 A Severe, 10891  
 Parents, Consolation for Bereaved, 4301  
 Faithful, 4302  
 First Duty of, 4303  
 Gratitude to, \*2449  
 Honor Thy, 4304  
 Indulgent, \*2450  
 Influence of, 10893  
 Ingratitude to, 4305  
 Memory of, 10894  
 Murder of, 4306  
 Neglectful, 4307  
 Prayerless, 4308  
 Prayers of, 4309.  
 Rebuke of, 4310  
 Respect for, 4311  
 Responsibility of, 4312, 10895  
 Rewards of, 10896  
 Sainted, \*2451  
 Slighting, 10897  
 Support of, 10898  
 Tyrannic, \*2452  
 Work of, 4313  
 Park, Mungo, Anec., 8761, 9633  
 Parker, Theo., Anec., 7438, 8102, 9893, 10471, 12089  
 Parmenides' Audience, 178  
 Parmenio, Alexander and, 5157, 9900  
 Parrhasius and Zeuxis, 3119  
 Parsimony Rebuked, 4314  
 Ruinous, 4315  
 Parthenius Casting Out Devils, 7960  
 Parties, Use of, 4316  
 Parting, Christian, 4317  
 Consolation in, \*2453  
 Death's, \*2454  
 Pangs of, 10899  
 Partner, A Stupid, 10900  
 Partnership, Useless, 10901  
 Passion, Allurements of, 10902  
 Awakened, 4318  
 Controlling, 4319  
 Danger of, 4320  
 Emblem of, 4321  
 Language of, \*2455  
 Overcoming, 4322, 4324  
 Ruinous, 4323  
 The Ruling, \*2456  
 Passions, Disappointment of, 10903  
 Discipline of the, 4325  
 Dominance of the, 10904  
 Governing the, \*2457  
 Ineradicable, 4326  
 Obstructions of the, 10905  
 Power of the, 4327  
 Record of, 4328  
 Passions, Trial of the, \*2458  
 Tyranny of the, 10906  
 Youthful, \*2459  
 Passover, Christ our, \*3854  
 Eucharist and, \*3855  
 Import of the, 10907  
 Past, Clinging to the, 10908  
 Future and, 10909  
 Progress in the, \*2460  
 Triumphs of the, \*2461  
 Pastor, A Faithful, 10911  
 A Good, 4330  
 Enemy to His, 10910  
 Example of the, 4329  
 Exemplary, \*2462  
 Inconsistent, \*2463  
 Persevering, 4331, 10912  
 Work of the, 10913  
 Pastors, Advantage of New, 10914  
 Path, Diverging from the, 4333  
 The Christian's, 4332  
 Patience, Analogy of, 4334  
 Angel of, \*2464  
 Brevities, 4335  
 Description of, 4336  
 Enduring, 4338  
 Example of, \*2465  
 Habit of, 4339  
 Importance of, 4340  
 Influence of, \*2466  
 in Trouble, 4343  
 Lessons of, \*2467  
 Need of, 10915  
 Offices of, 10916  
 Prescribed, 10917  
 Proverbs, 4341  
 Result of, 10918  
 Struggle for, 4342  
 Success of, \*2468  
 Value of, 4344  
 Want of, 4345  
 Patmos, John's Vision in, \*3856  
 Patrick's, St., Goats, 10197  
 Patriotism, American, 4346  
 Examples of, 4347  
 Innate, \*2470  
 Lack of, \*2471  
 Passion of, 10919  
 Pleasure of, 10920  
 Roman, 4348  
 Sacrifices of, 4349  
 Shrines of, \*2472  
 Spartan, 4350  
 Universality of, \*2473, 4351  
 Woman's, \*2469  
 Pattern, Highest, 10921  
 Neglecting the, \*2474  
 Paul, \*3857, \*3858  
 Agrippa and, \*3109, \*3110  
 at Melita, \*3859  
 at Philippi, \*3860  
 Before Felix, \*3426  
 Conversion of, \*3861  
 Forgotten Cloak of, 8793  
 Humility of, 3088  
 in Prison, \*3862  
 Marks of, 3811  
 Preaching of, \*3863  
 Vision of, \*3864  
 Paulina's Fidelity, 2290  
 Paulinus' Treasure, 5756

- Paulus Æmilius, Orders of, 7289.  
 Pauper, Death of a, \*2475  
   Funeral of a, \*2476  
   Obituary of a, 4352  
 Pausanias, Anec., 6357, 10892  
 Payment, Heavenly, 4353  
   Sure, 4354  
 Payson, Dr. C., Anec., 1263, 1713, 2986, 3073,  
   5301, 5661, 8220, 9201  
 Peabody, George, 11224  
 Peace, Armor of, 4355  
   by Victory, 4369  
   Christ's, \*2477, 10922  
   Coming, \*2478  
   Divine, \*2479, 4360  
   Ecclesiastical, 10923  
   Emblem of, 4358  
   Enemies to, 4359  
   Fable of, 10924  
   in Death, 4356  
   in Poverty, 4365  
   Legend of, 4361  
   Love and, \*2480  
   Making, 4362, 10925  
   Nature of, 4363  
   on Earth, 4357  
   Perfect, 4364  
   Possible, 10926  
   Prosperity and, 10927  
   Roots and Fruits of, 4366  
   Satisfactory, 4367  
   Seeking, \*2481, 4368  
   Silence and, 10928  
   Source of, 10929  
 Pearce, Rev. S., Anec., 438, 1497  
 Pearls, Buying, 10930  
 Pearne, Rev. T. H., 8614  
 Pedantry, Dangers of, 4370  
   Defined, 10931  
 Peevishness, Canker of, 10932  
   Effect of, 4371  
 Pegasus, Bridle for, 6261  
 Pelicans and Fire, 5417  
 Pelopidas, Anec., 7803, 7989, 10626  
 Pen, Office of the, 10933  
   Power of the, 4372  
 Penance, Revolting, 10934  
   Violent, 10935  
 Pendleton and Saunders, 441  
 Penitence, Affected, 4373  
   Analyzed, 4374  
   Power of, 4375  
   Tears of, \*2482  
   versus Penance, 10936  
 Penitent, Prayer of the, \*2483  
 Penn, Wm., 7969, 11644  
 Pentecost, \*3865, \*3866  
   First Christian, 10937  
   Wind of, \*3867  
   Zechariah's Vision of, \*3868  
 Penuriousness, Example of, 4376  
   Fable of, 10938  
   Penalty of, 4377  
 Penury, Fighting, 4378  
 People, Power of the, 10939  
 People's Advent, The, \*1386  
 Perfection, Aim at, 4379, 10940  
   Ancient, 4380  
   Attainment of, 4381, 4382  
   Boasting of, 10941  
   Christian, 4383, 4384  
   Perfection, Degree of, \*2484  
   Dogmatic, 4385  
   Emblem of Human, 10942  
   Estimating, 10943  
   Example of, 10944  
   Excelling in, 10945  
   Going on to, 4387  
   Growth in, 4386  
   in Love, 4389  
   Labor for, 4388  
   Motto of, 10946  
   Natural, \*2485  
   Objection to, 10947  
   Process of, 4390  
   Pursuing, 4391  
   Source of, 4392  
   Way of, \*2486  
   Perfumes, Oriental Use of, 10948  
 Periander's Motto, 3251  
 Pericles, Anec., 4626, 5222, 8327, 9648  
 Peril, Benefit of, 4393  
   Escape from, 4394  
   Unseen, 4395, 10949  
 Perishing, Rescue the, 10950  
 Perjury, Memento of, 10951  
   Punishment of, 10952  
 Perry, Com., Anec., 3953, 12164  
 Persæus, Anec., 6245, 6425, 7847  
 Persecution, Benefit of, 4396  
   Consolation in, 4398  
   Continuation of, 10954  
   Effect of, 4399  
   Enduring, 4400  
   Faithfulness Under, 4401  
   Figures of, 10955  
   Honor of, 4402  
   No Religion in, 10956  
   of Bunyan, 10953  
   of Christianity, 4397  
   Overruled, 10957  
   Popular, 10958  
   Ravages of, 4403  
   Riches of, 4404, 10959  
   Safety in, 10960  
   Secret of, 4405  
   Support in, 10961  
   Surviving, 10962  
   Useless, 10963  
 Perseverance, Achievement of, 4406  
   A Necessity, 4419  
   Call to, \*2487  
   Christian, \*2488, 4408, 10964  
   Effect of, 10965  
   Effectual, 4409  
   Example of, 4411  
   Final, 4412, 10967  
   Force of, 4413  
   Influence of, 4414  
   Lesson of, 4415, 10968  
   Manner of, 4416  
   Missionary, 4417  
   Motive to, 4418  
   not Enthusiasm, 4410  
   of an Ant, 4407  
   of Faith, 10966  
   Path of, 10969  
   Patient, 4420  
   Poem on, 4421  
   Power of, 4422, 10970  
   Proverbs, 4423  
   Resistless, 10971

- Perseverance, Reward of, \*2489  
   Satanic, 10972  
   Successful, 4424, 10973  
   Useless, 10974  
 Person, Mission of Each, 4425  
   Noisy, 4427  
 Personal Effort, Lesson of, 10975  
   Result of, 4426  
   Unpromising, 10976  
 Pertinax Kind in Words, 2562  
 Perversion, Example of, 4428  
 Peter, Christ's Look at, \*3869  
   Christ's Question to, \*3870  
   Daughter of, 81  
   Deliverance of, \*3871, \*3896  
   Denial by, \*3872, \*3874  
   Go Tell, \*3875  
   Legends of St., \*3876, 1240  
   Martyrdom of, 10977  
   of Cortona, 3583  
   Repentance of, 11410  
   Sifting of, \*3877  
   Tears of, \*3878  
   The Apostle, \*3879  
   the Great, Anec., 3253, 3359, 5262, 5372,  
     9539, 11635  
   the Hermit, 11305  
   Walking on the Sea, \*3880  
 Peter's Mother-in-Law Healed, \*3881  
   Martyr's Wife, 11463  
 Petrarch, 3750, 7659, 12097  
 Pets, Strange, 4429  
 Phaeton, Rashness of, 117, 6275  
 Pharaoh, Overthrow of, \*3882  
   The Pursuit of, \*3883  
 Pharisaism, Contrast to, 4430  
   Legend of, 4431  
   Rebuked, 4432  
 Pharisee and Publican, \*3884, \*3885  
 Pharnaces' Gift, 4729  
 Phidian Jupiter, 5451  
 Phidias' Statue of Diana, 5273  
 Philagrus Unhappy, 8089  
 Philanthropy, Example of, 4433  
   Famous, 4434  
   Instinctive, 4435  
   Law of, 10978  
   Power of, \*2490  
   Reward of, \*2491  
   Scope of, 4436  
   Works of, \*2492  
 Philemon the Piper, 9564  
 Philetus the Conjuror,  
 Philip and the Eunuch, \*3886  
   de Marnix's Motto, 11447  
   de Mornay's Assurance, 6594  
   King, Anec., 112, 2588, 3297, 3428, 4791,  
     6117, 6510, 6835, 6877, 6987, 8625, 10049,  
     11181, 11314, 11421, 11988  
   St., Legend of, 3990  
   III., Anec., 1727, 8434  
 Philosophy, Baffled, \*2493  
   Brevities, 4437  
   Christianity above, 4438  
   and Creation, 4439  
   Death and, 10979  
   Impotence of, 10980  
   Influence of, 10981  
   Instinctive, \*2494  
   Road to, 10982  
 Philosophy, Search of, 4440  
   Toils of, \*2495  
   True, 10983  
   Unused, 10984  
 Philpot's Vow, 5952  
 Phocas, King, Insecurity of, 5315  
   St., Martyrdom of, 3833  
 Phocion, Anec., 5522, 7153, 7470, 10081, 10835  
 Phœnix, 3197, 5042  
 Photography, Nature's, 10985  
 Phryne, Anec., 6693, 8627  
 Phylacteries, Jewish, 10986  
 Physicians, Proverbs, 4441  
   Qualification of, 4442  
 Phyton Fearless of Death, 7781  
 Pickens, Miss, Dies at Her Wedding, 10418  
 Pictures of Memory, \*295  
 Piety a Chain, 4444  
   Advantage of, 4443  
   Beauty of Early, 10987  
   Confidence in, 10988  
   Effect of Early, 10989  
   Equality of, \*2496  
   First, 4445  
   Importance of, \*2497  
   Intelligence and, \*2498  
   Motives to, 10990  
   Order of, 10991  
   Pleasures of, 4446  
   Reliability of, 4447  
   Secret of, \*2499  
   Womanly, \*2500  
 Pi-hahiroth, \*3887  
 Pilate, \*3888  
   Fate of, 5051  
 Pilate's Wife, Dream of, \*3889, \*3890  
 Pilgrim, Encouragement of the, \*2501  
   Journey of the, \*2502  
   Joys of the, \*2503  
   Path of the, \*2504  
 Pilgrimage, End of the, 4448  
   Family, 4449  
   Reminders of, 4450  
   The, \*2502  
 Pilgrims, Landing of the, \*2505  
 Pillar, The Guiding, \*3891  
 Pilot, The Safe, 4451  
 Pior's Sack of Sand, 8687  
 Piper of Hamelin, 11005  
 Pisa Cathedral, 11266  
 Pisistratus, Anec., 3127, 6459  
 Piso's House, 6950  
 Pistus, Child Martyr, 7090  
 Pitt, Wm., Anec., 7152, 10421  
 Pittacus' Wife, 12230  
 Pity, Absence of, \*2506  
   A Father's, 10992  
   Divine, 4452, 4453  
   Law of, \*2507  
   Self-Sacrificing, 10993  
   Verbal, 10994  
 Pius V., Change in, 4763  
 Place, Suitable, 10995  
 Plagiarists, Fate of, 10996  
 Plagues of Egypt, \*3358, \*3359, \*3892  
 Plainness, Demand for, 10997  
 Plans, Holding to, 4454  
   Interrupted, 10998  
   Unsuccessful, 10999  
   Weighing, 4455

- Plato, Anec., 178, 531, 1628, 2797, 3183, 3745, 4550, 5670, 6834, 7016, 7048, 7697, 8324, 8393, 8710, 9768, 10645, 10656, 10978, 11247
- Pleasure, Billows of, 11000
- Bought, 4456
  - Brevities, 4457
  - Clog of, \*2508
  - Cloying, 4458
  - Costly, 11001
  - Cost of, 11002
  - Culling, 4459
  - Delusion, 4460
  - Effects of, 11003
  - Emblem of, 4461
  - Empire of, \*2509
  - End of, 4462
  - Epochs of, 11004
  - Excess of, \*2510
  - Imaginary, \*2511
  - Love of, 4463
  - Lure of, 11005
  - Mental, 11006
  - Modification of, 11007
  - Palace of, 11008
  - Penalty of, 4465
  - Personified, \*2512
  - Power of, \*2513
  - Price of, 4467
  - Pride and, \*2514
  - Pursuit of, 11009
  - Satiety of, 4468
  - Sensuous, \*2515
  - Sin in, 4469
  - Undiscovered, 4470
  - Vanity of, 4464, 4471
- Pleasures, Poison in, 4466
- Unsubstantial, 11010
- Pliable, Bunyan's, 1105
- Pliny, Anec., 4851, 4922, 10809, 11015
- Plutarch, Anec., 7457, 9368
- Plutus, Timidity of, 1188
- Poeman, Leg., 6511, 6689, 8689, 10685, 10911
- Poet, Priesthood of the, \*2516
- Poetry, Effect of, \*2517
- Elevating Qualities of, 11012
  - Emotions of, 11013
  - Instinct of, \*2518
  - Nature's, 2519
  - Pleasure in, 11014
  - The Best of, 11011
- Policy, Advantage of, 11015
- Politeness, Acquirement of, 4472
- Advantage of, 4476, 11016
  - Example of, 4473
  - Home, 4474
  - Instinctive, 11017
  - Power of, 4475
  - Rewarded, 4477
  - True, 4478, 11018
  - Unusual, 11019
- Pollok's Irascibility, 6508
- Polyargus' Suicide, 2340
- Polybius, Cæsar's Friend, 2393
- Polycarp's Martyrdom, 1737, 2292
- Polydorus and Justus, 2313
- Polyphemus, Exposure of, 1567
- Pompadour, Mdm., 3981
- Pompeii, Anec., 2295, 7722
- Pompey, Anec., 4497, 9884, 12059
- Poor King, 7219
- Pompilius' Circle Around Antiochus, 7910
- Pomponius and His Mother, 10651
- Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth, 6246
- Pontanus' Inscription, 7888
- Poor, Advantage of the, 11020
- a Treasure, 4484
  - Exaltation of the, 4479
  - God's Care for the, 4480
  - Legacy of the, 4481
  - Neglect of the, 11021
  - Pillaging the, 11022
  - Relieve the, 4482
  - Remembering the, 4483
  - Sympathy with the, 11023
  - Will of the, 11024
- Pope, Adoring the, 11025
- Self, Luther's Fear of, 2834
  - Worshipping the, 11026
- Popery, Absurdity of, 11027
- Decay of, 11028
- Pope's Universal Prayer, \*2557
- Popularity, A Desirable, 11029
- Test of, 11030
  - Unsatisfactory, 11031
- Porson's Memory, 10482
- Portion, God our, 11032
- Position, Judging by, \*2520
- Possession, Importance of, 11033
- Law of, \*2521
  - Value of, 11034
- Possibility, Contemplating, \*2522
- Lost, \*2523
- Possible, Doing the, 4485
- Pottage, Oriental, 11035
- Potter, Figure of the, 11036
- Pounds, J., Usefulness of, 5893
- The, \*3893
- Poverty, Burden of, \*2524
- Cause of, 4486
  - Choice of, 11037
  - Compensation of, 4487
  - Consolation in, 4488
  - Contented, \*2525
  - Contrast of, 4489
  - Coveting, 4490
  - Happiness with, \*2526
  - Honorable, \*2527
  - Human, 4491
  - Influence of, 4492
  - Riches of, \*2528
  - Tyranny of, \*2529
  - Virtuous, 11038
- Power, Abstract, 11039
- Baptism of, 4493
  - Christian, 4495
  - Concentration of, 11040
  - Conditions of, 11041
  - Converting, 11042
  - Divine, 4497
  - Emblem of, 4498
  - Gentle, 11043
  - Holy Spirit's, 11044
  - Human, 4499
  - Individual, 11045
  - Latent, 4500
  - Moral, 4501
  - of Character, 4494
  - of the Church, 4496
  - Reception of, 4502, 11046
  - Recovery of, 4503
  - Spiritual, 11047

Power, Volitional, 4504  
 Practice, Inconsistent, 11048  
   Lesson of, 11049  
   Need of, 11050  
   Power of, 4505  
   Precept and, 11051  
   Result of, 4506  
   Superiority of, 4507  
   Test of, 4508  
 Praise, and Prayer, 4522  
   Anthem of, 4509  
   Benefit of, 4510  
   Brevities, 4511  
   Call to, \*2530  
   Chorus of, 11052  
   Constant, 4512, 4513  
   Coveting, 4514  
   Demand for, \*2531  
   Duration of, 4515  
   Duty of, \*2532  
   Effects of, 11053  
   Effectual, 4516  
   Encouragement of, 11054  
   Eternal, 4517, 11055  
   Examples of, 4518  
   God not Affected by, 11056  
   Grateful, 11057  
   Influence of, 4519  
   in the Heart, 11058  
   Learning to, 4520  
   Legend of, 4521  
   Loud, 11059  
   Love of, \*2533  
   Psalm of, \*2534  
   Signification of, 4523  
   Supernatural, 11060  
   True Object of, \*2535  
   Universality of, 4524  
 Praxiteles' Duplicity, 11130  
 Prayer, Access in, 4525, 11061  
   Accidents in, 4526  
   a Defence, 4535  
   A Father's, 4544  
   Agency of, 11062  
   Always in, 4527  
   and Usefulness, 4592  
   Answering our Own, 4528,  
   Answer to, \*2536, 11063  
   Appropriate, 11064  
   Ashamed of, 11065  
   Asking for, 4529  
   Beginning of, 11066  
   Believing, 11067  
   Benefits of, \*2537  
   Best, \*2538  
   Brevities, 4530, 11068  
   Business and, 11069  
   Call to, \*2539  
   Chains of, \*2540  
   Children's, 11070  
   Christ's, Unanswered, \*3894  
   Claim in, 4531  
   Concentrated, 11071  
   Co-operation with, 4532  
   Daily, 4533  
   Deeds of, 4534  
   Definiteness in, 11073  
   Description of, \*2541, 4536  
   Differences of, 11074  
   Direction of, 11075  
   Directness in, 4537

Prayer, Discoveries of, 11076  
   Diversion in, 11077  
   Earnest, 11078  
   Ease of, 11079  
   Effective, 4538  
   Ejaculatory, 4539  
   Elevation by, 4540  
   Emblems of, 4541, 4586  
   Evening, \*2542, 4565  
   Extemporaneous, 4542  
   Faith in, 4543  
   Family, 11080  
   Fervent, \*2543, 4545  
   Fidelity in, 11081  
   Foreshadowing, 4546  
   Formal, \*2544, 4547, 11082  
   for the Preacher, 4572  
   for the Sick, 4581  
   God in, 11083  
   Going Forward for, 4548  
   Heart in, 4549  
   Heathen, 4550  
   Holy Spirit in, 4551  
   Honor of, 11084  
   Hour of, \*2545  
   Hymn of, \*2546  
   Importance of, 4552  
   Incentive to, 11085  
   Inconsistent, 4553  
   Influence of, \*2547  
   Iniquity in, 4554  
   Instant in, 4555  
   Legend of, 4557  
   Long, 4558  
   Love of, 4559  
   Mohammedan, 4561, 11087  
   Morning, 4562  
   Mother's, 11086, 11088, 11089  
   Nature of, \*2548  
   Necessity of, \*2549, 4563  
   Neglect of, 4564  
   No Unanswered, 11090  
   Objects of, \*2550  
   Offerings in, \*2551  
   Omnipotence of, \*2552, 4560  
   Patience in, 4566  
   Persevering, 4567, 11072  
   Place of, 4568  
   Plea in, 4569  
   Pleasure in, 4570  
   Power of, 4571, 11091  
   Practice in, 11092  
   Presenting, 11093  
   Protection of, 4574  
   Relief by, 11094  
   Repetitions in, 4575  
   Safety of, 4576  
   Secret, 2553, 4577  
   Selfish, 4578, 4579  
   Self-Sacrificing, 4580  
   Silent, 11095  
   Sincere, 4582, 4583  
   Specific, 4584, 11096  
   Subjects of, 11097  
   Successful, 4585  
   Submission in, \*2554  
   Substitute for, 11099  
   The Book of, \*2555  
   Thoughtlessness in, 4587  
   Transformation in, 4588  
   True, 4589



- Prayer, Uninterrupted, 4590  
 United, 4591  
 Universal, \*2557  
 Urging, 11100  
 Utility of, 11101  
 Watching Unto, 4593  
 Weeping and, 11102  
 What is? 3895, 11103  
 Wonders of, 11104  
 Prayerlessness Rebuked, 11106  
 Prayer-Meeting, Drawing Lots in, 11107  
 Prayer-Meetings, Conducting, 4594  
 Mock, 4595  
 Objection to, 11108  
 Profitable, 4596  
 Sunday Morning, 4597  
 Prayers, Two, \*2556  
 Work and, 11105  
 Preacher and People, 11115  
 Assisting the, 4598  
 Blunder of a, 11109  
 Distracted, 11110  
 Earnest, 11111  
 Example of a, \*2558  
 Industrious, 11112  
 Judging a, \*2559  
 Learned, \*2560  
 Lesson of a, 11113  
 Paul a, 4599  
 Pedantic, 11114  
 Respect for the, \*2561  
 Sobriety of the, \*2562  
 Soul-Saving, 11116  
 Zealous, 4600  
 Preaching, Aim in, 4601  
 Attraction of, 11117, 11118  
 Beginning of, 11119  
 Best Manner of, 11120  
 Christ, 4602, 11121  
 Christ's, 4603  
 Christ's Company in, 11123  
 Close, 4604  
 Dead, 4605  
 Difference in, 11123  
 Dread of, 4606  
 Dull, 11124  
 Earnest, 4607, 11125  
 Educational Influence of, 11126  
 Effect of, 4608  
 Eloquent, \*2563  
 Energetic, 11127  
 Evangelical, \*2564  
 Exchange of, 11128  
 Experimental, 4609  
 Extempore, 4610, 11129  
 Failures in, 4611, 4612  
 Fanciful, 11130  
 Fidelity in, 11131  
 Final, 4613  
 Flowery, 4614  
 for Souls, 4630  
 Harmless, 11132  
 Holy Violence in, 11133  
 Humble, 4615  
 Incentive to, 4616  
 Incomprehensible, 11134  
 Insensibility to, 11135  
 Inspired, \*2565  
 Intelligible, 4617  
 Learned, 4618  
 Legend of, 4619  
 Preaching, Logical, 11136  
 Loud, 11137  
 Non-Effective, 11138  
 Original, 11139  
 Pay for, 4620  
 Plain, 4621, 11140  
 Powerful, 11141  
 Practical, 4623  
 Practice in, 4624  
 Prayer Before, 4626  
 Prayer with, 4627  
 Preparation for, 4625  
 Reward of, 4628  
 Searching, 11144  
 Seasonable, 11143  
 Secret of Successful, 11145  
 Similes of, 4629  
 Technical, 4631  
 Test of, 4632, 11146  
 Truth in, 4633, 11147  
 Uncomfortable, 4634  
 Varieties in, 4636  
 Verbal, 11148  
 Verbose, 4637  
 Wandering, 11149  
 Precaution, Proverbs, 4638  
 Precedence, Proverbs, 4639  
 Precept, Brevities, 4640  
 Jesuitical, 4641  
 Precocity, Proverbs, 4642  
 •Predestination, Example of, 4643  
 Mohammedan, 11150  
 Restraint of, 11151  
 Preface, Matter for Our, 11152  
 Use of a, 11153  
 Prejudice, Brevities, 4644  
 Influence of, 4645  
 Offending, 11154  
 Power of, 4646  
 Unconscious, 4647  
 Works of, 4648  
 Preparation, Advantage of, 11155  
 Importance of, 4649  
 Neglecting, 4650  
 Providential, 11156  
 Reason for, 4651  
 Thorough, 11157  
 Urged, 11158  
 Want of, 11159  
 Present, Duty of the, \*2567  
 Heathen View of, 4653  
 Importance of the, 11160  
 Improvement of the, \*2569  
 Value of the, \*2570  
 Work for the, 4652, 11161  
 Presentiment, Evil of, 11162  
 Fulfilled, 11163  
 of Death, 4654  
 Strange, 4655  
 Presentiments, Guidance by, \*2571  
 Probable, \*2572  
 Press, Influence of the, \*2573  
 Prester John's, Table, 2275  
 Preston, Dr., Anec., 1062, 1709  
 Presumption, Advance of, 11164  
 Danger of, 4656, 11165  
 Dread of, 4657  
 Fable of, 11166  
 Folly of, 4658, 11167  
 Growth of, 4659  
 Pagan, 11168

- Presumption, Perilous, 4660  
   Punished, 4661  
 Pretension, Brevities, 4663  
 Pride, Absurdity of, \*2574  
   Answer to, 11169  
   Baseless, 4664, 11170  
   Benefit of, 4665  
   Blindness of, \*2575  
   Brevities, 4666  
   Checks to, 4667, 11171  
   Compensation of, 11172  
   Consequences of, 4668, 11173  
   Contemptuous, 11174  
   Criminal, \*2576  
   Deceitfulness of, 4669  
   Display of, 4670  
   Effect of, \*2577  
   Examples of, 4672  
   Expressions of, 4673  
   Fall of, 4674, 11175  
   How to Humble, 11176  
   Illustration of, 4675  
   Indestructibility of, 4676  
   Ingratitude of, 4677  
   Judicious Use of, 11177  
   Kinds of, \*2578  
   Legend of, 4678  
   Madness of, 4679  
   Natural, 4680  
   Noisy, 4681  
   of Dress, 4671  
   Offset to, 4682, 11178  
   of Wealth, 4687  
   Overcoming, \*2579  
   Penalty of, 4683  
   Quality of, \*2580  
   Removal of, 11179  
   Resisting, 11180  
   Retort Upon, 11181  
   Roman, 11182  
   Ruin by, \*2581  
   Self, 4684  
   Spiritual, 4685  
   Temptation to, 11183  
   Tower of, 11184  
   Universal, 11185  
   Vagaries of, 11186  
   Vanity of, 4686  
   Vice of, 11187, 11188  
 Priem Ejected from Heaven, 1171  
 Priestley and Miller, 5875  
 Prince of Wales, Anec., 3847  
 Princes of Wales, Anec., 6742  
 Principle, Absence of, 4688  
   Illustrated, 4689  
   True to, 11189  
 Principles, Dishonored, 4690  
   Durability of, 4691  
   Importance of, 4692  
 Printing, Accuracy of, 11190  
 Prisca, Epitaph of, 9919  
 Prison, Deliverance from, 11191  
   Happiness in, 4693  
   Joy in, 4694  
   Peter's Deliverance from, \*3896  
 Privacy, Desire for, \*2582  
 Privileges, Misimproved, 4695  
   Presenting the, 4696  
   Realizing, 4697  
   Reminders of Misused, 11192  
   Responsibility of, 4698  
 Prize, Aiming for the, 4699  
   Price of the, \*2583  
 Probation, a Drill, 4700  
   Dignity of, 11193  
   Foreknowledge and, 11194  
   Improvement of, 11195  
   Man's, \*2584  
   Predestination and, 11196  
 Probu's Sacrifice, 8733  
 Procrastination, Absurdity of, \*2585, 4714  
   Alternative of, 4701  
   Brevities, 4702  
   Childish, 4703  
   Common, 4704  
   Continuation of, 11197  
   Danger of, 4705, 11198  
   Fatal, 4706, 11199  
   Folly of, \*2586, 4707  
   Habit of, \*2587, 11200  
   Hardening of, 4708  
   Lesson of, 11201  
   Origin of, 4709  
   Pagan View of, 11202  
   Proud, 4710  
   Result of, 4711  
   Sin of, 4712  
   Unreasonable, 4713  
 Procrustes' Bed, 412  
 Prodigal, Affliction of the, \*3897  
   Call to the, \*3898  
   Desperation of the, 11203  
   Grace for the, \*3899  
   Hope of the, 11204  
   Love for the, 11205  
   Parable of the, \*3900, \*3901, 11206  
   Rescue of a, 11207  
   Return of the, \*3902-3905  
   Thanksgiving of the, \*3906  
   The Repenting, \*3907  
   Voice of the, \*3908  
 Prodigality, Course of, 4715  
   Evils of, 4716  
   Roman, 11208  
   Royal, 11209  
 Productiveness, Nature's, 4717  
 Profanity, American, 4718  
   Beware of, 11210  
   Correction of, 11212  
   Covenant Against, 11213  
   Crime of, 4719  
   Cure of, 4720  
   Inexcusable, 4721  
   Known to God, 4722  
   Penalty of, 4723  
   Reproof of, 11211, 11214  
   Saved from, 11215  
   Shocking, 4724  
   Significance of, 4725  
 Profession, Abuse of, 11216  
   Christian, 4726  
   Exceptions to, 11217  
   False, 4727  
   Fruitless, 4728  
   Holding Fast Our, 11218  
   Import of, 4729  
   Legend, 4730  
   Neglect of, 4731, 11219  
   Ornamental, 4732  
   Perverse, \*2588  
   Religious, 4733  
   True, 4734

- Profession, Unreliable, 4735  
 Professor, The Mere, 11220  
 Profit, Pleasure and, 11221  
   Seeking for, 11222  
 Progress, Alternative of, 4736  
   Conservative, 4737  
   Day of, \*2589  
   Destiny of, \*2590  
   Evidence of, 11233  
   Example of, 11234  
   Laws of, 4738  
   March of, \*2591, 11225  
   Modern, 2592  
   Omens of, \*2593  
   Political, 11236  
   Power of, 4739  
   Purpose of, \*2594  
   Safety in, 11227  
   Spiritual, 11228  
   Striving After, 11229  
 Progression, Pythagorean, \*2595  
 Prohibition, Need of, 11230  
 Prometheus, 3772, 5533, 6507, 10139  
 Promises, Biblical, 11231  
   Casket of, 4740  
   Claiming, \*2596, 4741  
   Clinging to the, 4742  
   Comforts of the, 11232  
   Date of the, 11233  
   Faith and the, 11234  
   Highway of, 4743  
   Keeping, 4744  
   Light of the, 11235  
   Precious, 4745  
   Profuse in, 11236  
   Proved, 4746  
   Reliable, 4747, 4750  
   Riches of the, 4748  
   Satan's, 11237  
   Special Claim to the, 11238  
   Support of the, 4749  
   Trusting the, 4751  
   Unclaimed, 11239  
   Use of, 4752  
 Promotion, Ground of, 4753  
 Promptness, Ministerial, 11240  
 Property, Passion for, 11241  
 Prophecy and Providence, 11245  
   Evidence of, 11242  
   Fulfilment of, 4754  
   Interpretation of, 4755, 11243  
   Profitless, 11244  
   Revelations, 4756  
 Prophet, The Disobedient, \*3909  
 Proposal and Answer, \*2597  
   Graceful, 11246  
 Prosperity, Arrogance of, 11247  
   Caution in, 11248  
   Change by, 4757  
   Danger, 4758, 11249, 11251  
   Degeneracy of, 4759  
   Discomfort in, 11250  
   End of, 4761  
   Envyng, 4760  
   Friendship and, \*2598  
   Insecurity of, 11252  
   Legend of, 4762  
   Misery with, 11253  
   of the Wicked, 4765, 11255  
   Portentous, \*2599  
   Revelations of, 4763  
 Prosperity, Trial of, 11254  
   Valuing, 4764  
 Protection, Always Needed, 4766  
   Curious, 4767  
   Divine, \*2600, 4768, 11256  
   Insufficient, 4769  
   Legend of, 4770, 11257  
   Prayer for, 4771  
   Providential, 4772  
 Protestant, Origin of the Word, 11258  
   Responsibilities of a, 11259  
 Protestantism and Romanism, 4773  
 Proteus, Transformations of, 3267  
 Proverbs, Definitions of, 4774  
   Wisdom of, 11260  
 Providence, Adaptation in, 4775, 11261  
   Ahead of, 11262  
   Anticipation of, 4776  
   Balance of, 11263  
   Brevities, 4777  
   Continuous, 4779  
   Dependence on, 11264  
   Direction of, \*2601  
   Diversities of, \*2602  
   Divine, \*2603  
   Faith in, 4780  
   Firm Trust in, 11265  
   Harmonies of, 11266  
   Illustrated, 4781  
   Incidents of, 11267  
   Incomprehensible, 4782  
   Instruments of, 4783  
   in the Wind, 4794  
   Leadings of, 4784  
   Legend of, 4785  
   Links of, 11268  
   Minister of, 11269  
   Miracles of, 4786  
   Mystery of, \*2604, 4787  
   Omnipresence of, 11270  
   Preparations of, 11271  
   Preserved by, 11272  
   Rescue of, 4788, 11273  
   Restraints of, 11274  
   Retributive, 4789  
   Revelations of, 11275  
   Seasonable, 11276  
   Seeing God in, 11277  
   Special, 11278  
   Towards the Church, 4778  
   Trusting, \*2605, 4791  
   Truth of, 4792  
   Universal, 4793  
   Upborne by, 11279  
   Warnings of, 11280  
 Provocation, Avoid Giving, 4795, 11281  
   Enduring, 11283  
   Resisting, 4796  
 Provocations, Small, \*2606  
 Prudence, Brevities, 4797  
   Christian, 11283  
   Fable of, 4798  
   Judgment and, 11284  
   Need of, 4799  
   Precedence of, 4800  
   Rules of, 11285  
   Superior, 4801  
   Value of, 4802, 11286  
   Virtue of, \*2607  
 Psalm of Life, \*20  
   Twenty-third, 4803

- Psalms, Book of, 4804  
 Psyche's Task, 2592  
 Ptolemy and the Pharos, 684  
   Lagus and Euclid, 5499  
 Publicity, Newspaper, 11287  
 Public Sentiment, Power of, 4805  
 Pugnacity, Resistless, 11288  
 Pulpit, Deceit in the, 11289  
   Manner in the, 4806  
   Power of the, \*2608, 11290  
   unction in the, 4807  
 Punctuality, Advantage of, 4808  
   Exact, 11291  
   Example of, 11292  
   Habit of, 4809  
   Importance of, 4810, 11293  
   Religious, 4811  
   Want of, 4812  
 Punctuation, Lord Dexter's, 3175  
 Punishment, Awaiting, 11294  
   Brevities, 4813  
   Certainty of, \*2609, 4814  
   Degrees of, 4815  
   Delayed, 4820, 11295  
   Desire for, \*2610  
   Endless, \*2611, 4816  
   Exact, \*2612  
   Exemplary, 11296  
   Fact of, 4817  
   Future, 4818, 11297  
   Inevitable, \*2613, 4819  
   No Proxy, 11298  
   Release from, 11299  
   Substitute for, 11300  
   Vicarious, 4821  
 Puritanism, Achievements of, 11301  
   Doings of, 11302  
 Purity, Attaining, \*2614  
   Attraction of, \*2615  
   Christian, 4822  
   Emblem of, 11303  
   Heart, 4823  
   Importance of, 4824  
   Means of, \*2616  
   Nature of, 4825  
   Power of, \*2617  
   Process of, 4826  
   Token of, 11304  
 Purpose, Dominant, 11305  
   Emblem of, 4827  
   Execution of, \*2618, 4828  
   Persevering, 4829  
   Steadiness of, 4830  
   Unshaken, \*2619  
 Pygmalion's Statue, 185  
 Pylades Dying for a Friend, 2521  
 Pyramus and Thisbe, 10349  
 Pyrrhus, Anec., 116, 5467, 7376  
 Pythagoras, Anec., 903, 3413, 5466, 8070, 10226  
 Pythes' Gold Mines, 9098  
 Quarrels, Ancient, 11306  
   Avoid, 4831, 11307, 11309  
   Brevities, 4832  
   Domestic, 4833  
   End of, 4834  
   Fatal, 11308  
   Inclination to, 4835  
   Occasion of, 4836  
   Parties to, 11310  
   Provoking, 4837  
 Quarrels, Rejecting, 11311  
   Seeking, 11312  
   Subduing, 11313  
   Unprofitable, 4838  
 Quarrelsome, Banishment of the, 11314  
 Question, The Important, 4839  
 Quickness, Fascination of, 11315  
 Quietness, Advantage of, 4840, 11316  
   Brevities, 4841  
   Christian, 11317  
   Education of, 4842  
   Example of, 11318  
   Heavenly, 4843  
   Necessity of, 4844  
   Secret of, 4845  
 Quintius' Pork Story, 10495  
 Quotation, Advantages of, 11319  
 Quotations, How to Use, 11320  
   Poetical, 11321  
   Reading for, 11322  
   Use of, 11323  
 Race, Helps in the, 4846  
   Hindrances in the, 4847  
   The Olympian, 4848  
 Races, Influence of, 4849  
 Rachel, Death of, \*3910  
   Grief of, \*3911, \*3912  
   Tomb of, \*3913  
 Raikes, Anec., 4185, 5540  
 Raiment, The White, \*3914  
 Rain, Latter, \*2620  
   Lesson of the, \*2621  
 Rainbow, Significance of the, \*2622, \*3915  
   The, \*3916  
   Worship of the, 11324  
   Youth of the, \*3917  
 Rainy Day, \*641  
 Rajah of Burdwan, 590  
 Raleigh, Sir W., Anec., 2852, 3865, 5400, 11072  
 Ralston, John, Frozen, 1662  
 Rama, The Voice of, \*3918  
 Ramsgate, Rescue at, 11805  
 Randolph, John, Remorse of, 4959  
 Ravier, St., Temperance of, 5636  
 Raphael, Anec., 3850, 5259, 7991  
 Raratonga, Hero of, 9529  
 Rationalism, Uncertainty of, \*2623  
 Rationalist, Description of a, 11325  
 Rauschenbush and Muth, 6331  
 Raymond Condemned, 4780  
 Reader, Great, 11326  
 Reading, Benefit of, \*2624, 4850, 4854  
   Diligent, 4851  
   Historic, 11328  
   Instruction for, 4853, 11327, 11329  
   Kinds of, 4852  
   Possibility of, 11330  
   St. Jerome's, 11331  
   Useful, 4855  
   Useless, 4856  
 Ready, Always, 4857  
 Reaper and Flowers, \*368  
 Reapers, Call for, \*3919  
   Need of, \*3920  
   Song of the, \*3921  
 Reason and the Bible, 4858  
   Audacity of, \*2625  
   Failure of, 4859  
   Goddess of, 4860  
   Influence of, 11332

- Reason, Presumption of, 11333  
 Region of, 4862  
 Scope of, 4863  
 Triumph Over, 4864  
 Weakness of, 4861, 4865  
 Rebecca, Curse of, 3831, 6025  
 Parting with Jacob, \*3922  
 Rebellion, Human, 11334  
 Rebels, Proclamation to, 4710  
 Rebuke, Effectual, 11335  
 Reciprocity, Example of, 11336  
 Proverbs, 4866  
 Recklessness, Proverbs, 4867  
 Recognition, Basis of, 11337  
 Hope of, \*2626, 4868  
 Instinctive, 4870  
 Vision of, \*2627  
 Reconciliation, Comfort of, 4872  
 Defined, 4873  
 Example of, 11338  
 Need of, 4874, 11339  
 Parental, \*2628  
 Through Christ, 4871  
 Record, Life's, 11340  
 Universal, 4875  
 Recovery, Method of, 4876  
 Recreation, Benefit of, 4877, 11341  
 Need of, 4878  
 Royal, 11342  
 Redemption, Accepted, \*2629  
 Complete, \*2630  
 Condition of, \*2631  
 Cost of, 4879  
 Council for, \*2632  
 Experienced, 4881, 11343  
 Explained, 4882  
 Gratitude for, 4883  
 Illustration of, 4880, 4884  
 Joy of, 11344  
 Light of, 11345  
 Ownership by, 11347  
 Plan of, 4885  
 Prefigured, 11346  
 Slighted, 4886  
 Theatre of, 4887  
 Wonder of, 11348  
 Yearning for, 4888  
 Red Sea, Forward Through the, \*3923  
 Passage of the, \*3924, \*3927  
 Song at the, \*3928  
 Refinement, Basis of, 4889  
 Unnatural, 4890  
 Reflection, Art of, 11349  
 Spiritual, 11350  
 Wise, 4891  
 Reform, Abhorrence of, 11351  
 Beginning of, 11352  
 Consistent, \*2633  
 Course of, \*2634  
 Godliness, 4892  
 Method of, 4893  
 Need of, 11353  
 Partial, 4894  
 Personal, 4895  
 Progress of, 4896  
 Religion and, 11354  
 Reformation, Crisis of the, 11355  
 External, 11356  
 Refuge, Accessible, 4897  
 Christ a, 11357  
 Cities of, 4898  
 Refuge, Heathen, 11358  
 Refusing, 11359  
 Sinner's, \*2635  
 Where is? 11360  
 Regeneration, Definition of, 4899  
 Effect of, 4900, 4908, 11361  
 Emblems of, 4901  
 Feigned, 11362  
 Miracle of, 4902  
 Nature of, 4903  
 Necessity of, 4904, 11363  
 Purification in, 4905  
 Real, 4906  
 Reformation and, 4907  
 Regrets, Fruitless, 11364  
 Regulus' Resolution, 5001  
 Reid, Wm., Ready for Duty, 1687  
 Reign of Terror, 5674  
 Rejoicing, Christian, 4909  
 Daily, 4910  
 Occasions for, \*2636  
 Relief, Promised, 4911  
 Religion, Advantage of, 4912, 4951, 11368  
 Advised, 4913  
 Argument for, 11365  
 Artificial, 4914, 4930  
 Ashamed of, 4915  
 Asylum of, 11366  
 Beginning of, 4916  
 Bequeathing, 11367  
 Blessings of, 4917  
 Brevities, 4918  
 Ceremonies of, 4919  
 Child's, 4920  
 Comprehensiveness of, \*2637  
 Conscience in, 4921  
 Consolation of, 4922  
 Constrained, 4923  
 Defaming, 11369  
 Devotees of, 11370  
 Difficulties, 11371, 4924  
 Double Mind in, 4925  
 Enjoyment of, 4926  
 Ennobling, 4927  
 Espousing, 11373  
 Extent of, 4928  
 Faith in, \*2638  
 False and True, 4929  
 Force of, 11374  
 Freedom of, 4931  
 Gifts for, 11375  
 Growth in, \*2639  
 Half-Way, 11376  
 Healthfulness of, 4932  
 Honorary, 11377  
 Importance of, \*2640, 11378  
 Indecision in, 4933  
 Influence of, 4934, 11372  
 Joys of, \*2641  
 Living, 4935  
 Man Without, 11379  
 Method in, 11380  
 Mixture of, 11381  
 Mystery of, \*2642  
 Necessity of, 4936  
 Neutrality in, 4937  
 Nobility of, \*2643  
 Occasional, 4939, 11386  
 Ordeal of, 4938  
 Plainness of, \*2644  
 Power of, 4940

- Religion, Price of, 11382  
   Proxy, 4941  
   Rejecting, 4942  
   Rekindled, 11383  
   Riches and, 11384  
   Romish, 11385  
   Self-Commending, 4943  
   Self Denial in, 4944  
   Sinister Motives in, 4945  
   Spirit of, 4946  
   Standard of, 4947  
   Strength of, 4948  
   Sunday, 4949  
   Tasting, 4950  
   Test of, 4952, 11387  
   Transformation by, 11388  
   Treasure in, 4953  
   True, 11389  
   Valuing, 4954  
   Variety in, 4955  
   Walk in, 4956  
 Rembrandt, Progress of, 6114  
 Remembrance, Book of, \*2645  
   Proper Use of, 11390  
 Remorse, Beginning of, 11391  
   Described, 11393  
   Effect of, 4957  
   Example of, 4958  
   Fever of, \*2647  
   Fruitless, \*2648  
   Grounds of, \*2649, 11395  
   in Death, 11392  
   Murderer, \*2646  
   Power of, 11396  
   Stings of, 11397  
   Torments of, 4959, 4960  
   Unendurable, 11398  
   Warning, 4961  
 Renown, Ephemeral, \*2650  
 Renwick, J., Martyr, 12162  
 Repentance, Amendment in, 4962  
   Analogy of, 11399  
   Blessing of, \*2651  
   Brevities, 4963  
   Calls to, 4964  
   Ceaseless, 11400  
   Change in, 4965  
   Consecration with, 4966  
   Daily, 4967  
   Death-Bed, 11401, 11402  
   Delaying, 4968, 11403  
   Delight of, 4969  
   Duty of, 4976  
   Early, 11404  
   Easy, 4970  
   Exhortation to, 11405  
   Fable of, 11406  
   Faith and, 11407  
   Fickle, 4971  
   Forced, 11408  
   Fruits of, \*2652, 4972  
   Humility of, \*2653  
   in Sickness, 4979  
   Late, 4973  
   Method of, 11409  
   Persuasive to, 4974  
   Peter's, 11410  
   Plea of, 4975  
   Preaching, 11411  
   Public, 11412  
   Reception of, 4977  
   Repentance, Refusal of, 4978  
   Self-Condemnation of, 11413  
   Sincere, 4980  
   Thorough, 4981  
   True, 11414  
   Universal, 4982  
   Waiting for, 11415  
   Repetition, Advantage of, 11416  
   Use of, 11417  
   Reprieve, Almost Too Late, 4983  
   Reception of a, 11418  
   Reprobate, Emblem of the, 4984  
   Fate of the, 4985  
   Reproof, Benefit of, 4986, 4987  
   Discretion in, 4988, 4994, 11419  
   Hating, 4989  
   Misplaced, 11420  
   Necessity of, 4990, 4991, 4993  
   Penalty for, 11421  
   Receiving, 4992  
   Where to Begin, 11422  
   Republic, Advantages of a, 11424  
   Permanence of a, 11423  
   Repulse, Bearing, 11425  
   Reputation, Benefits of, 11426  
   Good, 11427  
   Guarding, \*2654  
   Proverbs, 4995  
   Symbol of, 11428  
   Rescue, Marvellous, 4996, 11429  
   Sinner's, 11440  
   Resentment, Law of, \*2655  
   Resignation, \*227  
   Cause for, \*2656  
   Christian, \*2657, 11431  
   Example of, 4997, 11432  
   Light of, 11433  
   Perfect, 4998  
   Prayer and, 4999, 11434  
   Reason for, \*2658  
   Resolution, Christian, 5000  
   Example of, 11435  
   Power of, 5001  
   Successful, 11436  
   Resolutions, Transient, 5002, 5003  
   Respect, Personal, 11437  
   Preservation of, 11438  
   Respiration, Process of, 11439  
   Responsibility, Ground of, \*2659  
   Individual, 5004, 11440  
   Moral, 11441  
   Necessity of, 11442  
   Recognized, 5005  
   Unavoidable, 5006  
   Universal, 5007  
   Rest, Absence of, 5008  
   Brevities, 5009  
   City of, \*2660  
   Condition of, 5011  
   Disturbance of, 11443  
   Emblem of, 11444  
   Happiness in, 11445  
   Heavenly, 2661, 5012, 5013  
   Hymn of, \*2662  
   in Christ, 5010  
   Industrious, 11446  
   Motto of, 11447  
   Not on Earth, 5016  
   Places of, 11448  
   Pursuit of, 11449  
   Safe, 11450

- Rest, Search for, \*2663, 5017  
 Soul, \*2664  
 True, \*2665
- Restitution, Examples, 5018  
 Exemplary, 11451  
 Necessity of, 5019  
 Substitutionary, 5020  
 Tardy, 5021  
 Test, 5022
- Restlessness, Wandering Jew's, \*2666
- Restoration, Glory of, 11452
- Restraint, Fatal, 5023  
 Type of, 11453
- Results, Expected, 5024
- Resurrection, Analogies of the, \*2667, 5025, 5026  
 Astonishment at the, 5027  
 Biblical Figures of the, 11454  
 Christ's, \*3929, \*3930, 11468, 11469, 11470  
 Credibility of the, 5028  
 Death and, 5030  
 Description of the, \*2668  
 Emblems of the, \*2669, 5031, 11456  
 Faith in the, 5032  
 First Fruits of the, 11457  
 Germ of the, 5033  
 Harvest of the, 5034  
 Heathen Ideas of the, 5035  
 Identity in the, 11458  
 Joy of the, 5036  
 Legend of, 5037  
 Marvel of the, 5038  
 Memento of the, 11459  
 Method of the, 11460  
 No Deformities in the, 11461  
 None Forgotten in the, 11462  
 Obstructing the, 11463  
 Paul Preaching the, \*3931  
 Personal, 5039  
 Possibility of, 11464  
 Power in the, 5040  
 Preventing the, 11465  
 Promise of, 11466  
 Recognition in the, \*2670, 5041  
 Reconstruction of the, \*2671  
 Second, \*2672  
 Similes of the, 5042  
 Suggestions of the, 11467  
 to Damnation, 5029  
 Transformations at the, \*2673  
 Type of the, 5043
- Retaliation, Example of, 5044  
 Legal, 11471  
 Legend of, 5045  
 Synonym for, 11472
- Retirement, Advised, 5046  
 Causes of, \*2674  
 Examples of, 5047
- Retreat, Impossible, 5048  
 Preventing, 5049, 11473
- Retribution, Call for, 11474  
 Emblem of, 11475  
 Examples of, 5050, 5051, 5054, 11476  
 Fable of, 11477  
 Fact of, \*2675  
 Instrument of, 11478  
 Law of, 11479  
 Nature's, \*2676  
 Peculiar, 5052  
 Social, 5053  
 Swift, 11480, 11481
- Retrospection, Effect of, 11482
- Retrospection, Hours of, \*2677
- Retsch's Blessing of Demons, 423
- Reunion Above, \*2678, \*2679  
 Providential, 11483  
 Unexpected, 11484
- Revelation, Light of, 5055  
 Needed, 5056, 11485
- Revenge, Bloody, 11486  
 Characterized, 11487  
 Determined, 5057  
 Disgrace of, \*2680  
 Heathen, 11489  
 Implication of, 5058  
 Light of, \*2681  
 Meanness of, 5059  
 Noble, 5060  
 Pleasure of, 5061  
 Prevented, 11490  
 Punishment of, 5062  
 Right, 5063  
 True, 11491
- Reverence, Christian, 5064  
 Decay of, 5065  
 Example of, 5066
- Revival, Streams of, 11497
- Revivals, Agents of, 5067  
 Aim for, 5068, 11492  
 Anxiety for, 5069  
 Beginning of, 5070  
 Constant, 5071, 11495  
 Decision in, 5072  
 Description of, 5073  
 Effects of, 5074, 5077, 5078  
 Necessity of, 11494  
 Prayer for, 5075, 5076  
 Secret of, 11496  
 Waiting for, 5079
- Reward, Certain, 5080  
 Divine, 5081  
 Emblem of, 5082  
 Expectation of, 11498  
 Greatness of God's, 11499  
 Immediate, 11500  
 Penalty and, 11501  
 Time of, 5084, 5085  
 Title to, 5086  
 Unexpected, 11502
- Rewards, Equality of, 5083
- Reynolds, Sir J., Anec., 3447, 4006, 11157
- Rhinal, Capture of, 5600
- Rice, Gen., Death of, 229
- Riceto Refuses Concession, 7912
- Rich, Exposure of the, 5087  
 Neglecting the, 5088  
 Poverty of the, 11503  
 Simile of the, 5089  
 Isaac, Success of, 6970  
 Man and Lazarus, \*3932
- Richard I., Anec., 951, 7675
- III. Remorse of, 8151, 11394
- Richelieu, Anec., 2310, 3432, 11739
- Riches, Abused, 5090  
 Better than, 5061  
 Biblical Figures of, 11504  
 Burden of, 5092  
 Contented without, 11505  
 Danger of, 5093, 5100  
 Despising, 11506  
 Fatal, 5096  
 Fear of, 5097  
 Fleeting, 5098, 11503

- Riches for Jesus, 5101  
 Gathering and Scattering, 11509  
 Haste for, 11510  
 Heavenly, 11511  
 Inconstancy of, 5094, 11512  
 Living for, 5102  
 Loss of, 5103  
 Love of, 5104  
 Marrying for, 11513  
 Mental, \*2682  
 of the Wicked, 5111  
 Passion for, 11514  
 Road to, 5105  
 Rules for, 5106  
 Safe Growth of, 11515  
 Snares of, 11516  
 Standard of, 5095, 5107  
 Torment of, 5108  
 Unsatisfactory, 5099, 5109, 11507, 11517  
 Use of, 11518  
 Vanity of, 5110  
 Worshipping, 11519  
 Richmond, Leigh, 7783  
 Ridicule, Answer to, \*2684  
 Bearing, 5112, 5113  
 Purpose of, \*2685  
 Result of, 5114  
 Ridley, Anec., 204, 1749, 5230  
 Right, Choice of, 5115  
 Decision of, 5116  
 Departure from, 11520  
 Importance of, 5117  
 is Might, 11521  
 Majority of, 5118  
 Must Win, \*3933  
 Trust in God and Do, \*3934  
 Universality of, 11522  
 Vindication of, \*2687  
 Righteous, Death of the, 11523  
 Hope of the, \*2688  
 Righteousness, Garment of, 11524  
 Human, 5119, 11525  
 Imputed, 5120  
 Provision of, 5121  
 Required, 5122  
 Robe of, 11526  
 Self, \*2689  
 Sun of, 11527  
 Rigo Painting a Nubian, 3158  
 Rinaldo Ensnared, 1507  
 Rittenhouse, Discoveries of, 427, 2717, 11605  
 Ritualism Unchristian, 11528  
 Rîzpah, \*3935-3939  
 Robert de la Mark's Offering, 5199  
 Robes, Bridal, \*3940  
 Robespierre, Anec., 2830, 3322  
 Rocco's Preaching, 4608  
 Rochelle Provisioned, 4788  
 Rock and Sand, \*3941  
 Building on the, 5123, 5124, 5125, 11529, 11531  
 Our, 11530  
 Repairing to the, \*2690  
 Streams from the, \*3942  
 of Ages, \*2691  
 Rod, Kissing the, 11532  
 Rogues, City of, 11533  
 Romaine, Death of, 537, 7763  
 Romanism, Apostasy of, 5126  
 Confessional of, 7400  
 Conversion from, 11534  
 Priests of, 5127  
 Romanism, Unscriptural, 11535  
 Rome, City, Anec., 8294, 9669, 9734  
 Romulus, Reported Ascension of, 6574  
 Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley, \*3943  
 Rossini, Satiety of, 2859  
 Rothschild, Anec., 5513, 5995, 6319, 9593  
 Rousseau, Conceit of, 9880, 10244  
 Rowe, Mrs. E., Death of, 1771  
 Rubicon, Crossing the, 1395, 11536  
 Rudeness, Folly of, 11537  
 Prohibited, 11533  
 Rufinus, Anec., 3243, 8340  
 Rufus' Shield, 3243  
 Ruggles, Prof., Rescue of, 1929  
 Ruler, Faith of the, \*3944  
 Ruler's Daughter, \*3945, \*3946  
 Rules, Advantage of, \*2692  
 Rum, Attendant of, 11540  
 Rumor, Danger of, \*2694  
 Growth of, \*2695  
 Rumseller, Anec., 6971  
 Criminality of the, \*2693, 11541  
 Rupea Castelia, 1742  
 Rupert and Randall, 3303  
 Rush, Dr., on Theatre-going, 11953  
 Russell, Lord, Execution of, 1960  
 Russia, Liberty for the Serfs of, 8847  
 Rusticus and Caesar, 8314  
 Ruth, \*3947, \*3948, \*3949  
 and Naomi, \*3950  
 Devotion of, \*3951  
 Resolution of, \*3952  
 Rutherford, Anec., 1311, 1714, 1760, 4636, 4693  
 Saadi, 91, 8624  
 Sabat, Misery of, 250  
 Sabbath, Advantage of, 5128  
 American, 11542  
 and the Church, 5132  
 Benefit of, \*2696, 5129  
 Blessings, 5130  
 Desecration of, 11544  
 Emblem of the, 11545  
 Figures of, \*2697  
 Forgetting, 5133  
 Good Deeds on, 5134  
 Import of, \*2698  
 Light of, 5135  
 Observance of, \*2699, 5136, 11543  
 Parable of, 5137  
 Rest of, \*2700  
 Tested, 5138, 5139  
 Universality of, 5140  
 World Without, 5141  
 Sabbath-Breaker's Heaven, 11548  
 Sabbath-Breaking, Influence of, 5144, 11549  
 End of, 5142, 11547  
 Evils of, 5131, 5143  
 Legend of, 11551  
 Rebuked, 5145  
 Sabbaths, Threefold, \*2701  
 Sacrament, A Memorial, 5147  
 Legend of the, 5146  
 Preparation for the, 5148  
 Price of the, 5149  
 Reconciliation Before the, 11552  
 Unworthy of the, 5150  
 Sacred Battalion, 7292  
 Sacrifice, A Mother's, 11555  
 Attractions of, 5151  
 Beneficial, 11553



- Sacrifice, Christ's, 5152  
   Glory of, \*2702  
   History of, 5153  
   Loyal, 11554  
   Necessity for, 11556  
   Patriotic, 11557  
   Prevalence of, 11558  
   Principle of, 5154  
   Vain, 5155  
   Work not, 11559  
 Sacrilege, Punishment of, 11560  
 Safety, in Omniscience, 5157  
   of Believers, 5156, 11561  
   Under the Cross, 5158  
 Sailor, The Christian, \*2703  
 Saints, Authority for, 5159  
   Company of, 11562  
   Comparisons of, 5160  
   False, 5165  
   Faults of, 5161  
   God's Jewels, 5162  
   Imitation of, 11563  
   in the World, 5164  
   Worship of, 11564  
 Sainthood, Reward of, \*2704  
 Saladin's Shroud, 2474  
 Salmasius' Regret, 7857  
 Salome, \*3953  
 Salvation, a Gift, 5175  
   a Life-Boat, 11572  
   Altar of, 5167  
   Anxiety for, 11565  
   Attainable, 5163  
   by a Testament, 5186  
   by Faith and Grace, 5172  
   Common, 5169  
   Condition of, 11566  
   Co-operation in, 11567  
   Earnestness for, 11568  
   Experience of, 5171  
   False Ways of, 11569  
   First, 11570  
   Fountain of, \*2705  
   Free, 5174  
   from Fire, 5173  
   Instantaneous, 5176  
   Interest in, 11571  
   Joy at, 5177  
   Method of, 11573  
   Neglected, 5178  
   Neglecting, 5179, 11574  
   not by Works, 5187  
   not Compulsory, 5170  
   Only Way of, \*2708, 11575  
   Plan of, 5180  
   Possible, 5181  
   Power of, 5182  
   Prayer for, \*2706  
   Proclamation of, \*2707  
   Quest of, 11576  
   Safety of, 5183  
   Selling, 5184  
   Simplicity of, 5185  
   Tidings of, 11577  
   Unlimited, 5166, 11578  
   Uttermost, 11579  
 Samaria, The Woman of, \*3954  
 Samaritan, The Good, \*3955, \*3957  
 Samson, Antitype of, \*3958  
   Death of, \*3959, \*3960, \*3961  
   Imprisoned, \*3962  
   Lament of, \*3963  
   Riddle of, \*3964  
 Samuel, \*3965 \*3977  
   Call of, \*3966  
   Death of, \*3967  
   Ministry of, \*3968  
   Obedience of, \*3969  
 Sanctification, Influence of, 11580  
   Instantaneous, 11581  
   Internal, 5188  
   Nature of, 5189  
   Preserving, 5190  
   Process of, 5191  
 Sandalphon, \*2005  
 Sapphires and Niecephoras, 8808  
 Sardanapalus, 8302  
 Sardis, Fate of, 11582  
 Satan, Arts of, 11583  
   Complimenting, 5192  
   Delusion of, \*2709  
   Distinguishing, 5193  
   Enmity of, 11584  
   Exposed, 5194  
   Food of, 5195  
   Give no Advantage to, 11585  
   Misrepresented, 5196  
   Overcome, 5197  
   Power of, \*2710  
   Promises of, 5193  
   Rage of, 5200  
   Snares of, \*2711  
   Statue of, 11586  
   Subtlety of, 5199, 11587  
   Ubiquity of, 11588  
   Wiles of, 11589  
 Satiety, Byron's, \*2712  
   Confession of, 11590  
   Emblem of, \*2713  
   Example of, 5202, 11591  
 Satisfaction, Example of, 5203  
 Satisfied, \*3970, \*3971, 5204  
 Saturn's Cruelty, 70  
 Saul, Effect of Music Upon, \*3972  
   Farewell of, \*3973  
   and Jonathan, Death of, \*3974, \*3975  
   and Jonathan, Lament of David Over, \*3976  
 Saved, Abel the First, \*3075, \*3977  
   First, \*3075, 11592  
 Saviour, Examples of, 5205, 11593  
   Fleeing to the, \*2714  
   Hymn to the, \*3978  
   Love of the, 5206  
   Omnipresence of the, 11594  
   Praising the, 11595  
   Remembering the, 11596  
 Scaliger's Memory, 10472  
 Scandal, Crime of, \*2715  
   Fable of, 5207  
   Formula of, 5203  
   Influence of, 11597  
   Legend of, 5209  
   No Recalling, 11598  
   Thoroughfare of, 11599  
 Scape-Goat, Custom of, 11600  
   The, \*3979  
 Scars, Honorable, 11601  
 Scepticism, Modern, 5210  
   Reason for, 5211  
 Sceptics, Controversies with 11602  
   Reasons of, 11603  
 Schemes, Advice, 11604

- Schiller's Nobility, 4139  
 Scholar, Dull, 5212  
 School, Fruits of, \*2716  
 Schwartz's Battery, 3672  
 Science, an Agent, 5213  
   Biblical, 5214  
   Discoveries of, \*2717  
   Godless, 5215  
   Joy of, 11605  
   Stability of, \*2718  
 Scipio, Anec., 4550, 8027, 8874, 10914  
 Scoffer, Judgment on a, 11606  
   Rebuked, 11607  
   Silenced, 5217  
 Scoffers, Overruled, 5218  
   Prophecy of, 11608  
 Scoffs, Expected, 5219  
 Scold, Enduring a, 5220  
 Scolding, Perpetuation of, 11609  
 Scolds, Treatment for, 5221  
 Scorn, Bearing, 5222  
 Scorner, Addressed, 5223  
 Scorpion, Poison of the, 11610  
 Scotch Education, 8290  
 Scott, Sir W., Anec., 377, 4036, 4296, 6920, 8474, 9297  
 Scripture, Anachronisms in, 11611  
   Comments on, 11612  
   False, 5227  
   Frame-Work of, 11613  
   Freshness of, 11614  
   Misuse of, 11615  
   Profit of, 5230  
 Scriptures, Comparisons of, 5225  
   Contents of, \*2719  
   Influence of, \*2720, 5226, 5228  
   Memorizing, 5229  
   Power of, 11617  
   Reading, 5231  
   Search, 5232  
   Study of, 5233  
   Sublimity of, 5234  
   The Adaptation of, 5224  
   Treasures of, 2721, 5235, 11610  
   Unchained, \*2722  
   Using, \*2723  
 Sea, Authority over the, 11618  
   Lesson of the, \*2724  
   Moral of the, \*2725  
   Ships at, \*3980  
   Treasures of the, \*2726  
   Voice of the, \*2727  
   Walking on the, \*3981  
 Seal, The Sixth, \*3982  
   Use of the, 11620  
   Season, Word in, 11621  
 Seasons, Hymn of the, \*2728  
 Sea-Voyage, Lesson from a, 11619  
 Sebald's, St., Fire, 3072  
 Secret, Sins in, 5237  
 Secrets, Keep Thy, \*2729, 5236  
   Undesirable, 11622  
 Sects, Folly of, 5238  
   None in Heaven, 11623  
   Unity of the, \*2730  
 Security, Christian, 5239  
   Emblem of, 5240  
   False, 11265, 11624  
 Seed, Analogy of, 5241  
   Fruitful, 11626  
   Random, 11627  
   Scattering, 11628  
   Self-Sowing, 11629  
   Treatment of the, 11630  
   Wayside, 5242  
 Seeking Christ, Condition of, 5243  
   Confident, 5244  
   Earnestly, 5245  
   Result of, 5246  
 Seeking, Time for, 11631  
 Selden's Comfort, 7332  
 Self, Danger of, 11632  
   Death of, 5247  
   Idolatry of, 11633  
   Ignore, \*2731  
   King of, \*2732  
   Loss of, \*2733  
   Slaves to, 5249  
   Victory Over, 3248, 5250  
 Self-Complacence, Examples of, 5251  
   Fable of, 5252  
 Self-Conceit, Example of, 11634  
 Self-Control, Absence of, 11635  
   Brevities, 5253  
   Importance of, 5254  
   Philosophic, 11636  
 Self-Deception, Fatal, 5255  
 Self-Denial, Gain of, \*2734  
   Heroic, 5256  
   Necessity for, 5257  
 Self-Esteem, Danger of, \*2735  
   Rebuke to, 11637  
 Self-Examination, Daily, 5258  
   Fearing, 11639  
   Method of, 11640  
   Necessity of, 11641  
   Standard for, 11642  
   True, 5259  
   Use of, 5260, 11643  
 Self-Forgetfulness, Philanthropic, 5261  
 Self-Government, Difficulty of, 5262  
 Self-Importance, Rebuke of, 11644  
 Selfishness, Abandoning, 5263  
   Common, 5264, 11645  
   Contrast of, 5265  
   Cultivating, 5266  
   Parsimonious, \*2736  
   Proof of, 5267  
   Punished, 11646  
   Reproof of, \*2737  
   Unhappiness of, 11647  
 Self-Knowledge, Importance of, 5268  
   Pursuit of, \*2738  
 Self-Love, Crime of, 11648  
   True, \*2739  
 Self-Murder, Danger of, 5269  
   Penalty of, 5270  
 Self-Reformation, Duty of, 11649  
 Self-Respect, Importance of, 11650  
 Self-Righteousness, Fatal, 5271, 11651  
   Folly of, 5272  
   Work of, 5273  
 Self-Sacrifice, Rewarded, 5274  
 Self Seekers, Reward of, 11652  
 Self-Sufficiency, Influence of, 5275  
 Self-Will, Fruits of, 5276  
   Idolatry, 5277  
 Semiramis, Anec., 7605, 9848  
 Seneca, Anec., 428, 6457, 7389, 7439, 10476, 10639

- Seneh and Bozez, 943  
 Sennacherib, Destruction of, \*2934, \*3983  
   in Hades, \*3984  
 Sense, Carnal, 5278  
   Organs of, 5279  
   Want of, 11653  
 Sensibility, Description of, 8740  
   Fine, 5280  
 Separation, Example of, 11654  
   from the World, 5281  
   The Final, \*2741  
 Seriousness, Reasons for, 11655  
 Sermons, Brilliant, 11656, 11659  
   Done, 11657  
   Effective, 11658  
   Helps to, 11660  
   Length of, 11661  
   Making, 5282, 11662  
   Materials for, 11663  
   Preparation of, 11664  
   Providential, 11665  
   Reading, 5283, 11666  
   Repeating, 5284, 11667  
   Short, 5285  
   Successful, 11668  
   Test of, 5286  
   Writing, 5287  
 Servant, A Devout, 11669  
 Service, Ceaseless, 11670  
   Constant, 5288  
   Heartless, 5289  
   Honor of, 11671  
   Selfish, 5290  
   Sinister, 5291  
 Sesostris, Anec., 2562, 8255  
 Severus, Emp., Anec., 4280, 4686, 5303  
   St., Anec., 7794, 12247  
 Sextus, M., and His Neighbor, 10722  
   P., Anec., 5258, 7590, 8368  
 Shadford's Death, 1761  
 Shadow, Measuring Time by the, 11672  
 Shadrack, Mesheck, Abednego, \*3985, 8743  
 Shakespeare, Anec., 2716, 7991  
 Shame, Allegory of, 11673  
 Shams, Popular, 11674  
 Shapon's Sacrifice, 5154  
 Sharon, The Rose of, \*3986  
 Sheaves, Ungarnered, \*3987  
 Sheba, Queen of, \*3988  
 Sheep, The Lost, 5292, 11675  
 Sheffer's "Temptation of the Lord," 5196  
 Shepherd, Faithful, 11676  
   Good, \*3989  
   Jesus our, \*2742  
   Voice of the, \*3990, 11677  
 Sheridan, Anec., 2182, 7848, 9874  
   The Orator, 11436  
 Sherman, R., Integrity of, 579  
 Shiloh. Songs of, 5411  
 Ships at Sea, \*1873  
 Shoes, Oriental Custom, 11678  
 Shroud, A Moslem's, \*2744  
 Shunamite, The, \*3991, \*3992  
 Shunamite's Haste, 7941  
 Sick, Exposure of the, 11679  
   Healing the, 11680  
 Sickness, Admonition of, 11681  
   a Reminder, 5299  
   Benefit of, 5293  
   Chamber of, 11682  
   Deceitfulness of, 5294  
   Sickness, Fatal, \*2745  
   Joy in, 11683  
   Patience in, 5296  
   Proverbs, 5298  
   Recovery from, 11684  
   School of, \*2746, 5295  
   Submission in, 5300  
   Use of, 5301  
   Vows in, \*2747, 5297  
 Sidney, Sir P., Anec., 1406, 2179, 5261, 9649,  
   12189  
 Sight, Danger of, 11685  
   Recovery of, 11686  
   Restored, \*3993  
   Superiority of, 11687  
 Sigismund, Anec., 4979, 5954, 6889, 8756  
 Silence, Amendment by, 5302  
   Bad, 11688  
   Compulsory, 11689  
   Divine, \*3748  
   Wise, \*2749  
 Silliman and Pres. Dwight, 5387  
 Siloam, \*3994  
   Fountain of, \*2750  
   The Pool of, \*3995  
   Village of, \*3996  
 Silver, The Lost Piece of, \*3997  
 Simeon and the Infant Christ, \*3998  
   Rev. C., Anec., 76, 1831, 1785, 1792, 4116,  
   6628, 7098, 7613, 7639, 9288, 9611  
 Simon, the Cyrenian, \*3999  
 Simonides, Anec., 2511, 10307  
 Simplicity, Want of, 5304  
 Simpson, Bp., Anec., 8614, 10091  
   Dr., 7200, 8225  
 Sin, Allurements of, 5306  
   Alternative of, 5307  
   a Quicksand, 5341  
   Ashamed of, 11692  
   as Master, 5333  
   a Whirlpool, 11724  
   Beginning of, \*2751, 11693  
   Besetting, 5308  
   Burden of, 11694  
   by Proxy, 11711  
   Contagion of, 11695  
   Curse of, 5309  
   Curse upon, \*2752, 5310  
   Cutting off the Hand of, 11696  
   Danger of, 11697  
   Death in, 5311  
   Death of, 5312  
   Deceitfulness of, 5313, 5314  
   Defending, 11698  
   Description of, 11699  
   Destructive, 5315  
   Detection of, 5316  
   Effects, 5317  
   Emblem of, 5318  
   Evils of, \*2753, 5343  
   Fear of, 11700  
   First, 5319  
   Fleeing from, 5320  
   Given Up to, 5321  
   Grooves of, 11701  
   Growth of, 5322, 11702, 11705  
   Habits of, 5323  
   Hardening Effects of, 11703  
   Hatred of, 5324, 11704  
   Immortality of, 5326  
   Impressions of, 5327

- Sin, Indestructibility of, 5328  
   Indulgence in, 5329  
   Insidiousness of, 11706  
   Inward, 5330  
   Love of, 5331  
   Masked, 5332  
   Memorial of, 5334  
   Multiplication of, 5335  
   One, 5336  
   or Affliction, 5305  
   Origin of, 11707  
   Overcoming, 11708  
   Pleasures of, 5337  
   Poison of, 5338, 11709  
   Pollution of, 11710  
   Portion of, 5339  
   Presumption in, 5340  
   Rebound of, 5342  
   Rebuke of, 11713  
   Regarding, 5343  
   Relief from, 11714  
   Remorse of, 5344  
   Revelation of, 11715  
   Review of, 11716  
   Service of, 5345  
   Snares of, \*2754, 5346, 11717  
   Stain of, 11718  
   Striving Against, 5347  
   Torture of, 11719  
   Trifling, 5349  
   Universal, 5350  
   Unpardonable, 11720  
   Vengeance Upon, 11721  
   Views of, 5331  
   War Upon, 11722  
   Washed Away, 11723  
   Watching Against, 5352  
   Wounds of, 11725  
 Sinbad's Shipwreck, 6176  
 Sincerity, Defined, 11726  
   Importance of, 11727  
   Misguided, 5353  
 Singing, Benefits of, 11728  
   Congregational, 5354  
 Singularity, Cause of, 5355  
 Sinner, Addressed, 5356, 11729  
   Advised, 5357  
   Call to the, \*2755  
   Contrast to the, 11730  
   Conviction of the, 5358  
   Doom of the, \*2756  
   Indifferent, 5359  
   Position of, 5360  
   Reception of, 5361  
   Repentance of, 5362  
   The Lost, \*2757  
 Sinners, Asleep, 5363  
   Blindness of, 11731  
   Carelessness of, 5364  
   Comparisons of, 5365  
   Excuse of, 5366  
   Exposure of, 11732  
   Following, 11733  
   Hope for, 11734  
   Punishment of, 5367, 11712  
   Waiting for, 5368  
 Sin-Offering, Christ our, 11735  
 Sins, Danger of Small, 5349, 11736, 11739  
   Forgotten, 11737  
   Magnitude of, 11738  
   Secret, 5325, 11740  
 Sirens, Ulysses and the, 110  
 Sisera, \*4000  
   Death of, \*4001  
 Sisocs, Ance., 6674, 9499  
 Sisyphus, 2941  
 Sky, Cup of the, \*2758  
 Slander, Bearing, 5369, 11741  
   Description of, 5370  
   Envious, 5371  
   Exposure to, \*2759  
   Improved, 5372  
   Listening to, 5373  
   Methods of, \*2760  
   Passion for, \*2761  
   Poisonous, 5374  
   Punishment of, 11742  
   Recorded, 5375  
   Sharpness of, 11743  
   Spirit of, \*2762  
   Symbol of, 11744  
   Treatment of, \*2763  
 Slavery, Abolition of, 11745  
   Inhumanity of, \*2764  
   Moral, 5376  
   Remorse for, 5377  
 Sleep, Boon of, 11746  
   Characteristic, 11747  
   Conditions of, \*2765  
   Death's, \*2766  
   Description of, 5378  
   Gift of, \*2767  
   Guardian of, 5379  
   Inopportune, 5380  
   Murdered, \*2769  
   Neglected, 5381  
   Peace in, \*2770  
   Pleasures of, 5382  
   Preparation for, \*2768, 5383  
   Providence in, 5384  
   Repair in \*2771, 5385  
   Subjects of, \*2772  
   Tradition of, 11748  
   Unusual, 5386  
 Sloth, Spiritual, 11749  
 Sluggard, Portrait of the, \*2773  
 Small Beginnings, Examples of, 5387  
 Small Sins, Effect of, 11750  
 Small Things, Development of, 5389  
   God in, 5391  
   Importance of, 5388, 5392  
   Influence of, 5390, 5393  
   Make Life, 5394  
   Perfection by, 11751  
   Pivotal, 5395  
 Smile, Defined, 5396  
   Effect of a, 11752  
 Smiles, Qualities of, 5397  
   Villain, 5398  
 Smith, Normand, 6965  
   Rev. John, Ance., 2576, 5454, 5462  
   Sydney, 10024  
 Smiting the Rock in Kadesh, \*4002  
 Smoking, Abandoning, 11753  
   Beware of, 5399  
   Incident of, 5400  
   Flax and Bruised Reed, \*4003  
 Smollett and the Beggar, 3020  
 Snares, Escaping from, 11754  
 Sneering, Import of, 11755  
 Snow, Voice of the, 11756  
 Sobriety, Scriptural, 5401

- Society, Benefit of, \*2774  
   Changes of, 11757  
   Choosing, \*2775, 5404  
   Demands of, 5402  
   Proverbs, 5403  
   Restraints of, 11758  
 Socrates, Anec., 140, 544, 672, 680, 1863, 2006,  
   2340, 3437, 3898, 4194, 4207, 4380, 4687,  
   5220, 6038, 6400, 6509, 6955, 7093, 7191,  
   7835, 8829, 8830, 8871, 9687, 9784, 9786,  
   10639, 10641  
 Sodom, \*4004  
   Destruction of, \*2776, 8669  
   Doom, \*4005  
 Soldier, Conversion of a, 5405  
   Dirge for a, \*2778  
   Face of the, 11759  
 Soldiers, Christian, \*411, \*425, \*2777, 5406  
   Christ's, 11760  
   Dandy, 5407  
   Praying, 5408  
   Reliable, 11761  
   Religious, 11762  
 Solitude, and Society, 5410  
   Disadvantages of, 11763  
   Happiness in, 11764  
   Human, \*2779  
   Pleasures of, \*2780, 5409  
   Sins of, 11765  
 Solomon, and the Lily, \*4006  
   Antitype of, \*4007  
   Apostasy of, 6540  
   Experience of, 8526, 11766  
   Gardens of, 7444  
   Glory of, \*4008  
   Greater than, 3348  
   Intercession of, \*4009  
   Legend, 2495, 3414  
 Solon and Cræsus, 1804, 6014  
 Son, Correcting a, 5411  
   Training a, \*2781  
 Song of Seventy, \*2414  
   of Sixteen, \*3057  
 Songs in the Night, 5413  
   on the Battlefield, 5412  
   Quieting, \*2782  
 Sophocles, Anec., 7802, 7870, 10031  
 Sophronius' Lesson, 1985  
 Sorrow, Benefit of, \*2783, 11767  
   Chariot of, 11768  
   Comfort in, 5414  
   Compensation of, 5415  
   Cup of, \*2784  
   Discipline of, 5416  
   Entertainment of, 11771  
   False Remedy for, 5417  
   Flowers of, 11769  
   for Sins of Others, 11770  
   Indulging, \*2785  
   Mission of, 5418  
   Reception of, \*2786  
   Test of, \*2787  
   Views of, \*2788  
 Sostratus and the Pharos, 684  
 Soul, A Blind, 11773  
   A Hunted, 5427  
   A Moralists', 5434  
   and Body, 11795  
   A Seeking, 5443  
   Assimilation of, 5419  
   Auction of a, 11772  
   Computing the Value of the, 11774  
   Cost of a, \*2789  
   Death and the, 11775  
   Degradation of the, 5420  
   Description of a, 11776  
   Dissatisfied, \*2790, 5421  
   Doors of the, 5422  
   Dreams of the, \*2791  
   Efforts for the, \*2792  
   Emblem of the, 5423  
   Enemies of the, 5424  
   Existence of the, 11777  
   False Props of the, 5433  
   Funeral of a Lost, 5425  
   Growth of the, 11778  
   House for the, 5426  
   Ideas About the, \*2793  
   Immortality of the, \*2794  
   Imprisoned, 5428  
   in Ruins, 5442  
   Inscrutability of the, 11779  
   Insurance of the, 5429  
   Killing the, 11780  
   Knell for a, 5430  
   Life in the, 5431  
   Longing of the, 5452, 11781  
   Loss of the, 5432  
   Martyr's Care for his, 11782  
   Music in the, 11783  
   Mystery of the, \*2795  
   Nakedness of the, 11784  
   Only One, 5435  
   Palace of the, \*2796  
   Passions of the, 5436  
   Peace of, 5437  
   Preservation of the, 11785  
   Question of the, 11786  
   Rejected, 5438  
   Religion in the, 5439  
   Responsible for the, 5440, 11787  
   Rest for the, 5441  
   Return of the, 11788  
   Sadness of, 11789  
   Selling a, 5444  
   Shipwreck of a, 5445  
   Sin in the, 11790  
   Spoliation of the, 11791  
   Starving the, 5446  
   Strife for the, 5447  
   Support of the, 5448  
   Thirsty, 5449  
   Trifling with the, 5450  
   Value of a, 5451  
   Voice of the, 11792  
   Voyage of the, 11793  
   Weeding the, 11794  
 Souls, Anxiety for, 5457  
   Converting, 11796  
   Defiance, \*544  
   Feeble, 5459  
   Forgotten, 5458  
   Judgment of, 5460  
   Labor for, 11797, 11798  
   Neglected, 5461  
   Passion for, 5462  
   Peril of, 5463  
   Perseverance for, 11799  
   Piloting, 5464  
   Price of, \*2797, 11800  
   Procession of, \*2798  
   Sympathy for, 5465

- Souls, Transmigration of, 5466  
 Unwelcome Effort for, 11801  
 Watching for, 11802  
 Winning, 5467  
 Soul-Saving, Co-operation in, 11803  
 Importance of, 5453, 11804  
 Passion for, 5454  
 Purpose of, 5455  
 Reward of, 5456, 11805  
 Skill in, 11806  
 Successful, 11807  
 Southey, R., Anec., 2898, 3453, 7499  
 South's Prayer, 6061  
 Sower, Parable of, \*4010  
 Sowing, and Reaping, 5470  
 Daily, 11808  
 Early, 5468  
 Fruits of, \*2799  
 Kinds of, \*2800  
 Opportune, 5469  
 Picture of, 11809  
 Result of, 5471  
 Spangenberg and Wesley, 6597  
 Sparrows, Lesson from the, 11810  
 Sparta, Walls of, 6923, 7930  
 Speaking, Demand for, 5472  
 Evil, 5473  
 Good, 11811  
 of Jesus, 5474  
 Speech, Eloquence of, \*2801  
 Epilogue to a, \*2802  
 Fitness of, 5475  
 Free, 5476  
 Silence and, 11812  
 Spendthrifts, Punishment of, 11813  
 Sphere for All, 5477  
 Spices, Unused, \*4011  
 Spichern, Victory of, 10164  
 Spies, Report of the, \*4012  
 Spira, Francis, Despair of, 1725  
 Spirit, A Counsellor, 5480  
 Activity of, 5478  
 Aid of the, 5479  
 Diversities of the, 5481  
 Haunts of the, \*2803  
 Identity of, 5482  
 Indwelling, 5483  
 Memory of a, \*2804  
 Need of the, 5484  
 Return of the, 11814  
 Wounds of the, 11815  
 Spirits, Kindred, \*2805  
 Traits of, \*2806  
 Spirituality, Promotion of, 11816  
 Spiritual Life, Liberty of the, 5486  
 Miracle of, 5487  
 Test of, 5488  
 Spiritual-Mindedness, 5489, 5490  
 Spring, Coming of, \*2807  
 Contemplation of, 11817  
 Resurrection of, 11818  
 Spiritual, 11819  
 Symbology of, 11820  
 Sprinkling, Custom of, 11821  
 Spurgeon, Rev. C., Anec., 2460, 4526, 5605,  
 7501, 9271, 11845  
 Stability, Christian, 5491  
 Condition of, 11822  
 Example of, 5492  
 Means of, 5493, 5494  
 Stage, The World a, \*2135  
 Standard, Lifting up a, 5495  
 Star in the East, \*4013  
 of Bethlehem, \*402  
 The Evening, \*2808  
 The Guiding, \*4014  
 The Signal, \*4015  
 Starless Crown, \*606  
 Stars, Song of the, \*4016  
 State Constituents of a, \*2809  
 Duty to the, \*2810  
 Staupitz and Luther, 4606  
 Stealing Arrested, 11823  
 Conversion from, 11824  
 Death for, 1333  
 Excuse for, 5496  
 Steinman, Carl, at Mt. Hecla, 6656  
 Stephen, Death of, \*4017  
 Stephen's Martyrdom, \*4018, \*4019  
 Stevenson and Dr. Buckland, 3631  
 Stewards, Oriental, 11825  
 Stewardship, Recognized, 5497  
 Stewart, A. T., 6962  
 Stilling's Support, 11872  
 Stilpon's Treasure, 12034  
 Stone from the Mountain, \*4020  
 Stoner, Death of, 1320  
 Stones, Sermons in, 11826  
 Stoning, Death by, 11827  
 Storms, Facing, 11828  
 St. Paul's, Destruction of Old, 7576  
 Strabo, the Geographer, 10124  
 Strasbourg Cathedral, 9136  
 Strength, Adaptation of, \*2811  
 Strife, Agent of, 11829  
 Portents of, 11830  
 Stuart, Moses, Could Not be Spared, 4753  
 Study, Advantage of, 5498  
 Methods of, 11831  
 Necessity of, 5499  
 Subjects of, 11832  
 Stupidity, Cause for, 11833  
 Reason of, 11834  
 Transformed, 5500  
 Unconquerable, 11835  
 Style, Attention to, 11836  
 Brevities, 5501  
 Power of, 11837  
 Verbose, 11838  
 Submission, Acceptable, 11839  
 Cheerful, 5502  
 Contrast of, 5503  
 Demand for, 11840  
 Entire, \*2812  
 Making, \*2813  
 Necessity of, 5508, 11841  
 Prompt, 5509  
 Proper, 5510  
 Reason for, 11842  
 to Defeat, 5504  
 Wise, 11843  
 Substitute, Christ our, 11844  
 Success, Basis of, 5511, 11847  
 Dangers of, 5512  
 Examples of, 5513  
 Key to, 5514  
 Ministerial, 11845  
 Motive to, 5515  
 Opinions of, 5516  
 Secret of, 5517, 11846  
 Unsatisfactory, \*2814, 5518  
 Vanity of, \*2815

- Success, Way to, 5519  
 Suffering, Analogy of, 5520  
   Appointment of, \*2816  
   Avenues of, 11848  
   Bearing, 5521  
   Biblical, 11849  
   Compensation for, \*2817  
   Conduct under, 5523  
   Conversion through, 5524  
   Fellowship of, 5525  
   Fruits of, \*2818  
   Honors of, 5526  
   Influence of, \*2819  
   Joy in, 5527  
   Ministry of, 5528  
   Resignation in, 5529  
   Rewarded, 5530  
   Satisfaction in, 11850  
   Shrinking from, 11851  
   Utility of, 5531  
   Vicarious, 5532  
   Voluntary, 5533  
   with Christ, 5522  
 Suicide, Argument from, 11852  
   Crime of, \*2820  
   Epicurean, 5534  
   Example of, 5535  
   Temptation to, 11853  
 Summerfield, Rev. J., Anec., 4616, 5649, 6239, 6836, 7749  
 Sumner, Gen., at Antictam, 1676  
 Sun, Desire for the, 5536  
   Lesson from the, 11854  
   Symbology of the, 11855  
 Sunbeams, Resurrection of, 11856  
 Sunday, Carrying, 11857  
   John, on Giving, 10593  
   Pre-eminence of the, \*2821  
   Record of, 5537  
   Similes of, \*2822  
   Typology of, 11858  
   Using, 11859  
 Sunday-School, Faithful to, 11860  
   Preaching in, 5541  
   Recommendation of, 11861  
 Sunday-Schools, Advantage of, 11862  
   Influence of, 5538  
   Mission of, 5539, 11863  
   Origin of, 5540  
   Rescues of, 5542  
   Result of, 5543  
 Sunday-School Teacher, Example of, 5544  
   Honor of, 5545  
 Sunset, Beauties of, 11864  
 Superintendence, Importance of, 11865  
 Superintendent, Warning of a, 5546  
 Superstition, African, 11866  
   Exposed, 5547  
   Fatal, 11867  
   Victims of, 11868  
 Superstitions, Common, 11869  
 Supper, The Great, \*4021  
   The Last, \*4022, \*4023  
 Supplies, Spiritual, 5548  
 Support, Divine, 11870  
   Miraculous, 11871  
   Omnipresent, 5549  
   Prayer and Trust for, 11872  
 Surety, Christ our, 11873  
 Suretyship, Oriental, 11874  
 Surprise, Provision against, 11875  
 Surrender, A Late, 5551  
   A Wise, 11879  
   Full, 2823, 5550, 11876, 11877  
   No, 11878  
 Suspense, Anguish of, 11880  
 Suspicion, Demoralization of, 11881  
   Evils of, 5552  
   Proneness to, 5553  
   Victim of, \*2824  
 Suwaroff, Gen., 1390  
 Swearer Rebuked, 11882  
 Swearing, Cause of, 5554  
   Degradation of, 11883  
   Excuse for, 5555  
   Payment for, 5556  
   Profane, \*2825  
   Punishment of, 5557  
   Remedy for, 5558  
   Satanic, 5559  
 Swetchine, Mdm., Dying, 1330  
 Swift, Anec., 8082, 8505, 10860  
 Sword, Pen and, 11884  
 Sybarites, Anec., 7700, 8260  
 Sycchar, \*4024, \*4025  
   Christ at, \*4026  
 Sylla, Anec., 1204, 5495, 7586  
 Sylvester and Zambri, 4938  
 Sympathy, Benefit of, 5560  
   Bond of, \*2826  
   Condition of, 11885  
   Duty of, 11886  
   Effect of, 11887  
   Experience and, 11888  
   for Sinners, 5569  
   Human, 5562  
   Influence of, 5563  
   Kindred, \*2827  
   Law of, 5564, 11889  
   Need of, 11890  
   of Christ, 5561  
   Power of, 5565  
   Promptness of, 5566  
   Sensitive, 5567  
   Sentimental, 5568  
   Tears of, \*2828  
 Symphorianus, 1945  
 Synagogue, The, \*4027  
 Syrians, Rout of the, \*4028  
 Syro-Phœnician Woman, \*4029  
 Taberah, The Burning at, \*4030  
 Tabernacle, Frailty of the, 11891  
 Tabor, Calvary, Olivet, \*4031  
 Taciturnity, Military, 11892  
   Philosophic, 11893  
 Tact, Importance of, \*2829  
   Power of, 5570  
   Rule of, 5571  
 Tadmor of the Wilderness, \*4032  
 Talbot, J. J., Confession, 11918  
 Tale-Bearer, Description of the, 5573  
   Evil of the, 5573  
   Punishment of the, 5574  
 Talent, One, \*4033  
 Talents, Accounting for, 11894  
   Classified, 5575  
   Concentrated, 11895  
   Misguided, 5576  
   Needed, 5577  
   Parable of, \*2830  
   Respect for Others', 2831

- Talents, Responsibility for, \*4034  
   The, \*4035  
   Two, 11897  
   Unused, 5578, 11898  
   Use of, 5579  
 Talk, Amount of, 5580  
   Highfalutin, 5581  
   Much, 5582  
 Talker, A Habitual, 11899  
 Talkers, Advice to, 5583  
   Great, 5584  
 Talking, Consistent, 5585  
   Constrained, \*2832  
   Dignity of, \*2833  
   Professional, 5586  
   Religious, 5587  
   Rule of, 5588  
   Trifling, \*2834  
 Tamerlane, Anec., 695, 1975, 4407, 9909, 12297  
 Tamyris Transformed, 1853  
 Tannhauser, 19002  
 Tantalus, 4066  
 Tares, Parable of the, \*4036  
   Sowing, 11900, 11901  
 Tarpeia Buried with Gold, 9088  
 Tarquinius and the Sibylline Books, 10807  
 Tasso, Anec., 4388, 7785, 8361, 11741  
 Taste, and Genius, 5590  
   Discrimination of, 5589  
   Innate, \*2835  
   Morality of, 11902  
   No Accounting for, 5591  
 Tatson, John, 1659  
 Tatting, Cure for, 5592  
 Tavistock, Marchioness, 3686  
 Tax, Devil and the, 5593  
 Taxes, Self-Imposed, 11903  
 Taylor, Dr., Burned, 1748  
   Jeremy, 3117, 4518  
 Teacher, A Bad, 5594  
   A Model, 5596  
   Bible-Class, 11904  
   Blaming the, 11905  
   Dignity of the, \*2836  
   Duplicity of a, 5595  
   Interesting, 11906  
   Persevering, 11907  
   Prayer for a, 5597  
   Prayers of a, 5598  
   Preparation of a, 11908  
   The Divine, \*4037  
   The Village, \*2838  
   Work of the, \*2839  
 Teachers, All are, 5599  
   Danger of False, 5600  
   Encouragement for, \*2837, 5601  
   Influence of, 5602  
 Teaching, Adapted, 5603  
   by Example, 5605  
   Demand for, \*2840  
   Early, 5604  
   Importance of, 5606  
   Impression in, 5607  
   Motto of, 11909  
   Pictorial, 5608  
   Purpose in, 5609  
   Simple, \*378, \*2841  
   Successful, 5610  
   Textual, 5611  
   Useful, 5612  
 Tears, Causes of, \*2842  
   Common, \*2843  
   Definition of, 5613  
   False, 5614  
   Joyous, 5615  
   Joys from, \*2844  
   Kinds of, \*2845, 5616  
   Paradise of, \*2846  
   Relief of, 5617  
   Transformed, 5618  
   Vale of, 5619, 11910  
 Telegraph, Conversion Through the, 11911  
   Story of the, 11912  
 Telemachus' "Royal Road," 3544  
 Temerity, Foolish, 11913  
 Temper, Aggravation of, 11914  
   and Religion, 5627  
   Christian, 5620  
   Conquest of, 5628, 11916  
   Controlled, 5621  
   Disturbed, 5622  
   Good, \*2847  
   Natural, 5623  
   Peaceful, 5624  
   Placid, 5625  
   Quarrelsome, 5626  
   Variation of, 5630  
   Whining, 5631  
 Temperature, Advantage of, 5632  
   Chieftain of, \*2848  
   Decision, 5633  
   Dubious, \*2849, 5634  
   Motive for, 5635  
   Patron-Saint of, 5636  
   Rewards of, 11917  
   Want of, 11918  
   Work of, \*2850  
 Tempest Stilled, \*4038  
   Stilling the, \*4039-4045  
 Temple, Builders of the, \*4046  
   Christ in the, \*4047  
   Cleansing the, \*4048  
   Dedication of the, \*4049  
   Desecration of the, 11919  
   Entering the, 5637  
   Erection of the, \*4050  
   Lessons from the, \*4051  
   Living Pillars of the, 11920  
   Meaning of, 5638  
   Stones in Christ's, 11921  
   The Building of the, \*439  
   The Living, \*4052  
 Temptation, After Blessing, 5642  
   Allurement of, \*2851  
   Analogy of, 5639  
   Averted, 5640  
   Avoiding, 11922  
   Benefit of, 5641  
   Consolation in, \*2852  
   Courting, 5643, 11933  
   Danger of, \*2853, 5644  
   Deceitfulness of, \*2854  
   Degrees in, 5645  
   Disguised, 11923  
   Escape from, 5646, 11931  
   Experience of, 5647  
   Exposure to, \*2855  
   Fatal, 5648  
   Fearful, 5649  
   Fighting, 5650  
   Fleeing from, 11924, 11933  
   Illustration of, 5652



- Temptation, in Death, 5651**  
 Invited, 5653  
 Inviting, 5654  
 Legend of, 5657  
 Liable to, 11925  
 Luther's, 5658  
 Object of, 5655  
 Occasions of, 11926  
 of Christ, \*4053, \*4054, 11929  
 Outriding, 5656  
 Outward and Inward, 11927  
 Power of, \*2856  
 Providential, 11928  
 Resisting, 5659, 11930  
 Security in, 5660  
 Similes of, 11934  
 Subduing, 11935  
 Subtlety of, 11936  
 Sudden, 11937  
 Triumph Over, 5661  
 Uses of, 11938  
 Watching Against, 5662  
 Well-Circumstanced, 5663  
 Wisdom of, 5665  
 Without, 5664  
**Tenderness, Power of, 11939**  
**Tennyson, A., Anec., 1564, 5836**  
**Tenterden, Lord, 2749, 3508, 7838**  
**Terantius' Disinterestedness, 1575**  
**Terror, Cause of, 11940**  
 Use of, 11941  
**Tertullian's Knowledge of Scripture, 3887**  
**Tessera Hospitalis, 9638**  
**Test, A General, \*2857**  
 Objection to, \*2858  
**Tests, True, 5666**  
**Testament, New, 11942**  
**Testaments, Character of the, 11944**  
 Old and New, 11943  
**Tetzel, Trick Upon, 9849**  
**Thackeray's Persistence, 1564**  
**Thales, 4051, 4976**  
**Thanatopsis, \*2339**  
**Thankfulness, Biblical, 11945**  
 Christian, 11946  
 Demand for, 5667  
 Effect of, 11947  
 Emblem of, 5668, 11948  
 Example of, 5669  
 Reasons for, \*2859, 5670  
 Standard of, 5671  
**Thanksgiving, Blessing of, 11949**  
 Day of, 5672  
 Duty of, 11950  
 Hymn of, \*2860  
 Memorial of, 5673  
 Reason for, 11951  
**Theatre, Associations of the, 5674**  
 Attending the, 5675, 11952  
 Corruption of the, \*2861, \*2862  
 Influence of the, 5676, 5677  
 Pleasures of the, 5678  
 Rule for Attending the, 5679  
 Teachings of the, 11953  
 Warnings Against the, 11954  
 Way of the, 11955  
 Whining Over the, 5680  
**Theban Legion, 5406, 7292**  
**Thebes, \*4055**  
**Thecla, St., 1410**  
**Theft, Punishment of, 11956**
- Themistocles, Anec., 559, 2473, 3106, 3885, 4871, 5116, 5337, 6168, 7095, 8396, 8405, 10719, 12142**  
**Theocritus, Anec., 5003, 10022**  
**Theodorus, Choice of, 1898**  
**Theodosius, Emperor, 683, 1433, 3093**  
**Theodulus, St., 9124**  
**Theology, Court of, 11957**  
 Summary of, 11958  
**Theophilus' Apostasy, 6534**  
**Theophorus, God-bearer, 7214**  
**Theory, Correct, 5681**  
 Impracticable, 5682  
**Theresa, St., Legends, 6408, 8997**  
**Theseus, Anec., 12190**  
**Thetis, Wreck of the, 5859**  
**Thief, Penitent, \*4056**  
 Prayer of the Dying, \*4057  
**Thieves, The Two, \*4058**  
**Things, Estimate of, 11959**  
**Thinkers, Scarcity of, 11960, 11961**  
**Thirst, Awful, 5683**  
 Enduring, 5684  
 Martyrdom by, 11963  
 Unquenchable, 5685  
**Tholuck's Devotion, 10351**  
**Thomas, \*4059, \*4060**  
 Unbelieving, \*4061  
**Thornton of Clapham, 318**  
**Thoroughness, Example of, 11963**  
**Thought, and Feeling, 5687**  
 Compelling, 5686  
 Duration of, \*2863  
 Emotions and, \*2864  
 Food for, 11964  
 Fruitfulness of, 11965  
 Grinding, 5688, 11968  
 Immortality of, 5689, 11966  
 Man Made for, 11967  
 Men of, 5690  
 Pleasures of, \*2865, 5691  
 Power of, \*2866, 5692  
 Remorseful, 5693  
 Repetition of, 11969  
 Result of, 5694  
 Value of a, 11970  
**Thoughts, A Basket of, 5696**  
 Amount of, 5695  
 Company in, 5697  
 Envious, 5698  
 Escape from Evil, 11971  
 First, 11972  
 God's, 5699  
 Good, 11973  
 Heavenward, 5700  
 Known to God, 5701  
 Power Over, 11974  
 Sinful, 5702, 11975  
 Temptation in, 11976  
 Vain, 5703  
**Thrasilaus' Riches, 9777**  
**Threatening, Benefit of, 5704**  
 Benevolence of, 5705  
**Threats, Abstaining from, 11977**  
**Three Grains of Corn, \*1270**  
**Threshing, Oriental, 11978**  
**Thrift, Proverbs, 5706**  
**Thugism, 6205**  
**Tiberius, 2034, 2942, 6738, 9955, 10769**  
**Tigranes' Love for his Wife, 3706**  
**Time, Accounting for, 11979**

- Time, a Destroyer, 5710  
   a King, \*2872  
   Appreciation of, 5707  
   a Treasure, 5723  
   Benediction of, 11980  
   Cast Away, 11981  
   Complaining of, 5708  
   Consecration of, 11982  
   Consolation of, \*2867  
   Conviction from, 11983  
   Curative Influence of, 11984  
   Dangers of, \*2868  
   Death of, \*2869  
   Definition of, 11985  
   Depredations of, 5709  
   Economy with, 11986  
   End of, \*2870, 5711  
   Flight of, 5712, 11987  
   Fragments of, 5713  
   Impressions of, \*2871  
   Improvement of, 5714  
   Influencing, 5715  
   Irrecoverable, 5716, 5720  
   Lengthening, \*2873  
   Loss of, 5718  
   Making up, 11989  
   Mystery of, 11990  
   Neglected, 5719  
   No Leisure, 5717  
   Note of, \*2874  
   Opportunity and, 11991  
   Picture of, \*2875, 5721  
   Redeeming, 11992  
   Riddle on, \*2876  
   Ripening Influence of, 11993  
   Ruins of, \*2877  
   Saving, 5722  
   Stealing, 11994  
   Sway of, \*2878  
   Thieves of, \*2879  
   Treasuring, 5724  
   Trifling with, 5725  
   Triumph Over, \*2880  
   Uncertainty of, 11995  
   Unnoted, \*2881, 5726  
   Use of, 5727, 5728  
   Value of, \*2882, 5729, 5731  
   Waste of, 5730, 11996  
   Web of, \*2883  
   Well Disposed, 11997  
   What is? \*2884  
   Wrecks of, \*4062  
 Timidus Plutus, 1138  
 Timoleon's Birthdays, 6335  
 Timon, the Man-hater, 10572  
 Timotheus' Self-praise, 6549  
 Timothy and Maura, 8226  
   of Reims, 6488  
 Tishbite, Elijah, the, 4063  
 Tissaphernes' Perfidy, 5117  
 Tithes, Custom of, 11998  
 Tithonus' Satiety, 10226  
 Titian, Anec., 1902, 3185  
 Titus, Anec., 857  
 Tityus, Punishment of, 4816  
 Tobacco, Abandoning, 5732  
   Cost of, 11999  
   Marks of, 5733  
   Saved from, 12000  
   Smoking, 5734  
 Tobias' Prescription, 429  
 To-Day, Battle of, 12001  
   Crisis of, \*2885  
   Duties of, \*2886  
   Improving, \*2887  
   Proper Use of, 12003  
   Responsibility of, \*2888  
 Tombs, Human, 12004  
 To-Morrow, a Delusion, 12005  
   Deceitfulness of, \*2889  
   Hope of, \*2890  
 Tongue, Admonition to the, 12006  
   A Gossiping, 5738  
   Brevities, 12007  
   Danger of the, 5735  
   Fault-finding, 5736  
   Good and Bad, 5737, 12008, 12009  
   Government of the, 5739, 5741  
   Mischief of the, 5740  
   Punishing the, 12010  
   Servitude of the, 12011  
   Sins of the, 5742  
   Wounds by the, 12012  
 Tongues, The Gift of, \*4064, 12013  
   Unconverted, 12014  
 Too Late, Almost, 12015  
   Examples, 12016, 12017, 12018  
 Torment, Smoke of, 12019  
 Torture, Example of, 12020  
 Touching Christ, Miracle by, \*4065  
 Touchstone, The, \*2858  
 Tract, Influence of a, 5743, 5744, 12021  
   Name of, 12022  
 Tracts, Strange Use of, 5745  
 Tradition, Unreliable, 12023  
 Traitor Punished, 12024  
 Traitor, Opinion Regarding, 5746  
 Trajan, Anec., 2561, 8634  
 Transfiguration, The, \*4066-4068  
 Transformation, Common, 5747  
   Legend of, 12025  
   Process of, 5748  
   Sudden, 12026  
 Transgressor, Hard Way of the, 12027  
 Transmigration, Caution from, \*2891  
   Pagan, 12028  
   Process of, 5749  
   Theory of, \*2892  
 Transubstantiation, Absurdity of, 5750  
   Irrational, 5751  
 Travel, Rules for, \*2893  
 Treachery, Reward of, 5752  
   Shame of, \*2894  
   Wickedness of, 5753  
 Treasure, Hidden, 12030  
   Indestructible, 12031  
   in Heaven, 5754, 12229  
   Safe, 5755  
   Search for, 12032  
   Testing, 12033  
   Unused, 5756  
 Treasures, Imperishable, 12034  
 Trebonius and his Scholars, 645  
 Tree, Lesson from a Fallen, 12035  
   Quality of a, 12036  
 Tree of Life, Fruit of the, 5757  
   Import of the, 12037  
   Rejecting the, 5758  
   Satan and the, \*2895  
   The, \*4069  
   Typology of the, 12038  
 Trees, Souls in, 12039

- Trench, Baron de, 5726  
 Trespass Defined, 12040  
 Trials, Benefit of, \*2896, 5759, 12043  
   Best, 5760  
   Effects of, 5761  
   Fiery, 12044  
   Import of, 5762  
   Influence of, 5763  
   Necessary, 5764  
   Ordeal of, 12045  
   Perfection by, 5765  
   Preventives of Sin, 5766  
   Purification by, 5767  
   Reviewed, 5768  
   Similitude of, 12046  
   Succor in, 12041  
   Tests, 5769, 1107, 12042  
   Universal, 5770  
   Use of, 5771, 5772  
   Victory Over, \*2897  
   Visitation of, 12048  
   Wisdom of, 5773  
 Tribulation, Benefits of, 12049  
   Defined, 5774  
 Trifles, Conquest of, \*2898  
   Delaying for, 12050  
   Fighting About, 5775  
   Hazard of, 5776  
   Hindrance of, 5777  
   Importance of, 5778, 12051  
   Influence of, \*2899  
   Power of, 5779  
   There are no, 5780  
 Trinity, Analogies of the, \*2900  
   Company of the, 5781  
   Consecration to the, 5782  
   Derivation of, 12052  
   General Belief in a, 5783  
   Glory to the, 12053  
   Hymn to the, \*2901  
   Incomprehensible, 5784  
   Inexplicable, 5785  
   Mystery of the, 5786  
   Names of, 12055  
   Rejection of the, 5787  
   Symbol of the, 12056  
   Three Persons in the, 5788  
   Understanding the, 12057  
   Unity in, 5789, 12058  
 Triumph, Celebration of, 12059  
   Christian, 12060  
   Importance of, 12061  
   The Final, 5790  
 Trouble, Braving, 5792  
   Cause of, 5793  
   Certain, 5794  
   Conduct Under, 5795  
   Design of, 5796  
   Dignity of, 5797  
   Discipline of, 5799  
   Disposing of, 5798  
   Double, \*2902  
   Ending, 5800  
   Escape from, 12062  
   No Preventing, 12063  
   Our Portion, 5803  
   Peace in, 5804  
   Proverbs, 5805  
   Resignation in, 5806  
   Rise Above, 12064  
   Scattered, 5807  
 Trouble, Seeking God in, 5808  
   Support in, 12065  
   Universal, 5801, 5809  
 Troubles, Beneficial, 5791, 12066  
   Legacy of, 5802  
   Little, 12067  
 Trumbull, Gov., Anec., 8179  
   Rev. H. C., Anec., 5563, 8315  
 Trumpet, Call of the, 12068  
   The Fifth, \*4070  
 Trust, False Objects of, 12069  
   in Man, 5814  
   Misplaced, 12071  
   not in Man, 12070  
   Pre-eminence of, \*2903  
   Supporting, \*2904  
 Trusting, Trying versus, 12075  
 Trust in God, Activity with, 5810  
   Brevities, 5811  
   Comfort of, 5812  
   Duty and, 5813  
   Figures of, 12072  
   in Persecution, 5816  
   Power of, 12073  
   Proof of, 5815  
   Safety of, 12074  
   Test of, 5817  
   Value of, 5818  
 Truth, Adherence to, 5819  
   Advantages of, 12076  
   Application of, 5820  
   Calmness of, \*2905  
   Changeless, \*2906  
   Characteristics of, 5821  
   Commonplace, 5822  
   Conception of, 5823, 5849  
   Contract with, 5824  
   Defined, 5825  
   Denying, 12077  
   Derivation of, 12078  
   Description of, 5826  
   Discovering, 5827  
   Distortion of, 5828  
   Divine, 5829  
   Domain of, 12079  
   Enlivening the, 12080  
   Fidelity of, 12081  
   Fragments of, 12082  
   God and, 12083  
   Grace of, \*2907  
   Immortality of, 5830  
   Inexhaustible, 5832  
   Influence of, 5831  
   in Trifles, 5847  
   Liberating, 5833  
   Love for, 5834  
   Martyrs for, 12084  
   Media of, 5835  
   Mistaking, 12085  
   Motto of, 5836  
   Never Lost, 5837  
   Origin of, 5838  
   Path of, 12086  
   Penalty of Violating, 12087  
   Perfection of, 5839  
   Power of, 5840  
   Practical, 5841  
   Price of, \*2908  
   Progress of, 2909  
   Proverbs of, 5842  
   Rarity of, 12088

- Truth, Rejecters of, 12089  
   Rewarded, 5843  
   Scattered, 5844  
   Seeking, 5845  
   Self-Manifesting Power of, 12090  
   Sources of, \*2910  
   Stand for, 12091  
   Support of, 12092  
   Sweetness of, 5846  
   Throwing Away, 12093  
   Vastness of, 5848  
   Virtue and, 12094  
   Warfare of, \*2911  
   Weapons of, 5850  
   What is? 12095  
   Wisdom of, 12096  
 Truth and Error, Forms of, 5851  
 Truthfulness, Credit for, 12097  
   Reputation for, 12098  
 Tubal Cain, \*4071  
 Tully in Exile, 253  
 Tumult, Earthly, \*2912  
 Turner, Anec., 3514, 8930  
 Turpin, Dick, and Jack Sheppard, 470  
 Tusculani, Submission of, 11843  
 Tyllo, St., 12275  
 Tyndale's Motto, 11909  
 Tyng, Dr., Anec., 7567  
 Types, Christ in the, 12099  
   of the Pentateuch, 12100  
   Scripture, 12101  
 Tyranny, Moral, \*2913  
 Tyrants, Family, 5852  
 Tyre, \*4072-4075  
   Burden of, \*4076  
   Desolation of, \*2914  
   Prophecy Against, \*4077, \*4078  
   The United States, \*4079  
 Tyrolese Singing, 4062  
  
 Uladislaus, Anec., 10720, 10952  
 Ulysses, Anec., 110, 1674, 8111, 8731, 9163,  
   10910, 11553  
 Unbelief, Analogy of, 5853  
   and Faith, 5856  
   an Obstruction, 5858  
   Barrenness of, 12102  
   Credulity of, \*2915  
   Deadly, 5854  
   Deeply-Rooted, 5855  
   Forms of, 5857  
   God Dishonored by, 12103  
   Influence of, \*2916  
   Obstinacy of, 12104  
   Refuted, 12105  
   Victim of, 5859  
   Works of, 12106  
 Unco Guid, To the, \*322  
 Unction, Necessity of the, 5860  
 Understanding, Exercise of the, 12107  
   Unreliable, 12108  
 Unfaithfulness, Curse Upon, 12109  
   Inexcusable, 12110  
   Influence of, \*2917  
   Penalty of, 12111  
   Lament for, \*2918  
 Unhappiness, Human, 12112  
   The World's, \*2919  
   Universal, 5861  
 Uniformity, Undesirable, 5862  
  
 Union, American, \*2921  
   Attaining, 5863  
   Basis of, 12113  
   Biblical Figures of, 12114  
   Christian, 5864, 12115  
   Fable of, \*2920  
   Heavenly, 5866  
   Importance of, 12116  
   Incomplete, 5867  
   Military, 12117  
   Mutual, 5869  
   Power of, 5868, 5870  
   Proverbs, 5871  
   Reason for, 5872  
   Spiritual, 5873  
   Strength in, 12118  
   Strength of, 12119  
   The Final, 5865  
   Unnatural, 12120  
 Unitarianism, Christless, 5874  
   Hostile, 5875  
   Unbelief of, 5876  
 Unity, Dream of, 12121  
   Evangelical, 5877  
   Not Uniformity, 5878  
   Power of, 5879  
 Universalism, Absurd, 5880  
   Dishonors God, 5881  
   Fruits of, 5882  
   License of, 5883  
 Universalists, Insincerity of, 5884  
   Uncertainty of, 5885  
 Universe, Extent of the, 5886, 12122  
   Hymn to the, \*2923  
   Order in the, 12123  
 Unkindness, Effect of, 12124  
 Unseen, Care for the, 12125  
 Unselfishness, Maternal, 12126  
 Unthankfulness, Contrast of, \*2923  
   Crime of, 12127  
 Unworthiness, Confession of, \*2924  
 Uprightness, Emblem of, 12128  
 Ursinus and Vitalis, 10353  
 Urthazanes Reclaimed, 3418  
 Usage, Proverbs, 5887  
   Reciprocal, 5888  
 Use, Proverbs, 5889  
 Usefulness, Absence of, 12129  
   Advantages of, 12130  
   Examples of, 5891, 5892  
   Happiness of, \*2925  
   Illustrated, 5897  
   Inevitable, 12131  
   of the Poor, 5893  
   Opportunities of, 12132  
   Possible to All, 5894  
   Posthumous, 5890, 12133  
   Providential, 5895  
   Rule of, 5896  
   Study of, \*2926  
 Usher, Abp., Anec., 358, 908, 1062, 8206  
 Utility Before Ornament, 12134  
 Uzzah and Obed-Edom, \*4080  
 Uzzah, The Fate of, \*4081  
 Uzziah, \*4082  
  
 Vacillation, Illustration of, 5898  
 Valens and Basil, 9120  
 Valerius' Vision, 8340  
 Valor, Modern, 12135

- Valor, Power of, \*2927  
   Seat of, 12136  
   True, 5899  
 Vanderbilt's Death, 12216  
 Vanderkemp as Rain-Maker, 6641  
 Vanity, All is, \*2920, 5900  
   Biblical Figures of, 12137  
   Check to, 12138  
   Earthly, \*2929, 5901  
   Emblems of, 12139  
   Force of, 12140  
   Human, 5902  
   Life's, \*2930  
   Memento of, 5903, 12141  
   of Office, 5904  
   of Pleasure, 5906  
   of Vanities, 5911  
   Personal, 5905, 12142  
   Proofs of, 5907, 5908  
   Real, 12143  
   Rebuked, 5909  
   Universal, 5910, 12144  
   Vices of, 12145  
   Weeds of, 12146  
 Vanity-Fair, Description of, \*2931  
 Vara, Death of, 7770  
 Varia, Idleness of, 8259  
 Variety, Charm of, \*2932  
   Nature s, 12147  
 Vashti and Esther, \*3414  
 Vaunting, Folly of, 12148  
 Vecchel, 7773  
 Vega's Boast, 9109  
 Vengeance, Approach of, \*2933  
   Example of, \*2934  
   Expectation of, 12149  
   Goddess of, 12150  
   Venn, Rev. H., Anec., 4205, 6389, 7460  
 Ventidius, Progress of, 4801  
 Venus, Fables, 3820, 6317, 7338  
 Veracity, Importance of, 12151  
   Parental, 5912  
 Vere, Sir II., Anec., 1122, 3246  
 Vespasian, Anec., 7421, 7735, 11377  
 Vessel, Filling the, 12152  
 Vesuvius, Eruptions of, 8851  
 Via Dolorosa, \*4083  
 Vicar of Bray, \*1185  
 Vicars, Headley, Anec., 434, 7165, 7551  
 Vice, Allies of, 12153  
   Beginning of, \*2935  
   Blindness of, \*2936  
   Commonness of, 5913  
   Confession of, 5914  
   Escape from, 12154  
   Familiarity with, \*2937  
   Gilded, 5915  
   Infelicity of, 12155  
   Penalty of, 5916  
   Picture of, 5917  
   Pleasures of, 5918  
   Profitless, \*2938  
   Restraint of, 5919  
   Similes, 5920  
   Somewhere, 5921  
   Tide of, 5922  
   Tyranny of, \*2939  
   Unhappiness of, 12156  
 Vicissitude, Design of, 12157  
   Expected, 5923  
   Human, 5924  
 Vico and Moses, 9603  
 Victoria, Anec., 3914, 6089, 7346  
 Victory, A Martyr's, 12162  
   Biblical Emblems of, 12158  
   Certain, 5926  
   Cheap, 12159  
   Emblem of, 5927  
   Faith in, 12160  
   God of, 12161  
   Hope of, \*2940  
   Not to Numbers, 12163  
   Over Death, \*2941  
   Proclamation of, 12164  
 Vigilance, Duty of, 12165  
   Safety in, 5928  
   Use of, 5929  
 Village Blacksmith, The, \*2087  
 Vincent de Paul, St., 7806  
   St., Martyrdom of, 1015  
 Vine, Branches and Buds, 5930  
   The True, \*4084  
 Vineyard, The Rented, \*4085  
 Virgins, Parable of the, 12166  
   The Foolish, \*4086, \*4087  
   The Ten, \*4088, \*4089  
   The Wise, \*4090  
 Virtue, Abode of, 5931  
   Admiring, 5932  
   Authority of, \*2942  
   Beauty of, 5934  
   Charm of, 5935  
   Diffusion of, 5936  
   Dubious, 5937  
   in Adversity, 5933  
   Memory of, \*2943  
   Nobility of, 5938  
   Power of, 5940  
   Practising, 12167  
   Rejected, 5941  
   Religion and, 12163  
   Responsibility of, \*2944  
   Rewards of, \*2945  
   Safety of, \*2946  
   Scorning, \*2947  
   Similes of, 5942  
   Slighted, 5943  
   Value of, 5944, 12169  
 Virtues, Counterfeit, 5945  
   Great, 5946  
   Growth of, 5947  
 Visitation, Divine, 12170  
   Tract, 12171  
 Visiting, Encouragement to, 12172  
 Volition, Influence of, 12173  
 Volney's Fear, 3271  
 Voltaire, Anec., 386, 1722, 3262, 3270, 8243,  
   9863, 10484  
 Voluptas, Worship of, 1103  
 Voluptuousness Enervates, 5948  
 Von Winkelried's Sacrifice, 3556  
 Vow, A Strange, 5950  
   Kept, 5949  
   Reminded of a, 12174  
 Vows, Avaricious, 12175  
   Custom of, 5952  
   Heathen, 5953  
   Instinctive, 5954  
   Legend of, 5955  
   Making, \*2948  
   Non-Performance of, 5951, 5956  
   Paying, 5957

- Vulcan, 2437
- Waiting, Brief, \*2949  
 Enforced, \*2950  
 Examples of, 12177  
 Expectant, \*2951  
 Results of, \*2952  
 The Christian, 12176  
 Working and, \*2953
- Wakefield's, G., Memoirs, 6131
- Waldensian Bible Peddler, \*250
- Walpole's Vulgarity, 8662
- Walsh, Thos., Death of, 7873
- Walsingham's Seriousness, 11655
- Wandregist's Jewels, 10094
- Wants, Book of, 12178  
 Duplicity of, \*2954  
 Human, \*2955  
 Imaginary, 12179  
 Ruinous, 12180
- War, Absurdity of, 12181  
 Benefit of, \*2956  
 Contrast of, 12182  
 Cost of, 5958 12183  
 Destruction by, 5959, 12184  
 Effects of, \*2957  
 God of, 12185  
 Horrors of, \*2958, 12186  
 Preparation for, 12187  
 Time of, \*2960  
 Unchristian, 5960  
 Weapons of, 5961, 12188
- Warburton and Tucker, 3668
- Warfare, Bravery in, 5962  
 Christian, \*4091, 12189  
 Constant, 12190  
 Help in the, 5963  
 Holy, \*207, \*2961  
 Life's, 12191  
 Mohammedan, 5964  
 Motto for the, 5965  
 Onward in the, \*2962  
 Perpetual, 5966  
 Persistent, 5967  
 Progress of the, \*2963  
 The, \*2911  
 Zeal for the, \*2964
- Warning, Angry at a, 12192  
 Disregard of, 12193  
 Eternity's, \*2965  
 Heeding, 5960  
 Kindness of, 12194  
 Noah's, 12195  
 Rejected, 5969  
 Time for, 5970  
 Unheeded, 12196  
 Voice of, 5971
- Warren, Bp. H. W., 12280
- Washington, \*112, 2056, 3320, 3506, 3662, 4007,  
 4311, 5841, 10683
- Watchcare of God, \*2966, 5972  
 Example of the, 5973
- Watchfulness, Adaptation to, 12197  
 Analogy of, 5974  
 Christian, \*2967, 5975  
 Duty of, \*2958  
 Examples of, 12199  
 Fable of, 12200  
 Natural, 5978  
 Necessary, \*2969, 5980, 12201, 5979  
 Overcome, 5981
- Watchfulness, Personal, 5982  
 Reason for, \*2970, 5976, 12198  
 Relief from, 5983  
 Security of, 12202  
 Use of, 5984
- Watching, Ceaseless, 12203  
 Neglect of, 12204
- Water, Costly, 12205  
 Description of, 5985  
 Dying for, 12206  
 Made Wine, \*4092, 4105 }  
 Price of, 12207  
 Value of, \*2971
- Waterloo, Highlanders at, 4061
- Waters, Living, \*4093
- Watson, R., Impressions, 9812
- Watts, Anec., 2717, 4364, 6251, 8891
- Way, The Narrow, 5986
- Wayfaring Man of Grief, \*4094
- Wayland, Dr. F., Anec., 389, 7197, 11963
- Weak, Encouragement to the, 12208  
 Power of the, 5987  
 Victory, 5988
- Weakness, Biblical Figures of, 12209  
 Human, 5989  
 Lesson of, \*2972  
 Natural, 5990  
 Plea of, 5991  
 Strength in, 12210  
 Upheld by Grace, 12211
- Wealth, Abuse of, 5992  
 Acquisition of, 12212  
 and Hell, 5996  
 Blinding, 5993  
 Covenant for, 12213  
 Greed of, \*2973  
 Household, \*2974  
 Imperishable, 12215  
 Late Acquired, \*2975  
 Leaving, 5997  
 Moderate, 5998  
 Not Happiness, 5995  
 Poverty of, 12216  
 Pursuit of, 5999  
 Rating, 6000  
 Securing, 6001  
 Slave of, 6002  
 Sudden, 6003  
 Sufficiency of, \*2976  
 Uncertainty of, 12217  
 Unhappiness of, 6004  
 Useless, 6005  
 Way to, 6006  
 Willing Away, \*2977  
 Without Heaven, 12214  
 Worthless, \*2978
- Wear, Mrs., Trouble of, 8099
- Weaver, The, \*2474
- Webb, Cap., Question of, 1079
- Webster, Dan., 150, 2435, 5004, 5784, 6249,  
 7151  
 Prof., Anec., 946, 7102
- Wedding, A Double, \*2979  
 A Jewish Custom at a, 12218  
 Call to the, \*2980  
 Hebrew, \*2981
- Weepers, The Aged, \*4095
- Weeping, End of, \*2982  
 Lesson of, \*2983
- Welcome, Custom of, 12219
- Well, Woman at the, \*4096

- Well-Doing, Ceaseless, 6007  
 Important, 6008
- Wellington, Duke of, Anec., 536, 2294, 3664,  
 3988, 5517, 6417, 6933, 7112, 8192, 8205,  
 10546, 10764
- Wells, Ralph, and the Mission Scholar, 7445
- Welsh's, J., Passion, 5457
- Wenceslaus, Anec., 2319, 8471
- Wesley, C., Anec., 1706, 6985, 7396, 7875, 7512
- Wesley, J., Anec., 24, 98, 211, 586, 1339, 1363,  
 1444, 1705, 1784, 1931, 2349, 2387, 2558,  
 3577, 4017, 4210, 6597, 7799, 8294, 8676,  
 8807, 8864, 9251, 9360, 9612, 9899, 10520,  
 10628, 10852, 11129  
 S., Decision of, 6895  
 Mrs. S., Anec., 1772, 1830, 4036, 10653
- West, Benj., Anec., 2717, 3268, 4039
- What the Birds Said, \*2957
- What Then? \*310
- Wheat and Tares, \*4097-4099
- While, A Little, \*4100
- Whitefield, Geo., Anec., 1751, 1864, 2289, 2307,  
 2450, 2482, 2716, 4021, 5767, 6112, 6218,  
 6624, 7552, 7569, 7962, 8023, 8139, 8245,  
 8385, 8523, 9763, 9772, 10055, 10732, 10841,  
 10843, 11382, 11601, 11623, 12113, 12339
- Whitgift's Injustice, 10066
- Whitlock's Anxiety, 161
- Wicked, Brief Life of the, 12220  
 Danger of the, 6009  
 Desires of the, 12221  
 Destruction of the, 12222  
 End of the, 6010  
 Envy of the, 12223  
 Expectations of the, 12227  
 Fears and Hopes of the, 6011  
 Future State of the, 6012  
 Misery of the, 6013  
 Prosperity of the, 12224  
 Punishment of the, 6014, 12225  
 Restraining the, 12226  
 Shelter of the, 6015  
 Treasures of the, 6016  
 Triumph of the, 6017
- Wickedness, Depth of, 6018  
 Growth in, \*2984  
 Increase of, \*2985
- Widowhood, Cry of, \*2986
- Widow's Son, Raising the, \*4101  
 Revivified, \*4102
- Wife, A Bad, \*2988, 6019  
 A Cheerful, 6020  
 A Christian, 6021  
 A Good, \*2989  
 An Absent, \*2987  
 a Plague, 12230  
 A Prayerless, 6025  
 A Rich, 12231  
 Benefit of a Cross, 12228  
 Faithfulness of a, 6022  
 Husband and, \*2990  
 Influence of a, \*2991  
 Meaning of, 6023  
 Obeying a, 6024  
 Proverbs, 6026  
 Qualities of a, 6027  
 Testimonial to, 6028  
 Value of a, \*2992
- Wilberforce, Anec., 1091, 4203, 5629
- Wilderness, The Church in the, \*4103
- Wilkes, Fortunate, 2367
- Wilkinson, R., Glorious Death of, 1764
- Wilfulness, Example of, 6036  
 Fate of, 12232
- Will, Authority of, 6029  
 Enthralled, 6030  
 Inactive, 6031  
 Need of, 12233  
 Perverted, 6032  
 Power of, 6033  
 Proverbs, 6034  
 Responsibility of, 6035, 12234
- Willemzoon, 8359
- William of Wickham, 12283
- William Rufus, Anec., 4047, 9069
- William the Conqueror, Death of, 7668
- Williams, Admiral, 9814
- Will of God, Strange Idea of, 6037  
 Submission to the, 6038
- Wilmot, Jacob, 6048
- Wilson, Margaret, Anec., 6267, 10437  
 Senator, Anec., 2716, 11189, 11846
- Wind, Mystery of the, \*4104
- Wine, Curse of, \*2993  
 Danger of, 6039  
 Effects of, \*2994  
 Spirit of, 6240  
 Turning Water Into, \*4092, \*4105  
 Use of, \*2995
- Winepress, Christ Treading the, \*4106
- Winfrid, Zeal of, 10587
- Wings, Longing for, \*4107
- Winter, Analogy of, \*2996  
 End of, \*2997  
 Lessons of, \*2998  
 Robt., Dream of, 8151
- Wirt, Wm., Anec., 1129, 5633, 8134
- Wisdom, a Result, 6052  
 Brevities, 6041  
 Conflict of, 6042  
 Confounded, 6043  
 Counsel of, 12235  
 Deliverance by, 12236  
 Divine, 6044  
 Essentials of, 12237  
 Example of, 6045  
 Excellency of, \*3000, 6046  
 Goddess of, 6047  
 Human, 6048  
 Humility of, 6049  
 Lessons of, \*3001  
 Neglect of, 6050  
 Particulars of, 12238  
 Power of, \*3002  
 Proof of, 6051  
 Seeking, 6053, 12239  
 Spouse of, 12240  
 Value of, \*3003, 6054
- Wise Men, Songs of the, \*4108
- Wish, Punished, 6055
- Wishes, Common, 6056  
 Ignorance of Our Own, 12241  
 Influence of, \*3004  
 Limitless, \*3005  
 Magic, 6057  
 Three, 6058
- Wit, Acquirement of, 12242  
 Captivation of, 6059  
 Defined, 6060  
 Effects of, 6061  
 Example of, 12243  
 Greek, 12244

- Wit, Shallowness of, 12245  
   Triumphs of, 6062  
 Witness, A Material, 6063  
   An Unexpected, 12247  
   A Royal, 12246  
   Conscience a, \*3008  
   Nature a, 6064  
   The Omniscient, 6065  
 Witness of the Spirit, 6069  
   Abiding, 6066  
   Certainty of, 6067  
   Definition, 6068  
   Doctrine of, 12248  
   Loss of the, 6070  
   Mysterious, 6071  
   Necessary, 6072  
   Similes of, 6073  
   Testimony to, 12249  
 Wives, Devoted, 6074  
   Disciplining, 12250  
   Duty of, 6075  
 Wolfe, Death of Gen., 1308  
 Wollaston's Laboratory, 2717  
 Wolsey, Anec., 5814, 7849  
 Woman, Charms of, \*3009, 6093  
   Comparisons of, \*3010  
   Creation of, \*3011, 6077  
   Degradation of, 6078  
   Ignored, 6080  
   Irreligious, \*3012  
   Mission of, \*3013  
   Model, \*3014  
   Offices of, \*3015  
   Ornaments of, 12251  
   Perfection of, 12252  
   Power of a Holy, 6081  
   Proverbs, 6082  
   Record of, \*3016  
   Reform of a, 6083  
   Right of, 12253  
   Slighting, 6084  
   Solace of, 6085  
   Speaking in Church, 6086  
   Sympathy of, 6087  
   Temptation of, 12255  
   Without Christ, 6076  
   Without Devotion, 6079  
   Work of, \*3017  
 Women, Diversions for, \*3018  
   Eastern Contempt of, 6088  
   Educated, 6089  
   Education of, 6090  
   Heathen Hatred of, 12256  
   Influence of, \*3019, 6091  
   Pleasing, 6092  
   Power of, 6094, 12257  
   Resolute, 12258  
   Snares of, \*3020  
   Strength of, 12259  
   Unmarried, 12260  
   Usefulness of, 12261  
 Word, A Providential, 6095  
   Christ Called the, 6095  
   Comfort of the, 6096  
   God's, \*3021  
   Influence of the, 12263  
   Power of the, 12264  
   Sharpness of God's, 12265  
   The Divine, 12262  
   The Eternal, 6097  
   The Purifying, 6099  
   Word, The Tried, 6100  
   Trumpet of the, \*3022  
 Words, Bad, 6101  
   Choice of, 12266  
   Cruel, 6102  
   Dying, 1700-1772, 6103, 8227, 8228  
   Eloquent, \*3023  
   Fittly Spoken, 6104  
   Good and Evil, 12267  
   Hard, 6105  
   Idle, \*3024  
   Influence of Bad, 6106  
   Power of, 6107, 12268  
   Seasonable, 12269  
   Seeds, 12270  
   Spirit of, \*3025  
   Useless, 6108  
   Use of, 6109  
   Vain, 6110  
 Worgan, Dr., the Musician, 10669  
 Work, Adaptation to, 12271  
   A Good Day's, 6118  
   Benefit of, 6111  
   Call to, \*3026  
   Cheerfulness in, 6112  
   Christian, \*3027, 6113  
   Encouragement to, 6114, 6116  
   Enthusiastic, 12272  
   Examples of, 6115  
   Gospel of, 12273  
   Happiness of, 12274  
   Health of, 6119  
   Honest, 12275  
   Honorable, 6120  
   Hope and, \*3028  
   Hopeless, \*3029  
   Hymn of, \*3030  
   Incentives to, \*3031, 12278  
   Influence of, 12277  
   Law of, 6121  
   Library of, 12278  
   Natural, 6122  
   Out-door, 12279  
   Perfect, 6123  
   Physical, 12280  
   Power of, 6124  
   Preservation for, 6125  
   Reward of, 6126  
   Sphere of, 6128  
   Test of, 12281  
   Tools for, 6129  
   Undaunted, 6130  
   Value of, 6131  
   versus Sloth, 6127  
   Watchword of, \*3033  
   Whose? 12282  
   with God, 6117  
 Works, Author of, 6132  
   Concomitant with Faith, 6133  
   Duration of, 6134  
   Human, 6135  
   Immortality by, 12283  
   Man's, \*3034  
   Nature's and Man's, \*3035  
   Spiritual, 6136  
 World, A Burning, \*3036, 6141  
   A Petrified, 6161  
   a Snare, 6165  
   a Stage, 6167  
   Attachment to the, 6137, 6154  
   Attractions of the, \*3041, 6138



- World, Burden of the, 6140  
 Burning the, 12284  
 Choice of the, 6143  
 Christian and the, 12285  
 Corrupt, 6144  
 Danger of the, 6145  
 Deception of the, 6146, 12286  
 Destruction of the, 6147  
 Dissatisfaction with the, 6148  
 End of the, 6139, 6149  
 Exile, 6150  
 Flavor of the, \*3037  
 Folly of the, 6151  
 God's Use of this, 6152  
 Hero of the, 12287  
 Hatred of the, 6153  
 Ignorance of the, 6155  
 Inconstancy of the, 6142, 6156  
 Infelicity of the, 6157  
 Judgment of the, 6158  
 Love of the, \*3038, 6159  
 Our Own, 6160  
 Pilgrims in the, 6162  
 Pleasures of the, 6163  
 Preferring this, 12289  
 Question of the, \*3039  
 Reckoning of the, 6164  
 Reflective Character of the, 12290  
 Sale of the, \*3040  
 Spirit of the, 6166  
 Stooping to the, 6168  
 Things of the, 6169  
 This and the Next, 12291  
 Unreliable, 6170, 6171, 12292  
 Vanity of the, 6172  
 Way of the, 6173  
 Weakness of the, 6174  
 Worldliness, Absorption of, 6175, 12293  
 Attraction of, 6176  
 Contrast of, 6177  
 Crime of, 6178  
 Described, 6179  
 Diversion of, 12295  
 Effects of, 12294  
 Emptiness of, 6180  
 End of, 6181  
 Fatal to the Church, 6182, 12296  
 Fate of, 12297  
 Folly of, 6183  
 Influence of, \*3042  
 Overruled, 6184  
 Stream of, 6185  
 Test of, 6186  
 Vanity of, 6187  
 Warning Against, 6188  
 Worldling, Belief of the, 6189  
 Danger of the, 6190  
 Description of the, \*3043  
 Dissatisfaction of the, 6191  
 Dying Cry of a, 12298  
 Envyng the, 6192  
 Exposure of the, 6193  
 Model for the, 6195  
 Portion of the, 6196  
 Race of the, 6197  
 Reflection for the, 6198  
 Selfishness of the, 6199  
 Symbol of, 12299  
 The Mad, 6194  
 Woe of the, 6200  
 Work of the, \*3044  
 Worldlings, Ways of, \*3045  
 Worship, Absorption in, 6201  
 Acceptable, \*3046  
 Assimilation of, 6202  
 Be Punctual at, 12300  
 Devotion in, 12301  
 Domestic, 12303  
 Dress for, 12302  
 False, 6203  
 Heartless, 12304  
 Heathen, 6204  
 Heavenly, \*3047  
 Holiness of, 12305  
 Influence of, 6205  
 Instinct of, 6206  
 Jewish, 6207, 12306  
 Love for, 6208  
 Place of, \*3048, 6209  
 Pleasures of, 6210  
 Preparation for, 6211  
 Security of, \*3049  
 Selfish, 12307  
 Sensuous, 12308  
 Sioth in, 6212  
 Social, \*3050  
 Spiritual, 12309  
 Tenacity for, 6213  
 True, \*3051  
 Worshippers, Character of, 6214  
 Varieties of, 6215  
 Worth, Men of, \*3052  
 Rewarded, 6216  
 Worthies, Christ with the, \*4109  
 Wotton, Godless, 4223  
 Wrath, Divine, 12311  
 Flee from, 12312  
 Preaching, 6217  
 Reserved, 12313  
 Subdued, 6219  
 to Come, 12310  
 Treasuring up, 12314  
 Victims of, \*3053  
 Wrath of God, Averting the, 6220  
 Power of, 6221  
 Restrained, 6218, 6222  
 Warning of the, 6224  
 Why Restrained, 6223  
 Wreck, A Pitiful, 6225  
 Warnings of, 12315  
 Wreckers, Work of, 12316  
 Wren's Monument, 1408  
 Wrestling Jacob, \*1225  
 Wright, D., Last Words of, 1752  
 Wrong, Beginning of, 6226  
 One, 6227  
 Resistance of, 6228  
 Result of, 6229  
 Revenging a, 6230  
 Wycliffe, Work of, 7040  
 Xanthus' Dinner of Tongues, 5737  
 Xantippe, Anec., 5220, 9687, 12228  
 Xavier, Spirit of, 10600  
 Xenocrates, Anec., 1053, 6753, 6938, 9370, 12097,  
 12167  
 Xerxes, Anec., 3038, 3767, 4128, 6296, 6948,  
 11554, 12246  
 Year, Old and New, \*3054  
 The Dying, \*3055

- Year, Wail of the Dying, 12317  
 Years, Biblical, 12318  
 Yes and No, 12319  
 Yesterday, Lessons of, \*3056  
 Young, Care of the, 6231  
   Counsel to the, 12320  
   Preaching to the, 6232  
 Young Lady, Christian, 6233  
   Influence of a, 6234  
   Precaution of a, 6235  
 Young Man, Counsel to a, 6236  
   Idle, 6237  
   Salvation of a, 12321  
 Young Men, Advice to, 12322  
   Danger to, 6238  
   Defined, 12323  
   Power of, 6239  
   Success of, 12324  
   Temptations of, 12325  
 Young Soldiers, Enthusiasm of, 6240  
 Youth, Ardor of, \*3057  
   Counsel to, 12326  
   Death in, \*3058  
   Decision of a, 6241  
   Deformity in, 6242  
   Disenchanted, \*3059  
   Duty of, 6243  
   Energy of, 6244  
   Exposure of, 6245  
   Fountain of, 6246  
   Friendship Formed in, 12327  
   Hopefulness of, \*3060  
   Immortal, \*3061  
   Impressions of, 12329  
   Influence of, 6248  
   Learning in, 6249  
   Negligence in, 6250  
   Piety in, 6247, 6251  
   Portrait of, 6252  
   Precocious, 12330  
   Preoccupation of, 6253  
   Protection of, 6254  
   Religion in, 12328, 12331  
   Renewal of, 12332  
   Restraints of, 6255  
   Retrospect on, 6256  
   Returnless, \*3062  
   Season of, 12333  
   Sinfulness of, 6257  
   Squandered, \*3063  
   Thoughtless, 12334  
   Transitory, 6258  
   Use of, 6259  
   Zeal in, \*3065
- Zacheus, \*4110, \*4111  
 Zacharias, Dumb, 3657  
   The Song of, \*4112  
 Zaleucus, Anec., 224, 6617  
 Zaniab Poisons Mohammed, 6227  
 Zarephath, The Widow of, \*4113  
 Zeal, and Prudence, 6270  
   Apostolic, 12335  
   Attraction of, 12336  
   Blind, 6260  
   Cautious, 6261  
   Christian, \*3066, 12337  
   Constancy of, 6262  
   Cruel, 12338  
   Demanded, 6263  
   Demand for, 6264  
   Desire for, 12340, 12341  
   False, 6265  
   Incentive to, 6266  
   Ineffectual, 6267  
   Ministerial, 6268, 12342  
   Philanthropic, 12343  
   Posthumous, 6269  
   Present, \*3067  
   Religious, 12344  
   Remarkable, 6271  
   Sacrifice to, 12345  
   Stimulated, 6272  
   Success of, 12346  
   Too Much, 6273  
   True, 6274, 12347  
   Uncontrolled, 6275  
   Urged, \*3068  
 Zebedee's Children, Mother of, \*4114  
 Zeeb, Modesty of, 4008  
 Zeisberger and the Gunpowder, 5973  
 Zeiten, Boldness of, 457  
 Zeno, Anec., 2797, 4956, 5506, 10578, 11689,  
   11893  
 Zenobia, Beauty of, 6693  
 Zerubbabel and the Mountain, \*4115  
 Zeuxis, Anec., 3119, 7870, 10170, 10942  
 Zinzendorf, 17, 1778  
 Zion, Feast of, \*4116  
   Gathering to, \*3069  
   Hoping for, \*4117  
   Mount, 12348  
   Restoration of, \*4118  
   The Heavenly, \*3070, \*4119  
   Triumph of, \*3071  
 Ziska, Count, Zeal of, 6269  
 Zoar, Lot in, \*4120  
 Zosimus' Benevolence, 7050  
 Zwingle, Anec., 4479, 5816

## INDEX OF POETICAL AUTHORS.

Two numbers connected by a dash indicate date of author's birth and death; b. date of birth; d. date of death; w. date of writing. The poetical volumes divide on 3073.

- Adam, of St. Victor, France (d. 1193), 867,  
4018
- Adams, John Q., Mass. (1667-1848), 1869,  
2955
- Adams, Sarah Flower, Eng. (1805-1849), 847
- Addison, Joseph, Eng. (1672-1719), 576, 1579,  
1849, 1931
- Aird, Miss M. P., Scotland, 3119
- Akenside, Mark, M.D., Eng. (1721-1770), 4,  
163, 217, 1477, 1917, 2302, 2685, 2834, 2835
- Akerman, Mrs. L. E., 2918
- Akers, Mrs. Elizabeth, Me. (b. 1832), 1670
- Aldrich, James, Am. (1810-1856), 982
- Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, N. H., (b. 1836), 196,  
198, 1464, 2595, 3015
- Alexander, Cecil Frances, wife of Bp. Alex-  
ander, 364, 475, 1767, 2439, 2708, 3314, 3351,  
3399, 3467, 3727, 3738, 3946
- Alexander, James W., D.D., translator of  
German poems, 609
- Alexander, Joseph A., D.D., Am. (1809-1859),  
583
- Alexander, Bp. William, Derry, Ireland, 1766,  
3137, 3540, 3732
- Aleyn, Charles, Eng. (d. 1640), 1080, 1178
- Alford, Dean Henry, Eng. (1810-1871), 203,  
1669, 2011, 2168
- Alger, William R., Mass. (b. 1823), translator  
of oriental poems, 48, 95, 160, 164, 317, 329,  
333, 343, 470, 691, 693, 783, 791, 799, 806,  
830, 924, 934, 985, 1102, 1106, 1130, 1158,  
1349, 1403, 1424, 1489, 1493, 1495, 1514, 1524,  
1543, 1550, 1553, 1596, 1599, 1681, 1697, 1794,  
1880, 2004, 2095, 2138, 2145, 2160, 2188, 2286,  
2300, 2383, 2434, 2437, 2515, 2522, 2583, 2609,  
2613, 2648, 2704, 2733, 2771, 2978, 2988, 3002,  
3005, 3037, 3063, 3065
- Allen, G. N. (w. 1852), 588
- Allingham, William, Ireland (b. 1828), 903,  
1435, 2858
- Allis, A. T., Am. (w. 1865), 1805, 3027
- Allston, Washington, S. C. (1779-1843), 1084,  
1935
- Anacreon, Greece (d. 476 B.C.), 676, 1535
- Anatolius, St., Constantinople (d. 458), 2477
- Anderson, —, 3644
- Angelo, Michael, Italy (1474-1563), 2814
- Ariosto, Ludovico, Italy (1474-1533), 532
- Armstrong, John, Eng. (1709-1779), 937, 1651
- Arndt, Ernest Moritz, Ger. (1769-1860), 664,  
666
- Arnold, Edwin, Eng. (b. 1832), 3483
- Arnold, Matthew, Eng. (b. 1822), 75, 78, 297,  
1173, 1174, 1432
- Atherstone, Edwin, Eng. (w. 1821), 3141
- Atkinson, Mary E., 448
- Auber, Harriet, Eng. (1773-1862), 1813
- Austin, John, Eng. (d. 1869), 2532
- Aytoun, William E., Scotland (1813-1865),  
1683
- Bacon, William T., Am., 2910
- Bailey, Philip James, Eng. (b. 1816), 24, 31,  
705, 836, 1009, 1516, 1605, 1690, 2238, 2404,  
3051, 3848
- Baillie, Johanna, Scot. (1762-1851), 47, 546,  
1254, 1420, 1693, 1896, 2655
- Baker, Arthur, 3508
- Ball, William, Eng. (w. 1864), 2139
- Bally, George, Eng. (w. 1750), 46, 1396, 2059,  
2065, 2625
- Barbauld, Anna Letitia, Eng. (1743-1825),  
345, 1315, 1769, 2037, 2132, 2544, 2860
- Baring-Gould, Rev. S., Eng. (b. 1834), 425
- Barker, James N., Penn., 1664
- Barnes, William, Eng. (w. 1864), 908, 1742,  
1853, 2367
- Barton, Bernard, Eng. (1784-1849), 1276, 1289,  
1598, 1707, 2537, 2697, 2724, 3131, 3177, 3178,  
3268, 3402, 3812, 3916
- Bates, David, U. S. (b. 1820), 1456
- Baxter, Rev. Richard, Eng. (1615-1691), 492,  
789, 3043
- Beattie, James, Scot. (1735-1803), 812, 844,  
2097
- Beaumont, Francis, Eng. (1586-1616), 536
- Beaumont, James, 3237
- Bedome, Rev. Benjamin, Eng. (1717-1795),  
1571
- Bedell, C. C., Amer. (w. 1871), 2266
- Beecher, Esther C., Am. (b. 1800), 1131
- Bell, Charles D., 3819
- Bell, John Cross, Eng. (w. 1869), 2553
- Bembo, Pietro, Italy (1470-1547), 516
- Bemis, Clara, 3153
- Benjamin, Park, Am. (b. 1809), 431, 1526
- Berkeley, Bp. George, Ir. (1684-1753), 115
- Bernard, C., Eng. (w. 1870), 2166
- Bernard, St., of Clairvaux, Fr. (1091-1153),  
738
- Bernard, St., of Cluny (w. 1145), 2023
- Bethune, George W., D.D., N. Y. (1805-1862),  
1193, 1905, 3425, 4026
- Bethune, John, Scot. (1812-1839), 1601
- Betts, H. J., 239
- Bickersteth, Rev. Edward Henry, Eng. (b.  
1825), 34, 125, 150, 391, 427, 537, 564, 653, 790,  
1017, 1073, 1241, 1293, 1335, 1336, 1530, 1643,  
1693, 1704, 1706, 1714, 1717, 1720, 1722, 1732,  
1745, 1750, 1771, 2007, 2052, 2093, 2212, 2321,  
2330, 2255, 2259, 2361, 2390, 2443, 2627, 2672,

- 2709, 2804, 2806, 2956, 2958, 3036, 3047, 3345,  
3395, 3631, 3632
- Bird, John, 3208
- Bishop, 3304
- Black, C. I., 3609
- Blacklock, Thomas, Scot. (1721-1791), 2923
- Blackmore, Sir Richard, Scot. (1654-1739),  
877, 2938
- Blair, Robert, D.D., Scot. (1721-1791), 701,  
1588, 2820, 3479
- Blake, William, Eng. (1757-1828), 2507
- Blenkinsopp, Rev. Edwin L., Eng., 3070, 3855
- Bliss, P. P., Am. (d. 1878), 3108, 3301, 3430,  
3637
- Bogart, Elizabeth, N. Y., 2356
- Boker, George Henry, Pa. (b. 1824), 2778
- Bolland, William, 3931
- Bolton, Sarah T., Ohio, (w. 1860), 1778
- Bonar, Horatius, D.D., Scotland (b. 1808), 30,  
41, 90, 93, 207, 237, 296, 300, 347, 399, 411,  
436, 441, 461, 542, 598, 601, 604, 610, 635,  
646, 652, 697, 707, 827, 855, 862, 869, 1003,  
1007, 1010, 1015, 1077, 1129, 1324, 1496, 1583,  
1586, 1595, 1597, 1713, 1734, 1735, 1748, 1754,  
1761, 1802, 1952, 2027, 2029, 2035, 2092, 2121,  
2127, 2170, 2200, 2275, 2385, 2308, 2479, 2488,  
2591, 2657, 2661, 2679, 2757, 2784, 2842, 2843,  
2905, 2908, 2928, 2961, 2983, 3031, 3038, 3072,  
3081, 3098, 3099, 3124, 3174, 3179, 3238, 3253,  
3254, 3257, 3331, 3356, 3375, 3386, 3423, 3424,  
3491, 3494, 3505, 3530, 3622, 3638, 3911, 3914,  
3996, 4015, 4086
- Bonaventura, St., Tuscany (1221-1274), 599
- Borov, 763
- Borthwick, Jane, Scot. (b. 1813), translator of  
German hymns, 4090
- Bourne, Vincent, Eng. (d. 1747), 2713
- Bowles, William Lisle, Eng. (1762-1850), 4074
- Bowly, Mary, Eng. (w. 1847), 1667
- Bowring, Sir John, Eng. (1792-1872), 294, 298,  
573, 595, 763, 1041, 1141, 1265, 1500, 1699,  
1824, 1828, 1832, 2546, 2573, 3292
- Braddock, Emily A. (w. 1879), 3704
- Brainard, Miss Mary G., 16
- Brandon, Samuel, Eng. (w. 1598), 802
- Breithaupt, J. J., Ger. (1658-1732), 1484
- Bridgcs, Matthew, Eng. (b. 1800), 3890, 4106
- Broderick, Allen, England, 3223, 3746
- Bronck, Anne, Eng. (d. 1848), 2930
- Brontë, Charlotte, Eng. (1824-1855), 354, 1247
- Brooks, Maria, Mass. (1795-1845), 101, 2947
- Brooks, Mary E., N. Y., (w. 1829), 666, 3576,  
4028
- Brown, Frances, Ireland (1818-1864), 2171,  
2293
- Brown, Mary Anne, Eng. (1812-1844), 2208
- Brown, Thomas, Scot. (1728-1820), 2559
- Browne, T. B., Eng. (w. 1844), 2534, 2768,  
2772, 2803
- Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, Eng. (1809-1861),  
18, 28, 56, 60, 61, 446, 469, 522, 556, 647,  
848, 875, 1054, 1629, 1659, 1684, 1702, 1878,  
1907, 1911, 2076, 2103, 2143, 2157, 2177, 2231,  
2478, 2656, 2767, 2783, 2843, 2864, 3869
- Browning, Robert, Eng. (b. 1812), 147, 224,  
2606
- Bruce, Michael, Scot. (1746-1767), 1954, 2325
- Bryant, John Howard, Mass. (b. 1807), 3194
- Bryant, William Cullen, Cummington, Mass.  
(1797-1879), 65, 390, 703, 712, 921, 1006,  
1019, 1114, 1338, 1355, 1391, 1434, 1504, 1584,  
1795, 2062, 2108, 2172, 2182, 2263, 2339, 2364,  
2375, 2415, 2461, 2593, 2803, 2845, 2846, 2911,  
3061, 3792, 3936, 4016
- Brydges, Sir S. Egerton, Eng. (1762-1837),  
3234
- Buchanan, Hamilton, Scotland, 2258
- Buchanan, Robert, Scot. (b. 1835), 156, 158
- Bullfinch, Rev. Stephen Greenleaf, Mass.  
(1809-1870), 3217
- Bungay, George W., Am. (w. 1870), 2848
- Bunyan, John, Eng. (1628-1688), 915, 2447,  
2753
- Burch, —, 3793
- Burdsall, Richard, Eng. (1735-1824), —, 1568
- Burger, Gottfried August, Ger. (1747-1794), 88
- Burgess, Bp. George, America (b. 1809), 1672
- Burleigh, George S., Am. (b. 1821), 756
- Burleigh, William H., N. Y. (b. 1812), 724  
1551, 1625, 2003, 2693, 2883, 3054
- Burns, Robert, Scot. (1759-1796), 322, 1269  
1277, 1423, 2232, 2348, 2527, 3796
- Burton, John, Eng. (1823), 2544
- Butler, Samuel, Eng. (1612-1680), 3, 143, 185,  
252, 540, 563, 890, 935
- Butler, William Allen, Am. (b. 1825), 926
- Butterworth, Hezekiah, 3512
- Byron, Lord George Gordon, Eng. (1788-1824),  
55, 482, 488, 539, 622, 776, 807, 810, 813,  
815, 829, 863, 923, 1066, 1085, 1144, 1189,  
1250, 1278, 1364, 1366, 1387, 1475, 1478, 1632,  
1642, 1674, 1675, 1685, 1900, 1916, 2038, 2080,  
2260, 2270, 2459, 2617, 2779, 2796, 2913, 2934,  
3171, 3310, 3506, 3570, 3593, 3621, 3973
- Callanan, Jeremiah Joseph, Jr. (1795-1829),  
3754
- Campbell, Etta, 3614
- Campbell, Thomas, Scot. (1777-1874), 50, 169,  
257, 669, 898, 1088, 1448, 1634, 1857, 1863,  
1865, 1866, 1871, 2622, 3060
- Canitz, Baron Von, Ger. (1654-1699), 2034
- Carew, Lady Elizabeth, Eng. (w. 1616), 1986
- Carmichael, Sarah E., Am. (w. 1865), 1532
- Cary, Alice, O. (1820-1871), 285, 1167, 1297,  
1450
- Cary, Phœbe, O. (1825-1871), 511, 1747, 2438  
2453, 2474, 2972
- Caswall, Rev. Edward, tr., Eng. (b. 1814), 300
- Caunter, J. H., Eng. (1794-1852), 2845
- Cawood, John, Eng. (1775-1852), 3782, 3966
- Cennick, John, Eng. (1717-1755), 1800
- Chandler, C. M., Eng. (w. 1860), 746
- Chapin, E. H., D.D., Vt. (1814-1881), 3117,  
3538
- Chapman, George, Eng. (1557-1634), 1371,  
1376, 1988, 2989
- Chapman, L. M., England, 2280
- Chapman, M. J., 3527
- Chapman, Robert C., England, 1120
- Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth, Eng. (b. 1826), 229,  
358
- Charlotte, Elizabeth (See Mrs. Tonna), 3624,  
4091
- Chaucer, Geoffrey, Eng. (1328-1400), 674, 2462
- Chellis, Mary D., Am. (w. 1870), 627, 2001
- Chester, J. L., Am. (w. 1840), 414
- Churchill, Charles, Eng. (1741-1764), 481, 586,  
2017, 3046
- Clare, John, England, (1793-1864), 2449
- Clark, Luella, Am. (w. 1860), 2886
- Clark, Simeon Tucker, Am. (b. 1836), 3278,  
3396, 3458, 3475, 3528

- Clark, Willis Gaylord, Am. (1810-1841), 2615, 2886
- Clarke, James Freeman, D.D., N. H. (b. 1810), 3216, 3548
- Cleaveland, Mrs. E. H. J., 3950
- Climasos, John, 3495
- Clinch, J. H., Am., 502, 1902
- Clive, Caroline, Ireland (1711-1785), 1591
- Clough, Arthur Hugh, Eng. (1819-1861), 742, 1048, 1061, 2906, 3175
- Coe, Richard, Jr., Am. (b. 1830), 1404
- Coldwell, Charles, 3900
- Coleridge, Hartley, Eng. (1796-1849), 3090
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, Eng. (1772-1834), 81, 170, 412, 528, 1093, 1300, 1382, 1385, 1418, 1505, 1604, 1607, 1823, 1922, 2538, 2550, 2730, 2731, 3029
- Colesworthy, D. C., Mass. (w. 1865), 2069
- Collins, Annie, Eng. (b. 1627), 2997
- Collins, William, Eng. (1720-1756), 1310, 2458, 2472
- Collyer, William, Bengo, Eng. (1782-1854), 624
- Colman, George, Eng. (1762-1836), 1155
- Colton, Caleb C., Eng. (d. 1832), 709, 1740
- Conder, Josiah, Eng. (1789-1855), 175
- Congreve, William, Eng. (1670-1829), 149
- Cook, Eliza, London (b. 1817), 45, 112, 850, 1813, 1441, 1454, 1517, 1542, 1569, 1819, 1982, 2422, 2457, 2529, 2872, 2971
- Cooke, Rose Terry, Conn. (b. 1827), 3209
- Cooper, George, New York (w. 1868), 660, 1781
- Cosmas, St., Jerusalem (d. 760), 1494
- Cotton, Nathaniel, Eng. (1721-1788), 1821, 2218, 2569, 2586
- Cowley, Abraham, Eng. (1618-1667), 704, 1100, 1870, 2338, 4006
- Cowper, William, Eng. (1731-1800), 53, 243, 324, 385, 458, 490, 596, 621, 632, 739, 786, 832, 865, 887, 930, 1000, 1045, 1087, 1094, 1116, 1117, 1151, 1165, 1179, 1226, 1272, 1281, 1282, 1302, 1306, 1383, 1388, 1399, 1446, 1645, 1657, 1658, 1861, 1979, 1999, 2013, 2039, 2040, 2074, 2075, 2083, 2124, 2126, 2215, 2254, 2257, 2296, 2344, 2390, 2398, 2400, 2451, 2498, 2558, 2561, 2562, 2573, 2584, 2604, 2608, 2631, 2674, 2689, 2705, 2764, 2774, 2831, 2832, 2834, 2835, 2851, 2975, 3007
- Cox, Frances Elizabeth, Eng. (w. 1841), 3407
- Coxe, Bp. Arthur Cleveland, Amer. (b. 1818), 438, 531, 1005, 1125, 1930
- Crabbe, George, Eng. (1754-1832), 74, 218, 622, 1377, 1449, 2503
- Craig, Isabella, Eng. (w. 1856), 675
- Craik, D. Maria Mulock, Eng. (b. 1826), 63, 228, 692, 884, 906, 1787, 2252, 2371, 2416, 2658, 2766, 2931, 3435, 3490, 3997
- Cramer, Julian, 3870
- Cranch, C. P., Alexandria, D.C. (b. 1813), 214, 3014
- Crane, Rev. Oliver, Amer. (b. 1822), 3112, 3274, 3460, 3470, 3553, 3981
- Crashaw, Richard, Eng. (1600-1650), 2555, 2556
- Creech, Thomas, Eng. (1659-1701), 2715
- Credwood, Jane, Eng. (1809-1863), 310, 451, 1063
- Croly, George, Ireland (1780-1860), 507, 690, 1594, 1827, 3148, 3163, 3267, 3289, 3392, 3412, 3532, 3537, 3586, 3602, 3603, 3628, 3730, 3892, 3982, 4004, 4070, 4077
- Crossman, Samuel, Eng. (w. 1664), 681
- Crosswell, Rev. William, D.D., New York (1804-1851), 3283, 4017, 4027
- Crown, John, Nova Scotia (w. 1865), 785, 1942
- Cunningham, Allan, Scotland (1784-1842), 199
- Cunningham, J. W., 3262
- Curry, Otway, Amer. (1804-1855), 1122, 1782
- Cutter, William, Amer. (b. 1801), 1047
- Dach, Simon, Germany (1605-1659), 2834
- Dale, Thomas, Eng. (b. 1797), 1060, 1458, 1862, 2870, 3200, 3273, 3361, 3562, 3745
- Damiani, Peter, Italy (d. 1072), 732, 3853, 3857
- Dana, Mary S. B., 3558
- Dana, Richard Henry, Cambridge, Mass. (b. 1787), 1926, 2129, 2614
- Daniel, Samuel, Eng. (1562-1619), 1057
- Dante, Alighieri, Florence (1265-1321), 1777
- Darwin, Erasmus, Eng. (1731-1802), 2492, 2928
- Davenant, Sir W., Eng. (1598-1680), 304, 454, 483, 1104, 1219, 1908
- Davenport, Christopher, Eng. (1605-1668), 1841
- Davies, Sir John, Eng. (1570-1660), 1502, 1679, 2228, 2793
- Davis, Thomas, Ireland (1814-1845), 1649
- Dawes, Rufus, Mass. (1803-1859), 1831
- Denham, Sir John, Eng. (1615-1668), 188, 265, 2067
- Denny, Sir Edward, Eng. (b. 1796), 3551, 4024
- Derzhavin, Gabriel Romanawitch, Russia (1743-1816), 1507
- De Vere, Aubrey, Ireland (1814-1846), 2010, 2140, 2786
- Dewart, Edward Hartly, D.D., Canada (1869), 629, 1236, 1437, 1619, 1791, 2044, 2417, 2516
- Dickens, Charles, Eng. (1812-1870), 696, 1972, 2180
- Dickinson, Legh Richmond, Pa. (b. 1830), 3794
- Dimond, William, England (1800-1837), 920
- Dinnies, Anna Peyre, Amer. (b. 1810), 877
- Dix, John A., New York (w. 1863), 643
- Dix, William Chatterton, Eng. (b. 1837), 3903
- Doane, Bishop George W., Amer. (1799-1858), 504, 2322, 3105, 3734, 3918
- Doane, W. H., 3209
- Dobell, Sydney, Eng. (1702-1751), 359, 2342
- Doceo, Maria, 3292
- Dodd, William, 4112
- Doddridge, Philip, Eng. (1702-1751), 665, 1554, 1576, 2144
- Domett, Alfred, Eng. (b. 1811), 3277
- Dorr, Julia C. R., South Carolina (b. 1825), 3499
- Douglass, Marion, Amer. (w. 1870), 1635
- Dow, Jesse Erskine, 4032
- Drayton, Michael, 3780
- Drummond, William, Scotland (1585-1640), 151, 396, 2089
- Dryden, Eng. (1631-1700), 76, 77, 177, 240, 350, 585, 723, 1292, 1375, 1425, 1943, 2098, 2201, 2205, 2563, 2623, 2632, 3014
- Dunning, Homer N., 3377, 3379, 3391, 4012
- Duryea, William Rankin, Amer., 1825
- Dwight, Timothy, Mass. (1752-1817), 114, 2665
- Dyer, John, Eng. (1700-1758), 2213
- East, C., Eng., 3436
- Eastburn, James Wallis, Am. (1797-1819), 3601

- Eastman, Charles Gamage, Vermont (1816-1861), 662
- Edmeston, James, Eng. (1791-1867), 376, 1262, 1360, 2699, 3116, 3385
- Edwards, E. E., 3332
- Edwards, M. Betham, Eng. (b. 1836), 1270
- Elliott, Charlotte, Eng. (1789-1871), 334, 1575, 2008, 2545, 2846
- Ellis, Joseph, 3840
- Ellwood, Thomas, Eng. (1639-1713), 803
- Embury, Emma C., New York, 1056, 1142
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Boston, Mass. (b. 1803), 23, 209, 293, 328, 543, 566, 793, 1021, 1159, 1166, 1353, 1389, 2068, 2590, 2829
- Erskine, Ralph, Scotland (1685-1752), 1860
- Esling, Catherine H., Penn. (b. 1812), 1344
- Euripides, Greece (481-406 B. C.), 303
- Faber, Frederick, Eng. (1815-1863), 902, 956, 1126, 1215, 1223, 1520, 1977, 2012, 2401, 2444, 2486, 2919, 3007, 3196
- Falconer, William, tr., Scotland (1730-1769), 1701
- Farmer, Silas, Am. (w. 1860), 3033
- Farningham, Marianne, Eng., 1413
- Fitzarthur, 1266
- Fletcher, Giles, Eng. (1550-1610), 280
- Fletcher, John, Eng. (1576-1625), 400, 419, 1035, 1731
- Fletcher, Phineas, Eng. (1584-1650), 520, 2732
- Follen, Eliza L., Mass. (w. 1839), 2391
- Ford, Charles Lawrence, Eng., 3521, 3750, 3887, 4025, 4066
- Ford, John, Eng. (1586-1639), 1455, 1776, 2267
- Fortunatus, Venantius, Italy (530-609), 594, 597
- Fouque, De L'Motte, Germany (1777-1843), 3158
- Freeman, Hollis, 3189, 3825
- Freiligrath, Ferdinand, Germany (b. 1810), 3188, 3330, 3821
- Friedrich, Jean, Germany, 501
- Frothingham, N. L., Am., 782, 3181
- Froude, Philip, Eng. (d. 1738), 779
- Fry, Caroline, Eng. (1787-1846), 1204
- Gallagher, William D., Am., 1808, 1140
- Garrison, William Lloyd, Am. (1805-1879), 2296
- Garth, Sir Samuel, Eng. (d. 1719), 1373
- Gascoigne, George, Eng. (1540-1577), 2332
- Gates, Ellen H., Am. (w. 1860), 2321
- Gay, John, Eng. (1688-1732), 878, 1109, 2379
- Gellert, Charles, Germany (1715-1669), 1436, 1780, 1855
- Gerhardt, Paul, Germany (1606-1676), 388, 609, 2852
- Gibbons, Thomas, Eng. (1720-1785), 1121
- Gill, George, 1709
- Gill, Julia, 3229
- Gill, Mrs. S. P., 996
- Gill, Thomas H., Eng. (b. 1819), 1807
- Gladden, Washington, Penn. (b. 1836), 4100
- Glein, Johann Ludwig, Germany (1715-1769), 771
- Glynn, Robert, Eng. (d. 1800), 486
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang, Germany (1749-1832), 946, 2801, 2922
- Goldsmith, Oliver, Ireland (1725-1774), 49, 859, 1177, 2470, 2838
- Good, Jno. Mason, 3388
- Gould, Hannah F., Vermont (1792-1865), 3162, 3838, 4000
- Grahame, James, Scotland (1785-1838), 267, 366, 1271, 2376, 3574
- Grant, Sir Robert, Scotland (1785-1838), 866, 886, 1521, 2154
- Gray, Barry, 1873
- Gray, David, Eng. (1838-1861), 106, 689, 711, 726, 988
- Gray, Thomas, Eng. (1716-1771), 51, 442, 551
- Greene, Robert, Eng. (1560-1592), 2295
- Greenwell, Dora, Am. (w. 1860), 1163
- Greenwood, T., Eng., 3211, 3510
- Grigg, Rev. Joseph, Eng. (1728-1768), 2025
- Grinfield, Thomas, Eng. (b. 1738), 1758, 2651
- Gurney, John Hampden, Eng. (1802-1862), 1671
- Guyon, Jeanne de la Mothe, France (1648-1717), 457, 495, 900, 1230, 1473, 1567, 1939, 2174, 2788, 2823
- Hafiz, Shiras Persia (d. 1389), 1985
- Hale, Sarah Josepha, Am. (1796-1880), 255, 1058, 1092, 1564, 1792, 1826, 2053, 2091, 3013, 3034, 3606
- Halleck, Fitz-Greene, Conn. (1795-1869), 1426, 1476
- Hanaford, Rev. Phebe A., Am. (b. 1829), 4022
- Hankey, Catherine, Am. (w. 1867), 395, 403, 3393, 3413, 3725, 3824, 3891
- Hankinson, I., 3747
- Hare, J. M., 3940
- Harris, Thomas L., Am. (b. 1830), 916
- Hart, Joseph, Eng. (1712-1768), 1461
- Hartmann, Rev. Friedrich, Germany (1743-1815), 2819
- Hartsough, L., Am. (w. 1860), 1718
- Harvey, Christopher, 1378
- Haskell, Jefferson, Am. (w. 1865), 2941
- Hastings, H. L., Am. (w. 1860), 745, 770
- Hastings, Thomas, Am. (1784-1872), 2282
- Hatton, J. W., 3485
- Havard, William, Eng. (1710-1778), 1244, 2489
- Havergal, Frances Ridley, Eng. (1837-1879), 4010
- Hawey, J. S., 3959
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, Mass. (1807-1864), 3215, 3615
- Hay, John, Indiana, (b. 1839), 3192
- Hayes, Samuel, Eng. (w. 1775), 517, 816, 1026, 1725, 2423
- Hayne, Paul H., S. C. (b. 1831), 3872
- Heath, Robert, Eng. (b. 1625), 1444
- Heber, Bp. Reginald, Eng. (1723-1826), 613, 1024, 1346, 1357, 1592, 2021, 2441, 2547, 2901, 2987, 3272, 3444, 3598, 3604, 3818, 3924, 4050
- Heerman, Johann, Germany (b. 1630), 176
- Heine, Heinrich, Germany (1799-1856), 3168
- Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, Eng. (1794-1835), 238, 565, 649, 657, 662, 702, 889, 1059, 1149, 1256, 1261, 1275, 1320, 1342, 1419, 1719, 1737, 1836, 1903, 2094, 2312, 2505, 2539, 2726, 3048, 3489, 3591, 3733, 3836, 3908, 4044
- Henz, Caroline Lee, Am. (w. 1835), 2181
- Herbert, George, Wales (1593-1633), 22, 70, 97, 136, 142, 193, 232, 409, 410, 429, 494, 505, 523, 526, 560, 663, 788, 845, 912, 1063, 1150, 1162, 1187, 1205, 1287, 1296, 1381, 1427, 1573, 1578, 1677, 1808, 1944, 2049,

- 2224, 2481, 2531, 2541, 2618, 2644, 2692, 2821, 2825, 2902, 2926, 2948, 3006
- Herbert, Henry W., 3097
- Herrick, Robert, Eng. (1591-1674), 87, 275, 316, 327, 467, 927, 1288, 1313, 1369, 1519, 1811, 1844, 1884, 2088, 2193, 2210, 2235, 2279, 2328, 2489, 2517, 2524, 2619, 2629, 2701, 2946, 2975, 3008, 3064
- Hervey, Thomas Kibble, Eng. (1799-1859), 141, 309, 698, 2294, 3579, 4013
- Hey, John, Eng. (1734-1815), 1812
- Heylyn, 235
- Heywood, Thomas, Eng. (1600-1649), 1512
- Hill, Aaron, Eng. (1685-1750), 622
- Hillhouse, Augustus L., Am. (1792-1859), 1358
- Hillhouse, James Abraham, Conn. (1789-1841), 3581
- Hirst, Henry B., Penn. (w. 1845), 3437
- Hobart, Mrs. Charles, 591
- Hodder, Edwin, Eng. (w. 1863), 248
- Hodgson, William, Eng. (d. 1793), 672, 2040
- Hoffman, Charles F., Am. (b. 1806), 1095, 1553, 2152
- Hoffman, S. M. O., 3422
- Hogg, James, Scotland (1772-1835), 3198
- Hogg Thomas, Eng. (w. 1811), 1858
- Holford, Mrs. M., Eng. (w. 1798), 1417
- Holland, Josiah Gilbert, Mass. (b. 1819), 44, 1956, 2277, 3492
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D., Mass. (b. 1809), 379, 484, 581, 913, 1111, 1112, 1132, 1176, 1198, 1210, 1325, 1398, 1914, 1941, 2113, 2297, 2318, 2518, 2643, 2718, 2802, 2836, 2849, 2854, 2879, 2912, 2954
- Holmes, W., Eng., 1852, 3045
- Homer, Greece (B. C. 950), 2995
- Hood, Thomas, Eng. (1798-1845), 187, 340, 677, 819, 919, 1362, 1370, 1527, 1897, 2303, 2496, 2578, 3948
- Hooper, Lucy, Am. (1817-1841), 1220, 1937
- Hopkins, Jr., John Henry, Am., 3596, 3867, 4037
- Horace, Italy (B. C. 65-8), 1291, 1525, 1531, 2315, 2568
- Horne, Bp. George, Eng. (1730-1792), 2149
- Houghton, Lord (Richard M. Milnes), Eng. (b. 1809), 3788
- Howard, Sir Robert, Eng. (1626-1698), 1639, 1850
- Howe, Caroline Dana, 3898
- Howe, Julia Ward, New York (1819), 67, 206, 1072, 1406, 2197, 2246, 3864, 3969
- Howitt, Mary, Eng. (b. 1800), 1298, 1343, 2156, 2840, 3338, 4076
- Howitt, Richard, Eng. (w. 1830), 3371
- Howitt, William, Eng. (1795), 3264, 3979
- Howland, M. H., 4011
- Hoyle, Charles, 3724, 3806
- Hoyt, Ralph, Am. (b. 1812), 3040
- Hughes, T. S., D.D., Eng. (w. 1813), 3167
- Huie, Richard, M.D., Scotland, 3968, 3974
- Hunt, Helen, 3079, 3777
- Hunt, Leigh, Eng. (1784-1859), 1874, 2491
- Hunter, William, D.D., Am. (1811-1877), 727, 828, 981, 984, 1321, 1574, 1726, 1733, 1743, 2683, 2756, 2797
- Huntingdon, C., 3228
- Huntingdon, James, 1783
- Hurdis, James, Eng. (1763-1801), 716
- Hurn, William, Eng. (w. 1813), 1815
- Husenbeth, F. C., Eng., 4031
- Hutton, Joseph, Penn. (1787-1828), 3815
- H. W. J., 3139, 3204
- Ingelov, Jean, Eng. (w. 1863), 357, 772, 373, 1062, 1457, 1483, 1518, 1818, 2042, 2134, 2151, 2169, 2185, 2241, 2369, 2572, 2986, 3547, 3831
- Jackson, E. Dudley, 3319, 3465, 3772, 3986
- Jenner, Charles, Eng. (1737-1774), 135, 1816, 2565, 4064
- Jewsbury, Maria J., Eng. (1800-1833), 71, 3302
- John, of Damascus, 9th century, 1028
- Johns, William (w. 1674), 1877
- Johnson, Samuel, Eng. (1709-1784), 104, 1305, 1537, 2217, 2543
- Jones, Sir William, Eng. (1746-1794), 572, 834, 2809
- Jousson, Ben, Eng. (1574-1637), 84, 117, 133, 851, 1107, 1563, 1636, 1987
- Judson, Adoniram, Am. (1788-1850), 2165
- Judson, Emily, Am. (1817-1854), 1013, 1133, 1957, 2125, 2204, 2304, 3873, 4064
- Juvenal, Decimus J., Italy (40-120), 99, 804, 1529, 1642
- Keach, B., Eng. (1640-1704), 2754
- Keats, John, Eng. (1796-1821), 212, 1274
- Keble, John, Eng. (1790-1866), 181, 311, 453, 773, 821, 911, 1143, 1231, 1319, 1485, 1587, 1696, 1806, 1904, 1980, 2070, 2253, 2331, 3115, 3121, 3134, 3144, 3150, 3206, 3240, 3260, 3276, 3318, 3326, 3409, 3438, 3461, 3564, 3575, 3590, 3735, 3759, 3814, 3820, 3861, 3866, 3879, 3386, 3909, 3955, 4030, 4079, 4120
- Keith, George (w. 1787), 1566
- Kelly, Thomas, Ireland (1765-1855), 415, 589, 1022
- Kemble, Frances Anne, Eng. (b. 1811), 10, 1692, 1856
- Ken, Bishop Thomas, Eng. (1637-1711), 341, 545, 636, 1738, 2330, 2357, 2990, 3259, 3288, 3336, 3611, 3930, 4053, 4058
- Kimball, Harriet M., Portsmouth, N. H., 2410, 3250
- King, Bp. Henry, Eng. (1591-1669), 559, 2114, 2120
- King, Rev. J. M., Eng. (w. 1851), 3306
- Kingsley, Charles, Eng. (b. 1819), 325, 353, 3516
- Kirby, Mary F., Am. (w. 1860), 1763
- Kittermaster, Rev. Fred W., 3408
- Knowles, James Sheridan, Ireland, (b. 1784), 444, 1297
- Knox, William, Scotland (1789-1825), 577, 2334, 2352, 3132, 3469, 3823, 3910
- Kosegarten, Ludwig T. (1758-1818), 603
- Krauth, Charles P. tr., Penn., 422
- Krummacher, Frederick W., D.D. (1796-1868), 1479
- Kynaston, Herbert, D.D., Eng. (b. 1809), 3372
- Lamb, Charles, Eng. (1775-1835), 167, 1891, 3095, 3953
- Landon, Letitia E., Eng. (1802-1838), 4014
- Landon, Walter Savage, Eng. (1775-1864), 1961, 2343
- Lange, Ernst, Germany (b. 1711), 1764, 3407

- Larcom, Lucy, Mass. (b. 1826), 928, 944, 1708, 3390
- Latrobe, John A., Eng. (w. 1837), 406
- Layard, C. P., Eng. (d. 1803), 549, 607, 623, 2681
- Lee, Frederick George, Eng. (w. 1870), 3943
- Lee, Nathaniel, Eng. (1658-1692), 1308
- Leggett, William, Am. (1802-1840), 2678
- Leland, Charles G. tr., Am., 3168
- Leslie, Mary, Eng. (w. 1860), 675
- Lettice, John, Eng. (1737-1832), 1559
- Lillo, George, Eng. (1693-1739), 1582, 2853, 2938
- Lilly, John, Eng. (1554-1600), 538, 1401
- List, Harriet W., Am. (b. 1824), 1974
- Little, Mrs. Sophia L., Newport, R. I. (b. 1799), 2560
- Littledale, Rev. Richard F., LL.D., Ireland, (b. 1833), 3186, 3258, 3853
- Littlewood, W. E., Am. (w. 1860), 2980
- Lloyd, Elizabeth, Penn. (w. 1848), 269
- Locke, Una, Am. (w. 1860), 1883
- Lockhart, John Gibson, Scotland (1792-1854), 3101
- Lockhart, Rev. Arthur John, 3367, 4057
- Logan, John, Scotland (1748-1788), 3763
- Longfellow, Henry W., Maine (b. 1807), 20, 59, 227, 291, 301, 368, 372, 374, 567, 637, 641, 754, 781, 1171, 1172, 1221, 1339, 1593, 1680, 1959, 2005, 2041, 2047, 2085, 2087, 2118, 2179, 2216, 2393, 2621, 2675, 2782, 2841, 2921, 3022, 3084, 3154, 3172, 3265, 3729, 3877
- Loud, Mrs. Margaret St. Leon, Penn., 2133
- Lowell, James Russell, Mass. (b. 1819), 205, 286, 289, 290, 319, 582, 667, 1392, 1784, 1793, 1969, 1993, 2164, 2206, 2406, 2500, 2576, 2603, 2909, 2966
- Lowth, Bp., Eng. (1710-1788), 631
- Luckenbach, W. H., Am. (b. 1830), 3415
- Lucretius, Titus Carus, tr., Italy (95-55 B.C.), 699, 892, 932, 1778
- Luke, Mrs. J., Eng. (w. 1850), 367
- Lull, Rev. De Los, New York, 3993
- Luther, Martin, Germany (1483-1546), 260, 684, 757, 825, 2256
- Lynch, Anne C., Am. (w. 1855), 398, 2115, 2904, 3130, 3480
- Lyons, J. Gilborne, Am. (w. 1848), 4045
- Lyte, Henry Francis, Eng. (1793-1847), 69, 381, 600, 940, 1053, 1510, 1654, 2530, 2896, 3312, 4043
- Lytleton, Lord George, Eng. (1708-1773), 2247
- Lytton, Lord Edward Bulwer, Eng. (b. 1805), 277, 279, 339, 714, 857, 1212, 2187, 2649, 2709, 2863
- Macauley, Alexander, New York (b. 1844), 3552, 3610, 3630, 3797, 3874, 3904, 3939
- Macdonald, George, Scotland (b. 1825), 3096, 3156, 3199, 3337, 3339, 3738, 3743, 3753, 3756, 3774, 3817, 3889, 4029, 4065, 4096, 4105, 4114
- Macduff, Rev. John Ross, Scotland (b. 1820), 3845, 3902, 3984, 4001
- Mace, Francis L., Am. (w. 1852), 2420
- Machen, 579
- Mackay, Charles, Scotland (b. 1812), 157, 447, 1423, 1663, 2161, 2525, 2589, 3511, 4071
- Mackay, Margaret (w. 1832), 980
- Mackenzie, R. Shelton, D.C.L. (b. 1808), 3170
- Mackintosh, J., 1797
- Macleod, Norman, Scotland (1812-1872), 3934
- Madan, Spencer, 1580, 3456
- Mafitt, John Newland, 3766, 4107
- Maginn, William, LL.D., Ireland (1794-1842), 3270
- Maguire, Robert, 3155, 3351, 3344, 3427, 3441, 3442, 3476, 3504, 3515, 3518, 3633, 3722, 3736, 3810, 3852, 3868, 3884, 3893, 3895, 3901, 3932, 3998, 4035, 4036, 4089
- Malan, Cæsar, Switzerland (1787-1864), 674, 680
- Malcolm, 3343
- Malloch, David, New York (w. 1843), 3122, 3138, 3184, 3844
- Manrique, Jorge, Spain (d. 1479), 2123, 2148, 2150
- Mansoni, Alessandro, Italy (b. 1784), 288
- Mant, Bp. Richard, Eng. (1776-1848), 64, 89, 100, 124, 159, 246, 247, 256, 272, 424, 426, 443, 664, 1042, 1267, 1715, 1730, 1773, 2082, 2306, 2347, 2433, 2542, 2564, 2626, 2669, 2670, 2698, 2847, 3050, 3066, 3353, 3629
- Marsden, Joshua, Eng. (1754-1836), 2884, 3226, 3477, 4062
- Marvel, Andrew, Eng. (1620-1678), 1199
- Mason, Caroline, 868, 1746, 1810, 3740
- Massey, Gerald, Eng. (b. 1828), 736, 1235, 1386, 1938, 2073, 2250, 2427, 2567, 3600
- Massie, Richard, tr., Eng. (w. 1854), 3261
- Massinger, Philip, Eng. (1584-1640), 835, 846, 1848, 2612, 2680
- Masson, John, 2112
- Masters, Mary, Eng. (w. 1758), 2641
- Maturin, Charles R., Eng. (1782-1824), 809, 1676
- May, Thomas, Eng. (1595-1650), 1799, 2214
- McCartee, Jessie G., 3789
- McCarty, J. H., D.D., Amer. (b. 1830), 3183
- McCheyne, Robert Murray, Scotland (d. 1843), 741, 2020, 2750, 3320, 3448, 3800, 4042, 4088
- McCrae, George Gordon, 3790
- McDuff, George, 3454
- McKellar, Thomas, Amer. (b. 1812), 2363
- McLeod, C. D., 3757
- Medley, Samuel, Eng. (1738-1799), 479, 2706
- Melendez, Valdez Juan, Spain (1754-1817), 1491, 1498
- Mercer, Margaret, Amer. (1791-1847), 1146
- Michell, Nicholas, 3135, 3136, 3224, 3398, 3403, 3411, 3417, 3446, 3447, 3569, 3577, 3595, 3618, 3645, 3762, 3807, 3828, 3842, 3913, 3995, 4055, 4073
- Middleton, Thomas, Eng. (1570-1627), 1170
- Mills, Elizabeth, Amer., 1724
- Milman, Henry Hart, Eng. (1791-1868), 612, 1501, 2057, 2311, 2981, 3100, 3165, 3166, 3582, 3599, 3925, 3978
- Milton, John, Eng. (1608-1674), 33, 35, 36, 120, 123, 128, 258, 259, 266, 268, 270, 351, 557, 571, 578, 619, 668, 837, 840, 883, 1033, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1233, 1238, 1239, 1257, 1509, 1760, 1770, 1775, 1779, 1796, 1809, 1895, 2090, 2153, 2221, 2249, 2262, 2436, 2880, 2895, 3020, 3273, 3281, 3960, 3962, 3963
- Mitchell, J. K., Amer. (b. 1798), 1585, 2652, 3334, 3929
- Monsell, Rev. John S. B., LL.D., Eng. (1811-1875), 387, 493, 521, 841, 1462, 1590, 3247
- Montagu, Lady Mary W., Eng. (1690-1762), 352



- Montgomery, James, Scotland (1771-1854), 27, 33, 68, 230, 306, 307, 433, 574, 575, 584, 608, 730, 1108, 1127, 1412, 1467, 1560, 1570, 1600, 1691, 1759, 1888, 1923, 1965, 1989, 2060, 2155, 2173, 2222, 2265, 2349, 2392, 2473, 2548, 2664, 2888, 3035, 3089, 3151, 3210, 3255, 3324, 3375, 3416, 3451, 3625, 3787, 3795, 4094
- Moore, Thomas, Ireland (1779-1852), 11, 113, 115, 161, 462, 751, 858, 888, 897, 1134, 1245, 1626, 2105, 2176, 2184, 2192, 2195, 2242, 2344, 2348, 2274, 2482, 2932, 2999, 3019, 3145, 3341, 3529, 3531, 3641, 3751
- More, Hannah, Eng. (1745-1833), 1025, 1303, 1834, 1940, 2019, 2191, 2574, 2810, 2760, 2790, 2840, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3305, 3315, 3472, 3473, 3822
- More, Henry, Eng. (1614-1687), 2637
- Morris, George P., Pa. (1802-1864), 241, 752
- Morris, William, Eng. (w. 1871), 52, 2117, 2418
- Moultrie, Gerard, Eng. (w. 1868), 40, 3737
- Moultrie, Mary, Eng. (w. 1867.), 3876
- Mowes, Heinrich, Germany (w. 1813), 1207
- Mueller, Wilhelm, Germany (1794-1827), 2271
- Muhlenberg, W. A., D.D., New York (1796-1877), 1729
- Muller, Frederick, 3829
- Nabb, Thomas, Eng. (d. 1645), 2670
- Neale, Alice B., Amer. (b. 1828), 3639
- Neale, John Mason, Eng. (1818-1866), 642, 1030, 3127, 3495
- Neile, Henry, 3225
- Newbury, Herbert, 2903
- Newman, John Henry, Eng. (b. 1801), 797, 1640, 3077, 3302, 3311, 3404, 3523, 3568, 3635, 3646, 3761, 3796, 3859, 4080
- Newton, John, Eng. (1725-1799), 1, 146, 452, 524, 593, 792, 870, 1348, 2045, 2239, 2341, 2370, 2725, 3122, 3221, 3322, 3373, 3383, 3466, 3474, 3543, 3556, 3749, 3767, 3778, 3897, 3988, 4098, 4110
- Nicholas, T. G., Eng. (w. 1851), 3363
- Nicoll, Robert, Scotland (1814-1837), 700
- Nind, George Willis, Md. (1817-1842), 4005
- Nitingale, Eng., 3572
- Noel, Baptist W., Eng. (1799-1873), 998
- Noel, Caroline M., 3243
- Noel, Thomas, Eng. (w. 1841), 2476
- Norris, Rev. John, Eng. (1657-1711), 3354, 4063
- Norton, Caroline E. S., Eng. (b. 1808), 58, 2566, 3016
- Novalis, Germany (1772-1801), 817
- Olivers, Thomas, Eng. (1725-1799), 1480
- Onslow, P., tr., 4116
- Ormsby, A. S., Eng. (w. 1871), 1067
- Orne, C. F., America, 1949
- Osgood, Frances S., Mass. (1812-1850), 1945, 2084, 2163, 3501
- Ovid, Sulmo, Italy (b. 43 B. C.), 79, 569, 778, 1252, 2141, 2226, 2366, 2891, 2892
- Owens, P. J., Amer. (w. 1860), 3482, 3938
- Palmer, Phœbe, New York (1807-1874), 144, 234, 2305, 2970
- Palmer, Ray, Amer. (b. 1808), 392, 583, 614, 3459, 4083
- Patterson, S. D., Amer. (w. 1860), 500
- Paulin, George, Amer., 2424
- Payne, John Howard, New York (1792-1852), 1833
- Peabody, William B. O., D.D., New Hampshire (1799-1845), 2387
- Pearce, 499
- Pennefather, Mrs. Catherine, 2399
- Pennie, J. F., Eng., 3883
- Percival, James Gates, Conn. (1795-1856), 39, 54, 105, 208, 460, 489, 743, 990, 1050, 1390, 1453, 1606, 1614, 1682, 2107, 2130, 2183, 2455, 2519, 2676, 2677, 3191
- Perkins, J. H., Amer. (w. 1860), 1968
- Persius Flaccus, Aulus, Italy (34-62), 192, 194, 342, 1393, 2311, 2587
- Peter, William, Eng. (d. 1853), 2426
- Phelps, S. D., D.D., 3977, 4063
- Philips, Catherine, Eng. (1631-1664), 1414
- Pierpont, Folliet S., Eng., 3284, 3592
- Pierpont, John, Conn. (1785-1866), 15, 360, 3516, 3839, 3846, 3862
- Planche, James Robinson, Eng. (b. 1796), 2116
- Pollard, Josephine, New York, (w. 1870), 527, 533
- Pollio, 3113, 3397
- Pollok, Robert, Scotland (1799-1827), 91, 111, 172, 242, 249, 251, 253, 276, 278, 283, 284, 287, 408, 678, 728, 755, 880, 854, 922, 947, 1008, 1032, 1074, 1075, 1089, 1098, 1208, 1249, 1285, 1407, 1482, 1522, 1536, 1541, 1544, 1600, 1656, 1660, 1688, 1772, 1804, 1892, 1898, 1948, 1990, 1998, 2050, 2104, 2190, 2223, 2233, 2236, 2288, 2289, 2291, 2309, 2314, 2332, 2336, 2397, 2495, 2512, 2577, 2611, 2642, 2647, 2659, 2668, 2673, 2712, 2762, 2780, 2841, 2852, 2862, 2943, 2985, 3044, 3069
- Pope, Alexander, Eng. (1688-1744), 116, 143, 189, 219, 220, 223, 514, 568, 587, 734, 1039, 1043, 1196, 1255, 1258, 1280, 1329, 1431, 1610, 1616, 1665, 1668, 1762, 1859, 1992, 2058, 2096, 2137, 2203, 2287, 2346, 2374, 2378, 2403, 2456, 2520, 2557, 2575, 2695, 2716, 2857, 2937, 2945
- Porteus, Bishop Beilby, Eng. (1731-1808), 669, 2351
- Poulson, Annie E., 3190
- Praed, Winthrop M., Eng. (1802-1839), 3369
- Preston, Mrs. Margaret Junkin, Va. (b. 1835), 3203, 3811
- Priest, Nancy W., Amer. (1834-1870), 1728, 1744
- Prince, P., Eng., 126, 262, 818
- Prior, Matthew, Eng. (1664-1721), 762, 894, 1113, 1751, 1991
- Procter, Adelaide Anne, Eng. (1826-1864), 1079, 1471, 3439
- Procter, Bryan W., Eng. (b. 1787), 774, 2122, 2128, 2199, 2454, 3143
- Proctor, Edna Dean, Amer. (w. 1870), 1789
- Prudentius, Clement, Spain, 299, 348, 1589
- Punshon, William Morley, D.D., Eng. (w. 1867), 292, 434, 1037, 2101, 2702, 3026, 3133, 3213, 3584, 3816, 3827, 3855
- Quarles, Francis, Eng. (1592-1644), 180, 547, 592, 899, 1229, 1286, 1429, 1488, 2234, 2283, 2536, 2633, 2711, 2929, 3091, 3414, 3418, 3541
- Raffles, Thomas, Eng. (1788-1863), 445, 3394

- Ragg, Thomas, Eng. (b. 1808), 245, 3092, 3594  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, Eng. (1553-1618), 749, 805, 2502  
 Randolph, Thomas, Eng. (1605-1634), 471, 931  
 Ransom, Bryan Fitch, 3935  
 Rawes, Rev. H. A., A.M., Eng., 3202  
 Read, Thomas Buchanan, Penn. (b. 1822), 1830, 2798  
 Richardson, Mrs., Eng. (w. 1808), 57  
 Rippon, John, Eng. (w. 1844), 1359  
 Rist, Johann, Germany (1607-1667), 119  
 Ritchie, Mrs. Anna C. M., Amer., 3557  
 Robertson, W. B., Amer., 382, 4004  
 Robinson, Robert, Scotland (1735-1790), 1314  
 Rodigast, S., Germany. (b. 1650), 873  
 Rogers, H., Eng. (w. 1843), 3535, 4049, 4095  
 Rogers, Samuel, Eng. (1763-1855), 371, 2991  
 Rolland, William, Eng., 3769  
 Rolls, Mrs. Henry, Eng. (w. 1815), 777, 3880  
 Roscoe, William, Eng. (1753-1831), 1539, 3858  
 Rossetti, Christina G., Eng. (w. 1862), 872, 958, 1837, 2147, 3041, 3102  
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriele, Eng. (b. 1828), 644, 2211, 2523, 3826  
 Rowe, Elizabeth, Eng. (1674-1737), 1052  
 Rowe, Nicholas, Eng. (1673-1718), 731, 1082, 1644, 1646  
 Ruckert, Friedrich, Germany, 2131, 2446, 3180, 3181  
 Russell, Rev. John Fuller, Eng. (w. 1844), 3253  
 Rutherford, Rev. Sam'l, Scotland, (1600-1661), 3493  
 Sachs, Hans, Germany (1494-1578), 1430, 2528  
 Sandys, George, Eng. (1577-1643), 3976  
 Saxby, Jane Euphemia, Eng. (b. 1811), 3197  
 Saxe, John Godfrey, Vermont (b. 1816), 118, 2419  
 Schiller, Johann C., Germany (1759-1805), 943, 1577  
 Schmolck, B., Germany (b. 1731), 605  
 Scott, James, Scotland (1733-1814), 1647, 1894  
 Scott, John, D.D., Eng. (1638-1694), 3534  
 Scott, Sir Walter, Scotland (1771-1832), 244, 420, 2471, 2826  
 Scranton, E., Amer. (w. 1850), 1411  
 Scudder, Eliza, Amer. (w. 1865), 1516, 1712  
 Seagrave, Robert, Eng. (b. 1693), 416  
 Sears, Edmund H., D.D., Amer. (1810-1876), 423, 3239  
 Sears, Thos. E., 3164  
 Seidel, Germany, 1497  
 Selwyn, H., 1562  
 Seneca, L. A., Spain (1-65), 2396, 2582  
 Shakespeare, William, Eng. (1564-1616), 13, 107, 108, 137, 138, 140, 184, 210, 213, 318, 320, 323, 330, 335, 363, 473, 474, 480, 535, 541, 555, 562, 618, 620, 648, 663, 687, 694, 744, 750, 780, 799, 833, 852, 918, 925, 936, 986, 1083, 1101, 1110, 1161, 1175, 1183, 1195, 1273, 1279, 1299, 1304, 1350, 1351, 1368, 1410, 1415, 1416, 1421, 1447, 1528, 1534, 1545, 1546, 1565, 1609, 1612, 1621, 1622, 1624, 1633, 1661, 1837, 1845, 1846, 1893, 1901, 1918, 1983, 1984, 1994, 1996, 2019, 2066, 2135, 2178, 2186, 2240, 2268, 2278, 2320, 2361, 2371, 2405, 2429, 2431, 2463, 2484, 2585, 2581, 2585, 2610, 2646, 2759, 2765, 2769, 2855, 2878, 2936, 2944  
 Shea, John Augustus, Ireland (1802-1845), 2408  
 Shears, Rev. Alonzo G., M.D., Amer. (b. 1811), 3847  
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, Eng. (1792-1822), 449, 895, 1011, 1090, 1246, 1615, 2316, 2521, 2868, 2959  
 Shenstone, William, Eng. (1714-1763), 2716  
 Sheridan, R. B., Ireland, (1751-1816), 1663  
 Shirley, James, Eng. (1591-1666), 450, 685, 1723, 2992  
 Shirley, Walter, Eng. (1725-1786), 602  
 Sidney, Sir Phillip, Eng. (1554-1586), 801, 2770  
 Sigourney, Lydia H., Amer. (1791-1865), 2, 168, 639, 658, 661, 989, 1340, 1463, 1555, 1566, 1824, 1951, 1995, 2009, 2323, 2324, 2465, 2645, 2727, 2795, 2811, 3068, 3086, 3110, 3160, 3242, 3567, 3764, 3871, 3875, 3905, 3944, 3972, 4023, 4082, 4113  
 Silesius, Angelus, Silesia (1624-1677), 401  
 Skeen, 3378  
 Skelton, John, Eng. (1485-1529), 645, 2245, 2432  
 Sleight, Mary B., 3990  
 Small, James G., Scotland, 3643, 3994  
 Smart, Christopher, Eng. (1732-1770), 849, 1581, 2493, 2494  
 Smedley, Samuel, 748  
 Smith, Annie Lenthal, 3431  
 Smith, Dirk, Holland (1702-1752), 671  
 Smith, Elizabeth Oaks, Amer. (b. 1806), 2638  
 Smith, Horace, Eng. (1778-1840), 1341, 2807, 3808  
 Smith, S. F., Amer. (b. 1805), 204, 2111  
 Smith, Victoria A., 3987  
 Smithers, N. B., LL.D., Dover, Del. (translator of Latin hymns), 3286, 3406, 3857, 3865, 4018, 4119  
 Smollett, Tobias, Eng. (1721-1771), 548  
 Snow, 3376  
 Sotheby, William, Eng. (1757-1833), 3967  
 Southey, Caroline Bowles, Eng. (1787-1854), 2703  
 Southey, Robert, Eng. (1774-1843), 274, 305, 344, 874, 1428, 2313, 2354, 2372, 2551, 3142  
 Southwell, Robert, Eng. (1560-1595), 326, 510, 766  
 Spear, Thomas G., 3954  
 Spiegel, 315  
 Spencer, William R., Eng. (1770-1834), 1260, 2881  
 Spenser, Edmund, Eng. (1553-1599), 9, 122, 127, 191, 216, 312, 515, 747, 917, 1103, 1200, 1307, 1630, 1631, 1867, 1909, 2018, 2856  
 Spitta, Carl J. P., Germany (b. 1801), 1029, 1405, 1875, 2036  
 Sprague, Charles, Mass. (b. 1791), 558, 617, 2861  
 Stanley, Arthur P., D.D., Eng. (b. 1815), 3125, 3500  
 Starkey, D. P., Amer. (w. 1840), 1774  
 Steele, Anne, Eng. (1717-1778), 1716  
 Stennet, Samuel, D.D., Eng. (1727-1795), 3219  
 Stephen, of St. Sabbas, Greek, 397  
 Sterling, John, Scotland (1806-1844), 634, 1481, 1953  
 Stillingfleet, Benjamin, Eng. (1702-1771), 552, 554, 2580  
 Stoddard, Lavinia, Amer. (1787-1820), 544  
 Stoddard, Richard Henry, Mass. (b. 1825), 2758, 2979, 3062

- Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Conn. (b. 1812), 380, 1686, 2336, 3246, 3999
- Stowell, Hugh, Eng. (1799-1865), 2842
- Strode, William, Eng. (1600-1644) 2358
- Studley, W. S., Amer. (b. 1823), 775
- Sturm, Julius K. R., Germany (b. 1816), 66
- Swain, Charles, Eng. (b. 1803), 72, 463, 468, 509, 769, 1160, 1194, 1316, 1538, 1817, 1854, 1970, 2072, 2207, 2847, 2898
- Swift, Jonathan, Eng. (1667-1745), 6, 1290, 2876, 2920
- Sylvester, Joshua, Eng. (1563-1618), 21, 512, 1322, 3069
- Syrus, Ephraim, Mesopotamia, (d. 381), 229, 3405
- Talbot, H. L., Amer. (w. 1860) 2964
- Talfourd, Thomas N., Eng. (1795-1854), 346
- Tappan, William B., Amer. (1794-1854), 1757, 3173, 3349, 3355, 3450, 3462, 3550, 3583, 3617, 3722, 3728, 3752, 3773, 3784, 3834, 3837, 3850, 3888, 3894, 4047, 4048, 4111
- Tatham, Emma, Eng. (w. 1860), 1224, 3464, 3471
- Taylor, Bayard, Amer. (1825-1879), 2022, 2273, 2337, 2464, 2914, 2998, 3001, 3348, 4075
- Taylor, C. B., 3991
- Taylor, Emily, Eng. (v. 1860), 3922
- Taylor, George Lansing, D.D., New York (b. 1835), 12, 19, 2535, 3123, 3193, 3227, 3266, 3275, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3370, 3382, 3434, 3440, 3453, 3486, 3498, 3519, 3560, 3785, 3832, 3860, 3881, 3927, 3928, 3941, 4002, 4088, 4092, 4102
- Taylor, Henry, Eng. (d. 1785), 1788
- Taylor, Jane., Eng. (1783-1823), 336, 476, 1188, 1264, 1960
- Taylor, Bp. Jeremy, Eng. (1613-1667), 42, 2412, 3520
- Taylor, John Edward, Penn. (w. 1848), 3009
- Tegner, Bp. Esaias, Sweden (b. 1782), 1693
- Tennyson, Alfred, Eng. (b. 1810), 120, 282, 550, 767, 1036, 1186, 1540, 1548, 1556, 2194, 2243, 2272, 2292, 2388, 2540, 2592, 2594, 2628
- Teresa, St., Spain (w. 1582), 661
- Tersteegen, Gerhard, Germany (1697-1769), 625, 2755
- Theoclistus, Greek, 9th century, 2031
- Theophanes, Greek (w. 50 B.C.), 2445
- Thomas, 2667
- Thomas, of Celano, 13th century, 643
- Thomson, James, Eng. (1700-1748), 86, 378, 570, 622, 811, 1337, 1876, 1946, 1950, 2317, 2489, 2510, 2601, 2728, 2996
- Thomson, Mrs. Archbishop, Eng., 3920
- Tighe, Mary, Eng. (1773-1810), 682, 1184, 1653, 3481
- Tomlins, Richard, Eng. (w. 1844), 3554
- Tooke, Andrew, Eng. (b. 1673), 1099, 1105, 1253
- Toplady, Augustus Montague, Eng. (1740-1788), 672, 1049, 1910, 2692
- Townsend, Eliza, Amer. (1789-1854), 1499
- Townsend, Rev. Chauncey Hare, Eng. (1798-1858), 2952, 3049
- Townsend, R. E. A., 3186
- Trench, M.P., Richard Chenevix, D.D., Ireland (b. 1807), 92, 96, 148, 201, 302, 519, 824, 843, 987, 1229, 1240, 1312, 1323, 1352, 1395, 1627, 1694, 1906, 2167, 2209, 2227, 2549, 2830, 2924, 3080, 3835, 4034, 4054, 4069
- Truman, Joseph, Eng. (w. 1859), 3608
- Tupper, Ellen Isabella, Eng. (w. 1865), 2859
- Tupper, Martin Farquhar, Eng. (b. 1810), 37, 85, 129, 134, 152, 182, 183, 215, 355, 456, 465, 466, 717, 725, 822, 885, 950, 999, 1043, 1044, 1069, 1153, 1192, 1201, 1211, 1217, 1243, 1251, 1284, 1301, 1326, 1330, 1409, 1422, 1465, 1472, 1650, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1886, 1899, 1915, 2048, 2078, 2186, 2175, 2219, 2329, 2298, 2399, 2301, 2414, 2552, 2579, 2624, 2654, 2663, 2671, 2684, 2694, 2710, 2717, 2763, 2781, 2817, 2827, 2833, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2890, 2900, 2915, 2916, 2927, 2976, 2977, 2984, 3023, 3030, 3032, 3056, 3057, 3059
- Turnbull, R., 3496
- Upham, Thomas C., D.D., Amer., 404, 871, 901, 948, 953, 1801, 2189, 2202, 2600, 2686, 2783, 2818, 2897, 3333, 3362, 3449, 3463, 3507, 3549, 4052
- Van Alstyne, Fanny Crosby, Amer., 3951
- Van Welthem, L., 1803
- Vaughan, Henry, Eng. (1621-1695), 413, 650, 864, 1752, 2329, 2721, 2822, 3074, 3526, 3753, 3917
- Vaux, Lord, Eng. (b. 1590), 2865
- Vedder, David, Scotland (1790-1854), 3468, 4108
- Very, Jones, Mass. (b. 1813), 2620
- Von Logan, 1680
- Von Plettenbaus, Louisa, 1687
- Waller, Edmund, England (1605-1687), 80, 2196
- Ward, Thomas, Amer. (b. 1807), 561
- Ware, H., Jr., Amer. (1793-1843), 626, 959, 3256
- Waring, Samuel Miller, Eng. (1792-1827), 3878
- Warren, Mercy, Am. (1728-1814), 1374
- Warton, Thomas, Eng. (1728-1790), 1785
- Washburne, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1607-1687), 3942
- Wastell, Simon, Eng. (d. 1623), 2335
- Watkinson, M. R., 3899
- Watts, Isaac, Eng. (1674-1749), 109, 165, 171, 394, 405, 455, 534, 590, 678, 753, 794, 876, 929, 992, 995, 1016, 1123, 1180, 1334, 1503, 1613, 1666, 1739, 1741, 1765, 1920, 2030, 2251, 2442, 2682, 2707, 2773, 3120, 3129, 3352, 3607, 3788, 3907
- Webster, John, Eng. (d. 1640), 784
- Welby, Mrs. Amelia B., Am. (b. 1821), 1055
- Weld, H. H., Am. (w. 1851), 616
- Wells, Rev. Geo. C., Amer., 3971
- Wesley, Charles, Eng. (1708-1788), 17, 83, 173, 174, 200, 226, 254, 261, 264, 273, 308, 313, 370, 407, 440, 491, 493, 496, 518, 530, 640, 655, 667, 688, 722, 758, 759, 787, 839, 853, 960, 1001, 1027, 1051, 1076, 1156, 1157, 1197, 1202, 1222, 1225, 1228, 1263, 1347, 1513, 1572, 1641, 1851, 1947, 2036, 2355, 2359, 2440, 2450, 2452, 2554, 2588, 2714, 2787, 2789, 2813, 3000, 3011
- Wesley, John and Charles, 3073, 3109, 3118, 3128, 3149, 3157, 3161, 3176, 3182, 3195, 3220, 3222, 3263, 3269, 3271, 3280, 3299, 3308, 3340, 3347, 3368, 3380, 3384, 3425, 3443, 3487, 3488, 3513, 3524, 3525, 3542, 3545, 3563, 3573, 3578, 3616, 3640, 3626, 3636, 3739, 3741, 3768, 3770, 3779, 3781, 3823, 3896, 3906, 3957, 3958, 3961,

- 3985, 4007, 4009, 4019, 4020, 4021, 4046, 4056,  
4081, 4085, 4103, 4104, 4115
- Wesley, Samuel, Jr., Eng. (1690-1739), 369,  
513, 1882, 2893
- White, Henry Kirke, Eng. (1785-1806), 334,  
402, 686, 860, 893, 1119, 1181, 1214, 1508,  
1511, 1790, 1872, 1927, 2365, 2394, 2650, 2962
- Whitefield, Frederick, Ireland (w. 1859), 2032
- Whitman, Mrs. S. H., Am. (b. 1825), 13
- Whittier, E. H., Am. (d. 1864), 222
- Whittier, John Greenleaf, Mass. (b. 1807), 250,  
356, 393, 654, 795, 914, 951, 1164, 1191, 1218,  
1332, 1394, 1402, 1438, 1442, 1618, 1703, 1786,  
1879, 1889, 1976, 2051, 2119, 2380, 2409, 2460,  
2466, 2469, 2480, 2605, 2634, 2687, 2776, 2894,  
2950, 2957, 2960, 3055, 3290, 3364, 3842
- Wilcox, Carlos, Am. (1794-1827), 29, 2109
- Wilde, Richard Henry, Ireland (1789-1847),  
1384
- Wilkinson, William C., 459
- Willard, Emma, Conn. (1787-1870), 2407
- Williams, Bp. John, Conn. (b. 1817), 3854
- Williams, Isaac, Eng. (b. 1800), 1206, 3114,  
3294, 3350, 3365, 3419, 3565, 3566, 3627, 3758,  
3760, 3830, 4060
- Williams, James Madison, Amer. (b. 1827),  
3293, 3420
- Williams, Rev. Dwight, 3126, 3201, 3207, 3241,  
3357, 3400, 3432, 3457, 3786, 3803, 4040, 4067
- Willis, Nathaniel Parker, Me. (1807-1867), 7,  
8, 62, 98, 102, 145, 179, 332, 361, 630, 1040,  
1115, 1333, 1459, 1466, 1998, 2079, 2081, 2102,  
2307, 2310, 2506, 2993, 3083, 3230, 3236, 3248,  
3309, 3484, 3559, 3571, 3587, 3830, 3992
- Wilson, John, Scot. (1785-1854), 1139
- Wilton, Rev. R., Eng., 3076, 3094, 3111, 3300,  
3307, 3387, 3390, 3401, 3791, 3915, 3964, 4008,  
4051
- Winslow, Harriet, Am. (b. 1824), 952, 2925
- Wither, Geo., Eng. (1588-1667), 764, 1145,  
1311, 1443, 1469, 1962, 2602
- Withius, Holland, 2875
- Wolcott, John, Eng. (1738-1819), 881
- Wolcott, Samuel, 3282
- Wolfe, Charles, Ireland (1719-1823), 939
- Woodbridge, Abby D., Am. (w. 1836), 1628
- Woodbridge, Benjamin, Am. (d. 1710), 233
- Woodbury, I. B., New York, 3919
- Woods, George, Eng., 3147
- Wordsworth, Christopher, Eng. (w. 1865),  
2696, 3235
- Wordsworth, William, Eng. (1770-1850), 5,  
154, 162, 178, 213, 331, 503, 826, 891, 949, 955,  
1031, 1097, 1148, 1182, 1234, 1237, 1317, 1678,  
1705, 1843, 1919, 1925, 1955, 2064, 2106, 2146,  
2276, 2353, 2360, 2377, 2381, 2571, 2666, 3042
- Worsey, Philip Stanhope, tr., Eng. (w. 1866),  
3287
- Wotton, Sir Henry, Eng. (1568-1639), 2616
- Wulffer, Germany (1617-1685), 1118
- Wyatt, Sir Thomas, Eng. (1503-1542), 472,  
814, 1091, 2511, 2597
- Young, Edward, Eng. (1684-1765), 26, 73, 82,  
103, 110, 121, 130, 131, 132, 152, 166, 225,  
271, 435, 485, 487, 506, 553, 611, 628, 679,  
683, 695, 706, 710, 719, 760, 765, 768, 796,  
842, 1012, 1018, 1020, 1065, 1096, 1128, 1168,  
1294, 1327, 1372, 1400, 1445, 1492, 1523, 1608,  
1623, 1642, 1652, 1655, 1842, 1864, 1868, 1912,  
1913, 1921, 1924, 1928, 1929, 1932, 1933, 1966,  
2000, 2043, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2061, 2099, 2142,  
2220, 2225, 2237, 2284, 2327, 2336, 2350, 2395,  
2497, 2509, 2513, 2514, 2533, 2599, 2640, 2792,  
2794, 2815, 2839, 2874, 2882, 2933, 2942, 3004,  
3018, 3058
- Zehn, Germany (1615-1719), 1490
- Zinzendorf, Count N. L., Germany (1700-  
1760), 1637
- Zwingli, Switz. (1483-1530), 673

## INDEX OF PROSE AUTHORS.

Two numbers connected by a dash indicate time of author's birth and death; b. time of birth; d. time of death; w. time of writing. The prose volumes divide on 6275.

- Abbott, Lyman, D.D., Mass (b. 1835), 1552, 5608, 6522
- Abbott, Rev. Jacob, Maine (b. 1803), 3486
- Abbott, Rev. John S. C., Maine (b. 1805), 7802
- Abbott, Rev. Thomas J., Vermont, 8838
- Abercrombie, John, M.D., Scot. (1781-1844), 7410
- Abernethy, Dr., Eng. (1763-1831), 8074
- Adam, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (1701-1784), 4292, 4293
- Adams, J. A., D.D., N. Y., 9975
- Adams, John Quincy (1767-1848), 395, 10068
- Adams, Nehemiah, D.D., Mass. (b. 1806), 2939, 3611, 6152
- Adams, Rev. Benj. M., Mass., 2939, 3611, 6152
- Adams, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (1701-1784; an eccentric and learned divine), 34, 115, 142, 205, 216, 222, 239, 271, 300, 748, 1023, 1136, 1255, 1461, 1509, 1774, 1855, 2111, 2120, 2123, 2549, 3089, 3717, 3766, 4290, 4412, 4416, 4658, 5959, 6185, 6337, 6530, 6712, 7022, 7199, 7479, 7860, 8151, 8316, 8971, 11056, 11170, 11407, 11508, 11987, 12009, 12139
- Addison, Joseph, Eng. (1672-1719), 1041, 2064, 2588, 3754, 3802, 4006, 6406, 6437, 6529, 6993, 7015, 7026, 7072, 7199, 7227, 7374, 7796, 8014, 8026, 8088, 8286, 8417, 8426, 8432, 8545, 8566, 8706, 8785, 8867, 8913, 8952, 9112, 9354, 9479, 9774, 9776, 9782, 9953, 10064, 10150, 10157, 10231, 10357, 10370, 10380, 10419, 10519, 10613, 10666, 10956, 11260, 11359, 11446, 11482, 11682, 12129, 12268
- Æschylus, 4106
- Æsop, Greek fabulist (619-654 B.C.), 6322, 6332, 6360, 6433, 6469, 6476, 6569, 6582, 6586, 6625, 6874, 6387, 6936, 7362, 7372, 7379, 7381, 7449, 7609, 7756, 7904, 7925, 7983, 8045, 8063, 8085, 8105, 8106, 8112, 8184, 8353, 8362, 8495, 8638, 8680, 8695, 9256, 9517, 9519, 9584, 9705, 9747, 9753, 9808, 9821, 9901, 9930, 9940, 10097, 10182, 10261, 10303, 10335, 10455, 10523, 10614, 10710, 10789, 10791, 10803, 10901, 10924, 10938, 11001, 11033, 11048, 11166, 11175, 11406, 11477, 11488, 11570, 11690, 11829, 12134, 12148, 12200, 12232
- Agassiz, Louis Jean Rodolph, Switzerland (b. 1807), 3799, 3829
- Albert, Prince (1819-1861), 8504
- Alexander, Archibald, D.D., Va. (1772-1851), 3875
- Alexander, Dr. J. W., D.D., Va. (b. 1804), 6815
- Alexander, Rev. Thomas (d. 1872), 7993
- Alford, Rev. Dean, Eng. (1810-1871), 6109
- Alison, Sir Archibald, Scot. (1792-1867), 11817
- Alleine, R., 1032
- Alleine, Rev. Joseph, Eng. (1633-1688; Non-conformist minister; author of "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners"), 7452
- Allyn, 7291
- Alsop, 11693
- Alva, Duke of, Spain (1508-1582), 10493
- Ambrose, Isaac (1591-1664; Non-conformist minister of Eng.), 681, 2098, 3431, 6066, 8177, 11938, 12127
- Ames, Bp. Edward R., D.D., Ohio (1806-1879), 9452, 9494
- Andrews, Bp. L., Eng. (1555-1626), 10972
- Anselm, St., Eng. (1034-1109), 5324
- Antisthenes, 5938
- Antoninus, 8668, 9582, 10192
- Argyll, Duke of (b. 1823), 12079
- Arminius, Jacobus, Germany (1560-1609), 10688
- Arndt, John, 4175, 4389, 5494
- Arnold, Dr. Thomas, Eng. (1795-1842), 1820, 7628, 8278, 10241
- Arnold, Ebenezer, 8612
- Arnold, Frederick, Eng. (w. 1840), 10358
- Arnot, Rev. William (a popular Scotch divine), 534, 802, 880, 965, 984, 1259, 1326, 1333, 1608, 1824, 1837, 2144, 2165, 2406, 2582, 2615, 2619, 3005, 3055, 3415, 3992, 4153, 4455, 5325, 5491, 5705, 5803, 5869, 5913, 6247, 6254, 6403, 6480, 6482, 6626, 7133, 7346, 7400, 7725, 7934, 8142, 8306, 8526, 8598, 8700, 8746, 8806, 8992, 9206, 9395, 9406, 9430, 9473, 9487, 9500, 9618, 9622, 10115, 10276, 10686, 10772, 10871, 11260, 11359, 11446, 11630, 11785, 11828, 11842, 11891, 11948, 12211
- Arrowsmith, John, D.D. (1602-1659; Puritan preacher and writer of Eng.), 90, 1103, 2497, 2508, 2536, 3736, 4212, 5623, 5910, 8852, 10141
- Arthur, Rev. Wm., Ireland (b. 1819; author of "Tongue of Fire"), 578, 2999, 3083, 3285, 3965, 4043, 4502, 4605, 5321, 9035, 10107
- Arthur, T. S., Penn. (b. 1809), 5631
- Arundel, 11582
- Arvine, Kazlett (author of "Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes," issued in 1848), 871, 1344, 1428, 1575, 3927, 5960, 10439
- Ascham, Roger, Eng. (1515-1568), 1822, 8519
- Ashburner, A. M., Eng. (w. 1777), 10260
- Atkinson, Rev. John (author of "Garden of Sorrows"), 2417, 4487
- Atterbury, Bp. Francis, Eng. (1662-1732), 5749, 8060, 9441, 9492

- Attwell, Henry, 12319  
 Augustine, St. (354-430; one of the most eminent of the fathers of the Christian church), 731, 902, 2166, 3347, 5022, 5089, 7201, 8322, 8907, 10238, 11401  
 Ausonius, 3291  
 Aveling, Rev. T. W., Eng., 2382
- Babbage, Charles, Eng. (b. 1790), 3275  
 Bacon, Lord Francis, Eng. (1560-1626; Philosopher), 44, 588, 944, 1021, 1051, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1120, 1289, 1291, 1495, 1682, 1798, 1835, 1935, 1953, 2061, 2188, 2350, 2401, 2464, 2598, 2603, 2605, 2648, 2782, 3047, 3082, 3112, 3134, 3140, 3205, 3314, 3561, 3746, 4098, 4188, 4850, 5849, 5878, 5933, 6963, 7035, 8086, 8284, 8460, 8635, 9349, 9645, 9737, 10982
- Badley, B. H., 9416  
 Bailey, Philip James, Eng. (b. 1816), 6305  
 Baillie, Johanna, Scotland (1764-1851), 3601  
 Baker, Dr., 3223, 3224  
 Baker, Sir Samuel W., Eng. (b. 1821), 6147, 7907  
 Balfern, Rev. W. P., 7117, 11372  
 Balfour, John Hutton, M.D., Scotland (w. 1849), 2135  
 Balfour, Mrs., (author of the "Woman of the Bible,"), 8657, 8658, 8765, 8827, 8957, 11884  
 Balfour, Prof., Eng. (b. 1808), 10865  
 Balkam, W., 5287  
 Bamford, S., 11879  
 Bancroft, George, Mass. (b. 1800), 8076, 11301  
 Banks, ——— 7331  
 Baring-Gould, Sabine, Eng., 10880  
 Barnes, Albert, N. Y. (1790-1870; Commentator and preacher), 23, 1046, 4118, 5179, 7101  
 Barrett, A., 2965, 9660  
 Barrington, Sir John Shute, Ireland (1678-1734), 1641  
 Barrow, Isaac, D.D., Eng. (1630-1677), 565, 1996, 2006, 2007, 2103, 2141, 3547, 5251, 5905, 8813, 11222  
 Barry, Edward, M.D., D.D. (1759-1822), 8727  
 Basil, The Great (328-379; one of the Greek fathers of the church), 5335, 9103, 9820, 9908  
 Bate, Rev. John, Eng. (author of a "Cyclopædia of Illustrations," issued 1865), 28, 285, 779, 792, 828, 1186, 1337, 2081, 2279, 2315, 2658, 3121, 3145, 3531, 3551, 3638, 4125, 4126, 4169, 4271, 4924, 4931, 5160, 5365, 5730, 5804, 5835, 5975, 6097, 6190  
 Bates, William, D.D., Eng. (1625-1699; Puritan divine), 2189, 5432, 6229, 7385, 8977, 10979, 10980  
 Baumgarten, Prof. M., 4439  
 Baxter, Rev. Richard, Eng. (1615-1691; author of "Saints' Rest," and 167 other volumes), 1916, 3546, 4869, 5181, 9481, 11405  
 Bayly, Bp. Lewis, Eng. (d. 1632), 11069  
 Beadle, Rev. John, Eng. (w. 1656), 4777  
 Beard, Dr. J. R., Eng. (w. 1845), 380, 381, 4156  
 Beard, G. M., M.D., Amer., 3309  
 Beattie, James, Scot. (1735-1803), 1571, 11942  
 Beaumont, Rev. Joseph, M.D., Eng. (1794-1855), 51, 680, 717, 1130, 1155, 1431, 1452, 1802, 1825, 1828, 1869, 1912, 2231, 2366, 2885, 2938, 3122, 3439, 3724, 4093, 4403, 4531, 5319, 5909, 6230  
 Beauregard, General P. T., 8747
- Bebbington, W., 220  
 Bedell, Dr., 101  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, Conn. (b. 1813), 73, 144, 169, 187, 188, 200, 201, 330, 373, 376, 401, 403, 407, 445, 449, 452, 453, 543, 545, 547, 551, 619, 625, 632, 634, 636, 640, 648, 675, 678, 707, 734, 772, 794, 796, 798, 808, 812, 822, 844, 909, 929, 957, 970, 1045, 1065, 1068, 1218, 1239, 1256, 1269, 1302, 1318, 1355, 1370, 1499, 1524, 1548, 1574, 1598, 1691, 1692, 1796, 1836, 1843, 1875, 1880, 1900, 1951, 2016, 2018, 2051, 2055, 2056, 2073, 2246, 2249, 2272, 2283, 2336, 2357, 2359, 2462, 2479, 2491, 2564, 2569, 2683, 2685, 2686, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2718, 2728, 2832, 2868, 2907, 2935, 2976, 3008, 3010, 3056, 3084, 3132, 3179, 3234, 3383, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3394, 3398, 3460, 3507, 3510, 3535, 3552, 3554, 3566, 3573, 3575, 3580, 3591, 3592, 3596, 3598, 3621, 3623, 3627, 3630, 3642, 3659, 3676, 3695, 3714, 3715, 3728, 3743, 3768, 3770, 3781, 3786, 3791, 3828, 3867, 3384, 3886, 3890, 3893, 3927, 3928, 3932, 3935, 3975, 4011, 4023, 4025, 4033, 4035, 4067, 4074, 4076, 4096, 4097, 4100, 4104, 4132, 4144, 4173, 4177, 4187, 4221, 4249, 4291, 4316, 4334, 4335, 4360, 4390, 4445, 4450, 4452, 4453, 4454, 4508, 4553, 4562, 4609, 4612, 4677, 4691, 4700, 4736, 4743, 4747, 4749, 4752, 4755, 4780, 4790, 4803, 4805, 4817, 4819, 4827, 4876, 4889, 4890, 4893, 4894, 4896, 4916, 4942, 4944, 4949, 4977, 5007, 5079, 5107, 5113, 5118, 5123, 5135, 5141, 5204, 5210, 5238, 5259, 5263, 5330, 5353, 5358, 5361, 5362, 5381, 5385, 5396, 5397, 5401, 5407, 5426, 5430, 5431, 5441, 5448, 5451, 5452, 5464, 5516, 5518, 5521, 5531, 5532, 5541, 5548, 5565, 5618, 5653, 5680, 5687, 5690, 5695, 5699, 5700, 5758, 5792, 5793, 5795, 5796, 5800, 5807, 5830, 5837, 5838, 5915, 5922, 5934, 5946, 5978, 5999, 6018, 6052, 6076, 6119, 6140, 6150, 6203, 6225, 6250, 6560, 7004, 7030, 7315, 7447, 8517, 8552, 8802, 9030, 9156, 9209, 9210, 9253, 9273, 9302, 9319, 9352, 9439, 9453, 9939, 9969, 10468, 10636, 10654, 10741, 10905, 10933, 11161, 11346, 11493, 11510, 11768, 12014, 12064, 12159, 12201  
 Beecher, Lyman, D.D., Conn. (b. 1775), 11494  
 Beecher, Thomas K., D.D., Conn., 9255, 10131  
 Belfrage, Henry, D.D., Eng. (1774-1835), 11802  
 Bell, G. M., 4012, 4016, 10382  
 Bellow, J. C. M., 5929, 12165  
 Bengel, Johann A., Germany (1687-1752), 5782, 11613  
 Bennett, William C., Eng. (b. 1820), 3887  
 Benson, Joseph, Eng. (1748-1821), 6010, 10143  
 Bentham, Jeremy, Eng. (1748-1832), 9301, 10101  
 Benton, Thomas Hart, N. C. (1782-1858), 10649  
 Berkeley, Bp. George, D.D. (1684-1753), 9055  
 Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), 6494, 8101  
 Berridge, Rev. John, Eng. (1716-1793), 79, 3736, 4153, 7324, 7397, 9385  
 Berry, Rev. J. R., 5456  
 Beveridge, Bp., Eng. (1638-1708), 11800  
 Bias (one of the seven sages of Greece; lived about 566 B.C.), 8872.  
 Bickersteth, Rev. Edward, Eng. (1786-1850), 4522, 9892, 11458  
 Billing, A. M., 1489  
 Binney, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (b. 1800), 3761, 3912, 4854, 6313, 7077, 10159

- Birks, E. H., 6754  
 Blackburn, John, 7733  
 Blackstone, Sir William, Eng. (1723-1780), 10172  
 Blackwood, Adam, Scotland (1539-1623), 97  
 Blair, Hugh, D.D., Scotland (1718-1800), 5935, 6526, 8903, 8949, 9286, 9716, 11340, 12086, 12327  
 Blakie, Rev. Dr., Scotland (b. 1809), 4257, 4258, 4260, 5129, 6572, 7734  
 Bloomfield, Bp. Charles James, Eng. (1738-1857), 12303  
 Blount, Sir Thomas Pope, Eng. (1649-1697), 7467  
 Boardman, W. E., 720, 2041, 3370, 3528, 5182, 5879, 9546, 10061  
 Bogatzky, Charles Henry, Germany (1690-1774), 5923, 6405  
 Boileau, Nicolas, France (1636-1711), 10701  
 Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, Eng. (1678-1751), 854, 10920  
 Bolton, Rev. James, 5349, 5740  
 Bolton, Robert, Dean of Carlisle, Eng. (1697-1763), 903, 904, 905, 1089, 1090, 3679, 3918, 5336, 7177, 9386  
 Bolton, W. J., 1206, 11751  
 Bonar, Rev. Andrew A., Scotland, 6619  
 Bonar, Horatius, D.D., Scotland (b. 1808; a popular writer both in prose and poetry), 2679, 3622, 4211, 5035, 5486, 5856, 6265, 7330, 8982  
 Bond, Thomas E., M.D., Md. (1782-1856), 2442  
 Boole, Rev. W. H., 12000  
 Booth, Dr., 5644  
 Boston, Rev. Thomas, Scotland (1676-1732), 1465, 2309, 4904, 4906, 8422, 8772, 9337, 9484, 12043  
 Boswell, Rev. James I., Penn., 3705  
 Bourrienne, General (1769-1834), 8749  
 Bower, 11934  
 Bowes, G. S. (author of "Illustrative Gatherings," first and second series, and "Scripture Itself the Illustrator." 114, 156, 258, 334, 451, 513, 542, 884, 903, 998, 1048, 1085, 1105, 1251, 1257, 1469, 1526, 1538, 1557, 1646, 1683, 1735, 1995, 2002, 2025, 2096, 2190, 2208, 2325, 2326, 2418, 2420, 2470, 2476, 2493, 2695, 2934, 3019, 3073, 3099, 3114, 3217, 3454, 3474, 3547, 3579, 3736, 3872, 4052, 4057, 4215, 4262, 4263, 4385, 4417, 4466, 4479, 4511, 4541, 4708, 4746, 4769, 4777, 4786, 4791, 4841, 4901, 5190, 5225, 5266, 5273, 5557, 5655, 5779, 5810, 5867, 5892, 5893, 5896, 6143, 6231, 6299, 6302, 6335, 6345, 6386, 6447, 6448, 6669, 6686, 6880, 6899, 6995, 7078, 7080, 7111, 7115, 7149, 7179, 7260, 7277, 7349, 7394, 7412, 7451, 7473, 7483, 7556, 7579, 7597, 7658, 7692, 7728, 7754, 7793, 7894, 7923, 7931, 7961, 8033, 8141, 8143, 8194, 8390, 8413, 8510, 8532, 9518, 9554, 9611, 9613, 9632, 9662, 9692, 9796, 9826, 9830, 9885, 9959, 10016, 10028, 10090, 10125, 10179, 10188, 10230, 10326, 10406, 10460, 10466, 10504, 10507, 10722, 10776, 10777, 10780, 10828, 10832, 10955, 11045, 11454, 11504, 11849, 11945, 12038, 12071, 12072, 12114, 12137, 12158, 12209, 12305, 12311, 12318  
 Bowman, Bp. Thomas, D.D., Penn. (b. 1817), 6788, 6810, 7510, 9875  
 Bowring, Sir John, Eng. (b. 1792), 3576  
 Boyd, Rev. K. H., 992, 1564, 1981, 2112, 2250, 2254, 2267, 2270, 2281, 3785, 4841, 5414  
 Boyle, Robert, Eng. (1629-1691), 2390, 7011, 7967, 12157  
 Bradford, Rev. John (b. about 1510; martyred 1555), 7656, 8586  
 Brande, William T. (1788-1866), 8154  
 Bray, Charles, 8722  
 Bredt, W. P., D.D., 5674  
 Bremer, Fredrika, Switz. (1802-1866), 5293, 7406, 10092, 10417  
 Brewer, Rev. Dr., 8712  
 Brewster, Sir David (1781-1868), 8909  
 Bridaine, 1937  
 Bridge, William (1600-1692), 2139, 4865, 8582  
 Bridges, Rev. Charles (d. 1869), 7677  
 Brightwell, Mrs., 1590  
 Bringham, G., 11531  
 Brock, Rev. William J., 4089, 8050, 10391  
 Brodie, Sir Benjamin, Eng. (1783-1862), 10525, 12130  
 Bronte, Charlotte (Mrs. Nicholls), Eng. (1824-1855), 10631, 12260  
 Brooke, H., 9410, 9528, 11856  
 Brooks, Rev. Philips, Amer., 8005  
 Brooks, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (1608-1680), 695, 1005, 2169, 2600, 2692, 2812, 2828, 2835, 3052, 3118, 3603, 3734, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4081, 4165, 4172, 4408, 4666, 4840, 5000, 5469, 6388, 6397, 6461, 6872, 7114, 7116, 7212, 7466, 7687, 7779, 7870, 8126, 8467, 8738, 8756, 9031, 9052, 9109, 9201, 9340, 9392, 9425, 9709, 9717, 9742, 10054, 10056, 10464, 10483, 10663, 10809, 11009, 11032, 11186, 11253, 11254, 11404, 11410, 11702, 11718, 11721, 11739, 11856, 11870, 11910, 11979, 11992, 12202, 12217  
 Brougham, Lord, Eng. (1779-1871), 7612, 8272  
 Brown, James Baldwin, LL.D. (1781-1843), 1543, 1680, 3564, 4887, 5276, 5321, 5421, 5638, 7972  
 Brown, R., 3080  
 Brown, Rev. J. D. (Missionary in India), 10215  
 Brown, Sela W., Vt., 10199  
 Brown, W., 11497  
 Browne, Sir Thomas, M.D., Eng. (1605-1682), 5388, 8389, 8476, 8580, 8626, 9512, 9655, 9847, 10120, 10220, 10265, 10640, 10781, 10983, 12272  
 Bruce, Rev. Robert, Scotland (1554-1631), 419  
 Brydges, Sir Samuel E. (1762-1837), 9948  
 Bucchius, 4330  
 Buchsel, 8522  
 Buck, Charles, Scotland (1771-1815; author of "Buck's Anecdotes"), 261, 1657, 2363, 2411, 2552, 2889, 3420, 3557, 3665, 3733, 4864, 4954, 5506, 6150, 6784, 6824, 6938, 7013, 7191, 7220, 7388, 7402, 7440, 7659, 7671, 7835, 8343, 8537, 8595, 8697, 8709, 8786, 8943, 9017, 9020, 9069, 9131, 9171, 9379, 9489, 9679, 9784, 10012, 10139, 10402, 10708, 10925, 10989, 11004, 11249, 11258, 11320, 11507, 11777, 11843, 11953, 12218, 12239, 12288, 12301  
 Buckholtzer, Rev. Abraham, Germany (1529-1584), 10954  
 Buckingham, James S., Eng. (1786-1855), 9348, 11919  
 Buckland, Rev. Dr. (1784-1856), 8253  
 Budington, Rev. Dr., Amer. (d. 1879), 8159

- Buffon, Comte De (1707-1788; naturalist), 1786  
 Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf, Mass. (b. 1809), 2904  
 Bulwer (See Lord Lytton), 3190, 5614  
 Bunting, Jabez, D.D., Eng. (1779-1858), 4085, 10599  
 Bunyan, John, Eng. (1628-1688; author of "Pilgrim's Progress," and other works), 254, 1266, 1300, 1478, 1483, 1521, 1522, 1531, 1613, 2193, 2337, 2937, 3306, 3443, 3840, 4728, 6382, 6759, 6954, 7172, 7561, 7736, 8062, 8857, 8926, 9192, 9434, 9514, 9744, 10051, 10433, 10512, 11068, 11730, 11738, 11859  
 Burder, George, Eng. (1752-1832), 8748  
 Burgess, Anthony, Eng. (w. 1846), 5313, 5701  
 Burgess, Bp. Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1756-1837), 3594, 3677, 4927, 4947, 5721  
 Burke, Edmund, Ireland (1730-1797; a great orator and writer), 8035, 8331, 8367, 8548, 8828, 9207, 9780, 9917, 10040, 10178, 10403, 10407, 10839, 11321  
 Burleigh, Lord, Eng. (1520-1598), 10416  
 Burnet, Bp., Eng. (1643-1715), 1948, 9014, 11317  
 Burns, Jabez, D.D., Eng. (author of "Parables and Miracles of Jesus Christ"), 6181  
 Burritt, Elihu, Conn. (1811-1880; "The Learned Blacksmith"), 4178, 6866, 9897, 10721  
 Burroughs, Rev. Jeremiah (1599-1646), 2891, 5222, 5554  
 Burton, Rev. Robert, Eng. (1576-1640), 730, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1145, 1867, 2776, 3141, 3679, 3719, 4489, 5023, 5299, 5510, 5931, 6355, 6458, 6875, 6886  
 Bush, Rev. Professor, Am. (1796-1860), 6770  
 Bushnell, Horace, D.D., Conn. (b. 1804), 1635, 2191, 2207, 2711, 4088, 4499, 4501, 5391, 5394, 5395, 6228  
 Butler, Archer, Ireland (1814-1848), 2492, 3416  
 Butler, Bp. Joseph, Eng. (1692-1752; author of "The Analogy of Religion"), 8888, 9161, 10396, 10457  
 Butler, Rev. Alban., Eng. (1700-1773; author of "The Lives of the Saints"), 11562, 11563, 11816  
 Butler, Samuel, Eng. (1612-1680), 10393  
 Butler, William A., Ireland, 9676  
 Buxton, Sir Thomas F., Eng. (1786-1845), 1895, 12325  
 Byfield, Richard, Eng. (d. 1664), 7652  
 Byron, Lord, Eng. (1788-1824), 3231  
 Caird, John, D.D., Scotland (b. 1820), 1346, 2027, 2537, 3333, 3362, 4090, 4123, 5174, 6964, 8508, 8616, 12090  
 Calamy, 3736  
 Calvin, Rev. John, Switzerland (1509-1564; Reformer and theologian), 4342, 6072  
 Camerarius, David, Scotland (w. 1627), 3534  
 Cameron, Rev. Andrew, Eng., 510, 611, 2548  
 Campbell, Rev. Alexander, Ireland (1788-1855), 7409, 10150  
 Capel, Lord Arthur, Eng. (d. 1649), 12066  
 Carleton, 10355  
 Carlisle, Lord, 515  
 Carlyle, Thomas, Scotland (b. 1795; critic and essayist), 2057, 3051, 3441, 4092, 4149, 6315, 6726, 7037, 7060, 7704, 8018, 8239, 8822, 8823, 8906, 9170, 9244, 9294, 9654, 9711, 9722, 9997, 10128, 10152, 10187, 10233, 10267, 10373, 10383, 10394, 10551, 10609, 10619, 10667, 10681, 10691, 10739, 10766, 11028, 11040, 11302, 11328, 11352, 11355, 11521, 11835, 11966, 11990, 12102, 12131, 12173, 12270, 12273, 12274  
 Carter, 9964  
 Carter, Mrs., 8199  
 Cary, Rev. Jos., Eng. (1602-1673), 9549, 11357, 11588  
 Case, 8421  
 Caspini, 9672  
 Casuerba, 12094  
 Cates, Rev. S., 2970  
 Cato, Marcus (95-46 B.C.), 7453  
 Caughey, Rev. James, America (Revivalist, author of "Earnest Christianity"), 404, 1174, 1903, 1904, 2038, 2330, 3258, 3269, 4630, 5070, 5577, 5820  
 Caussin, Nicholas, France (1607-1651; R. C. divine), 1127, 1537, 1693, 1914, 1974, 2052, 2515, 2522, 2550, 2618, 3311, 3429, 3518, 3620, 4324, 4444, 5111, 5255, 5424, 6079, 6081, 6144, 8029  
 Cawdray, Robert (author of "Treasury of Similes"), London (1609), 251, 297, 346, 519, 523, 526, 549, 550, 553, 556, 567, 627, 630, 641, 661, 665, 690, 698, 701, 710, 719, 725, 729, 733, 766, 770, 771, 774, 781, 782, 784, 786, 799, 809, 817, 815, 823, 825, 832, 838, 842, 865, 869, 874, 876, 890, 898, 901, 907, 917, 919, 926, 928, 945, 993, 995, 1019, 1020, 1023, 1024, 1057, 1107, 1110, 1113, 1131, 1151, 1153, 1159, 1163, 1187, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1217, 1220, 1230, 1238, 1293, 1294, 1298, 1305, 1345, 1352, 1377, 1384, 1387, 1409, 1419, 1476, 1508, 1545, 1547, 1560, 1577, 1601, 1644, 1777, 1806, 1858, 1881, 1886, 1909, 1921, 1924, 1933, 2001, 2034, 2076, 2094, 2102, 2138, 2145, 2232, 2253, 2266, 2285, 2503, 2333, 2338, 2339, 2453, 2468, 2472, 2481, 2540, 2541, 2546, 2557, 2572, 2574, 2575, 2578, 2580, 2630, 2636, 2656, 2671, 2678, 2680, 2811, 2836, 2916, 2951, 2964, 2987, 3133, 3156, 3425, 3427, 3484, 3536, 3538, 3602, 3687, 3737, 3757, 3830, 3906, 3907, 3955, 3957, 3958, 3969, 2984, 4060, 4155, 4201, 4322, 4329, 4331, 4353, 4396, 4404, 4533, 4535, 4554, 4570, 4660, 4674, 4796, 4799, 4820, 4826, 4886, 4993, 5029, 5036, 5039, 5086, 5126, 5288, 5411, 5438, 5637, 5772, 5797, 5873, 5936, 5942, 6007, 6073, 6136, 6158, 6183, 6260, 6261  
 Cayley, Cornelius (w. 1758), 8297  
 Cecil, Rev. Richard, Eng. (1748-1810), 173, 1685, 1831, 2045, 2677, 2734, 3962, 5812, 7771, 8243, 9791, 10126, 10529, 10669, 10893, 11264, 11293, 11498, 11668, 11832, 12287  
 Chadbourne, Prof., Amer., 6607  
 Chalmers, Thomas, D.D., LL.D., Scotland (1780-1847), 221, 1905, 2225, 2975, 3788, 3797, 4825, 5166, 5886, 7148, 7617, 8054, 8207, 8585, 9123, 9878, 10096, 11151  
 Chambers, William, Dr., 7499, 9263, 11993  
 Champney, 2105, 9274  
 Champneys, Rev. W. W., 3811, 11235, 12265  
 Channing, Wm. Ellery, D.D., America (1780-1842; eminent Unitarian preacher), 3724, 8592, 6905, 7703, 9074, 9894, 10283, 11837, 11848  
 Chapin, E. H., D.D., N. Y. (1814-1880; an



- eloquent Universalist preacher), 3144, 4964, 6120
- Chapman, J. A. M., D.D., Am., 763, 7243, 10181, 10186, 11353, 11745
- Charlotte Elizabeth (See Mrs. Tonna), 9032
- Charnock, Stephen, D.D., Eng. (1628-1680; Non conformist divine), 88, 283, 2538, 3476, 4777, 8428, 9000, 9003, 9005, 9008, 9013, 9021, 9028, 9029, 9060, 9076, 9121, 9162, 9542, 9794, 9933, 10063, 10398, 10511, 10848, 11638, 11648, 12304, 12309
- Charron, R. de Pierre, France (1531-1603), 1484
- Chateaubriand, Francois August, France (1769-1848), 6637
- Cheever, Geo. B., D.D., Me. (b. 1807), 333, 947, 973, 1535, 2042, 4103, 4702
- Chestertfield, Lord, Eng. (1694-1773), 3804, 3808, 3936, 4379, 4468, 7497, 9102, 10367, 10411, 11018
- Chevalier, Michel, France (b. 1806), 7313
- Child, Mrs. L. M., Mass. (d. 1880), 8762
- Chillingworth, Rev. Wm., Eng. (1602-1644), 8816
- Christmas, Rev. Henry, Eng. (w. 1858), 1267
- Chrysostom, Jno., St. (347-407; "The Golden-mouthed"), 2273, 2924, 5030, 5046, 5324, 5558, 5911, 7096, 7141, 8380, 9950, 11084
- Cicero, Marcus Tullius, Rome (106-43 B.C.), 314, 977, 2432, 3195, 4235, 6601, 6645, 8329, 8416, 9287, 10248
- Clarel, Edith, 9843
- Clarendon, Lord, 1923, 6501, 8392, 9850
- Clarke, Alex., D.D., Ohio (1834-1879), 11830
- Clark, Bp. Davis W., D.D., Am. (1812-1871), 2015
- Clark, Adam, LL.D., Ireland (1762-1832; Commentator), 1850, 6070, 7019, 7231, 8369, 11516, 11581
- Clarkson, Rev. David, Eng. (1620-1686), 5098
- Clarkson, Thos., Eng. (1760-1846), 8914
- Clay, Henry, Va. (1777-1852), 1861
- Clayton, 5627
- Clements, 29, 2427
- Clemmens, 10448
- Close, Francis, Aed., Eng. (w. 1826), 6209
- Cobbe, Miss, 2315, 3079
- Cobbett, Wm., Eng. (1762-1835), 8174, 12261
- Cobden, Richard, Eng. (1804-1865), 10359
- Coke, E., 7906
- Coleridge, Bp. William Hart, D.D. (1790-1850), 7356
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, Eng. (1772-1834), 2039, 2173, 2787, 3776, 3782, 3838, 4852, 7267, 8093, 8337, 8678, 8946, 9383, 9506, 9541, 9746, 10041, 10450, 10517, 10576, 10755, 10931, 11012, 11152, 11285, 11349, 12234
- Coley, Rev. Samuel, Eng. (d. 1880), 50, 77, 218, 443, 572, 684, 768, 962, 968, 1530, 2104, 2132, 2299, 2792, 3374, 3933, 3613, 4934, 5215, 5389, 5392, 5393, 5522, 5526, 5530, 5681, 5724, 5753, 5773, 5776, 6116, 6182, 6193, 6266, 6343, 7522, 8002, 8043, 8761, 9377, 9408, 9857, 9858, 9889, 10277, 10856, 11345, 12075
- Colfe, 11928
- Collier, Jeremy, Eng. (1650-1726), 7987, 9285, 10811, 11187
- Collier, Rev. Robert Laird, Amer., 7822, 8104, 10288
- Collins, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (d. 1864; Wesleyan minister), 6413, 6421, 8156, 9180, 10313, 11606, 11897
- Colton, Rev. Caleb C., Eng. (d. 1832; author of "Lacon"), 94, 157, 411, 466, 531, 584, 899, 991, 1055, 1148, 1204, 1865, 1910, 1950, 1989, 2084, 2177, 2367, 2443, 2713, 2715, 2727, 2747, 2771, 2780, 3265, 3436, 3488, 3618, 3739, 3794, 3938, 4236, 4382, 4621, 4641, 4652, 4664, 4684, 4739, 4801, 4925, 4927, 4935, 5211, 5355, 5402, 5571, 5709, 5824, 5833, 5916, 6059, 6062, 6069, 6083, 6315, 6485, 6579, 6926, 6979, 7032, 7482, 7496, 8030, 8183, 8265, 8381, 8411, 8797, 8986, 9320, 9449, 9534, 9707, 9715, 9936, 9947, 9985, 10122, 10133, 10185, 10237, 10441, 10518, 10844, 10970, 11216, 11284, 11320, 12156, 12180, 12182, 12266
- Colvill, 9179
- Conder, Josiah, Eng. (1789-1855), 10738
- Conway, 9306
- Cooke, W., 12236
- Cookman, Rev. Alfred, Pa. (1828-1871), 818
- Cookman, Rev. Geo. C., Amer. (1800-1841; an eloquent Methodist preacher), 410, 1441, 2720, 3515
- Cope, 5559
- Cornwall, E., 7548
- Coverdale, Miles, Eng. (1487-1568), 8352
- Cowley, Abraham, Eng. (1618-1667), 6635
- Cowper, Wm., Eng. (1731-1800), 7005, 10698, 10830
- Cox, S., 11386
- Crabb, Rev. Geo., Eng. (d. 1854), 1821, 2059, 2071, 5590
- Crabbe, Rev. George (1754-1832), 3560, 12132
- Crafts, Rev. Wilber F., Me. (b. 1850), 6431, 7895
- Craik, Henry, 12078
- Crane, Jonathan T., D.D., Amer. (1819-1879), 2071, 5580, 7057
- Crantor, 10389
- Crichton, Andrew, Eng. (w. 1848), 7119
- Crisp, 10027
- Crittenden, 3769
- Cromwell, Oliver, Eng. (1599-1658), 5811, 6904
- Crowquill (Alfred Henry Forrester), Eng. (b. 1806), 9851
- Cruden, Alexander, Scotland (1700-1770; author of "Cruden's Concordance"), 33, 7694, 10869
- Cudworth, Ralph, D.D., Eng. (1617-1688), 12092
- Culcross, Rev. J., 2517
- Culverwell, Rev. Nathan, Eng. (w. 1652), 2612
- Cumberland, R., Eng. (1732-1811), 4325, 4436
- Cumming, John, D.D. (b. 1810; a distinguished Scotch preacher of Crown Court, London), 348, 353, 593, 738, 830, 831, 2628, 2897, 2930, 3104, 3382, 3648, 4065, 4094, 4176, 4366, 5025, 6113, 6947, 7256, 7425, 7739, 7747, 8299, 8445, 9864, 9991, 10216, 10487, 10658, 10665, 11485, 11546
- Cunningham, John W. (1780-1861), 2213
- Curran, John P., Ireland (1750-1817), 8330
- Curry, Daniel, D.D., N. Y. (b. 1809), 7126, 7644, 8737, 9879, 10677
- Curwen, J., 12108
- Curzon, Robert J., Eng. (w. 1849), 2183, 4461
- Cutler, Chas., Rev., Amer., 8492
- Cuyler, Rev. Theo. L., D.D. (b. 1822), 1391, 1655, 1780, 2148, 2150, 2419, 2639, 3172, 4503, 4751, 4879, 5178, 5284, 5306, 6025, 6107, 6176, 9397, 10633

- Cyprian, Bp. of Carthage (martyred 258 A.D.), 9393
- Dabshelim, 10137
- Darnall, 7946
- Darwin, Erasmus, M.D., Eng. (1731-1802), 9952
- Dashiell, Robert L., D.D., Am. (1826-1880), 8969, 9087
- D'Aubigne, Rev. Dr., Switzerland (1794-1873), 371, 753, 1097, 1124, 9849, 10399
- Davies, Edwin, D.D., 2422, 6885, 10074, 12285
- Davies, Rev. John, Eng. (w. 1847), 3716
- Davis, Dr., 6285
- Davy, Sir Humphry, Eng. (1778-1829; Chemist), 290, 2887, 3200, 3610, 8229, 10140
- Dawson, William, 7430
- Day, 5250
- Deems, Charles F., D.D., Md. (b. 1820), 313
- Delaney, 7901
- Delitzsch, 6479
- Dell, W., Eng. (1645-1697), 9085
- Demond, Charles, Amer., 1414, 3881
- Denton, Rev. Thomas, (1724-1777), 5106, 9647
- De Quincy, Thomas, Eng. (1785-1859), 8214
- Derham, Rev. W., Amer., 2496, 2526
- De Vere, Sir Aubrey, Eng. (1842-1850), 10818
- Dewey, Orville, D.D., Mass. (b. 1794), 10314
- Dick, Rev. Thomas, LL.D., Scotland (1774-1857), 2948, 6044, 8247, 9318, 9510, 9792
- Dickens, Charles, Eng. (1812-1870), 2604, 7335, 7823, 7824, 7893, 8370, 11980
- Diggenes (413-323 B.C.), 5933
- Dion, Cassius, Rome (b. about 155), 11432
- Dionysius, Greece (b. about 70 B.C.), 4106
- Disraeli, Isaac, D.C.L., Eng. (1766-1848; author of "Curiosities of Literature"), 6631, 6907, 9314, 10294, 10958, 11153, 11319, 11323, 12324
- Dixon, James, D.D., Eng., 6630, 9363
- Doddridge, Philip, D.D., Eng. (1702-1751), 7097, 8237, 10558
- Donkersley, Rev. R., Amer., 473, 4061
- Donne, John, D.D., Eng. (1573-1631), 1292, 3385, 5529, 6345, 8696, 8993, 10499, 11925
- Dorchester, Daniel, D.D., Mass., 845, 9863
- Dore, James, Eng., 11523
- Dowling, John, D.D., Amer. (b. 1807), 3727
- Draper, Gideon, D.D., N. Y., 10351
- Drew, Samuel, Eng. (1765-1833; the shoemaking philosopher), 6958
- Drexelius, Jeremiah, Germany (1581-1638), 4673
- Drummond, William, Scotland (1585-1649), 7992
- Dryden, John, Eng. (1631-1700), 245
- Dubosc, 5480
- Duff, Alexander, D.D., Scotland (b. 1808), 508, 2625, 7334
- Dufferin, Lord (b. 1826), 8993
- Du Moulin, 9342
- Duncan, Rev. Dr., Amer. (1774-1846), 7555, 8998, 10690
- Durbin, John P., D.D., Ky. (1800-1876), 3994
- Durham, 9525
- Dwight, Timothy, D.D., Mass. (1752-1817), 3355, 4231, 8433, 8990, 9033, 9053, 9445, 9447, 10872, 1103
- Dyer, Rev. John, Eng. (1700-1758), 7135
- Dyke, 5984
- Eadie, John, D.D., L.L.D., Scot., 7123
- Earle, Bp. John, Eng. (1601-1665), 617
- East, Thos., Eng. (w. 1825), 9227
- Edgeworth, Maria, Eng. (1767-1849), 10620
- Edmond, Rev. Dr. J., 2824, 3532, 4593, 9462, 12199
- Edwards, A. B., 11162
- Edwards, Jonathan, Conn. (1703-1758), 5367, 5769, 6222, 6223, 6671, 8264, 9779, 10694
- Ellis, Rev., 5639, 5961
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Mass. (b. 1803), 4101, 5801, 6001, 6315, 6694, 6988, 8075, 8136, 8271, 8312, 8425, 10378, 10489, 10543, 10749, 10836, 10899, 10963, 11757, 12277
- Epictetus, Rome (b. about 50 A.D.), 7303, 10401, 12233
- Epicurus (341-270 B.C.; a Greek philosopher), 10712
- Erskine, Rev. Ebenezer, Scot. (1680-1756), 6348
- Erskine, Rev. Ralph, Scot. (1685-1752), 10444
- Ethridge, John Wesley, D.D., Eng. (1804-1866)
- Evans, Alfred Bowen (w. 1852), 11687
- Evans, Rev. Christmas, Eng. (b. 1766), 4862, 4885, 5240, 5660
- Evelyn, John, Eng. (1620-1706), 6616
- Everett, Rev. J., 5567, 10146
- Faber, Frederick William, Eng. (1814-1863, Roman Catholic priest and poet), 435, 3375, 7264, 8108, 8387, 8672, 9043, 9436, 9504, 9998, 10252, 11052, 11079, 11250, 11770
- Farrington, Rev. Anthony, Eng. (1596-1658), 1534, 1538
- Featley, Daniel, D.D., Eng. (1582-1645), 7433
- Fellows, Sir Charles, Eng. (b. 1799), 9634
- Feltham, Owen, Eng. (d. about 1678), 2134, 3049, 5813, 6356, 6363, 6562, 6916, 6972, 7371, 7986, 8061, 8866, 9980, 9994, 10176, 10939, 11053, 12191
- Fenelon, Francois, France (1651-1715), Roman Catholic divine, 5382, 5731, 5948, 10929
- Fenner, 11148
- Ferguson, Adam, LL.D., Scotland (1724-1816), 1672, 10365
- Fichte, Johann G., Germany (1762-1814), 12179
- Field, Richard, D.D., Eng. (1561-1616), 12055
- Fielding, Henry, Eng. (1707-1754), 8087, 8660, 9298, 11236, 12140
- Finney, Charles G., Conn. (b. 1792), 12316
- Fish, Henry Clay, Vt. (b. 1820), 4572, 8244
- Fitz-Raymond, 9168
- Flavel, John, Eng. (1627-1691; Non-conformist divine), 36, 539, 5440, 6422, 6441, 6492, 6573, 6575, 6613, 6614, 6615, 6622, 6708, 6863, 6889, 7157, 7161, 7205, 7442, 7464, 7554, 7560, 7566, 7775, 8314, 8377, 8618, 8745, 9040, 9181, 9495, 9828, 9963, 10130, 10310, 10312, 10343, 10447, 10539, 10689, 10735, 10770, 10798, 10851, 10897, 10898, 11138, 11155, 11274, 11280, 11380, 11461, 11468, 11633, 11710, 11773, 11795, 11991, 12120, 12298, 12331
- Flemming, 8124
- Fletcher, Mrs. Mary, Eng. (1739-1805), 1260
- Fletcher, Rev. John, Switzerland (1729-1784; Vicar of Madeley, Eng.), 1856, 2212, 2952, 4383, 5827, 9550, 9551

Flockhart, 3526  
 Fontaine, Jean de la (1621-1695), 7721  
 Fontenelle, Bernard, France (1627-1757),  
 7665, 7882, 8216, 10703, 11010  
 Forbes, 6336  
 Forbes, Bp. Alexander P., D.C.L., Eng. (w.  
 1850), 10824  
 Ford, David Everard (w. 1842), 1581  
 Fordyce, James, D.D., Eng. (1720-1796), 7732  
 Forster, W. E., Eng. (b. 1818), 11163  
 Foss, Bp. Cyrus David, D.D., LL.D., New  
 York (b. 1834), 436, 1394, 2385, 2502, 4080,  
 4082, 4346, 4421, 4592, 4939, 6239, 7110,  
 7168, 7237, 7595, 7790, 8291, 8293, 8975,  
 10196, 10257, 10684, 10964  
 Foster, Bp. Randolph S., D.D., Ohio (b.  
 1820), 986, 11541  
 Foster, Elon, D.D., New York (b. 1833).  
 Author of Cyclopædia of Prose Illustrations,  
 Vol. I.  
 " " " " Vol. II.  
 " " " Poetical " Vol. I.  
 " " " " "

and Indexes, Vol. II.

The following articles in the First Prose and  
 all in the Second Prose without a name  
 should be credited to this author:

3-9, 12-14, 17, 21, 31, 35, 37, 43, 53, 54, 60-  
 62, 66-71, 75, 76, 84, 85, 92, 93, 95, 99, 104,  
 106, 110-113, 117, 122, 129, 131, 134, 135,  
 141, 143, 148, 150, 152, 153, 159, 161, 163-  
 165, 170, 172, 175-178, 180, 183, 185, 189,  
 197, 202, 204, 230, 231, 233-236, 248, 253,  
 257, 263, 266, 267, 274, 278-280, 282, 286,  
 295, 301, 305-307, 310-312, 315-318, 320-  
 323, 325, 327-329, 331, 332, 335-341, 343,  
 345, 350, 351, 354-357, 360, 361, 363, 369,  
 374, 375, 378, 383, 385, 387, 389-391, 409,  
 412, 413, 416, 420, 423, 426-428, 431, 434,  
 441, 447, 459-461, 465, 470, 474-480, 482-  
 485, 489-496, 498, 501-503, 505, 506, 509,  
 511, 531, 533, 535, 537, 538, 540, 541, 557,  
 574, 575, 579, 581, 583, 586, 594, 596, 602,  
 609, 610, 612-616, 621, 624, 637, 642-645,  
 650, 651, 654, 662-664, 669, 676, 677, 685,  
 686, 691-694, 704, 705, 708, 709, 714, 723,  
 728, 750, 764, 777, 785, 789, 795, 797, 800,  
 805, 816, 835, 836, 847, 848, 851-853, 855,  
 859, 860, 862-864, 873, 896, 914, 923-925,  
 935, 940, 941, 950, 951, 956, 960, 963, 972.  
 974, 975, 985, 990, 996, 1004, 1007, 1008,  
 1014, 1025, 1026, 1028, 1032-1035, 1038,  
 1040, 1050, 1052, 1053, 1056, 1058, 1059,  
 1061, 1062, 1067, 1069, 1070, 1073, 1075,  
 1080, 1081, 1088, 1091, 1093, 1094, 1100,  
 1117-1119, 1121, 1125, 1126, 1133, 1137,  
 1142, 1146, 1150, 1164-1166, 1169, 1173,  
 1175, 1176, 1178-1180, 1182, 1184, 1188-  
 1190, 1196, 1197, 1199, 1202, 1203, 1207,  
 1210, 1219, 1223-1229, 1234-1237, 1246,  
 1247, 1263, 1265, 1271-1273, 1276-1279,  
 1283, 1285, 1290, 1306, 1308-1311, 1315,  
 1316, 1342, 1343, 1348, 1350, 1351, 1353,  
 1354, 1356, 1357, 1360, 1362, 1364, 1366,  
 1371, 1378, 1381, 1385, 1388, 1389, 1392,  
 1393, 1397-1399, 1401-1403, 1406, 1408,  
 1412, 1413, 1417, 1418, 1420-1424, 1426,  
 1427, 1429, 1436, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446,  
 1449, 1450, 1453, 1454, 1456, 1459, 1460,  
 1470, 1473, 1474, 1481, 1485, 1487, 1490-  
 1492, 1494, 1498, 1500, 1503, 1507, 1513,

1515, 1518, 1523, 1540, 1544, 1546, 1558,  
 1559, 1562, 1563, 1565, 1569, 1572, 1573,  
 1576, 1578, 1580, 1582-1584, 1586, 1589,  
 1603, 1606, 1607, 1609, 1612, 1615, 1617,  
 1624-1626, 1630, 1634, 1637, 1638, 1645,  
 1649, 1650, 1654, 1656, 1659, 1661, 1664-  
 1671, 1673-1678, 1683, 1684, 1687, 1694,  
 1696-1699, 1773, 1776, 1778, 1779, 1782-  
 1784, 1788, 1794, 1795, 1803, 1804, 1809,  
 1812-1815, 1838, 1842, 1844-1849, 1853,  
 1868, 1870-1874, 1877-1879, 1885, 1889-  
 1891, 1893, 1896, 1901, 1902, 1908, 1929-  
 1932, 1936, 1941, 1946, 1952, 1956, 1957,  
 1959, 1961, 1962, 1970, 1976, 1977, 1979,  
 1980, 1982, 1984-1986, 1993, 1998-2000,  
 2004, 2010, 2012, 2017, 2023, 2024, 2030,  
 2035, 2040, 2043, 2044, 2049, 2053, 2058,  
 2062, 2063, 2066, 2068, 2069, 2072, 2077,  
 2082, 2085-2087, 2089, 2091, 2092, 2099,  
 2106, 2109, 2110-2115, 2119, 2121, 2127,  
 2129, 2141, 2149, 2151-2156, 2158-2161,  
 2168, 2170, 2176, 2178-2182, 2185, 2187,  
 2198-2206, 2209, 2218, 2219, 2222, 2224,  
 2226-2228, 2234-2244, 2251, 2252, 2257-  
 2259, 2261-2263, 2265, 2269, 2274, 2276,  
 2278, 2289-2292, 2296, 2301, 2302, 2304,  
 2305, 2307, 2309, 2314, 2317, 2318, 2323,  
 2324, 2327, 2332, 2335, 2341, 2342, 2344,  
 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2354, 2361,  
 2364, 2370, 2371, 2375-2379, 2381, 2383,  
 2387-2392, 2394, 2407-2410, 2424-2426,  
 2428-2430, 2433, 2437, 2448, 2449, 2458,  
 2460, 2461, 2463, 2467, 2469, 2473-2475,  
 2477, 2482, 2485, 2488-2490, 2499, 2500,  
 2504, 2511, 2513, 2518, 2524, 2525, 2527-  
 2529, 2533, 2534, 2541, 2553, 2559, 2561,  
 2570, 2576, 2579, 2584, 2585, 2590, 2591,  
 2593, 2611, 2613, 2617, 2622, 2635, 2649,  
 2651, 2652, 2659, 2660, 2665, 2668, 2674,  
 2681, 2682, 2684, 2700, 2716, 2732, 2733,  
 2739, 2741, 2746, 2751, 2753, 2754, 2756,  
 2757, 2759-2761, 2764, 2766, 2767, 2773,  
 2777, 2781, 2785, 2788, 2790, 2793-2796,  
 2800, 2808, 2816-2819, 2826, 2849, 2852,  
 2853, 2856, 2860, 2864, 2865, 2869, 2871,  
 2875-2877, 2881, 2882, 2886, 2893, 2895,  
 2914, 2925, 2929, 2931, 2932, 2940, 2941,  
 2944, 2945, 2947, 2955, 2957-2959, 2961,  
 2968, 2981, 2986, 2991, 2992, 3009, 3014,  
 3020, 3022-3028, 3032, 3036, 3039, 3041-  
 3044, 3046, 3050, 3058, 3059, 3064, 3067,  
 3070, 3072, 3074, 3076, 3078, 3086, 3088,  
 3091, 3092, 3098, 3100, 3107, 3108, 3111,  
 3116, 3126, 3127, 3138, 3139, 3146, 3148-  
 3154, 3157, 3162, 3163, 3166, 3167, 3174,  
 3180, 3181, 3183, 3189, 3191-3194, 3203,  
 3204, 3210, 3212, 3214, 3219, 3226, 3228,  
 3230, 3232, 3233, 3236, 3237, 3240, 3242,  
 3245, 3246, 3253, 3256, 3257, 3259-3263,  
 3266-3268, 3271-3274, 3276, 3277, 3282,  
 3284, 3286, 3292, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3303,  
 3305, 3317-3320, 3324, 3326-3330, 3337,  
 3340, 3343-3345, 3350-3352, 3356, 3366,  
 3368, 3373, 3376, 3379, 3406, 3410, 3414,  
 3418, 3419, 3423, 3432, 3446, 3447, 3451,  
 3455, 3457, 3458, 3462, 3466-3468, 3475,  
 3480, 3490, 3493, 3501, 3503, 3506, 3508,  
 3511, 3514-3517, 3521-3523, 3527, 3539,  
 3544, 3549, 3550, 3558, 3559, 3565, 3569,  
 3583, 3588, 3597, 3617, 3628, 3629, 3631,  
 3632, 3640, 3643, 3650, 3651, 3654, 3655,

- 3662, 3663, 3666, 3669, 3672, 3673, 3675,  
 3682, 3685, 3689-3692, 3694, 3697-3699,  
 3702, 3706, 3709, 3711, 3712, 3746, 3748,  
 3750-3752, 3759, 3772, 3780, 3790, 3795,  
 3798, 3800, 3801, 3805, 3810, 3813, 3820-  
 3822, 3827, 3831, 3832, 3847, 3851, 3855,  
 3860, 3864-3866, 3869, 3876, 3879, 3889,  
 3904, 3905, 3914, 3916, 3921-3924, 3942,  
 3946, 3947, 3949-3951, 3953, 3960, 3961,  
 3963, 3970, 3976, 3978, 3986, 3988, 3989,  
 3991, 3995-3999, 4008, 4010, 4021, 4023,  
 4024, 4036, 4038-4041, 4044, 4048-4051,  
 4062, 4063, 4066, 4069, 4077, 4084, 4086,  
 4109, 4113-4117, 4133, 4138, 4142, 4147,  
 4150, 4152, 4154, 4161, 4162, 4164, 4167,  
 4171, 4185, 4189, 4193, 4197, 4200, 4202-  
 4205, 4207, 4216, 4220, 4225, 4226, 4229,  
 4230, 4233, 4242-4244, 4253, 4255, 4275,  
 4281, 4284, 4285, 4289, 4294, 4297-4307,  
 4309-4312, 4315, 4318, 4321, 4323, 4332,  
 4333, 4333, 4347-4349, 4354, 4356, 4377,  
 4391, 4393, 4395, 4401, 4402, 4410, 4411,  
 4414, 4415, 4418, 4420, 4422, 4424, 4426,  
 4428, 4430-4435, 4440, 4442, 4447, 4449,  
 4451, 4459, 4460, 4463, 4467, 4471, 4475-  
 4478, 4480, 4482-4485, 4488, 4490, 4491,  
 4494, 4496-4498, 4507, 4509, 4512, 4518,  
 4521, 4526-4529, 4532, 4537-4539, 4544,  
 4547, 4548, 4556, 4558, 4559, 4563-4565,  
 4567-4569, 4571, 4575, 4577-4583, 4585,  
 4586, 4588, 4589, 4591, 4595, 4596, 4600-  
 4602, 4604, 4606, 4607, 4611, 4613, 4616,  
 4618-4620, 4622, 4623, 4627, 4628, 4635-  
 4637, 4643, 4650, 4651, 4654, 4655, 4657,  
 4661, 4662, 4665, 4669-4672, 4675, 4678,  
 4679, 4681, 4682, 4686-4688, 4690, 4693,  
 4694, 4696, 4699, 4703, 4704, 4706, 4707,  
 4710, 4711, 4713, 4717-4726, 4730, 4731,  
 4735, 4741, 4742, 4744, 4754, 4758, 4761,  
 4766-4768, 4770-4772, 4776, 4781, 4784,  
 4788, 4789, 4798, 4807, 4810, 4811, 4816,  
 4833, 4836, 4837, 4839, 4843-4849, 4853,  
 4859-4861, 4863, 4870-4873, 4875, 4877,  
 4878, 4880, 4881, 4883, 4884, 4911-4914,  
 4920, 4922, 4932, 4933, 4936, 4937, 4940,  
 4941, 4953, 4959, 4964-4966, 4969, 4972,  
 4974-4976, 4979, 4980, 4983, 4994, 4996,  
 4998, 5004, 5005, 5008-5012, 5014, 5016,  
 5018, 5020, 5021, 5027, 5028, 5032, 5033,  
 5037, 5041, 5044, 5047, 5049-5052, 5058,  
 5060, 5064, 5066, 5067, 5069, 5071, 5072,  
 5075-5077, 5080, 5082-5085, 5087, 5093,  
 5097, 5099, 5102, 5103, 5112, 5114-5116,  
 5124, 5127, 5128, 5133, 5134, 5136-5140,  
 5142-5145, 5148, 5149, 5151, 5154, 5156,  
 5168, 5171, 5173, 5175, 5177, 5185, 5186,  
 5192, 5199, 5200, 5202, 5203, 5205, 5207,  
 5212, 5217, 5218, 5220, 5221, 5226, 5228,  
 5230, 5236, 5237, 5241-5245, 5252, 5256,  
 5258, 5261, 5262, 5264, 5265, 5267, 5286,  
 5300, 5301, 5303, 5304, 5307, 5314, 5315,  
 5318, 5323, 5326, 5334, 5340-5344, 5346,  
 5352, 5354, 5330, 5368, 5369, 5372, 5377,  
 5379, 5380, 5384, 5386, 5388, 5399, 5400,  
 5405, 5406, 5408, 5412, 5413, 5415, 5429,  
 5434, 5444, 5450, 5453-5457, 5462, 5465,  
 5466, 5468, 5470-5472, 5474, 5477, 5495,  
 5502-5505, 5508, 5509, 5511-5514, 5517,  
 5519, 5524, 5527, 5533, 5536-5538, 5542-  
 5544, 5547, 5551, 5556, 5560, 5563, 5564,  
 5568-5570, 5578, 5579, 5583, 5585, 5587,  
 5592, 5594, 5599, 5601, 5603, 5606, 5607,  
 5610, 5611, 5617, 5621, 5624, 5629, 5632-  
 5635, 5640, 5641, 5648, 5649, 5652, 5656,  
 5657, 5664, 5671, 5672, 5675, 5676, 5679,  
 5682-5686, 5692, 5693, 5698, 5706, 5707,  
 5711, 5714, 5716, 5718, 5722, 5725, 5729,  
 5733, 5734, 5745-5748, 5754-5757, 5762,  
 5775, 5778, 5786, 5808, 5809, 5814, 5819,  
 5825, 5831, 5832, 5836, 5840, 5841, 5843,  
 5858, 5860, 5872, 5881, 5884, 5888, 5891,  
 5897, 5898, 5903, 5908, 5920, 5921, 5928,  
 5950, 5951, 5954, 5958, 5963, 5964, 5966,  
 5967, 5972-5974, 5981, 5982, 5987, 5989-  
 5991, 5994-5997, 6000, 6004, 6005, 6013-  
 6015, 6017, 6021, 6023, 6027, 6028, 6030,  
 6031, 6036, 6037, 6047, 6050, 6052, 6056,  
 6065, 6080, 6086, 6091, 6098, 6105, 6106,  
 6112, 6114, 6115, 6117, 6118, 6122, 6124-  
 6127, 6134, 6138, 6141, 6149, 6161-6163,  
 6171, 6173, 6187, 6191, 6199, 6205, 6208,  
 6218, 6224, 6226, 6232, 6236, 6242, 6245,  
 6246, 6249, 6251, 6255, 6267-6269, 6271-  
 6273  
 Foster, Rev. John, Eng. (1770-1843; Essayist),  
 414, 571, 682, 981, 1274, 1301, 1395, 1416,  
 1827, 2748, 3124, 4148, 4456, 4991, 5057,  
 5280, 5347, 5398, 5575, 5822, 6033, 6244,  
 6256, 6258, 6655, 7027, 7592, 8366, 8403,  
 8507, 8715, 8910, 8912, 9428, 10162, 10168,  
 10218, 10647, 10900, 11392, 11996, 12077,  
 12146  
 Fowler, Charles Henry, D.D., LL.D., Amer.  
 (b. 1837), 7036, 8021, 8145, 8408, 9372, 9806,  
 10129, 10134, 10813, 11142, 11154, 11865,  
 11895, 12271, 12278, 12281, 12300  
 Fox, Charles James, Eng. (1749-1806), 8011,  
 9652  
 Fracke, J. H., 887  
 Francis de Sales, 752  
 Francis, St., of Assisi, France (1182-1226),  
 8024  
 Franklin, Benjamin, LL.D., Mass. (1706-1790),  
 1380, 1533, 1553, 2220, 2416, 3142, 3248,  
 4013, 6006, 7476, 8152, 8269, 8516, 9856,  
 11903, 11917  
 Freeman, James M., D.D., New York, 9778  
 Friswell, J. Hain (b. 1827), 10200  
 Froude, James A., Eng. (b. 1818), 8844, 9331  
 Fry, 6350  
 Fulgentius, St. (468-533, A.D.), 6495, 10567  
 Fuller, Francis, Eng. (1637-1701), 11413  
 Fuller, Rev. Andrew, Eng. (1754-1815; Bap-  
 tist divine), 787, 2214, 8717, 11708  
 Fuller, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1608-1661), 1043,  
 3595, 3657, 3667, 3817, 3824, 4001, 4714,  
 4787, 6092, 6186, 6463, 6890, 6929, 7422,  
 8037, 8163, 8470, 8636, 9987, 9995, 10078,  
 10245, 10455, 10474, 10477, 10479, 10538,  
 11058, 11279, 11311, 11393, 11442, 11981,  
 12044, 12295, 12232  
 Gale, 9671  
 Galen, Dr., Greek physician (131-210), 9310  
 Garrett, Edward, 10230  
 Garrick, David, Eng. (1716-1779), 11120  
 Garrison, Wm. Lloyd, Mass., (b. 1805), 8246  
 Gasparin, Countess de (b. 1815), 1529, 1938,  
 2731, 5712, 9276, 10330  
 Gataker, Thomas, Eng. (1574-1654), 12029  
 Gaussen, Rev. Lewis, Switzerland (1790-1863),  
 2567, 5043, 5726, 6323, 11459, 11626, 11820

- Genlis, Stephanie Felicitie, Countess de (b. 1746), 10295
- Gerhard, 6310
- Gibbon, Edward, Eng. (1737-1794), 3834, 10617
- Giles, Henry, Ireland (b. 1819), 5416
- Gilfillan, Rev. George, Scotland (b. 1813), 344, 362, 392, 2531, 2704, 3354, 6809, 7196, 7651, 8320, 8541, 9039, 9508, 9983; 9990, 10375, 10648, 11764
- Gill, H. 3779, 3793, 4792
- Gill, John, D.D., Eng. (1697-1771), 3096, 4695
- Glanvill, 10827
- Godkin, 8113
- Godwin, 10527
- Goethe, Johann W. Von, Germany (1749-1832), 5253, 7370, 8484, 8783, 10853, 12241
- Goldsmith, Oliver, Ireland (1728-1774), 2260, 6981, 7017, 7469, 8165, 8782, 8833, 9231, 9852, 11673
- Good, John Mason, M.D., Eng. (1764-1827), 7845
- Goodrich, Samuel G. (Peter Parley), Conn. (1793-1863), 604, 2750, 4351, 4413, 4800, 5249, 5254, 6039, 9572
- Goodwin, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1600-1679; Puritan divine), 657, 2990
- Gordon, Captain, 4214
- Gordon, Dr., English physician (1801-1849), 9157
- Gordon, J. E., 532
- Gorgerly, 11059
- Gorrie, Rev. P. Douglass, U. S. (b. 1813), 5493
- Gotthelf, 11986
- Gotthold (Christian Scriver; German Court preacher; 1629-1693), 56, 287, 878, 978, 988, 1171, 1232, 1270, 1282, 1372, 1462, 2589, 2838, 2857, 4590, 4999, 5322, 5528, 5818, 5900, 6164, 10376
- Gough, John B. (b. 1817), 906, 2963, 5985, 9293
- Goulburn, Edward Myrick, D.D., Eng., 1262, 4455, 4519, 4524, 4738, 5120, 5308, 5485, 5863
- Gove, Richard, 10379
- Gratian, Tuscanus (w. 1141), 10256
- Grattan, Henry, Ireland (1746-1820), 8721
- Graves, 7369
- Gray, Rev. Robert, D.D., Eng. (1762-1834), 5108
- Greely, Horace, Amer. (1811-1873), 1379
- Green, Prof. Charles, Penn. (w. 1771), 2553
- Green, S. G., 2850
- Greene Matthew, 9935
- Greenhill Wm., Eng. (d. 1671), 9614
- Greeville, F., London (w. 1757), 45, 193, 2216, 2373, 2431, 3679, 3765, 5589
- Gregory I., the Great, Rome (d. 604), 7633, 9977, 10410
- Gresley, Prof., 5404
- Grey, 5104
- Griffin, George, LL.D. (w. 1850), 11083, 11604
- Griffith, 8379
- Grindon, Leo H., 6470, 6471, 6891, 6912, 6955, 7615, 7636, 8262, 8333, 8376, 10236, 10704
- Grosart, Rev. Alexander B., Eng., 2080, 3641, 3645, 6660, 7125, 7161, 8664, 9544, 10296, 11443, 11586, 11611, 11851, 11853, 11922, 11929, 12177
- Grosier, W. H., 10157
- Grosse, 6352
- Grout, H. M., 11330
- Guernsey, Dr. A. H., 10520
- Guest, 7039, 7040
- Gurnall, Wm., Eng. (1617-1679), 462, 1120, 1157, 1690, 2544, 3293, 3334, 3841, 3852, 3901, 3902, 4215, 4513, 4874, 5121, 5271, 6826, 7414, 7525, 7723, 8041, 9190, 9566, 9620, 9698, 9708, 10509, 10687, 10887, 11233, 11234, 11571, 11784, 12111
- Guthrie, Thomas, D.D., Scotland (b. 1800), 162, 171, 319, 432, 656, 687, 718, 775, 839, 942, 969, 1000, 1076, 1195, 1253, 1254, 1488, 1897, 2108, 2131, 2137, 2162, 2164, 2507, 2514, 2571, 2624, 2687, 2854, 2872, 2874, 2896, 2983, 3199, 3359, 3364, 3369, 3372, 3378, 3440, 3442, 3533, 3653, 3898, 3948, 4259, 4492, 4500, 4603, 4680, 4775, 4779, 4793, 4814, 4821, 5034, 5187, 5195, 5311, 5316, 5562, 5646, 5662, 5828, 5868, 6154, 6412, 6416, 6420, 6477, 6608, 6723, 6757, 6761, 6864, 6892, 7215, 7262, 7278, 7307, 7640, 7817, 7905, 7955, 8032, 8111, 8120, 8180, 8181, 8290, 8307, 8535, 8641, 8821, 8879, 9015, 9073, 9205, 9433, 9438, 9458, 9460, 9612, 9637, 9666, 9896, 10017, 10052, 10072, 10093, 10384, 10390, 10514, 10545, 10591, 10672, 10680, 10706, 11097, 11109, 11111, 11115, 11183, 11525, 11660, 11664, 11696, 11699, 11889, 11937, 11941, 12091, 12337
- Hacket, Bp. John, D.D., Eng. (1592-1670), 8562, 11283, 11949
- Hagany, J. B., 4633
- Hale, Edward Everett, Mass. (b. 1822), 8501
- Hale, Sir Matthew, Eng. (1609-1676), 5588, 8752, 10364
- Halford, Sir Henry, M.D. (1766-1844), 7846, 7891
- Haliburton, Thomas Chandler, Nova Scotia (w. 1835), 8238, 8267, 9330
- Halifax, Lord, 10713
- Hall, Capt. Basil (1788-1844), 10700
- Hall, Joseph, D.D., Bp. of Exeter, Eng. (1574-1656), 244, 324, 516, 620, 743, 811, 1297, 1954, 2284, 2395, 2452, 2503, 2545, 2601, 2805, 2936, 3332, 3339, 3964, 4121, 4545, 4838, 5373, 5794, 6851, 7222, 7436, 7495, 7598, 7601, 7738, 7938, 8090, 8462, 9278, 9394, 9440, 9870, 10212, 10225, 10463, 20530, 10718, 10825, 10859, 11341, 11657, 11771, 12052, 12082
- Hall, Newman, Eng., 670, 820, 1486, 2995, 6584, 9638, 9766, 12074, 12198
- Hall, Robert, Eng. (1764-1831), 1947, 4614, 5425, 7127, 7323, 8233, 8382, 8424, 8475, 8512, 8568, 8642, 8882, 9107, 9427, 9788, 10050, 10060, 10117, 11193, 11378, 12049
- Halliday, Sir Andrew (d. 1840), 11437
- Hamilton, James, D.D., Eng. (1814-1871), 262, 406, 422, 671, 872, 1539, 1611, 2184, 2445, 2606, 2919, 3017, 3348, 3395, 3683, 3756, 3760, 3763, 3939, 4070, 4134, 4363, 4574, 4576, 4650, 4689, 4733, 4756, 4794, 4812, 4909, 5433, 5439, 5763, 5861, 5890, 6211, 6215, 6540, 6800, 6806, 6825, 7088, 7526, 7685, 7776, 8166, 8919, 9078, 9290, 9574, 9576, 9712, 9957, 10427, 10585, 10840, 10998, 11061, 11080, 11409, 11766, 12037, 12133
- Hamilton, R. W., Dr. (1794-1848), 1160, 1288, 1807, 1926, 2707, 2708, 2870, 3421, 6123, 7758

- Hamline, Bp. Leonidas Lent, D.D., LL.D. (1797-1865), 1520, 4228
- Hammond, E. P., 8648
- Hanna, John, D.D., Eng. (1792-1867), 735, 1320, 2046, 6178, 10873
- Hardwicke, 765
- Hardy, 9992
- Hare, Julius Charles, Eng. (1796-1855; Archdeacon), 1095, 1101, 1106, 1602, 2324, 2441, 2510, 2609, 2710, 2714, 2721, 2798, 2996, 3018, 3854, 3940, 3943, 4075, 4824, 4928, 4970, 5105, 5338, 5553, 5855, 5874, 6042, 6189, 7647, 7939, 8047, 10332
- Hargrave, C., 6093
- Harmer, 8682
- Harris, John, D.D., Eng. (1804-1856), 819, 7558, 9100, 9138, 9140, 11815, 12051
- Hartwig, 821, 877, 1411, 1415, 2036, 2736, 2799, 3614, 3616, 4004, 4019, 4186, 4429, 5026, 5492
- Haughton, S. M., 2873
- Haven, Bp. Erastus O., Boston (b. 1820), 570, 577, 633, 765, 1044, 2054, 2435, 2797, 3045, 3308, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3952, 5110, 5391, 5902, 6048
- Haven, Bp. Gilbert, Mass. (1821-1880), 6805, 7300, 11503
- Hawkes, Mrs., 2735
- Hawksworth, John, LL.D. (1715-1773), 1810
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, Mass. (1804-1864), 3836, 4110, 7800, 8547
- Haxthausen, Baron Von, 10020
- Hayward, 11511
- Hazlitt, William, Eng. (1778-1830), 6108, 6545, 11755
- Headley, Rev. Joel T., Am. (b. 1814), 6276, 6982, 12348
- Heber, Bp. Reginald (1783-1826), 3587, 7343
- Helps, Arthur, Eng. (b. 1818), 6967, 7062, 7701, 7908, 8730, 9818
- Henderson, Miss, 2804
- Henry, Patrick, Va. (1736-1799), 2972, 4967, 4987, 4989
- Henry, Rev. Matthew, Eng. (1662-1714), 1907, 3857, 4160, 4457, 4511, 4832, 5092, 5162, 7083, 7693, 6444, 10219, 11075, 12013
- Henry, Rev. Philip, Eng. (1631-1696), 11416
- Hensius, 6911
- Hepworth, Dr., 9463
- Heraclitus, 8692
- Herbert, Lord, Edward, Eng. (1581-1648), 219, 9063
- Hermes, 12252
- Herodotus, Greek (b. 484 B.C.), 8072
- Herrick, R., Eng. (1591-1674), 8025
- Herries, John, 10531
- Herschel, Sir William (1738-1822), 7067, 8433
- Hervey, George Winfred, N.Y. (w. 1852), 3164, 5586, 6486
- Hervey, Lady Mary, Eng., 8288
- Hervey, Rev. James, Eng. (1713-1758), 1001, 2663, 3407, 4194, 5090, 7393, 8418, 8577, 9241, 12296
- Heywood, Rev. Oliver (1629-1702), 2078, 3870
- Hickes, Bp., 9333
- Hill, E. P., 7944
- Hill, J., 8890
- Hill, Rev. Rowland, Eng. (1744-1833), 3470, 3980, 7853, 10285, 11146, 11220, 12115, 12313
- Hinton, J., 3624
- Hitchcock, Edward, D.D., LL.D., Mass. (1793-1864), 42, 778, 780, 790, 791, 801, 1619, 4778, 10985, 10986
- Hobbes, Thomas, Eng. (1588-1679), 1248, 7688
- Hodge, Dr. A. A., 225, 967, 1942, 2380, 2509, 2512, 3125, 8836, 10547, 11441
- Hoge, Moses, D.D., Am. (1760-1820), 2122, 2623, 4617, 5172, 6194, 9553
- Holland, Josiah Gilbert, M.D., Mass. (b. 1819), 186
- Holme, J. S., D.D., N. Y., 6684, 6817, 7194, 7350, 7378, 9860, 10180, 11197, 11707
- Holmes, Dr. Oliver W., Am. (b. 1809), 425, 3563, 1620, 1621, 6417, 6602, 7068, 7314, 7377, 7490, 7498, 7774, 8007, 8122, 8826, 8869, 8941, 10024, 10387, 10524, 10577, 11228, 11737, 12153, 12245
- Holmes, Edwin, 11230
- Hood, Paxton, 10488
- Hood, Rev. Edwin Paxton (w. 1856), 1857, 2520, 3155, 3173, 3774, 4319, 4608, 3882, 6703, 7329, 7751, 10082, 10668, 11246, 11818, 11819
- Hooker, Rev. Richard, Eng. (1553-1600), 2264, 2675, 6491, 9250, 9429, 10077, 10100, 10173, 10849
- Hopkins, Bp. Ezekiel, Eng. (1633-1690), 39, 121, 123, 214, 793, 2918, 3401, 3404, 3880, 4340, 4842, 5234, 5552, 5702, 5823, 5904, 5907, 6099, 6606, 6966, 7437, 7852, 8461, 9046, 9194, 9384, 9965, 10086, 10184, 11736, 12284
- Horace, Apulia (Latin poet; 65-8 B.C.), 40, 1819, 2789, 3217, 4653
- Horne, George, D.D., Bp. of Norwich (1730-1792), 897, 4336, 6935, 8554, 8644, 8861, 8999, 10059, 10132, 10404, 10643, 11997
- Horneck, Anthony, D.D. Eng. (1641-1696), 259, 891, 994, 3161, 4648, 5001, 5917
- Hovey, Rev. Horace C., Amer., 3367
- Howe, Rev. John (1630-1706), 1299, 1458, 1477, 2167, 2921, 3143, 3325, 3333, 3355, 3703, 3796, 4127, 4129, 4458, 5095, 5248, 5694, 7858, 9114, 9367, 9474, 10388
- Howell, James, Welsh (1595-1666), 9110, 12259
- Howells, D. W., 8886
- Howitt, William (b. 1795), 7232
- Howson, Rev. Dean (b. 1815), 3953, 8009
- Hudson, Rev. Henry N., Amer. (b. 1814), 4103
- Hufeland, Dr., German (1762-1836), 10169
- Hughes, Thomas, Eng. (b. 1823), 246, 4647, 8984, 11034, 11039, 11351, 11650
- Hukeland, 10036
- Hulm, S., 6069, 6071
- Humboldt, Friedrich H., Germany (1769-1859), 8436, 11483, 11747
- Hume, David, Scotland (1711-1776), 856, 1567, 8940, 9233, 9755
- Hunt, Leigh (1784-1859), 7065, 7752, 9859, 11014
- Hunter, 6990
- Huntingford, Bp. George Isaac, D.D., Eng. (1748-1832), 7302
- Hurst, Bp. John Fletcher, D.D., LL.D., Maryland (b. 1834), 7286, 9136
- Hurwitz, Hyman, Eng. (w. 1807), 6453
- Hutchinson, Rev. John (1674-1737), 9743
- Huxley, Prof. (b. 1825), 10561
- Hyacinthe, Pere, French (b. 1828), 6464
- Hyginus, 6997
- Igdalia, 12262

- Ignatius, St., Bp. of Antioch (martyred 107 A.D.), 6404, 7434, 9387, 11791
- Inglis, Rev. James, Eng., 2823, 5317, 5489
- Irby and Mangles (Oriental travelers), 1249, 9635
- Irving, Edward, Scot. (1792-1834), 1987, 4702, 5616, 8273, 11021
- Irving, Washington, N. Y. (1783-1859), 6085, 6087, 8639, 8901, 9224, 9226, 9413, 9538, 9573, 10532
- Irwin, 1222
- Jackson, 1516, 1789
- Jacox, F., 8459
- James, Rev. John Angell, Eng. (b. 1785), 124, 213, 464, 742, 1911, 5626, 5628, 5766, 6016, 8468, 8643, 10833, 11117, 12314
- Jameson, Mrs. Anna, Eng. (author of "Sacred and Legendary Art"), 125, 130, 133, 166, 240, 241, 279, 303, 367, 418, 463, 595, 603, 626, 711, 849, 861, 911, 1198, 1209, 1240, 1781, 1978, 2211, 2322, 2374, 2455, 3176, 3239, 3365, 3412, 3459, 3593, 3670, 3834, 3929, 3967, 3968, 3990, 4042, 4130, 4238, 4598, 4762, 5045, 5146, 5159, 5165, 5209, 5427, 5461, 5593, 5636, 5639, 5659, 5954, 6212, 7000, 8357, 10638, 10793
- Janes, Bp. Edmund S., D.D., LL.D., Mass. (1807-1876), 11126
- Jay, Rev. William, Eng. (1769-1854), 408, 999, 1373, 2830, 3652, 5285, 6410, 6527, 9059, 9141, 10085, 11251, 12333
- Jeffers, Rev. Dr., 580, 683, 5581, 6002
- Jeffrey, Lord Francis, Scotland (1773-1850), 3962, 7075
- Jenkyn, Dr. T. W., 224, 226, 1252, 2969, 2983, 2993, 3730, 4952, 5073, 5074, 5829, 11374
- Jermin, Michael, D.D., Eng. (d. 1659), 6342
- Jesse, Edward, Eng. (d. 1868), 8217, 9578
- Jeune, Bp., Eng. (1806-1868), 10867
- Jewell, John, D.D., Bp. of Salisbury, Eng. (1522-1571), 382, 5233, 12347
- Jewett, Dr. Charles C., Amer. (b. 1816), 649
- Jobson, Frederick J., D.D., Eng. (1812-1881), 211, 1077, 2348
- John, St., J. A., 8298, 11011
- Johns, J., 12121
- Johnson, Herrick, 7798
- Johnson, Joseph, Eng., 2758, 7304, 7353, 7678, 10194, 10906
- Johnson, Samuel, D.D., LL.D., Eng. (1709-1784), 2311, 2405, 2769, 2778, 3815, 4003, 4261, 5723, 6297, 6426, 6910, 6986, 7358, 7493, 7883, 8266, 8292, 8371, 8338, 8412, 8482, 8637, 8785, 8868, 8893, 8894, 8902, 8927, 9259, 9371, 9625, 9745, 9815, 10121, 10149, 10575, 10584, 10747, 10932, 10971, 11286, 11395, 11538, 11881, 11959
- Jones, Rev. Thomas, Wales, 721, 893, 1600, 3387, 4026, 4245, 4272, 5158, 5269, 5862, 5865, 7488, 8581, 8702, 12062
- Jones, Rev. William (author of "New Testament Illustrations"), 840, 6167, 6543, 7248, 7562, 7851, 10258
- Jones, Rev. William, of Nayland, Eng. (1726-1800), 8773.
- Jones, Sir William, Eng. (1746-1794), 397, 9718
- Jonson, Bcn., Eng. (1573-1637), 9516, 10190
- Jortin, John, D.D., Eng. (1698-1770), 6137, 10145, 11203
- Josephus, Flavius (Jewish historian; b. 37 A.D.), 9993
- Judson, Adoniram, D.D., Mass. (1788-1854; Missionary to Burmah), 4273
- Judson, Mrs. Emily, Am. (1817-1854), 1080
- Jukes, Andrew, Eng. (1853; wrote on the "Offerings and Prophetic Interpretations"), 6446, 6555, 6623, 6957, 7594, 7879, 10025, 10907, 10799, 10800, 11858, 12040, 12100, 12101, 11735
- Juvenal, Latin (40-125), 4797
- Kaimes, Lord, Scotland (1696-1782), 6060, 6380
- Kane, Elisha Kent, M.D., Penn. (1820-1857), 9496
- Keach, Rev. Benjamin, Eng. (1640-1704), 1287, 2124, 2551
- Keats, John (1795-1821), 8550
- Keeling, I., 9507
- Kelley, W. K., 4505, 6024
- Kemp, T. Lindley, M.D., Eng., 8250
- Keon, Miles Gerard, N. Y. (w. 1857), 8487
- Kidd, John, M.D., Eng. (1775-1851), 6432, 7297
- King, Rev. Thomas Starr, Amer., 168, 9609
- Kingsley, Rev. Charles, Eng. (b. 1819), 467, 3700, 5488, 7305, 9108, 9844, 10708
- Kirby, Rev. William, Eng. (1759-1850), 9004
- Kirkland, Caroline M., New York, 8662
- Kitto, Dr. John, Eng. (1804-1854), 1632, 1636, 2233, 2705, 3243, 8617, 9552, 9842, 11821, 11827.
- Knigge, Baron Von (1752-1796), 8916
- Knight, Charles, Eng. (b. 1791), 3647, 4764, 9819
- Knill, Richard, 9135, 9299
- Knowles, 5728
- Knox, V. D.D., Eng. (1752-1821), 2013, 6682, 6718, 10804
- Koran, 9515, 9585, 10817, 11375
- Kossuth, Louis, Hungary (b. 1802), 4084
- Krifol (Russian Fabulist), 1170
- Krummacher, Freidrich W., D.D., Germany (1796-1868), 817, 954, 955, 1185, 1605, 1805, 2313, 2328, 2402, 2487, 2555, 2565, 2699, 2701, 2743, 3135, 3250, 3316, 3512, 3524, 3578, 4053, 4345, 5925, 8557, 10105, 10112, 10377, 12106
- Kynett, Alpha J., D.D., Penn. (b. 1829), 10560
- La Bruyere, Jean de (French essayist; 1644-1696), 118, 1854, 3804, 3956, 5993, 5998, 7308, 9104, 10023, 10409
- Lacordaire, J. B. H., France (1802-1861), 8319
- Lactantius, 11361
- Lake, Bp. John, Eng. (w. 1662), 6556
- Lamartine, A., France (1792-1869), 587, 8097, 10345
- Lamb, Charles, Eng. (1775-1834), 6585, 6698, 8138, 9946
- Lambert, Joseph (1654-1722), 731, 11324
- Landels, Rev. W., 5420
- Landis, Rev. R. W. (author of "Immortality of the Soul"), 3198
- Landor, Walter Savage, Eng. (1775-1864), 8881, 9325
- Lange, Germany, 7341
- Lardner, Rev. Dionysius, LL.D., Ireland (1793-1859), 6418, 8742

- La Rochefoucauld, France (1613-1680; author of "Reflections and Axioms"), 563, 1971, 2365, 2696, 3103, 3679, 3937, 3985, 4174, 4644, 5253, 5375, 6925, 8463
- Latimer, Hugh, Eng. (1470-1555; Bp. of Worcester), 1501, 1512, 8558, 8753, 10304
- Lavater, Johann C., Switzerland (1741-1801), 191, 568, 576, 2403, 3679, 4179, 6368, 7333, 8938, 10492, 11961
- Lavington, Rev. Samuel, Eng. (1726-1807), 2669
- Law, Bp. Edmund, D.D., Eng. (1703-1787), 9077
- Law, Rev. William, Eng. (1686-1761), 1147
- Lawes, W. G., 9129
- Lawrence, Rev. R. V., N. J., 2107
- Lee, D. K., 11054
- Leider, 6750
- Leifchild, John, D.D., Eng. (b. 1780), 1158, 4701, 11629
- Leighton, Abp. Robert, Eng. (1611-1684), 936, 1860, 2170, 2329, 2670, 3053, 3087, 3377, 3471, 4549, 5373, 7162, 9401, 9407, 11915
- Lessing, Gotthold E., Germany (1729-1781), 242, 6634
- Leupolt, C. B., 4192
- Lever, Charles, M.D., Ireland (b. 1806), 10350
- Levi, 8924
- Lewes, George E., 4645
- Lewis, Sir George Cornwall, Eng. (1806-1863), 119, 2998, 3445, 3449, 5161, 6146
- Liebig, Prof. (1803-1873), 7903
- Lilly, John (1553-1600), 8828
- Little, Rev. Charles E., New York, 7914, 8652
- Livingston, J., 4511
- Livy, Titus, Rome (61 B.C.-18 A.D.), 2645
- Loaring, H. J., 7936, 8261, 10114
- Locke, John, Eng. (1632-1704), 3216, 4029, 8277, 8280, 8285, 8427, 8549, 9070, 9714, 10682, 10784, 11609, 12107
- Lockman, 3196, 4031
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, Me. (b. 1807), 543, 2432, 4028, 4209, 4326, 5378, 6142, 6653, 6908, 9623, 10272, 10874, 10903
- Love, Christopher, Eng. (1618-1651), 2312, 5417
- Lucas, Richard, D.D., Eng. (1648-1715), 7491, 8118, 8119, 8189, 8667, 9326, 9729, 9836
- Luthardt, 4550
- Luther, Martin, Saxony (1483-1546), 982, 2614, 2834, 6264, 8726, 9793, 10177, 10415, 10565, 10757, 10917, 11765, 11944, 11974, 12188
- Lytton, Lord Edward Bulwer, Eng. (b. 1805), 8386, 8435, 8589, 9741, 10374, 10516, 10670, 11177, 11880
- Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Eng. (1800-1859), 3552, 4774, 4829, 7244, 7272, 8311, 8448, 9239, 10123, 10138, 10209, 10210, 10996, 11027, 11223, 11226
- MacCulloch, Dr. J. M. M., 6051, 7616, 8995
- Macduff, Rev. J. R., 1331, 2521, 5549, 5906, 6989, 8321, 9943, 10026
- Machiavelli, Italian (1469-1527), 11977
- Mackarness, Bp. (b. 1820), 7352
- Mackenzie, Rev. William B., Eng. (d. 1871), 2599
- Mackenzie, Sir George, Scotland (1636-1691), 3773, 6283, 8391, 10065
- Mackesy, Mrs., 11998
- Maclaurin, Rev. John, Scotland (1698-1754), 91, 160, 688, 726, 1177, 1797, 7642, 7643, 9336
- Macleod, Norman, D.D., Scotland (1812-1872), 804, 1447, 1448, 2903, 3279, 3693, 4308, 4495, 4818, 5130, 5132, 8186, 11090
- Macmillan, Rev. Hugh, 3615, 12105
- Maffit, John Newland, 3197
- Magoon, E. L., D.D., 25, 559, 560, 1496, 2172, 2175, 2308, 2310, 3187, 4078, 6050, 6129
- Maguire, R., 9773
- Mahan, Asa, D.D., 6499
- Malan, 5122
- Malcolm, 4407
- Mann, Horace, Mass. (1796-1859), 3129, 2254, 4274, 5279, 5534, 6132, 9641, 10812, 12343
- Manning, Henry Edward, D.D., 7271
- Mansfield, 11029, 11031
- Mant, Bp. (1776-1848), 9106, 9588
- Mantell, Dr. (1790-1852), 8713
- Manton, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1620-1677), 1479, 8540
- March, Dr., 9467
- Marden, G. N., 12149
- Marks, R., 8841
- Marmont, 10491
- Marryatt, Captain (1792-1848), 10163, 10909
- Marsh, 12004
- Martial, Marcus V., 10228
- Martin, Rev. Samuel, 4009, 4018, 5668, 6850, 8456, 10623, 12109, 12257
- Martineau, Rev. James, Eng. (b. 1807), 6636, 10275
- Martyn, Rev. Henry, Eng. (1781-1812; Missionary to the East), 6553, 8091
- Mason, Rev. John (1706-1763), 5268
- Mason, Rev. William, Eng. (1725-1797), 3143, 4963, 4968, 5650, 5977, 7471, 12045
- Massie, Rev. J. W., D.D., Eng., 1325
- Massillon, Bp. Jean Baptist, Fr. (1663-1742), 4624, 5370, 10034
- Massinger, Philip, Eng. (1584-1640), 8161
- Mather, Cotton, D.D., Mass. (1663-1728), 7719, 8127, 9117
- Mather, Rev. Increase, Mass. (1639-1723), 6347
- Mather, Samuel, 9175
- Matthews, Prof., 10408, 10815, 10968, 11291, 11994
- Mattison, Hiram, New York (1811-1868), 3187
- Maunder, Samuel, Eng. (1790-1849), 2028, 10705
- Maury, Matthew Fontaine, LL.D., Va. (b. 1806), 394
- McCabe, Charles C., D.D., Ohio (b. 1836), 2962
- McCheyne, Rev. Robert Murray, Scotland (1813-1843), 2839, 2950, 3094, 3971, 4264, 9559, 10037, 11548
- McCormac, 7966
- McCrie, 5651
- McAllister, William, 11347
- McClintock, John, D.D., Penn. (1814-1870), 1817, 11982
- McConaughy, Mrs., 5378
- McCosh, James, LL.D., Ireland (b. 1810; President Princeton College), 959, 983, 1074, 1161, 2543, 2566, 2568, 4286, 5366, 5971, 6032, 8791, 10484, 11136
- McDonald, Rev. William, Me. (b. 1820), 987, 989



- McIlvaine**, Bp. Charles P., D.D., New Jersey (b. 1799), 4624  
**Mead**, Dr., 2, 4698, 4971, 5188, 9691  
**Medhurst**, Walter Henry, D.D., Eng. (1796-1857; Missionary to China), 5119  
**Melmoth**, William, Eng. (1710-1799), 7500  
**Melville**, Rev. Canon, Eng. (1798-1871), 7348, 8318, 8326, 8409  
**Melville**, Rev. Henry, Eng. (1798-1871), 137, 1955, 2011, 2899, 3003, 4381, 5376  
**Merivale**, Rev. Charles, Eng., 7280  
**Merry**, William, Eng. (w. 1840), 8205, 11337  
**Messenger**, C. M., 7706  
**Metastasio**, Pietro B., Italy (1698-1782), 2730  
**Miall**, Rev. James G., Eng. (w. 1845), 10997  
**Middleton**, Bp. Thomas F., D.D., Eng. (1769-1823), 3804, 11970  
**Milburn**, William H., 1643  
**Mill**, James, Eng. (1773-1836), 9169  
**Miller**, Hugh, Scotland (1802-1856), 10385  
**Miller**, J. R., 6398, 6849, 7293, 7326, 7538, 9883, 10224, 10254, 10339, 10342, 10346.  
**Miller**, Robert, 10521  
**Milton**, John, Eng. (1608-1674), 399, 2592, 3540, 3816, 5844, 7223, 8630, 8851, 9252  
**Mingins**, George J., N. Y., 10652  
**Mitchell**, Donald G. (Ik Marvel), Conn. (b. 1822), 1894  
**Mitchell**, Prof. O. M., A. M., Amer., 2494, 12122  
**M'Neile**, Rev. Dean, Eng., 6339, 9932  
**Mogridge**, George (Old Humphrey), 107, 1527, 1790, 1816, 1991, 5777  
**Mohammed**, Mecca (570-632), 10069  
**Moir**, David M., M.D., Scotland (1798-1851), 8034, 9941, 10855  
**Moister**, Rev. William, Eng. (Missionary to Africa), 6755, 6778, 7055, 7206, 7459, 8729, 9130, 9142, 10618, 12028, 12250  
**Monod**, M., 8620  
**Monod**, Rev. Adolphe, Swiss (1802-1836), 635, 9189, 9840  
**Monro**, Rev. E., Eng. (w. 1156), 4472  
**Montagu**, Lady Mary W. (1690-1762), 9699, 10203, 11000  
**Montaigne**, Michel (French Essayist), 1533, 1592, 2256, 3744, 7413, 8175, 10031, 11194, 11833, 12123, 12136  
**Montgomery**, Rev. G. W. (d. 1841), 7900  
**Montgomery**, James, Eng. (1771-1854), 8936  
**Moody**, Dwight L. (Revivalist), 6528, 6548, 6558, 6559, 6561, 6604, 6685, 6790, 6813, 6858, 6869, 6901, 6917, 6953, 6976, 6984, 6991, 7086, 7122, 7137, 7160, 7170, 7183, 7086, 7195, 7198, 7202, 7254, 7269, 7391, 7399, 7401, 7505, 7535, 7583, 7564, 7589, 7641, 7686, 7743, 7816, 7833, 7897, 7945, 7959, 8084, 8223, 8315, 8334, 8420, 8429, 8497, 8671, 8675, 8800, 8847, 8843, 8849, 8850, 8856, 9056, 9065, 9158, 9183, 9193, 9198, 9203, 9279, 9382, 9470, 9536, 10142, 10290, 11205, 11215, 11231, 11399, 11526, 11563, 11620, 11752, 11803, 11809, 11841, 11890, 12027  
**Moore**, D., 2740, 4296, 4732  
**Moore**, Dr. John, Eng. (1730-1802), 9921, 10826, 12133  
**Moore**, Sir John, Scotland (1761-1809), 1792, 8051  
**More**, Hannah, Eng. (1745-1833), 1363, 2438, 4151, 5677, 5771, 11763  
**Morehouse**, H., 8170  
**Morier**, James, Eng. (1780-1848; African traveller), 5673, 8147  
**Morley**, 8407  
**Morris**, Rev. Caleb, Eng., 8759, 8883, 8954, 8965, 10029, 10937, 12308  
**Morrison**, William (Missionary to China), 8611  
**Morse**, 2003, 5333, 5363, 10287, 10969  
**Moser**, Justus, 6020  
**M'Tyeire**, Bp. Holland N., S. C., 7871  
**Muller**, H., 2146  
**Muller**, Max, Prof. at Oxford, (b. 1823), 9146  
**Myers**, F., 2712  
**Napoleon I.** (born in Corsica, 1796; died in Elba, 1821), 727, 2640, 3478, 7387, 9133, 9781, 9903, 11196, 11365  
**Nazianzen**, Gregory, Greek (330-389), 4398  
**Neal**, John, Me. (b. 1793), 4254, 6932, 11709  
**Neale**, Rev. Erskine, Eng. (w. 1828-1849), 2421  
**Neander**, Johann August W., Germany (1789-1850), 6306, 7166  
**Neaves**, Lord, 10171  
**Neff**, Rev. Felix, Switz. (1798-1829), 4555  
**Nevis**, Rev. Wm., Eng., 4516, 4963, 11415  
**Newell**, Dr., 11189  
**Newland**, 6661, 6985, 7404, 12081  
**Newman**, John P., D.D. (b. 1826), 6705, 9459  
**Newport**, Francis, 1943  
**Newton**, Rev. John, Eng. (1725-1807), 208, 405, 446, 546, 597, 732, 1647, 1681, 2815, 3170, 4646, 4900, 4923, 5622, 6797, 8758, 11539  
**Newton**, Robert, D.D., Eng. (1780-1854), 440, 2624, 3095, 4120, 8048, 8964  
**Newton**, Sir Isaac, Eng. (1642-1727), 398, 9045  
**Nichol**, Rev. R. B., 667, 697, 2075, 2573, 4387  
**Nicholas**, W., 215, 11852  
**Nicholls**, Rev. Benjamin Elliott, Eng. (w. 1852), 5945  
**Nicholson**, W., 250, 7173  
**Norris**, Rev. John, (1657-1711), 7337, 9455, 10374, 11195  
**Norton**, H., 3006  
**Nott**, Eliphalet, D.D., LL.D., Conn. (1773-1866), 1653  
**Novalis**, alias Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801; German philosopher), 5410  
**Ogden**, Samuel, D.D., Eng. (1716-1778), 9167, 11427  
**Omiston**, Dr., Eng., 6428  
**Osborn**, Dr., 3255, 6019  
**Osborn**, E., 7287  
**Overbury**, Sir Thos., Eng. (1581-1613), 6474  
**Ovid** (Publius Ovidius Naso), Roman poet, (43 B.C.-18 A.D.), 3679, 3817  
**Owen**, John, D.D., Eng. (1616-1683), 7530  
**Owen**, Rev. J. B., Eng., 1851, 1890, 1892, 4370, 5572  
**Oxenden**, Rev. Ashton, Eng., 569, 4168  
**Paez**, Don Ramon (w. 1862), 4683  
**Paine**, Thomas, Eng. (1736-1809), 9867  
**Paley**, Wm., D.D., Eng. (1743-1805; author of "Evidences of Christianity"), 30, 5847, 8210, 9920, 11241, 11424  
**Palmer**, Rev. John, Eng. (1729-1790), 3962, 4962, 5839

- Park, Edward, A., D.D. (b. 1808), 3972
- Parker, Joseph, D.D., Eng., 26, 2506, 2632, 5213, 5309, 5850, 8099
- Parker, Rev. Theodore, Mass. (1810-1860), 5015, 7957, 9710, 10534, 11289, 11520, 12083, 12253, 12255
- Parkhurst, Rev. Nathaniel, Eng., 9208
- Parnell, Thomas, D.D., Ireland (1679-1718), 4782
- Parr, Dr. Samuel, Eng. (1747-1825), 10369
- Pascal, Blaise, France (1623-1662), 3781, 8488, 8694, 10395, 10528, 10702, 11967
- Patrick, Bp. Symon, D.D., Eng. (1626-1707), 1570, 2837, 7825, 8863, 9461, 10692
- Pattison, Samuel Rowles, Eng. (w. 1864), 7094
- Paulding, James Kirke, N. Y. (1779-1860), 5710
- Paulinus of Nola, St., (353-419), 8241
- Pavillon, Bp. Nicholas, France (1597-1677), 5584
- Payson, Edward, D.D., N. H. (1783-1827), 347, 349, 883, 1284, 1953, 2097, 3097, 4313, 4597, 4615, 5647, 5661, 6745
- Pearson, Bp. John, D.D., Eng. (1612-1686), 11467
- Pearson, Rev. Thos. (d. 1864), 2360, 11325
- Peck, Bp. Jesse T., D.D., N. Y. (b. 1811), 439
- Peirce, Rev. Bradford K., D.D., Vt. (b. 1819), 5227
- Penn, Wm. (1644-1718; founder of Pennsylvania), 3817, 5965
- Percy, Sholto and Reuben, Eng. (authors of the "Percy Anecdotes," issued 1820), 10, 11, 49, 58, 63, 108, 128, 182, 217, 238, 243, 277, 302, 309, 448, 486, 488, 952, 1012, 1060, 1168, 1200, 1382, 1390, 1648, 1883, 1899, 1913, 1934, 1966, 1975, 2020, 2060, 2217, 2223, 2248, 2290, 2298, 2321, 2368, 2516, 2673, 2744, 2745, 2765, 2820, 3016, 3021, 3077, 3106, 3158, 3185, 3247, 3321, 3342, 3428, 3433, 3437, 3464, 3686, 3701, 3704, 3755, 3777, 3823, 3925, 4005, 4350, 4473, 4632, 5048, 5117, 5283, 5561, 5596, 5600, 5625, 6078, 6240, 7052, 7238, 7429, 8077, 8082, 8095, 8655, 8932, 9531, 9649, 10752
- Père Arrues, 1862
- Perkins, William, Eng. (1558-1602), 450, 2880, 5042
- Pertthes, Friedrich Christopher, Germany (1772-1843), 1328
- Petrarch, Francisco, Italy (1304-1374), 4359, 11390
- Phædrus (a Latin poet of the age of Augustus-), 3034
- Phelps, Austin, D.D., Mass. (b. 1820), 3850
- Philip, Geo., 7224
- Philip, Robert, 7922, 9569
- Philips, Rev. C. R., 6289, 9763
- Phillips, J., 1839
- Phillips, Wendell, Mass. (b. 1811), 2346
- Pierce, Lovick, D.D., N. C. (b. 1785), 4314
- Pierce, R. T. W., 1375
- Pierre, Dr., 2466
- Pierre, St., France (1658-1743), 7618
- Pilkington, J. G., Eng., 3177, 7207, 7221, 8471, 8600, 9049, 9191, 10821, 11414, 11450, 11470, 11694, 11759, 11936
- Plato, Athens (429-347 B.C.), 1451, 3143, 3775, 4106, 8489, 10386, 12238
- Platt, Rev. S. H., N. Y. (w. 1856), 2654, 3209, 4493
- Playfere, John, D.D., Eng. (d. 1608), 256, 1616
- Pliny, Secundus, Italy (23-79), 1532, 1800, 3169, 4240
- Plumer, William Swan, D.D., LL.D., Penn. (b. 1802), 2676, 5230.
- Plutarch, Greece (50-120; author of "Lives" and "Morals."), 139, 145, 149, 2801, 4663, 6379, 6391, 6425, 6440, 6496, 6507, 6549, 6628, 6862, 6884, 6974, 9234, 6913, 6974, 7016, 7023, 7092, 7279, 7312, 7368, 7376, 7483, 7504, 7527, 7635, 7679, 7690, 7697, 7831, 7861, 7896, 7973, 7974, 8042, 8129, 8296, 8336, 8350, 8355, 8394, 8395, 8396, 8452, 8481, 8692, 8731, 8754, 8757, 8829, 8830, 8870, 9237, 9601, 9673, 11689, 11691, 11719, 11812, 11868, 12026, 12039, 12116, 12155, 12169, 12223, 12231, 12276, 12322
- Pœmen, St. (b. 450 A.D.), 11688, 11931
- Pole, Cardinal Reginald, Eng. (1500-1558), 11119
- Polhill, Edward, Eng. (w. 1675), 9629
- Polybius (204-122 B.C.; Greek historian), 6713
- Pompadour, Madame de, 3981
- Pompey, 9610
- Pope, Alexander, Eng. (1688-1744), 739, 4427, 7492, 9749
- Porter, James, D.D., Amer., 6609, 8131, 8304, 11339, 11492, 11978
- Porteus, Bp. Beilby, D.D., Eng. (1731-1808), 3386, 7705, 9283, 10870
- Potter, Bp. Alonzo, D.D., LL.D., Amer. (1800-1865), 1652, 9721
- Powell, Rev. Baden, Eng. (1796-1860), 3472, 3537
- Power, Rev. Philip Bennet, Eng., 1604, 6331, 6521, 6696, 6941, 7054, 7113, 7140, 7218, 7316, 7551, 7826, 8372, 8472, 8623, 9064, 10057, 10221, 10429, 10438, 10908, 11043, 11071, 11096, 11127, 11370, 11462, 11607, 11624, 11939, 12067, 12172, 12226, 12279
- Pratt, Rev. Josiah, Eng. (1768-1844), 8332
- Prest, Rev. Charles, Eng. (1806-1875), 12249
- Preston, John, D.D., Eng. (1587-1628), 5815, 7018, 9050
- Price, Rev. Aubrey C., Eng., 9885
- Prideaux, Dean Humphrey, D.D., Eng. (1648-1724), 1049, 4481
- Prole, Mrs. (author of "The English Woman in Egypt"), Eng. 1843, 4196
- Pulsford, Rev. John, Eng., 96, 455, 2560, 2840, 2911, 3349, 3658, 4072, 5422, 5520, 9068, 9258
- Pusey, Edward Bouverie, D.D., Eng. (b. 1800), 10299, 10916
- Punshon, Rev. William Morley, LL.D., Eng. (b. 1823), 20, 198, 747, 758, 1002, 1367, 1396, 1525, 2451, 2662, 3066, 3283, 3590, 4515, 4830, 5153, 5169, 5224, 5350, 5799, 5857, 6100, 6128, 6262, 6314, 7266, 8052, 9764, 9765, 11613
- Pythagoras (570-504 B.C.), 7411, 12012
- Quarles, Francis, Eng. (1592-1644; author of "Emblems"), 272, 1003, 3128, 4457, 4963, 5441, 7637, 8010, 8805, 8876, 10362, 10673, 11957, 11248, 11348
- Quincey, Thomas De, Eng. (1785-1859), 11259
- Raffels, Thomas, D.D., LL.D., Eng. (b. 1788), 500

- Ragg, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (b. 1808), 223, 1988, 3848, 4282, 4283, 5055, 5142, 11557
- Rahel, 8905
- Raikes, Robert, Eng. (1735-1811; Founder of Sunday-schools), 5540
- Raleigh, Alexander, D.D., 931, 1324, 4032, 6493, 8753, 10503, 11448, 11746, 11972
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, Eng. (1552-1618), 10368
- Ramage, Crauford Tait, LL.D., Eng., 4106
- Ray, John, Eng. (1627-1705), 9854, 9982
- Rayment, Rev. Dr. A. B., Md., 9989
- Rayne, Mrs. M. L., 47
- Read, Rev. H., Eng., 2450, 3891, 3892, 3894, 3895
- Reade, Rev. Dr., 11545
- Reid, John M., D.D., N. Y. (b. 1820), 2293, 3168, 5445
- Remington, Rev. Frank, N. Y., 5394, 8693
- Reynolds, Bp. Edward, D.D., Eng. (1599-1667), 927, 1829, 3294, 4510, 5294, 5297, 5310, 6221, 6503, 7122, 7190, 7282, 7298, 7339, 7909, 8619, 8701, 9132, 9139, 9185, 9474, 9923, 10554, 11560, 12263, 12264
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, Eng. (1723-1792), 2432, 8486, 9944, 10743, 10864
- Richelieu, Cardinal Armand Jean, France (1585-1642), 12042
- Richter, Jean P. F., Germany (1763-1825), 606, 622, 5615, 6339, 8275, 9223, 9933, 11013, 11160, 11391, 11854, 11864, 11969, 12084
- Ridge, Benjamin, M.D., Eng., 10724
- Ridgway, Henry B., D.D., Md. (b. 1830), 896, 7485, 7519
- Roberts, Francis, 12047
- Roberts, Rev. Joseph, Eng. (d. 1849; Missionary to India), 2554, 6088, 6652, 8744, 8760, 9335, 10306, 11035, 11672, 11825, 11874
- Roberts, Rev. R., Eng., 1156, 3182, 4145, 4327, 4948, 5697, 5703
- Robertson, Rev. Frederick William, Eng. (1816-1853), 530, 751, 1414, 1973, 2074, 2288, 2434, 2519, 2861, 3011, 3030, 3201, 3304, 3354, 4166, 4263, 4384, 4855, 4856, 5100, 5573, 5507, 5735, 5736, 5738, 5742, 5761, 5848, 6102, 6160, 6166, 6179, 7727, 8790, 8860, 9331, 10863, 11268
- Robinson, Charles S., D.D., N. Y., 6854, 7619, 8784
- Rochester, Lord (1647-1680), 3825
- Roe, Sir Thomas (1580-1640), 3408
- Roger, Richard, 9079
- Rogers, Henry, Eng. (b. 1814), 756, 4373, 6253, 6998
- Rogers, Prof., Eng. (b. 1806), 12317
- Rollin, Charles, French (1661-1741), 9246, 11514
- Rose, H. I., 769
- Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-1778; French infidel), 400, 672, 2365, 10244
- Rowlands, Daniel (Welsh minister), 6395, 8978
- Rumford, Sir Benjamin T., Mass. (1753-1814), 7317
- Ruskin, John, Eng. (b. 1819), 1639, 1640, 3931, 4099, 4368, 4369, 6259, 6570, 6571, 6577, 7742, 8153, 8268, 8373, 8766, 8951, 9248, 9545, 9644, 9667, 10108, 10625, 10630, 10711, 11022, 11453, 11826, 11902, 12187, 12282, 12334
- Russell, Lord John, Eng. (b. 1792), 4774, 6427
- Rust, Bp. Geo., Eng. (d. 1670), 9456
- Rutherford, Samuel, Scot. (1600-1661; Presbyterian minister), 212, 724, 754, 879, 1071, 1172, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1628, 1808, 2095, 3384, 3400, 3403, 3477, 3567, 3722, 3726, 4777, 4981, 5219, 5523, 5525, 5760, 5768, 5781, 5992, 6198, 7761, 10570, 10621
- Ryland, John, D.D., Eng. (1753-1825), 4534, 5331, 11104
- Ryle, Rev. John Chas., Eng. (b. 1816), 38, 206, 252, 1183, 1264, 3206, 3634, 3646, 5484, 6593, 6676, 6779, 6816, 6821, 7012, 7139, 7657, 7667, 7827, 9002, 9269, 9324, 9567, 9962, 10301, 10729, 10866, 11065, 11066, 11082, 11297, 11400, 11440, 11569, 11574, 11616, 12070, 12194, 12208, 12346
- Saadi, Persia (13th century), 199, 8624
- Sage, Æneas, 469, 1922, 5409
- Sala, George A., Eng. (b. 1827), 3585, 8415, 10089, 10754, 11968
- Sale, George, Eng. (1680-1736; Orientalist), 6801, 6893, 8928, 9061, 9497, 9511, 9970, 9971, 10144, 10877, 10878, 10879, 11150, 12302
- Salcs, 4566
- Salter, Rev. H. G., Eng. (author of "The Book of Illustrations," 1840), 2542, 2900, 3450, 3584, 4159, 4523, 4543, 4905, 5484, 5870, 6214, 6281, 6401, 6591, 6721, 6722, 6828, 6829, 6830, 6852, 7029, 7048, 7081, 7145, 7284, 7338, 7389, 7516, 7536, 7542, 7575, 7577, 7869, 7956, 7971, 8201, 8518, 8556, 8570, 8573, 8601, 8615, 8645, 8685, 8714, 8769, 8959, 9001, 9036, 9042, 9083, 9086, 9151, 9159, 9182, 9184, 9211, 9292, 9322, 9334, 9390, 9411, 9432
- Sandman, 4697
- Sandford, Bp. David, D.D., Scotland (1766-1830), 7007, 8718
- Sandys, Abp., Eng. (1519-1588), 9907
- Sargent, E. P., Mass. (1814-1881), 11781
- Saurin, Rev. James, France (1677-1730), 1944, 6157, 8185, 10243, 10571, 11333
- Savage, Rev. G. S. T., 1365
- Saville, Sir Henry, Eng. (1540-1623), 2709, 6369, 10678
- Schiller, Johann C. T., Germany (1759-1805), 9280
- Schumacher, 167
- Scott, Rev. James, Eng. (1733-1814), 1997
- Scott, Sir Walter, Eng. (1771-1832), 518, 9289, 9321, 10356, 10725
- Scott, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1747-1821; Commentator), 8474, 10746, 11984
- Scougal, Rev. Henry, Scotland (1650-1678), 674
- Scriver, Christian. See Gotthold.
- Secker, Abp. Thomas, LL.D., Eng. (1693-1768), 7355, 7472, 7645, 7932, 8440, 8684, 8690, 8981, 9062, 9082, 9381, 9437, 9450, 9583, 9694, 9703, 9704, 9799, 9913, 10047, 10116, 10336, 10432, 10449, 10819, 10820, 10823, 10959, 10987, 11051, 11173, 11217, 11252, 11362, 11403, 11639, 11645, 11697, 11750, 11790, 11886, 12036, 12126, 12142, 12286, 12289, 12307, 12328
- Secker, Rev. William, Eng., 6330, 6334, 6354, 7309, 8962, 9084, 9690, 9925, 10632, 10646, 11265
- Sedgwick, Rev. Adam, Eng. (b. 1785), 9075
- Seed, Rev. Jeremiah, Eng. (d. 1747), 9412

- Segneri, 1551, 10730  
 Selden, John, Eng. (1584-1654), 3102, 3818, 5475, 7332, 8406, 8453, 9587, 11597  
 Selwyn, 11989  
 Seneca (Roman philosopher; 5-65 A.D.), 599, 920, 1464, 1550, 2432, 2454, 2594, 2698, 2772, 3165, 3289, 3607, 3934, 4339, 4437, 5498, 5708, 5914, 5940, 6935, 7968, 9230, 9284, 9905, 10476  
 Ferjeant, Rev. J. T., 3680  
 Seward, William H., N. Y. (b. 1801), 7929  
 Shaftesbury, Earl of, 1167, 10699  
 Shakespeare, William, Eng. (1564-1616), 120, 568, 1437, 2013, 2186, 2586, 2602, 2702, 2752, 2784, 3679, 3689, 3817, 3874, 4640, 4835, 6029, 6040, 6315, 7474, 10250  
 Sharp, Abp. John, D.D., Eng. (1644-1714), 8503  
 Sharpe, 8036, 8374  
 Sharr, F. J., 2291  
 Sheffield, Rev. John, Eng., 7984, 11720  
 Shelley, Percy B., Eng. (1792-1822), 8287  
 Shenstone, William, Eng. (1714-1768), 8873, 8884, 10582  
 Sheppard, Rev. John, Eng., 11965  
 Sheridan, Richard B., Ireland (1751-1816), 9164  
 Sherlock, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1678-1761), 6882, 9956, 10042  
 Sherwin, W. F., 10013  
 Shuttleworth, Bp., 8200, 10223  
 Sibbes, Rev. Richard, D.D., Eng. (1577-1635), 949, 2125, 2215, 2894, 3392, 3912, 7084, 8673, 9268  
 Sibbs, 11950, 12221  
 Siddon, 10010  
 Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H., Am. (1791-1865), 2755, 5719  
 Simeon, Rev. Charles, Eng. (1759-1836), 524, 2734, 3296, 6195, 6270, 10553  
 Simpson, Bp. Matthew, D.D., Ohio (b. 1811), 827, 1468, 2966, 2980, 2985, 4737, 6802, 7112, 8567, 8599, 9658, 10091, 10165, 11047  
 Simpson, Robert, D.D., Scotland, 8527, 11081, 12323  
 Simpson, Sir James, Scotland, 11300  
 Simpson, W., 6700  
 Sismondi, Jean C. L., Switzerland (1773-1842), 2729  
 Skinner, Rev. Robert, 10910  
 Slater, 10452  
 Smiles, Samuel, M.D., Scotland, 3061, 4182, 4406, 6831, 8945, 9254, 9685, 10915  
 Smith, 2956, 4584, 9173, 11315  
 Smith, Adam L., D.D., Scotland (1723-1790), 3775, 12145  
 Smith, Albert, 5613  
 Smith, Dr. Pyc, 10608  
 Smith, E. P., 9316  
 Smith, Horace, 7306  
 Smith, James, 5125  
 Smith, John, 4926, 4943, 5193, 5277, 5329, 5419, 5846, 11797  
 Smith, Mrs. H. Pearsall, 6590  
 Smith, R. P., 4034, 11877  
 Smith, Rev. Henry, Eng. (1550-1592; "The Silver-tongued" Smith), 249, 601, 736, 824, 826, 2703, 2814, 2855, 3238, 3417, 3422, 3424, 4343, 4345, 4668, 4929, 5289, 5865, 8116, 10217  
 Smith, Rev. Sydney, Eng. (1771-1845), 1120, 3619, 3878, 6318, 6883, 7002, 8276, 8346, 8698, 8815, 9249, 9311, 9713, 9723, 9811, 9817, 10235, 10715, 10802, 11004, 11178, 11426, 11438, 11439, 12242  
 Smith, William, D.D., Eng. (b. 1814), 3307  
 Sneed, John S. S., 10084  
 Snyder, G. R., 10167  
 Socrates, Greece (470-400 B.C.; "Father of Philosophy"), 568, 1405, 1906, 2400, 3143, 8283, 9786, 10583  
 Somerville, Dr., 9414, 9415  
 South, Robert, D.D., Eng. (1633-1716), 514, 517, 527, 953, 1018, 1504, 1566, 1627, 1927, 2047, 2596, 2597, 2693, 3184, 3290, 3323, 3678, 4269, 4486, 4659, 4715, 4716, 5573, 5574, 5691, 5845, 6055, 7416, 7418, 8364, 8683, 8723, 9502, 9608, 9797, 9829, 9906, 9988, 11007, 11164, 11310, 11883, 12144  
 Southey, Robert, LL.D., Eng. (1774-1843), 3453, 8430, 8442, 8447, 8633, 9374, 9934, 9990, 10526, 10531, 10758  
 Southgate, Henry, Eng. (author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds"), 11591  
 Speed, 7675  
 Spence, 1679  
 Spencer, John (author of "Things New and Old"), London, 1658), 18, 41, 72, 74, 83, 136, 138, 148, 181, 195, 207, 210, 268, 284, 289, 379, 429, 430, 504, 520, 544, 558, 561, 562, 591, 598, 631, 652, 740, 745, 773, 776, 841, 850, 866, 875, 895, 900, 910, 915, 916, 922, 930, 932, 933, 938, 939, 943, 964, 966, 971, 976, 997, 1006, 1010, 1011, 1027, 1029, 1037, 1039, 1042, 1054, 1063, 1064, 1099, 1108, 1113, 1122, 1141, 1144, 1154, 1181, 1194, 1215, 1258, 1286, 1303, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1321, 1349, 1368, 1383, 1386, 1400, 1430, 1433, 1455, 1471, 1472, 1475, 1482, 1493, 1502, 1505, 1514, 1517, 1542, 1561, 1568, 1587, 1588, 1591, 1592, 1595, 1596, 1599, 1633, 1688, 1801, 1882, 1887, 1898, 1915, 1917, 1928, 1940, 1945, 1992, 1994, 2008, 2014, 2088, 2090, 2100, 2117, 2157, 2275, 2331, 2334, 2340, 2356, 2393, 2414, 2456, 2465, 2478, 2486, 2501, 2523, 2535, 2563, 2577, 2581, 2595, 2607, 2608, 2616, 2631, 2633, 2637, 2646, 2664, 2691, 2719, 2742, 2770, 2774, 2775, 2803, 2821, 2829, 2841, 2888, 2901, 2908, 2922, 2942, 2953, 2973, 3065, 3093, 3113, 3117, 3119, 3207, 3208, 3222, 3225, 3252, 3396, 3411, 3413, 3419, 3479, 3483, 3489, 3495, 3529, 3542, 3563, 3589, 3599, 3604, 3639, 3644, 3656, 3723, 3732, 3764, 3849, 3896, 3909, 3919, 3973, 3982, 4111, 4112, 4122, 4136, 4191, 4195, 4218, 4222, 4266, 4278, 4280, 4337, 4405, 4443, 4465, 4560, 4587, 4712, 4729, 4734, 4757, 4760, 4763, 4765, 4783, 4858, 4982, 4990, 5017, 5019, 5024, 5094, 5150, 5201, 5281, 5302, 5332, 5423, 5446, 5467, 5496, 5497, 5667, 5670, 5719, 5739, 5752, 5759, 5789, 5956, 6110, 6133, 6139, 6156, 6165, 6170, 6175, 6177, 6180, 6200, 6201, 6207, 6213, 6243, 6252, 6275, 8013  
 Sprat, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1636-1713), 7347, 7614, 10829  
 Spring, Gardiner, D.D., LL.D., Mass. (b. 1785), 3574  
 Spurgeon, Rev. Charles H., Eng. (b. 1834), 15, 22, 27, 79, 105, 179, 209, 227, 228, 421, 638, 655, 660, 668, 679, 700, 712, 737, 749, 759, 783,

- 788, 829, 843, 868, 913, 1047, 1066, 1098,  
1233, 1244, 1295, 1435, 1443, 1463, 1467,  
1632, 1633, 1629, 1631, 1671, 1834, 2130,  
2396, 2480, 2483, 2641, 2653, 2672, 2768,  
2822, 2831, 2842, 2848, 2851, 2879, 2883,  
2926, 2943, 2946, 3001, 3004, 3007, 3120,  
3221, 3227, 3281, 3357, 3393, 3426, 3586,  
3637, 3674, 3688, 3708, 3710, 3721, 3738,  
3842, 3843, 3868, 3873, 3910, 3911, 3915,  
3917, 3979, 4000, 4087, 4091, 4208, 4217,  
4355, 4357, 4365, 4397, 4425, 4448, 4464,  
4469, 4517, 4548, 4551, 4599, 4676, 4685,  
4727, 4740, 4745, 4748, 4751, 4915, 5013,  
5038, 5083, 5088, 5101, 5163, 5197, 5214,  
5223, 5231, 5246, 5260, 5270, 5295, 5345,  
5356, 5357, 5447, 5463, 5479, 5487, 5545,  
5604, 5605, 5619, 5790, 5791, 5798, 5802,  
5876, 5926, 5970, 5988, 6014, 6043, 6049,  
6135, 6153, 6217, 6219, 6220, 6303, 6361,  
6376, 6381, 6390, 6396, 6399, 6456, 6460,  
6537, 6564, 6672, 6807, 6846, 6987, 7014,  
7100, 7142, 7144, 7204, 7209, 7257, 7276,  
7311, 7351, 7427, 7444, 7487, 7501, 7520,  
7524, 7529, 7574, 7578, 7600, 7629, 7699,  
7708, 7710, 7713, 7737, 7823, 7847, 7957,  
7965, 7998, 8039, 8195, 8209, 8313, 8375,  
8499, 8514, 8520, 8588, 8604, 8720, 8911,  
9023, 9174, 9187, 9271, 9276, 9419, 9556,  
9657, 9693, 9698, 9973, 10154, 10334, 10844,  
10493, 10550, 10645, 10745, 10787, 10941,  
11041, 11049, 11114, 11116, 11140, 11232,  
11243, 11261, 11290, 11528, 11602, 11612,  
11651, 11652, 11703, 11705, 11711, 11712,  
11715, 11728, 11876, 11973, 12001, 12041,  
12178, 12315
- Spurstowe, William, D.D. (d. 1666; Non-  
conformist divine, 3900, 4656
- Stainforth, William, D.D., Eng. (w. 1711),  
11943
- Stanford, Rev. Charles, 2906, 3054, 3456, 3684,  
3725, 4124, 5206, 6505, 7724, 8485, 10458
- Stanley, Bp. Edward, D.D., Eng. (1779-  
1849), 9113
- Stanley, Dean Arthur, D.D., Eng. (b. 1815),  
592, 2910, 6690, 7741, 12093
- Statham, 8725, 11914
- Stebbins, 12183
- Steele, J. Dorman, Am., 11266
- Steele, Sir Richard, Ireland (1671-1729; as-  
sociate of Addison), 2444, 5715, 8059, 8160,  
8413, 9653, 9687, 10431, 10614, 11537
- Stennett, Rev. Dr., 8064
- Stephens, Sir John, 9626
- Sterne, Rev. Lawrence, Ireland (1713-1768),  
3809, 3525, 5070, 8794, 10783, 11270, 11449
- Stevens, Rev. Abel, LL.D., Penn. (b. 1815),  
24, 97, 3945, 4210, 7512, 7792, 7873
- Stevenson, George, D.D., Scotland, 1296,  
2384
- Stillingfleet, Bp. Edward, D.D., Eng. (1635-  
1699), 9018, 11369, 11727
- Stockton, Thomas H., N. J. (1808-1868), 7213,  
7941
- Stolz, Alban, 9770
- Stone, Andrew L., D.D., Am., 9176
- Stork, T., 9889
- Stoughton, Rev. John, Eng., 358, 512, 1241,  
1353, 2626, 2791, 2893, 2971, 3220, 4917,  
5713, 5727, 5859, 8334, 10991
- Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Conn. (b. 1812), 5418,  
8763, 9152, 10926, 11792
- Stowell, Rev. Hugh, Eng. (b. 1799), 7943,  
10883, 11121
- Strachan, 7128
- Strathan, Rev. W. M.; 4525
- Stretch, L. M., Eng. (author of "The Beau-  
ties of History"), 57, 299, 857, 1840, 3300,  
3301, 3740, 3741, 5759
- Stryker, Dr., 10338
- Sturm, Julius, 6832, 8538, 9398, 10742
- Suckling, 9979
- Summerfield, Rev. John, (1798-1825), 342
- Sumner, Bp., Eng. (b. 1790), 9037
- Sutton, Rev. Christopher (d. 1629), 10007
- Swift, Jonathan, D.D., Eng. (1667-1745), 3804,  
3817, 4181, 4199, 7634, 8071, 8688, 9122,  
10371
- Swinnock, Rev. George, Eng. (1627-1673),  
3971, 4213, 4265, 4552, 4919, 5811, 7336,  
7573, 7850, 9058, 9323, 9455, 10353, 10445,  
11445, 11580, 11706, 11730, 12269
- Sydney, Sir Philip, Eng. (1554-1586), 4190
- Tacitus, Caius C., Rome (b. about 55), 2802,  
10205
- Tait, Abp. Archibald C., D.D., Eng. (b. 1811),  
536
- Talbot, Catherine, Eng. (1720-1770), 7061
- Talmage, T. De Witt, D.D. (popular Brook-  
lyn preacher), 6567, 6707, 6741, 6756, 6804,  
6959, 7225, 7717, 8774, 8835, 8840, 9523,  
10270, 10274, 10381, 10510, 11123, 11549,  
11732, 11857, 12112, 12170
- Tauler, 12291
- Taylor, Bp. Jeremy, D.D., Eng. (1613-1667),  
86, 174, 608, 867, 980, 1036, 1361, 2142,  
2319, 2398, 2505, 3057, 3213, 3331, 3814,  
4380, 4462, 4667, 4795, 4978, 5002, 5003,  
5061, 5239, 5337, 5481, 5582, 5643, 6172,  
6174, 6411, 6715, 7059, 7782, 7865, 7985,  
8039, 8065, 8592, 8703, 8814, 8877, 9661,  
10005, 10271, 10412, 10505, 10611, 10814,  
10960, 11062, 11074, 11250, 11197, 12002,  
12057, 12060, 12229, 12335, 12344
- Taylor, Isaac, LL.D., Eng. (1787-1865), 5566,  
9945
- Taylor, Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1576-1632), 8596
- Taylor, W. G., 9999
- Taylor, Wm. M., D.D., N. Y., 7913, 7920,  
8455, 9757, 9759, 9760
- Temple, Sir Wm., Eng. (1628-1699), 100,  
6922, 7503, 9119, 9165, 9356, 9358, 11221
- Tennyson, Alfred, D.C.L., Eng. (b. 1810; Poet  
Laureate), 4774
- Terence (195-158; b.c. Roman comic poet),  
417, 4644, 5476.
- Tertullian (160-240; one of the Latin Fathers),  
8164
- Tewksbury, 1242
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, Eng. (1811-  
1863), 5852, 8944, 8947, 10756, 12290, 12320
- Theophilus of Antioch, 7731
- Thiébault, Dieudonné, France (1733-1807),  
10473
- Tholuck, Friedrich A. G., Germany (b. 1799),  
4206, 12017
- Thomas, David, D.D., Eng. (editor of the  
"Homilist"), 232, 326, 562, 760, 757, 767,  
1078, 1162, 1407, 1920, 2286, 2915, 3123, 3360,  
3792, 3941, 4046, 4504, 4692, 4960, 5053,  
5170, 5312, 5459, 5478, 5482, 5770, 5851,  
6643, 7695, 8779, 8972, 9275, 11371, 11778

- Thompson, Augustus C., D.D., Ct. (b. 1812), 6351  
 Thompson, H., 8193  
 Thompson, Jos. Parish, D.D., LL.D., Penn. (1819-1879), 6786  
 Thomson, Bp. Edward, D.D., Am. (1810-1870), 364, 388, 555; 1307, 2245, 2362, 3131, 3993, 5328, 5436, 7008, 7301, 8182, 10113, 11676  
 Thoreau, Henry David, Mass. (b. 1817), 3966  
 Thornton, Rev. Wm. L., Eng. (d. 1865), 5689  
 Thorsby, Rev. T. E., 5732  
 Tillotson, Abp. John, D.D., Eng. (1630-1694), 4437, 6611, 7856, 9978, 9981, 10695, 10895, 10921, 11397, 11726  
 Timbs, John, Eng. (b. 1801), 1799, 2026, 3409, 6465, 8249  
 Tindal, 8716  
 Todd, John, D.D., Vt. (1800-1873), 82, 372, 1104, 1787, 1818, 1823, 2498, 2547, 3434, 5040, 5696, 5806, 6131  
 Tolls, R., 4375  
 Tomline, Sir Geo. P., D.D., Eng. (1750-1827), 5783  
 Tonna, Charlotte Elizabeth, Eng. (1792-1846), 9032  
 Tooke, Rev. Andrew, Eng. (1673-1731), 529, 5826  
 Toplady, Rev. Augustus M., Eng. (1740-1778), 806, 2655, 3000, 3171, 3871, 4907, 9493  
 Townley, H., 7964  
 Townsend, Geo., D.D., Eng. (1788-1857), 1859  
 Townsend, Rev. G. H., 8542  
 Townson, Thos., D.D., Eng. (1715-1792), 2905, 10240  
 Traill, Rev. Robt. (1642-1783), 9204  
 Trapp, Rev. John, Eng. (1602-1669), 80, 696, 1275, 3069, 3859, 4392, 4904, 5059, 5062, 5630, 5952, 6506, 6691, 7465, 7591, 8767, 8955, 8967, 9270, 9477, 9643, 9669, 9700, 10226, 10552, 10761, 11102, 11394, 11419, 11487, 11499, 11518, 11926  
 Trefit, W., 4997  
 Trench, Abp. R. C., Eng. (b. 1807; theologian and poet), 1241, 2163, 2495, 2642, 2913, 3371, 3784, 3974, 4888, 5339, 5704, 5774, 5912, 6346, 7031, 7419, 7549, 8053, 8231, 8921, 8934, 9148, 10062, 10544, 10775, 11077, 11385, 11615, 11894, 11896, 12030, 12032  
 Trench, Rev. F. F., 7124, 7281, 7639, 7780, 7917, 8080, 8335, 8379, 8820, 9026, 9557, 9788, 10786, 10807, 10942, 10944, 10946, 11158, 11165, 11455, 12224, 12227, 12299  
 Trimmer, Mrs. Mary (w. 1830), 10697  
 Trinal, Theophilus, Eng. 11964  
 Trower, Bp. Walter John, D.D., Eng. (b. 1804), 9365, 10189, 11855, 12035, 12118  
 Trumbull, Rev. Henry Clay (Editor S. S. Times), 11070  
 Trusler, Rev. John, LL.D., Eng. (1735-1820), 10183, 10485  
 Tulloch, John, D.D., Scotland (b. 1823), 8202, 8215  
 Tupper, Martin F., D.C.L., Eng. (b. 1810), 2032, 4015, 4378  
 Turnbull, Rev. Joseph, Eng. (1832-1858), 10058  
 Turner, Samuel, Eng. (b. 1759), 4358, 4898, 5953, 6077, 9890  
 Turner, Sharon, Eng. (1768-1847), 9272  
 Tutthill, E. B., 269  
 Tuttle, President, 2282, 6368  
 Tweedie, W. K., D.D., Scot., 3280, 6096, 7997, 11176  
 Twiss, Rev. Wm., Eng. (1575-1646), 2300  
 Tyng, Rev. A. G., 7288  
 Tyng, Rev. Stephen H., D.D., Mass. (b. 1800; eloquent pastor of St. George's Church, N. Y., see introduction of First Prose). 7567, 11484, 11663  
 Tynman, 8279, 10154  
 Ullman, Rev. Dr., Germany (b. 1796), 10002  
 Upham, Thos. C., D.D., N. H. (b. 1799), 2280, 4386, 6697, 8109  
 Usher, Abp. James, Ireland (1580-1656), 5189, 6592, 12003  
 Vail, Albert Doughty, D.D., N. Y. (b. 1835), 6387, 6583, 6673, 6688, 6861, 7003, 7235, 7546, 8388  
 Vanderkiste, Rev. R. W. (Missionary to Africa), 1084  
 Van Esse, Dr., 386  
 Vaughan, Henry, Eng. (1621-1695), 7884  
 Venning, Rev. Ralph, Eng. (1620-1673; Non-conformist divine), 19, 4055, 4237, 4626, 4945, 4950, 4956, 4992, 5091, 5109, 5164, 5183, 5184, 5247, 5278, 5290, 5291, 5443, 5939, 5968, 6038, 6168, 6869  
 Victoria, Queen of Eng. (b. 1819), 10264  
 Villiers, Bp. Henry Montague, D.D., Eng. (1813-1861), 3635  
 Vincent, John H., D.D., Ala. (b. 1832; Secretary of the M. E. Sunday-school Union), 2530, 2858, 3361, 3363, 4227, 6920, 8055, 10009, 10202  
 Vinet, Alexander Randolph, Switz. (1797-1847), 8663.  
 Voltaire, Francois M. (1694-1778; French Deist), 11779  
 Waddington, V., Hamburg, 1216  
 Wadsworth, Charles, D.D., Am., 11951  
 Wakeley, John B., D.D., Conn. (1809-1875), 8385, 8423, 9360, 9748, 10841, 12339  
 Wakley, T., 7784, 7849  
 Walker, James B., D.D., Penn. (b. 1806), 2083, 2093, 2126, 2629, 2977, 3845, 5180, 6202, 6204, 6206, 6617, 7234, 9562, 10564, 10639, 11067, 11408, 11898, 12080  
 Walker, R. F., 9668  
 Wallace, Rev. J. A., Scotland, 2763, 2994  
 Walpole, Horace, Eng. (1717-1797), 9801  
 Walton, Izaak, Eng. (1593-1683), 5595, 9359, 9466, 10496, 11318  
 Wanley, Rev. Nathaniel, Eng. (b. 1633), 5947, 7602, 9624, 9740, 9838, 9986, 10490, 12006  
 Warburton, Eliot B., Ireland, (b. 1810), 1338, 8258, 9961.  
 Ward, Rev. Samuel, (1577-1630), 389, 12341  
 Wardlaw, Ralph, D.D., Scotland (1791-1853), 1086, 3338, 3444, 4998, 6011, 9010  
 Warren, Bp. Henry White, D.D., Mass. (b. 1831), 9235, 10284, 12056  
 Warren, J., 8724  
 Warren, William F., D.D., Mass. (b. 1833), 2033, 5081  
 Warwick, 7480, 7611, 7757, 8458, 8892, 8966, 9697, 9926, 10709, 11229, 11923

- Warwick, Countess of, Ireland (d. 1578), 1120  
 Washington, Gen. George, Virginia (1732-1779), 6525  
 Watson, Bp. R., D.D., Eng. (1737-1816), 8904, 10019  
 Watson, J., 4930, 6054  
 Watson, Rev. Richard, Eng. (1781-1833), 1250, 2230, 2806, 2912, 2920, 2927, 5031, 5442, 6210, 7370  
 Watson, Rev. Thomas, Eng. (d. 1689), 352, 605, 659, 870, 882, 1660, 1833, 2650, 2884, 3062, 3339, 3448, 3481, 3482, 3485, 3846, 3882, 3903, 4573, 4899, 5305, 5348, 5428, 5435, 5642, 5654, 5665, 5758, 5788, 5821, 6595, 7295, 7978, 8190, 9361, 9480, 10462  
 Watts, Isaac, D.D., Eng. (1674-1748), 2147, 7463, 8092, 8123, 10785, 11327, 12168  
 Wayland, Francis, D.D., LL.D., New York (1796-1865), 585, 2638, 7001, 11515, 11544, 12212  
 Weaver, Richard, 5922  
 Webster, Alonzo, D.D., Vermont, 3555, 11536  
 Webster, Daniel, New Hampshire (1782-1852), 396, 3435, 6781, 7808, 8213, 8289, 9214  
 Weibrecht, J. J., 590  
 Weir, 5877  
 Wellington, Duke of, Eng. (1769-1852), 8631, 12186  
 Wells, Mrs. G. C. Amer., 4536  
 Wells, Ralph, New York, 16, 7107, 11206  
 Wells, Rev. G. C. Amer., 2982, 2984  
 Welsh, John, 7791  
 Wesley, Rev. John, Eng. (1703-1791), 1281, 1510, 2102, 3159, 4017, 4823, 5176, 5257, 5785, 5787, 6067, 6068, 6338, 9547, 9665, 11332  
 Wesley, Susanna, Eng. (1669-1742), 7082, 11505  
 West, R., 4064  
 Whately, Abp. Richard, D.D., Eng. (1787-1863), 2032, 3026, 3753, 4047, 4634, 6633, 6844, 8187, 8799, 9291, 9855, 11632, 11647, 11649, 11831, 12096, 12151, 12330  
 Whedon, Daniel D., D.D., New York (b. 1808), 4822, 5068  
 Wheeler, David H., D.D., New York (b. 1829), 12220  
 Wheeler, William A., Mass. (b. 1833), 2316, 3278, 5509, 5936, 6058  
 Whewell, William, D.D., Eng. (1795-1866), 8196, 8282, 8553  
 Whipple, Edwin P., Mass. (b. 1819), 487, 9399  
 White, Henry Kirke, Eng. (1785-1806), 3735, 4446  
 White, James R., 6184  
 Whitecross, John, Scotland, 1152, 1205, 1208, 1425, 1556, 2532, 3075, 3473, 3668, 4137, 5198, 5832, 5899, 5901, 6188, 6216, 6377, 6438, 6657, 6687, 6895, 7251, 7345, 7475, 7674, 7676, 8654, 10018, 10053, 10127, 10447, 10794, 10806, 11167, 11174, 11480  
 Whitefield, Rev. George, Eng. (1714-1770), 5767, 6949, 7461, 7662, 7962, 8023, 8245, 8819, 9960, 10055, 10610, 10650, 10961, 10994, 11131, 11376, 11530, 11601, 11625, 11684, 12048, 12340  
 Whitney, George H., D.D., D. C. (b. 1830), 6280, 12150  
 Wilberforce, William, Eng. (1759-1833), 7249  
 Wilkins, Bp. (1614-1672), 8073  
 Wilkinson, R., 2229, 4986  
 William, Frederick, 10079  
 Williams, Abp. John, D.D., Eng. (1582-1650), 6827, 11796  
 Williams, E., 9215, 9598  
 Wilmott, 3063  
 Wilson, Bp. Thomas, D.D., Eng. (1633-1755), 3962, 4027, 4882, 7981, 10990  
 Wilson, George, M.D., Scotland, (b. 1818), 454, 7024, 8533, 8534, 10948  
 Wilson, Prof. George, Eng. (1814-1859), 8230, 9312, 9468, 10671, 12011  
 Wilson, Rev. J. G., Eng. (w. 1839), 4224, 4270, 5282, 6483, 6484, 6664, 8546, 9101, 9265, 10727, 10947, 11192, 11262  
 Wilson, Rev. J. H., Eng., 291, 292, 293, 370, 5232, 10014  
 Winslow, Forbes, M.D. (b. 1810), 3885, 8153, 8251, 10726  
 Winslow, Octavius, D.D., Eng. (1839-1861), 7954  
 Wirt, William, Amer. (1772-1834), 4181  
 Wise, Daniel, D.D., Eng. (b. 1813), 265, 507, 1132, 1134, 1135, 1610, 1811, 1983, 2136, 2786, 2960, 3188, 3249, 3612, 3803, 4108, 4143, 5663, 6226, 6233, 6234, 6235, 6237, 6238, 6248  
 Wiseman, Cardinal Nicholas, Eng. (1802-1865), 761, 8950  
 Wogan, William, Eng. (w. 1754), 11263  
 Woods, Leonard, D.D., N. J., (1774-1854), 393  
 Woodward, Rev. Henry, Eng., 7874, 9483  
 Wordsworth, William, Eng. (1770-1850), 11026, 11184  
 Worthington, Dr., Eng., 7134, 9362, 9659  
 Wright, P. J., Eng. (w. 1843), 5490  
 Yeakel, 11578  
 Young, Edward, D.D., Eng. (1684-1765), 5780  
 Young, Robert, D.D., Eng. (1820-1865), 1695, 2722, 6323, 6340, 7392, 7689, 10889, 11573, 12124  
 Zeigler, 2827  
 Zimmermann, Johann G. Von, Switz. (1728-1975), 4851, 8629, 9241, 9640, 9846, 10232  
 Zschokke, Johann H. D., Germany (1771-1848), 7623, 7940, 9357  
 Zwingli, Ulric, Switz. (1484-1531), 5816





# INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

THE books of the Bible are arranged in alphabetical order. A star before a number indicates that the Poetical Volumes are referred to. The references are not exhaustive, and more may be found by turning to the parallel passages, or to the Topical Indexes.

ACTS.		
I. 4: *2952, 11233, 12177	12-15: *3121	36, 39: 3593
7: 2422	15: 4494, 11679	36-41: *3339
8: 2054, 2576, 2999, 3007, 4493, 9085	28: 7133	X. 2, 7: 4447
9: *150—*152, 657, *3125, *3283, 3348	29: 2297, 4168, 10178	4: *2005, 10090
14: 11496	30, 31: 598	10: 3963
23-26: *2027, *3760	32: 7133	10-16: 8942
25: 3406, 3562	36: 6874, 8656	12: 4286
26: *2603	37: 8655	22: *2572
II. 1: 10937, 11494	38: *2878, 5837, 8102, 8950, 11822, 12089	34: 287, 2545, 3664, 10059
1-4: *1807, *3865, *3866	41: 9494	35: 4173
2: *3133, *3867, 4894, 5403, 9563	VI. 3: 7451	38: 615, 1603, 2606, 9107
3: *1806, 8954	4: 5609, 11142	42: 698, 6158
3, 4: 3285, *4064	5: 9554	43: 7229, 10888
4: 4608, 6326, 12013	VII. 5: 8597	44: 9558
12: 1627	6: 7754	45: 2617
15: 6777	9-12: *3650	XI. 15: 7540
17: 2142, 8149, 9555	20: *3781	22-26: *3151
22: 10564	21, 22: *3304	23: 8000
23: *608, 11194	23: 3332	26: 414, 8187, 8824
29: 10894	26: *1878	XII. 2: *3563
37: 5078, 7556, 10844, 11044	32: 4361	3-11: 7514
38: 2990, 8855, 10362	33: *1634, 5064	3-19: *3896
39: 2194, 3255, 9212	47: *4046	5: *3871
41: 9554, 11658; 11668	51: 8660, 9566, 11599	7: 11191
42: 2284, 5077	55: *1473, *4017, 9554	8: 2626
III. 2: 6704	55-60: *4018, *4019	9: 11748
3-11: *3161	56: 1718	15: 6490
6: 2461, *3679	58: 4398	17: 6513, 9984
8: 10028	59: 625, *2155, *2803, 6396, 11827	20: 10460
17: *1908	59, 60: *3741	XIII. 2: 6125
19: 2354, 4964, 5079, 6068, 6326, 8592	60: *2252, 7777	9: 9554
22: 394, *3779	VIII. 2: 7803	18: 4474
IV. 4: 3381	4: 7240, 9160	31: 1751
10: 3162	5: 4629	41: 5859, 9432
12: 393, 709, 1067, 2925, 7210, 7648, 7650	6: 3973	43: 4408
13: 4479	9: 10291	52: 9554
19: 2297, 5115	10: *2328	XIV. 3: 3973
25: 2865	20: 4945, 10622	7: *2141
28: 11150	21: 9404	11: *3724
29: 11127	22: 4981	15: *2458, 8759, 11026
32: *3280, 5879, 12117	24: 4548	15, 17: 1849
36: *3150	26-40: *3886	17: 2430, 6606, 9015
36, 37: *3149	37: 7505	22: 76-92, *2028, 5764, 5771, 6381—6412, 12049
V. 2: *2410, 7446, 10845	IX. 1-9: *3861, *3864	23: 10602
3: 1510, 5688	1-19: 7521	27: 10828
5: 2937, 10214	6: *1975	XV. 14: 3995
8: 11302	11: 2234	18: 4222
	15: 11845	20: 7638
	17: 9554	29: *1277
	21: *3863	39: *3735
	31: 3004	XVI. 3: 8170

- XVI. 6-10: \*3725  
 6-34: 7961  
 9. 8040, 10586  
 10: 2741, 4781  
 11-18: \*3860  
 14: \*3723  
 15: 3255  
 15, 40: 9632  
 19-40: \*3862  
 25: 4694  
 28: 2681  
 29-31: \*3556  
 30: 2123, 4093, 7567  
 31: \*1229, 2147, 5551,  
 8593, 11612, 12074  
 33: 5176  
 34: 8649
- XVII. 5: 6018, 11533  
 6: 24, 8383, 11528  
 11: 384, 5238, 6817,  
 7248, 9142  
 16-22: \*3130  
 17: 7490  
 18: 4429, 7534, 10983  
 19: 10756  
 21: 3143, 7023, 9725,  
 9730, 10757  
 22: 579, 5547, 10360  
 24: 9447  
 25: 2497  
 26: \*286-290, \*753,  
 \*1108, \*1386,  
 \*2238, 3080, 4436,  
 6866, 10495, 10978  
 28: \*1507, \*2516-2519,  
 9037, 11323  
 29: 2529  
 30: 11399-11415  
 31: \*2050, 3427  
 32: \*3931, 5028  
 34: \*1559
- XVIII. 6: 10836  
 8: 2815  
 10: 11429  
 18: 4977  
 21: \*1275, 1735  
 24: \*1055, 1864  
 28: \*3668, 4214
- XIX. 2: 7293  
 3: 268, 6683, 7541, 7553  
 9: \*2716  
 12: \*1968  
 15: 3007  
 19: 4148, 6906, 7239  
 20: 409, 7228, 7240  
 25: 10791, 10792, 12307  
 26: 11027  
 27: 4237  
 28: 8400  
 31: 5679  
 36: 1431, 7949
- XX. 7: \*2167, 3658, 11661,  
 11858  
 9: 4637, 7880  
 19: 3946, 5616, 9665  
 21: 1844  
 24: 544, \*1791, 3774, 4848,  
 6130, 6897, 8736,  
 12345  
 25: 4484  
 26: \*2558
- XX. 28: 6833, 11663, 11865  
 29: 8865, 10955  
 30: \*2823  
 31: 2037, \*2970, 3961,  
 6894, 12194  
 32: \*1576, 2676, 9202  
 35: \*2278, 5989, 9335  
 36: 4540  
 38: 8882
- XXI. 1, 3: 9529  
 11: \*1786  
 13: 3711  
 14: 501, 5504  
 22: 1967  
 28: 1866  
 39: 848
- XXII. 3: \*1045, 7191  
 13: 8379  
 20: \*2256, 8795  
 28: \*1388, \*2106, 2381
- XXIII. 1: 7429  
 3: 9692  
 7: 8094  
 30: \*1279
- XXIV. 4: 7321  
 14: 6213  
 15: 11456  
 16: 950, 7431  
 24, 25: \*3426  
 25: \*3053, 4704, 5286,  
 6173, 6434, 7412,  
 7556, 7943, 8493,  
 8707, 9565, 10056,  
 10198, 11199
- XXV. 24: 7463
- XXVI. 3: 2806  
 6, 7: 9613  
 8: \*2669, 5040  
 9: 6205  
 20: 2652, 4962, 4972,  
 6463, 11399  
 22: 4416  
 24, 25: 8117  
 25: \*3426  
 27, 28: \*3109  
 28: 194, 736, \*3108,  
 7207
- XXVII. 4, 44: \*2703  
 9: 3573  
 22: 8831  
 23: 3811  
 29: \*3317  
 31: 4790  
 35: 8780  
 44: \*1739
- XXVIII. 1-10: \*3859, 9632,  
 10090  
 3, 4: 8790  
 4: 4648
- AMOS.
- I. 11: 4318  
 13: \*2958
- II. 4: 4307, 10893  
 5: 5394  
 8: 3328
- III. 1: 9369  
 3: 2396, 2399, 11758  
 8: 2263  
 10: 9246
- IV. 4: 11069
- IV. 12: 1961, 2914, 5743, 5744,  
 7841, 7850, 8307,  
 8424, 9473
- V. 8: 1769, \*2377  
 12: \*284, \*539, \*1525  
 19: 5320  
 24: 11497
- VI. 1: 1808, 8387  
 1, 4: 9292  
 3, 7: 3740  
 13: 12137
- VII. 2: 5180  
 14: 2716, 4479
- VIII. 3: \*2959  
 7: 3883, 10475  
 10: \*1312, \*1652, 3737
- IX. 2: \*832, 10812  
 9: 10016  
 13: 12279
- I. CHRONICLES.
- V. 20: 6687  
 22: \*2957
- IX. 1: \*1248
- XI. 15-19: \*3313  
 16-19: \*3184  
 17-19: 11982
- XII. 8: 7579, 9554  
 33: 1620
- XIII. 10: 2061
- XIV. 17: \*1245
- XV. 26: 9518
- XVI. 4-6: 11945  
 15: 382  
 29: 3625  
 31: 4082  
 33: 11057
- XVII. 5: 11891  
 27: 9114
- XIX. 13: \*546, 7579
- XXI. 1: 5642  
 20: 2626  
 21: 6299
- XXIII. 30: \*1149, 11945
- XXVIII. 9: 1999, 3223
- XXIX. 3: 3076  
 5: \*496  
 10: 8674  
 11: 16811  
 12: \*1608, \*1614,  
 \*1845, 3040, 3930,  
 11039  
 14: \*1469  
 15: \*1037, \*2115,  
 \*2501, \*2505  
 26-28: \*2304
- II. CHRONICLES.
- II. 4: \*3424
- III. 12: 5294  
 17: 11400
- V. 12, 13: 11945  
 13, 14: \*4049
- VI. 26: 4980  
 29: 2730
- VII. 1: 6291  
 14: \*2546, \*2653
- IX. 1: 3414  
 6: \*4007
- XIV. 9-15: 8033
- XV. 2: 5246

XV. 4: 5293  
 6: 12186  
 11: \*840  
 18: \*548  
 26: 9520  
 XVI. 12: 3839  
 XIX. 7: \*2066  
 11: 1390, 5001  
 XX. 1-30: 8033  
 7: \*1480, 8890  
 11: 488  
 15: \*1394  
 21: 2973, 9543  
 XXII. 3: 4041  
 XXIV. 28: \*2679  
 XXV. 9: 1333  
 18, 19: 11170  
 XXVI. 9, 10, 16: \*4082  
 XXVIII. 23: 1932  
 XXIX. 15: \*1430  
 23: 11735  
 28: \*2361  
 31: \*492  
 XXX. 10: \*2684  
 27: \*2540, 4586  
 XXI. 4: 3966  
 21: 1540  
 XXXII. 7: 10353  
 7, 8: 9518  
 15: 3271  
 31: \*2853, 7976, 11938  
 XXXIV. 28: \*2266  
 XXXV. 4: 4649  
 20-24: 11283  
 23-25: \*3655  
 25: 10657  
 XXXVI. 22: \*1617

COLOSSIANS.

I. 5: \*1764  
 9: \*2303, 4627, 7139  
 10: \*1063, 2593, 2931, 9108  
 11: 2793, 4334  
 12: \*698, 1897, 2886, 3870,  
 3872, 9215, 9421, 9462  
 15: \*1718  
 17: 4793, 10707  
 19: 3723, 7135  
 20: 439, \*589, \*3285, 7118,  
 7645, 8751  
 21: 1888, 4874  
 27: \*1860, 3358, 7214  
 28: \*490, 4383, 4385, 12196,  
 12315, 12335

II. 6, 7: 1000  
 7: 3564, 5492  
 8: \*623, \*2495, 4437,  
 4440, 10141, 10980,  
 10984, 12023  
 9: \*1493, 5120, 9081  
 12: 3095  
 14: \*601, 3663, 7652  
 14, 15: 7460  
 15: 2384, 2701  
 16: 3545  
 17: 12099-12101  
 18: 793, 3100, 3104  
 18, 23: 9681  
 21: 1667, \*2001, 3327,  
 5633, 5921

II. 22: \*745, \*862, 12139  
 23: 10935  
 III. 1: 7651  
 2: 1803, 3581  
 3: 5491  
 4: 2890, 10060  
 5: 2959, 11935  
 6: 10775  
 8: 138-149, 2829, 6496-  
 6514  
 9: 4906, 8098  
 9, 10: 7507  
 12: 3802, 6798  
 13: 2329, 2356, 4831, 7469,  
 8787  
 14: 1440  
 15: 11948  
 16: 2660, \*3050  
 16, 17: 1001  
 20: 4157  
 21: 5852  
 22: 3027  
 22-24: 11669  
 23: 2459, 5515, 6965, 7697  
 25: 4029  
 IV. 3: 10828  
 5: \*639, \*644, 1786, \*2327,  
 \*2879, \*3068, 5713,  
 5718, 8237, 9641,  
 11293, 11330, 11992  
 6: 4810, 7098  
 12: 4545  
 13: 6271  
 14: \*3721, 4442  
 17: \*2558, 10539

I. CORINTHIANS.

I. 5: 2808, 11126  
 7: 2456, 12176  
 9: 524, 2153, 7349  
 10: 410, 831, 1443, 5867,  
 5868, 12116-12121  
 12: \*253, \*1056, 7552  
 13: 5238  
 17: 3489, 4614, 11659  
 18: \*596, 1183, 7120, 11656  
 20: \*890, 3324  
 20, 21: \*2623  
 20, 27: 2103  
 21: \*243, 2434, \*2608, 11290  
 23, 24: 7131  
 25: 4397  
 26: \*1997, 9229, 9232  
 26, 27: 819  
 27: 2985, 5987, 6043, 7227,  
 11370  
 28: 4138  
 28, 29: 7245  
 29: \*2578, 4020  
 30: 399, 7124, 7830, 9546

II. 1: \*2801  
 1, 2: 3968  
 2: 1865, \*2564, 3363, 3490,  
 4629, 7657, 7887  
 4: 2635, 3285, 4618, 9195,  
 11046, 11122  
 5: 2108  
 6, 7: 5214  
 7, 10: 348  
 9: \*1725, 4438, 8981, 9480

II. 10: \*2368, 2511, 3170  
 11: \*2229, 3798, 7151, 8836  
 13: 3123  
 14: 1109, \*1240, 1838,  
 \*2642, 3171, 4085,  
 5833, 10687, 12308  
 15: 4865  
 III. 1: 5608, 9181, 12209  
 1, 2: 7257  
 3: 2862  
 4: 5278, 7962, 8496, 9263,  
 5: 581, \*2559  
 6: \*3027  
 7: 1843, 9375  
 8: \*2945, 3251, 5081  
 9: 7277  
 10: 2436, 4104, 5426  
 10, 11: 7274  
 11: 6621, 7764, 11531  
 13: \*1980, \*2052, 2243,  
 \*2858, 5334, 8743,  
 10046, 11715  
 14: 1962, \*1972  
 16: \*1701, \*4052, 5483,  
 7277, 9393  
 16, 17: 5638  
 17: \*1803, \*1816, 5734,  
 6892  
 18: \*2625, 3493, 7289,  
 11179  
 19: \*2284, 4861, 10116  
 20: 3543  
 21: 6995  
 22: \*2569, 9725, 4438  
 IV. 1: 10546, 10780, 11872  
 2: 5197, 10780, 11131  
 5: \*2051, 9346, 10055,  
 10820  
 6: 4552, 6830, 10859,  
 11125  
 7: 597, \*1110, 1466, 2041,  
 2832, 4664, 5563  
 9: 2158, \*2257, 3140  
 12: \*1360, 1883, 2351, 6120  
 13: 5276, 7935  
 16: 2975, 7451  
 18: \*1735, 10860  
 20: 2635  
 V. 3: 7664  
 6: 906, 1468, 3646, 4150,  
 5349, 7357, 9525  
 7: \*3854  
 7, 8: \*2168, 8987  
 8: 1373, 3667, 5353  
 10: 7360  
 11: 3559, 5404, 7353  
 12: \*2134  
 VI. 1: 3449, 3527, 8095, 10182  
 6: 6226  
 9: 8301, 8824  
 12: \*1186, 2032, 7011  
 13: 5910  
 14: \*1027  
 17: 5864  
 19: 6113, 6880, 6892, 10394  
 19, 20: 455, 7923  
 20: 4881, 5897, 8204, 9020  
 VII. 3: \*1820, 3108, 3110  
 3-5: 3821  
 5: 6287

- VII. 9: \*3040, 3239, 4918  
 10, 11: 3816  
 11: \*2628  
 15: 2190  
 16: 2201, 6025  
 19: 4727  
 20: 1557, 10850  
 22: \*1393  
 23: 11343, 11347, 11772  
 25: 10512  
 29: 2882, 5712, 6993  
 31: \*1280-1284, 3900, 4009  
 33: 10429  
 34: 3108  
 35: 235, 6624, 11110  
 38: 10424  
 39: 2290, 3827
- VIII. 1: \*2099, 6779, 10131  
 2: 6049  
 4: 3152, 9072, 10619  
 5: \*1704, 10866  
 10: 5675  
 13: 4278, 9889
- IX. 7: 5121, 9174  
 9: 3972  
 9, 11: 10556  
 10: \*3028, 3066, 9613  
 11: 3966  
 16: 1682, 8423  
 19: 5465  
 21: 10179  
 22: 4688, 5457, 5570, 5571  
 24: 26, 89, \*105-108, 1200, 4843, 5402, 6428-6431, 10261  
 25: 1196, \*1734, \*1735, 5636, 8034, 8628, 10231  
 26: \*2583, 5407  
 27: 558, 3949, 4640, 5644, 6197, 7259
- X. 1: 10406  
 2: 2866, 6040  
 4: \*1920, \*2691, 5125, 7894, 11529-11531, 11758  
 10: 4057, 9276  
 11: \*1164, 2001  
 12: 1469, 1971  
 13: 5646, 5665, 6511, 7933, 10015, 11925  
 16, 17: 3664, 8711  
 17: \*3424, 3665, 12114  
 18: 3665  
 20: \*840, 6204  
 21: 3667, 10313  
 23: 2034  
 29: \*2103  
 31: 537, 7385  
 32: 10796  
 33: \*2737, 4625, 5256
- XI. 1: \*1163, 1390, 8460  
 2: 10451  
 4: \*1762  
 7: \*3017, 6094, 9354  
 9: \*2990  
 11: 6085  
 12: 2494  
 14: \*762, 4100, 10695  
 23: \*3712  
 24: 4104, 3662, 3665
- XI.25: \*3714  
 26: \*1067  
 27-29: \*3715, 5150  
 28: 5148, 11641  
 30: 6264, 7288  
 32: 5773  
 34: 11346
- XII. 4: 775, 2450, 4955, 5481, 8955, 8959, 8966  
 4-11: 2055, 8958  
 4-13: \*1467  
 5: \*781  
 6: 6723, 7516, 8720  
 7: \*1812, 3008, 11047  
 7, 9: 7555  
 11: 2452, 2996, 9557  
 12: 5873  
 12-27: 12114  
 13: 3665, 3789, 7048  
 14: \*2149, \*2806  
 15: 1446  
 15-23: 8390  
 20-23: 1447  
 21: 2956, 9519  
 22: 5459  
 24: 12134  
 25: \*944, 1595, 5238, 5868, 7283, 10923  
 26: 5564, 7144  
 27: 7489  
 28, 29: \*2839  
 31: \*100, \*110, 2687, 6449, 8958
- XIII. 1: 6110, 10194  
 1-8, 13: \*1467  
 2: 10195, 10567  
 3: 10433, 11782  
 4: \*2073, 3094  
 4-8: 341, 586, 587  
 5: 4477, 5552, 8786, 9580, 11881  
 5, 7: 10466  
 7: 3669  
 8: 2726, 2881, 3718, 10120  
 9: 2888, 3499, 3609  
 10: \*1436, \*1729, \*1768, 3495  
 11: 9271  
 12: 349, \*1122, \*1435, \*1727, \*1738, \*1751, \*1755, \*1860, \*1928, 2917, 8585, 9433, 9479  
 13: 345, \*1577, \*1857, \*1867, \*2190, 3676, 3715, 8578, 9613
- XIV. 7: 11148  
 8: 4064, 5600, 8246, 10607  
 9: 11114  
 10: 8299  
 12: \*1172  
 14, 15: \*1072  
 14-26: 6887, 6891  
 15: 3843  
 19: 2816  
 20: \*2294, 9271  
 26: 5599, 8115  
 34: 6086  
 40: 4259
- XV. 1: \*5, 2450, \*7491  
 2: \*2275, 3885  
 3: 7456  
 4: 5862  
 6: \*1642, 1766  
 7: 11469  
 9: 3049, 3088, 4006, 9453  
 10: 446, 2652, 4734  
 12-23: \*1030  
 15: 3843  
 18: \*980, 4506  
 19: 3053, 12112  
 21: \*1238  
 22: 1361, 5319  
 23: 11457, 11466, 11470  
 25: 3474  
 26: 1284  
 28: 2478  
 29: 3895  
 32: \*3404  
 33: 193, 470, 889, 904, 2605, \*2861, 3542, 3805, 4143, 6580, 6583, 9059  
 34: 5122, 7556  
 35: 11460  
 35-44: 1268  
 36: 5042, 10675  
 36-38: 11454, 11458  
 37: 301, \*2667, 5039  
 38: 5033, 5039  
 40-44: \*2673  
 41: 8977  
 41, 42: \*1715  
 42: 5033  
 42-44: 10513  
 43: 5036, 11461  
 44: 272, 450, \*2435, 11820  
 45: \*2129  
 46: 11819  
 47: \*1009  
 49: 6128  
 50: 2900  
 52: \*728, \*2057, \*2668, 5030, 5038, 7811, 12068  
 53-54: \*2673  
 53: \*717, \*1432, \*1921, \*2796, 3197  
 54: 1272, \*1932, 2926, 3189, 7127, 9791  
 55: \*734, \*984, 1354, 1754, 2893, 7200  
 55-57: 1274  
 56: 489, 1332, 1352, \*2109, \*2753, 5311, 11392, 11397  
 57: 1307, 1308, 1315, 1371, \*2962, 5988, 8225  
 58: \*951, \*1977, 2383
- XVI. 1, 2: 862  
 2: 2821, 6729, 6734  
 9: 3993, 5587, 10828  
 9, 10: \*1810  
 12: 1396  
 13: 434, 485, 551, 5962, 7586, 12190, 12197  
 15: 9632  
 19: \*1269, \*1875, 12303  
 22: 3380, 6118, 6473, 9431, 10000, 10328

## II. CORINTHIANS.

- I. 4: 1521, 5774  
 7: 5531  
 9: 5119  
 10: 1930  
 11: 3947, 4597, 10537  
 12: 953, 2652, \*3008, 5304  
 20: 2539, 4754, 8573  
 22: 2911, 2987, 2959, 9556  
 24: 2279, 5896
- II. 4: \*537  
 9: 10764  
 11: 1507, 5332, 5657, 7671, 8015, 11585, 11976  
 12: 10828  
 14: 10124, 12158  
 15, 16: 9371  
 16: 1816, 2632, 2633, 4606
- III. 1: 9464, 11667  
 2: 8207, 10533  
 2, 3: 9144  
 3: 3886, 3935  
 4: 9080  
 5: \*400  
 6: 2360, 2808, 5479, 5484, 7018, 11147  
 12: 4617, 4621, 5612, 6109, 9147, 11134  
 14: 4213, 11773, 11943  
 16: 9824  
 17: 11259  
 18: 349, 7643, 8023, 9185, 10487, 11067
- IV. 1: 4412  
 2: 4632, 4641, 9585, 11615, 12090  
 3: \*1090  
 4: 427, 1508, \*3044, 8011  
 5: 11123  
 6: 3355, 680  
 7: \*2565, 3722, 10093, 10548, 11444  
 8: \*817, 7988  
 9: 11436  
 10: 3812  
 12: \*1952  
 13: 4609  
 16: \*1742, 2655, \*2819, 3795  
 17: \*605, 1009, 1010, \*1761, \*2817, 9445  
 18: \*1008, 8421, 8600, 9384
- V. 1: 1277, \*1334, \*1743, \*2023, 2885, 5426, 7797, 8420, 11891  
 4: \*961, \*710, 1372, 7831  
 5: 9556  
 6: 3016, 7161  
 7: 2085, 2126, 2143, 2280, 7781, 8582, 8601  
 8: 3019, 4448, 10251  
 9: 6128, 10151  
 10: \*2053, \*2612, 5007, 8078, 10048  
 11: 4501, 5705, 11116  
 12: \*1893  
 14: 8306  
 15: \*2739, 3711, 5880, 8854  
 17: 1073, 1082, \*2461, 3444, 4127, 4906, 7025, 7543, 9303
- V. 18: 4871  
 19: 2101, 4873  
 20: 676, \*2306, 8506, 11338  
 21: \*2629, 3221, 11735, 11844
- VI. 1: 2678, 10603  
 2: 583, \*768, 1259, \*2570, \*2886, \*2887, 3572, 3690, 4152, 4153, 4244, 4652, 4709, 7545, 7631, 7942, 9206, 10759, 10828, 11200  
 9: 1366  
 10: \*1912, \*2044, \*2528, 2783, \*2788, 9612, 11730  
 12: 7249, 10829  
 12, 13: 5500  
 14: \*2240, 2243, 3830, 3831, 6582, 10335, 10416, 10424, 10426, 10901  
 15: 9862  
 16: \*1701  
 17: 4147, 5281, 5355, 11381, 11654
- VII. 1: 4748, 4823, 5637  
 4: 2794, 5301, 7583, 8830  
 6: \*2787  
 7: 7486  
 9: 11409  
 10: \*2648, 4979, 7486  
 11: 3565  
 14: 290
- VIII. 2, 3, 12: 9959  
 5: 7923  
 7: 9197  
 9: \*1578, 2682  
 11: 2818, 4507  
 11, 12: 1512  
 12: 2457, 8960, 9752  
 16: 1791  
 21: 3320, 6962, 7028, 9591  
 23: 10910
- IX. 6: \*1470, 3166, 8013  
 7: 591, \*1472, 4049, 4105, 6035, 7049, 7056, 8956, 8963  
 8: 9198  
 11: \*1469, 3472  
 13: 1629
- X. 1: 2447  
 3: 2313  
 4: 841, \*2911, 4535, 5850, 7217, 7273, 11762  
 5: \*2623, 4864, 10107, 11971, 12234  
 10: 4494  
 12: \*2403, 3787  
 13: 6876  
 18: 11029
- XI. 2: 7277, 11373  
 3: \*1038, \*1853, 5639  
 4: 5193  
 6: 6669  
 9: 4628  
 13-15: 5747  
 14: 1502, 3115, 3267, 8009, 8362, 11587  
 15: 3954  
 16: 6877  
 20: 3866
- XI. 22: 7707  
 26: 1676  
 28: 6115  
 29: \*322, 3960
- XII. 1, 4: 5988  
 2, 4: \*1724, 2885, 9421  
 4: 2775, 2899, 9456, 9971, 10875, 11113  
 5, 10: 9884  
 7: 2304, 5521, 5770  
 9: \*1566, 7188, 7961, 8188, 9189  
 10: 4254, 4291, 4404, 5991, 8753, 12210  
 14: 1829, 2904, \*2977, 10351  
 15: 8365  
 20: 1587
- XIII. 4: 725, 726, 2146, 5988, 12211  
 5: \*1162, 1992, \*2738, 5259, 9713, 11161  
 7: 3032  
 8: 5836, 5842  
 11: \*1275, \*1276, \*1542, \*2802, 11963, 12209  
 13: 2111  
 14: 2557, 5781, 12058
- DANIEL.
- I. 4: 1817, \*2717, 5213, 6243, 11605  
 8: 7451  
 19: \*3295
- II. 1: \*918, 1636, \*2765  
 17, 18: 10130  
 20: 6044  
 21: 6047  
 22: 10280  
 29: 9814  
 34, 35: 11778  
 35: \*4020  
 38: \*3035  
 47: 3550
- III. 8743  
 10: 4061  
 12: \*3985  
 16: \*3301  
 16-18: 7421  
 16-25: \*3443  
 17: 4771  
 17, 18: 6895  
 18: 583  
 24, 25: 2891  
 25: \*4109, 12043  
 29: 4938, 8994, 11256, 11534
- IV. 3: 3473, 3483, 7378  
 16: 2847  
 27: 2765, 4980, 8173, 10788  
 28-37: \*3822  
 30: 114, 5251, 5905, 6455, 6461, 8459  
 32, 33: \*1060  
 35: \*2650  
 37: \*2579, 4679, 8106
- V. 1: \*1312, \*3171  
 1-30: \*3163  
 5: \*829, \*3169, 6180  
 6: 1100  
 11: \*1614

V.17: 1575  
 20: 9908  
 23, 30: \*1060, 11560  
 27: \*336, 973, 3408, 5460,  
 6679, 8432  
 VI. 3: \*1523, 9078  
 4: 1004, \*1323  
 7: 9866  
 7, 8: 8994  
 8: 3434  
 10: 2203, 2813, \*3297,  
 \*3300, 6209, 8025  
 16: 11071  
 16-24: \*3296, \*3299  
 18: \*2769  
 24: 5698  
 27: 1410, 3058  
 VII. 3-7: 1482  
 8: 5780  
 9, 10: \*2049, 3412, 10054  
 14: 3478

VIII. 25: 4758

IX. 1, 2: 8532  
 11: \*2752  
 15: 6287  
 17: 5076  
 21: \*3119  
 24: 4885, 10019  
 X. 1: \*1617  
 21: \*240, \*3021, 6778

XI. 19: \*3517  
 21: 2310  
 32: 2308  
 32, 34: 8756  
 34: 2309, 3650, 10047,  
 10302

XII. 1: 6901-6903  
 2: 1949, 3196, 5041, 9457,  
 11454  
 3: \*606, 3192, 5456, 5602,  
 11805  
 4: \*2289, \*2592, 3792  
 11: 11245  
 13: \*1321, 1698, \*2307,  
 \*3294, 7786, 8344,  
 8334

DEUTERONOMY.

I. 17: 491  
 21: 1564  
 38: 10188  
 II. 30: 10396  
 III. 23-27: 7961  
 25: \*957, \*1754, \*1764  
 27: 1765, \*3220, \*3797  
 IV. 2: 5227  
 6: 6780  
 9: 5974  
 10: \*1268, 1818, \*2840  
 13: 10604  
 15, 16: 3146  
 16: \*535  
 24: 9042  
 26: 11192, 12246  
 29: 11066  
 32: \*2461  
 37: 1999  
 39: \*1507, \*1511  
 VI. 4: 9072  
 4-9: 10986  
 5: 10323

VI. 6, 7: 8280, 8294  
 7: 3012, 7010, 11909  
 8: 5964  
 12: 2334, 8281  
 13-22: 10986  
 17: 2010  
 VII. 3: 3823  
 9: 12065  
 VIII. 2: \*2276, \*2584, 8052,  
 11194, 12177  
 2, 3: 8597  
 4: 6327, 7473  
 5: \*860, 5411  
 11: 12110  
 12: 9094  
 13, 14: 4757, 6188  
 15: \*488  
 16: 1987  
 17: 3930  
 18: 6001  
 20: \*752

IX. 6: \*2

7: 11334  
 22: \*4030  
 X. 1-5: 7115  
 12: \*2401  
 12, 13: 10260  
 18: 7473  
 XI. 1: \*2196  
 13: 5289, 10328  
 14: \*2620  
 16: 1968  
 18: \*3021  
 28: 10, 765, 12109  
 29: 7692

XII. 5: 12300  
 7: \*2636, 10028  
 28: \*2686  
 31: 2866  
 32: 5227

XIII. 3: 3580  
 4: 4161  
 6: \*1425  
 6-10: 8116

XIV. 2: \*2040  
 XV. 1, 9: 12318  
 7-11: 498  
 11: 6702-6706

XVI. 17: 7049  
 20: 3022, 3430  
 21, 22: 9738

XVII. 16: 12071  
 19: 356

XVIII. 10, 11: 8728, 8729

XIX. 19: 5698  
 21: 11479

XX. 5: 7579  
 XXI. 20: \*936, 1658, 1668  
 21: 3329  
 23: 3980

XXII. 1-4: 10723  
 3: 3458, 8201  
 6, 7: 10777  
 10: 3830, 6078

XXIII. 3, 4: 3292  
 5: 1988  
 6: 8358  
 14: 1434  
 20: 4013  
 21: \*2747  
 21, 23: \*2948

XXIV. 1: 3816  
 4: 11978  
 10: 10113  
 14: 3670

XXVI. 6: 10838

XXVII. 1-8: 10776

8: \*264  
 10: 4167  
 15-26: 121-123, 6466,  
 7692  
 16: 1578, \*2071, 4305  
 19: 3428

XXVIII. 5: \*1503  
 22-24: \*2647

29: 3589  
 32: \*2873  
 34: 1098  
 50: 11759  
 52: 5423  
 58: 4072  
 65: 5008, 8695, 8707

XXIX. 9: 9595  
 18: \*1158, 4270  
 19-21: 9863

20: 12311  
 29: 2549  
 XXXI. 6: 545, 1124, 7580

8: \*1306  
 10: 12318  
 12: 5542  
 13: 1837

XXXII. 2: 465, \*1140, \*2621,  
 2628

4: \*2485, 2548, 5838,  
 6123, 8607,  
 10706

6: \*1492, 3167, 3288  
 7: 3092  
 9: 2522, 10016  
 10: 11449

11: \*2600, 8050  
 13: 8853  
 15: \*1966, 6182  
 23: \*1675

25: \*2933, 7886  
 29: \*686, 995-997,  
 1939, \*2121,  
 3849, 4031, 7829

30: 1846, 4426, 8308  
 31: 388, 3268, 3269,  
 4913, 6792, 7226,  
 8996, 9131, 9865,  
 9874, 11530

32: 5433  
 33: 5338  
 35: \*1642, 7869, 11475-  
 11481

37, 38: \*2995  
 39: \*853, 4974, 7523,  
 11815

40: 1941, 6666  
 42: 6568, 6569  
 46: 1777  
 49, 50: \*3821  
 49-53: \*3790

50: \*2  
 XXXIII. 12: 3582  
 19: 4217, 10601  
 25: 2651, \*2811,  
 3783, 8191,  
 9203

XXXIII. 27: \*1484, 1700,  
\*2453, \*2635,  
4897, 12075  
29: 9518

XXXIV. 1-5: \*3787-3789  
1-7: 7961  
6: \*3783, \*3792

## ECCLESIASTES.

I. 1: 8526  
2: \*2814, \*2815, 3041, 5861,  
5911, 12139  
3: \*2089, 12280  
4: \*1031, 3079  
6: 4794  
7: \*2150, 4187, 12286  
8: 467, 508, \*2713, \*2713,  
2859, 3032, 6122, 8062,  
8533, 10150, 11007,  
11590, 12292  
9: \*2892  
10: 3566  
11: 6134  
13: \*2147, 10115  
14: \*1094, \*1610, \*1663,  
5900, 5910, 8633  
15: 9300, 9302, 9305  
16: \*1192, 2040, 8516  
17: 6042  
18: 3543, 10136

II. 1: \*1096, \*2511, \*2931,  
3045, 4464, 5906, 6061,  
11000, 12143  
2: 2429, 5907, 10570  
6: 7595  
7: \*2130  
8: 4062  
8, 10: \*2355  
9, 11: 2721  
11: 886, 5518, 8526, 8951  
13: 6046, 11015, 12237  
14: 4032, 4178, 4182  
15: 6174  
16: 1292, 7796, 7877, 8626,  
8813  
18: 5997  
20: 815  
21: 1542  
21, 22: 10630  
23: \*891, 11034  
25: 9322  
26: 572, 5218, 5994, 12317

III. 1: \*2140, \*2432, 11262,  
11276  
1, 2: 10955  
3: \*675, \*702, 7819, 7874  
4: \*2343, 3525  
4, 5: \*1754  
5: \*2461  
6: \*2170, 10584, 11509  
7: 1863, 8924  
9: \*1048  
10: 11263  
11: \*1553, \*1729, \*3040,  
\*3042, 6175, 9342,  
12122  
12: 3607, 8129  
13: 2451  
14: 1962  
15: \*1293, 5716  
18: 5365

III. 19: \*2928, 7856  
21: \*662, 1368, \*1591, 3042  
7827, 8979, 9337,  
11779

IV. 2: \*649, \*1592  
4: \*1098, \*1103, 1923, 2722,  
\*2929, 7719, 8000,  
8396  
6: 7472, 7473, 11252  
8: 312, 1586, 5861, 10153,  
10627  
9: 5560, 5871, 10159, 10412  
9, 10: 2407  
10: 2402, 9522  
12: 192, 193, 1596, \*2920,  
5870, 8112, 12116-  
12121

13: \*9232, 4487, 7075, 10527  
V. 1: \*429, 6207, 9366, 9549  
3: \*922, 1634, 3657, 4806,  
5303, 5588  
3, 7: \*921  
4: \*2948, 5953, 5957, 7774  
4, 5: 5297  
5: 7262, 12175  
6: 9758  
7: 1631, 8155  
8: 1205, \*2067  
10: 5099, 7603, 9098  
10-12: 11517  
11: 8887  
12: \*2765, 6002, 7474, 9330,  
11250  
13: \*1372, \*1536, 5109, 5992,  
7481, 9090, 11505  
14: 11509  
15: 7827  
16: 12137  
17: \*2267, 9356, 11681  
18: 12002  
19: 11846  
20: \*2804

VI. 2: 2975, 5861, 7602  
3: 2835, 11729  
6: \*1089, 8097  
7: \*1535, \*2955  
8: \*1371  
9: 1553, 1585, 11687  
12: \*1541, \*2334, 6157, 10247

VII. 1: 2598, 4070, 7853, 7861,  
9887, 10681  
2: \*2349, 2702, 7464, 7810,  
8902  
3: \*2896, 5417, 10170,  
11789  
6: 4460  
8: \*1069, 2607, 7107  
9: 1841, 3204, 5622, 4342  
10: \*645, \*2460, \*4739,  
7023, 7315  
12: 10624  
13: 5477, 8203, 9300, 9302  
14: 41, 45  
15: 2565  
16: 5269  
18: 1588  
20: 7121  
21: 5476, 7573  
23: 5786, 8513  
24: 3497  
25: \*1227

VII. 26: \*3020  
28: 3801, 6088, 12256  
29: 3776, 7970

VIII. 1: 6041  
5: \*953, \*2432, 8300  
6: \*2200, \*2316, 10575,  
12112  
8: 1275, 1731, 6167, 7754,  
7757, 10150  
9: 3253  
11: 4820, 5350, 5883, 8698,  
10052, 11295  
13: 4958  
15: 10568  
16: 5381  
17: 3486

IX. 1: 542, 7038  
3: \*793, \*1688, 1973, 9380  
4: \*1234, \*1870, 2156, 3064,  
5230, 9624, 9940  
5: 2188  
5, 6: \*647  
8: 2976, 10028  
10: \*30, \*1004, 1401, 1536,  
\*1949, \*1952, 5514,  
5610, 6267, 8388, 9225,  
11989, 11991, 12163,  
12273  
11: 564, 565, 4424, 9852,  
10583  
12: 4060, 7606, 11717  
14, 15: 11040, 11045  
15: \*1612, \*1984, 12236  
16: 6045  
18: \*1155, 1671, 5335, 7355,  
11045, 11695

X. 1: 901, \*2158, 9830, 10297,  
11428  
4: 4195  
10: 3487  
11: \*2759  
14: \*2834  
18: \*2098, 3132, 9723  
19: 3761, 4018, 10625, 10626

XI. 1: 274, 338, 444-497, 3881,  
6931  
3: 7811, 7874, 9295, 9702,  
12035  
4: 8033  
6: \*1071, 1527, \*3063, 5468,  
8298, 10828, 10830,  
12333  
7: 662, 7730, 11685  
8: \*641, 2785  
9: \*1091, 1317, \*2567,  
\*3057, 6236, 7064,  
12321

XII. 1: \*993, \*2133, \*3064,  
3780, 4198, 4973,  
7029, 7074, 7620,  
7621, 11201, 11404,  
12317, 12318, 12323  
2: 12237  
3: 10525  
5: \*670, \*1592, \*1733,  
\*1823, 3019, 8639,  
9370, 9575  
6: \*713  
7: \*130-152, \*1600, \*2791,  
3798, 6955, 8218,

- XII. 9787, 11775, 11788, 11814, 12028  
 8: \*103, 112, 6452, 6456, 6540, 8256, 9343  
 9: 4774  
 10: 11836-11839, 12266  
 11: 8470, 12268  
 12: \*273, \*2397, \*2398, 3544, 5498, 6904-6912, 8103, 10212  
 13: 2144, 5056, 8208  
 14: 1494, 3417, 10821
- EPHESIANS.
- I. 1: 8400  
 6: 2672  
 7: 440, \*2630, 2679, 4297  
 8: \*2638  
 9: \*2368, 11371  
 10: 7271  
 13: \*1562  
 14: 2915, 2916, 9173  
 18: \*2229, 8379, 11685  
 20: 9425  
 21: \*1715  
 23: \*1493, \*2376, 2478, 2503, 2536, 3723, 7277, 9048, 10814
- II. 1: \*1029, 1066, 7744, 10392  
 2: 1510, \*1920, 1925  
 3: \*800, 10904, 11699  
 4: \*2203, 3907, 10510  
 4, 7: \*2012  
 5: 2386, 8527  
 5, 6: 2965  
 5, 8: 1435, 5172  
 6: 7349  
 7: 2682, 11372  
 7-9: 10105  
 8: \*1215, 12311  
 9: 1843, 2661, 3923, 5187, 8604  
 10: 3482, 3542, 9077, 11361  
 12: \*169, \*172, \*813, \*1691, 3070, 5035, 7804, 8942, 9037, 9623, 9872  
 14: 3846, 4369, 8942  
 16: \*599  
 18: 4525, 11084  
 19: 7277  
 20: 4104, 7570, 8838  
 21: 4257, 12114
- III. 1: \*1939, 4402, 9816  
 4: 4068  
 7: 11380  
 8: 3088, 4008, 4745, 9199  
 9: \*2642  
 10: 6152, 6885  
 12: 1516  
 14: 4541  
 15: \*1262, 3722, 7277, 8674, 12114  
 16-18: 10326  
 17: 284, 2117, 5493, 8893  
 18: \*2189, \*2200  
 19: 2636, 9180  
 20: 6915, 11374  
 21: 2468, \*4051
- IV. 1: 5163
- 2: 2199, 2329, 4833, 9643  
 3: \*1808, \*2730  
 4: 803  
 5: 818, \*1314  
 5, 6: \*792, 8121  
 7, 8: 8958  
 8: \*2037, 5197  
 9: 7698  
 10: 2879  
 11: 1963, 5545, 10911  
 13: 3786, 10002  
 13-16: 12114  
 14: 1391, 2212, 2283  
 15: \*1649, 2733, 4738, 8513  
 16: 12121  
 17: 1643  
 18: 430, 3932, 4088, 7728, 11369  
 18, 19: 544, 9344  
 19: 2018, 2278, 3558, 5321, 8719  
 22: \*2211  
 22-24: 7510  
 23: 2858, 7522  
 24: 4905, 4965, 8007  
 25: 3689, 5831, 10215, 12097  
 26: 133, 6498, 6504, 6506  
 27: 1500, 1971, 11932  
 28: 2817, 8968  
 29: 2806, 6106  
 30: 3005, 6663, 7562, 7946, 8679, 9560  
 31: \*882, 10376  
 32: \*2069, 3468, 3845, 4938, 10092, 11939
- V. 1: 2975, 3654, 6202, 9059, 9779  
 2: \*2410, 3687, 6068, 10798  
 2-6: 10481  
 4: \*2834, \*3006  
 5: 1141, 2885, 9421  
 6: 2502, 6223, 10775  
 8: 7934  
 9: 2687, 9209, 9557  
 10: 2014  
 11: 907, \*1169, 2286, 9780  
 12: 7234  
 13: \*1219, 1471  
 14: 5363, 7331, 8245  
 15: 3235, 7302  
 16: \*26, 260, 1785, \*2884, 3142, 4146, 4809, 5724, 5729, 7735, 7736, 8039, 10807, 11291-11293  
 18: \*933, \*1175, \*1814, 3342  
 19: \*848, 5354, 10667, 11058  
 20: 2795, \*2860, 5670, 11949, 11971-11997  
 22: 9689  
 23: \*1920  
 26: 2377, 3880, 6099  
 26, 27: 5191  
 28: \*2242, 3822, 6075  
 31: \*2244  
 32: 10417
- V. 33: 2987, 9686
- VI. 1: 1576, 4163, 4304, 10774  
 2: 1125, 4164  
 2, 3: 4311  
 4: \*2452, 3828, 4795, 5852, 7101, 8677  
 6: 2035, 9410, 11670  
 8: 8131  
 9: 10445  
 10: 6244, 11041  
 10-18: \*1001  
 11: 1504, \*2852, 10663, 11590, 11925  
 11, 12: \*839  
 11-13: \*2964  
 12: \*2961, 7729  
 13: 207, 2294, 5407, 5962  
 13-17: 7221  
 14: 5840, 9858  
 15: 2124, 4862  
 16: 8560, 8590, 8595  
 17: 338, 352, 1409, 2994, \*3025, 5233, 5651, 7273  
 18: 4551, 4559, 6701, 7091, 10966, 11079, 12171, 12198  
 19: 3947, 11145  
 19, 20: 462
- ESTHER.
- I. 7: 2055  
 20: 6074  
 22: 5852
- II. 7: \*2216  
 7, 15: 33  
 15: \*2215
- IV. 11: 6302
- V. 2: 6302
- VI. 9: 4139
- VII. 1-10: \*3776  
 3: \*3414  
 10: \*2004, 5698
- VIII. 10: 10067  
 15: \*3776
- IX. 4: \*1247, 2724  
 25: 6661
- EXODUS.
- I. 1: 12100  
 8-14: 6899  
 14: 10838  
 22: \*3793
- II. 1-4: \*3782  
 3-10: \*3794  
 5-10: 3799  
 6: 10648  
 9: \*1995  
 10: 33  
 16-21: \*3780, \*3803  
 22: \*1430
- III. 1-5: \*3206  
 1-14: \*3785  
 2: \*2388  
 2-5: \*3207  
 5: \*1634, 4568, 6201, 11678, 12302, 12309  
 8: \*1765  
 11: 7040  
 13, 14: 2555



- III. 14: \*948, \*1500, 7217  
 19: 6243  
 20: \*2339  
 22: 7554  
 IV. 2-4: \*2341  
 10: \*1054, 1861, 10167  
 12: 4610  
 14-16: \*1, \*2, 6276  
 V. 1: \*1389  
 VI. 2: 2555  
 3: 9989  
 7: \*2731  
 VII. 9: 10559  
 VIII. 3: 2737  
 9: \*1926  
 10: 7945  
 19: 6566, 7938  
 32: 7363  
 X. 22, 23: 824  
 28: 4245, 7003  
 XI. 3: \*1450, 2718, 10648  
 4-7: \*3359, \*3432, \*3892  
 XII. 3: 7820  
 3-7: 7894  
 3-42: \*3855, 10907  
 5: 10016  
 7, 13: \*753  
 7-14: \*3195  
 13: 6871  
 13, 14: \*3434  
 14: \*3357  
 20: 6061, 6377  
 29, 30: \*3358, \*3433  
 33: 2907  
 XIII. 2: 6243  
 2-12: 7923  
 2-17: 10986  
 13: 9717  
 20: \*1443  
 21: \*1641  
 21, 22: \*3891, 10188  
 22: \*4103  
 XIV. 1-31: \*3924-3927  
 5-31: \*3883  
 15: 4736, 8597, 11225  
 16: \*2341  
 25: 2954  
 XV. 1: \*3928, 12061  
 1-9: \*3800  
 10: 7951, 12182  
 16: 2271  
 18: \*1121, 1942  
 20, 21: \*3771  
 23-25: 593, \*3733, \*3734  
 23-27: \*451, \*3386  
 26: \*3882  
 27: 1543  
 XVI. 4: \*783, 10406  
 8: \*877, 1554, 4056,  
 8864  
 14, 15: \*3731  
 21: \*2239, \*2329  
 23: 4059  
 30: \*2700  
 33: 11945  
 XVII. 1: 8597  
 5-6: \*2341  
 6: 7894  
 12: \*1, \*2, \*2321, 4597,  
 6276  
 XIX. 4: 5487, 7295, 8229, 11279
- XIX. 5: \*407, \*2401, 4161  
 10: 11304  
 12: 4247, 6302  
 16-19: \*3680  
 21-25: 6302  
 XX. 1-17: \*455, 873, 7339-  
 7345  
 3: 3150  
 4: 2528  
 5: 575  
 7: 420, 492, 4718-4725,  
 5554, 11210-11214,  
 11883  
 8: \*2699, 5133, 11542-  
 11551  
 9, 10: 5009, 5128  
 10: \*2700, 11857-11859  
 12: 628, \*889, 1578,  
 \*2071, 3682, 4164,  
 4304, 7915  
 13: 16658  
 14: 361  
 15: 5496, 7416, 8844,  
 9596, 11823, 11824,  
 11861  
 17: 1152  
 18: \*3680  
 18-21: 10460  
 XXI. 6: 9369  
 14: 6445  
 19: 4810  
 24: 5044  
 24, 25: 11471  
 XXII. 3: 5018  
 3, 4: \*1902  
 4: 7415  
 18: 11866  
 22: 6260, 10858  
 23: \*2986  
 24: 3293  
 27: 11063  
 29: 7923  
 XXIII. 1: \*2694, 6433  
 2: 195, 2216, 3183,  
 3185, 3301, 6467,  
 8463, 10640  
 4-9: 10466  
 5: 907  
 7: 2177  
 12: 2697, 5137  
 15: 2458  
 20: 4598  
 21: \*752  
 24: 2863  
 24, 25: 8194  
 XXIV. 18: \*1287, 3602  
 XXV. 17-22: 10504  
 XXVI. 1-11: 12114  
 33: \*1748  
 XXVII. 20: 11664  
 XXVIII. 1-39: \*1, \*2, 6276  
 2: 2219  
 11: 11620  
 36: 9896  
 41: 7923  
 XXIX. 1-28: \*1, \*2, 6276  
 20: 9369, 9416  
 24: 2476  
 37: 6446  
 40, 41: 10454  
 XXX. 7: 11069
- XXX. 34: 10948  
 XXXI. 3: 9554  
 15: \*2822, 5138, 11547  
 XXXII. 4-31: \*3474  
 6: 6993  
 8: 11519  
 9: 12232  
 10: 11801  
 26: 4316, 11045  
 29: 491  
 31: \*1529  
 32: 4580, 5075, 5462,  
 6901-6903, 9967,  
 11770  
 XXXIII. 14: \*2424  
 18: \*1473  
 19: \*1547  
 20: 2561  
 23: 2548  
 XXXIV. 7: \*1644, 3432, 4297,  
 10502  
 29: 8094, 3602  
 XXXV. 30, 31: 9554  
 35: 3623  
 XXXVI. 1: \*3203  
 XXXVII. 7: 10511  
 29: 9756  
 XL. 10: 12305  
 36: 1002, \*2110, \*2427,  
 10899  
 36-38: 10188  
 EZEKIEL.
- I. 3: 8542  
 5-19: 2642  
 20: 3677  
 28: 10504  
 II. 1: 10731  
 6: 8033  
 III. 7: 9344  
 9: 7579  
 17: 11811  
 17, 18: 10997  
 18: 9304  
 19: 7837, 11798  
 IV. 17: 2210  
 V. 12: 9888  
 VII. 7: \*1031  
 14: \*3124  
 19: 3713, 9092  
 25: 6190  
 26: \*2695, 11539  
 VIII. 3: \*2018  
 4: \*1495  
 12: 9773, 10478  
 IX. 3: 5295  
 4: 3443, 6799  
 9: \*1095  
 10: 3271, 5752  
 XI. 19: \*1646, 2823, 2854,  
 7025, 9344, 9408,  
 10733  
 XII. 2: 2807  
 3: 6187  
 24: 8757  
 XIII. 7: 9812  
 10: 4635, 12096  
 21: 5427  
 XIV. 3: \*1903, 3144, 3145,  
 4553, 4867, 5248

- XV. 3, 4: \*1691  
     8: 3112  
    10: \*2463, 11298  
    21: \*1270  
 XVI. 3: \*1702  
     6: 11344, 11418  
     9: 3133  
    10-12: \*1280  
    11: 1736  
    12: 7653  
    14: \*2343  
    28: 11591  
    44: 3817, 7732, 8713  
    47: 5394  
    49: 9729, 11021  
    52: 11692  
    61: \*2273  
    63: \*1774, \*2272, \*2943  
 XVII. 22-24: 1413  
 XVIII. 4: 8447  
       5-9: 11522  
       12: 5022  
       13: 5270  
       14: \*2756  
       19: 2236, 8465  
       22: 8811  
       24: 10884  
       25: 6127  
       30: 4081  
       31: 8032  
 XIX. 1: \*3705  
     10: 4036  
 XX. 4: 8466  
     13: \*1059  
     15: 5145  
     15, 16: 11549  
     18: 4307  
     28: 6220  
     43: 1987, 2181, 5351  
     49: 4288  
 XXI. 15: 12185  
     27: 7232  
 XXII. 8: 5142  
     12: \*1528  
     13: \*1442, 8077, 9586  
     20: 2018  
     22: 12046  
 XXIII. 19: 3889  
     33: 9957  
 XXIV. 13: 11991  
     17: \*651, \*666  
 XXVI. 6: \*4077, \*4078  
 XXVII. 8: 4451  
     26: 3419, 4451  
     27: 8400  
     29, 33: \*2914  
 XXVIII. 5: 5105  
     8: 7774  
     13: \*2446, 10877  
 XXIX. 6, 7: 12071  
     16: 3884  
 XXX. 9: 10599  
 XXXI. 7: 2715  
     9: 10878  
     16: 9497  
 XXXII. 18: \*2757  
     25: 11821  
 XXXIII. 2: 2293  
     3-6: 2950  
     4: 5939, 12193  
     6: 4307, 7691  
 XXXIII. 7: \*2563  
     8: 1224  
     10: 9409, 11344  
     11: \*1398, \*2965,  
         8859, 9345  
     15: 5968  
     16: 8902, 9158  
     17: \*91  
     20: 22, \*2346, 3415  
     30-33: 9369  
     31: 2833, 9699  
     34: 7706, 7709  
 XXXIV. 2: 10542  
     2-11: 7322, 7323  
     8: 4330  
     10: \*2309, 6266  
     16: 3168, 7569  
     26: \*1560, 5073  
     29: 3214, 7685  
 XXXV. 6: \*2353, 7563, 7668,  
         8182, 10660  
     11: \*1102  
 XXXVI. 10: \*2634  
     25: 526, \*1903,  
         \*1905, 2967,  
         4823, 9401  
     26: 2846, 4130, 6326,  
         10734  
     37: 4563  
 XXXVII. 1-10: 5074  
     1-14: 10016, 11454  
     2: 430  
     3: 9783  
     3, 9: 5038  
     5: 11464  
     7: \*2671  
     9: 2989  
     12: \*1599  
     14: 10737  
     19: 12114  
 XXXVIII. 7: 4241  
 XXXIX. 14: 4414  
 XL. 18: 2036  
 XLIV. 24: 5143  
 XLVI. 3: 11857  
 XLVII. 1: \*2389  
     4: 3591  
     5: 10346  
     5, 8: 3587  
     8: 4186  
     9: 9115  
     12: 9443, 12038  
           EZRA.  
 III. 10, 11: \*2360  
     12: 10028  
     12, 13: \*4095  
     13: 3583  
 IV. 15: 2648  
 IX. 11: 2863  
     13: 3104  
 X. 2: 9613  
 XVI. 44: 6090  
 XXXVI. 26, 27: 1076  
           GALATIANS.  
 I. 4: \*909, 1925  
     7: 11385  
     10: 938, 2033  
     17: 12177  
     19: 9984  
 II. 2: 6261, 8625  
     6: 4285, 8551  
    16: 2074, \*2285, 3447, 3926,  
         9127, 10087  
    20: 2101, 2104, \*2181, 2790,  
         2930, 3685, 3726,  
         5431, 11633, 11946  
 III. 1: 5313, 5824, 7130, 9887  
     4: 3144  
     8: 3989  
    10: 4192, 5187  
    11: 2105, 3446, 8574  
    13: 4882, 7649, 7692, 7897,  
         10177  
    20: 10458  
    22: 2667, 11239  
    23: 7506  
    24: 1459, 2057  
    27: 3255  
    28: \*446, 500, 558  
 IV. 1: \*1111  
     1, 2: 1821  
     4: \*1014  
     6: 2487, 2988, 6069, 6072,  
         12249  
     10: 11386, 11564  
     14: 7906  
     15: 8537  
     16: 12192  
     19: 7145  
     21, 31: 7594  
     26: 7889  
 V. 1: 1010-1015, \*2104, \*2298,  
     2382  
     3: 10780  
     4: 3448, 2656, 2662  
     5: 3054  
     6: 2106, 4028  
     7: 2086, 2964, 3015, 4847,  
         5777, 6850, 10788,  
         12000  
     9: \*2907, 3649, 9887, 10965  
    10: 3861  
    11: 7654, 10797  
    12: \*2045  
    13: \*2926, 3457  
    13, 14: 1403  
    15: 1495, 1559, 1588, 4834,  
         5972, 6828, 7965  
    16: 4956  
    17: 2312, \*2851  
    20: \*1783, 5636  
    21: 1666, 11699  
    22: 2685, 2837, 3395, 6798,  
         8575, 9557  
    22, 23: 9208  
    24: 11646  
    26: \*1880, 1913, 4796, 9673,  
         9941  
 VI. 2: \*338, 505, \*906, 2199,  
     3803, 8085, 10094  
     3: \*1251, 4667, 10860,  
         11178, 11644  
     3, 4: 213  
     4: 2058, \*2738, 3501, 11643  
     5: \*2055  
     6: 11908  
     7: \*2799, 3606, \*4010, 4819,  
         5034, 5470, 7233,  
         7550, 7999, 8900,  
         9103, 11809, 12333

## VI. 7, 8 \*2800

8: 1950  
 9: 482, 1541, \*1543, 2607,  
 4417, 4423, 8613  
 10: 300, 1845, \*2433, 3510,  
 3511, 4250, 8128,  
 9895  
 14: \*590, \*595, 1177, \*1689,  
 \*3284, 4615, 4880,  
 7106, 7637, 7642,  
 7652, 8749, 8751,  
 9816, 10555  
 15: 4728, 4906, 11363  
 17: 3810, 3811, 7192, 7828,  
 11601

## GENESIS.

## I. 1: \*564

1, 2: \*1507  
 2: \*569, \*1017, 4257  
 3: \*525, \*1558, \*2152  
 5: \*637, 7730  
 11: 11629, 12105  
 11, 12: 2315, 9272  
 14: \*2374  
 17: 8341  
 18: 4095  
 20: 6832  
 20-22: \*564  
 21: 4186  
 21, 25: 7979  
 24: \*128  
 26: \*568, \*1999, 3784, 6997,  
 9036, 12055  
 26-28: \*33, \*1135, \*1136,  
 \*2221, \*2226  
 27: \*2223, 3772, 6787  
 28: 4499, 11820  
 31: 9854

II. 7: \*130-132, 152, 219,  
 \*1507, \*1924, \*1931,  
 \*2129, \*2793, 5478,  
 6603, 11776

8: \*3451, 10873, 10881  
 8, 9: \*1059, \*2443  
 8-14: \*1034, 10872  
 9: \*1355, \*2573, 5757,  
 7114, 10124, 10137,  
 12037, 12038  
 10: 2642  
 15: \*1032, \*2090, 3248, 6111  
 17: 716, \*2437, \*2752, 3532,  
 3536, 5317, 6180, 6227,  
 7782, 10140  
 18: \*1780, 3815, 8726, 9890,  
 10413  
 21: 5378, 11124  
 21, 22: 9066  
 21-23: \*3011  
 21-24: \*33  
 22: 6077  
 23: \*2696  
 24: 54, 10431

III. 1: \*837, \*1038, \*1138,  
 \*2895, 3148, 4284,  
 5194  
 1-6: 2168  
 4: 5885, 8617  
 4-5: \*1040  
 5: 113-120, \*2079, 2592,  
 6447-6462, 11923

III. 6: \*594, 3772, 7687, 8441,  
 10124, 10754

7-10: 7412  
 7, 11: 2227  
 8: 11485  
 8-19: \*619  
 9: \*3092  
 10: 8707, 11673  
 10-21: 1644  
 12: 8617, 12255  
 14: 5318  
 15: 5326, 7692, 8006, 9199  
 16: 5309, 6024  
 17: 5310, 10145  
 18: 8450  
 III. 19: \*18, \*20, \*648, \*1583,  
 \*1594, 6121, 9685,  
 6926, 6997, 10693  
 20: \*2345  
 22: 12038  
 23: \*1033  
 24: \*1036, \*1460, 7557,  
 10880

## IV. 1, 2: 6170

2-8: 6277  
 4: 1911, 6243, 6299, 7894  
 5-8: \*2351  
 7: \*2268, 9755, 11735  
 8: 2705, 10374, 10954  
 8-15: \*3208  
 9: \*285, 1094, \*3209, 9889  
 9-14: \*2352  
 10: \*1385, 1726, \*2323, 7409  
 13: \*2646, 7563, 7984, 9279  
 14: 4960  
 21: 4065  
 22: \*4071

## V. 1: \*2228

3: 4906  
 4: 11306  
 5: 1276  
 8: 1276  
 11: 1276  
 21-24: \*3399  
 21-27: \*3764  
 22: 4956, 7864  
 24: \*3402  
 27: 1276, 1367  
 VI. 3: 1416, 1428, 3916, 9568  
 4: \*1607  
 5: \*2985, 5913, 9406  
 5-7: \*778, \*1073  
 11-23: \*1336  
 12: \*536, \*790, 9656, 10495  
 13: \*1074, 2314  
 14: 4023, 12195

## VII. 1: \*424, 2194, 2314

1-24: \*3325  
 7: \*772  
 7-23: \*1335  
 8, 9: 10730  
 11: \*1075  
 11-24: 7955  
 14: \*3015  
 17-23: \*774  
 19: \*775  
 23, 24: \*776

## VIII. 4: \*778, \*8135, 7179

8: \*3134  
 11: 4358  
 16-21: \*3324

## VIII. 21: \*1916, 10701

22: \*2728, \*2953, \*2960,  
 \*2996, 4779

## IX. 2: 3799

6: \*2225, 5050, 6205  
 12, 13: \*3915, \*3916  
 13: 10504, 11324  
 13-15: \*2622  
 13-17: \*557  
 17: 256  
 23: \*2894

## XI. 4: 6135, 6657, 9426

7: \*3133  
 8: 9741

## XII. 1: \*2501, 8597

2: \*1606  
 6: 8597  
 10: 8597  
 14: \*2404  
 17: 3982

## XIII. 7: 12120

8: \*1877, 6827  
 9: 3859  
 10: \*3719

## XIV. 18, 19: \*3761

## XV. 1: 2551, 9054, 11561

5: \*2798  
 6: 1886  
 8-17: \*7  
 9-21: 10955  
 16: 3651  
 17: 8744

## XVI. 13: 2258, 2498, \*2618,

4233, 5919, 8696,  
 8965, 9595, 9750,  
 9751

## XVII. 18: 4309, 4544

## XVIII. 9: 7702

10-14: 8597  
 18: 8641  
 19: 2203, 3952, 6283  
 25: \*2687, 10083  
 33: \*4005

## XIX. 3: 1848

7: 12154  
 9: 9190  
 12-23: \*2776  
 13: 10082  
 15-26: 751  
 17: \*1568, 4394, 4705,  
 6190, 6650, 6654,  
 8490, 12018  
 17-22: \*4120  
 20: 2746, 6711, 7381, 9290  
 22: \*624  
 24: 8669  
 26: 6145, 10306  
 28: \*4005  
 36: 8857

## XXI. 7: 6233

10-14: 7179  
 14-20: \*3479, \*3480,  
 \*3483, \*3484

## XXII. 1, 2: 8597

15-20: \*3481  
 17: 5049  
 18: 5989  
 19: 9376  
 XXII. 1, 2: 8597  
 1-15: \*3082, \*3083  
 2-18: 2107, \*3524

XXII. 10-12: 8532  
 11: 2626  
 13: 1690, 7894  
 XXIII. 2: \*2347  
 16: 4016  
 17-20: \*3726  
 21: \*1595  
 XXIV. 17: 12254  
 23: \*1139  
 53: 1889  
 63: \*1144, \*3526, 11964  
 67: \*2206  
 XXV. 8: 2928  
 29-31: 9796  
 29-34: 7045, 7412, 11035  
 31: 11800  
 32: 6005  
 33: 3424, 6179  
 XXVI. 1: 8597  
 12: 11626  
 24: 2488  
 XXVII. 2: \*683  
 15-27: \*3542  
 22: 7904  
 41: 4047  
 44: \*3922  
 XXVIII. 6-9: 9700  
 10-22: \*2016, \*3543  
 11: \*310  
 12: \*2015, \*3174,  
 \*3540, \*3544,  
 3772, 7159  
 12-15: \*3539  
 16: \*3512, 4219,  
 11061  
 17: \*1634, 9447, 9644  
 18: 5673  
 20: 7472  
 22: 2461, 8974  
 XIX. 20: \*2206, 3374, 6940,  
 9968, 11987  
 XXX. 1: \*1957, 9796  
 27: 2045, 2047, 3494,  
 9632  
 30: 643  
 XXXI. 3: 8194  
 11: \*922  
 15: \*2077  
 36-42: 7412  
 40: 3311  
 48: 6063  
 XXXII. 1, 2: \*3510  
 9: 9683  
 10: 1586, 3103, 7475  
 24-32: 1225  
 25: 3770  
 26: 667, 2137, \*3553,  
 11089  
 30: 2550  
 XXXIII. 9: 7471  
 9-11: 7473  
 XXXIV. 12: 12231  
 XXXV. 2: 11304, 12302  
 8: \*1926  
 11: 8942  
 14: 11945  
 15: \*3173  
 16-20: 9796  
 19, 20: \*3913  
 29: \*1927  
 XXXVII. 3: 5642

XXXVII. 9: 7078  
 19: 5552  
 20-21: 9959  
 25: 5684, 10025  
 32: 11524  
 XXXVIII. 14: 10657  
 XXXIX. 20: 7179  
 XL. 8: 1633  
 23: \*1983  
 XLI. 9: \*1301, 8688, 9078  
 34: 11865  
 39, 40: \*1523  
 39-45: 7179  
 45-50: \*3840  
 54: 8597  
 56: 4748  
 57: \*2167  
 XLII. 2: 8775  
 6: 9171  
 15: 4156  
 21: \*1643  
 36: 8099, 8640  
 XLIII. 3: 6243  
 9: 11874  
 14: 8231  
 15-22: 1118  
 19-24: 10460  
 XLIV. 23: 6302  
 XLV. 1: \*3649, 6944  
 7: 4434  
 26: 2482  
 27: 2692, 8774  
 XLVII. 8: 97, 4197, 6415  
 9: \*2148, 3619, 8097  
 30: \*297  
 XLVIII. 7: \*3910  
 10: \*2077  
 16: 6847  
 XLIX. 1: \*3538, \*3540  
 4: \*334, \*1943, 4933,  
 9837, 10488  
 9: 7154  
 10: \*2679  
 14: 6140  
 22: 8676, 11965  
 22-24: 10025  
 23: 10955  
 26: \*1124  
 29: \*1927, 12130  
 L. 15: 7412  
 17: 3296  
 20: 1980, 4782  
 HABAKKUK.  
 I. 3: 11288  
 13: 2631  
 14: 5365  
 16: 10791, 10794  
 II. 2: 11140  
 3: \*447, \*1307, \*2950, 4755  
 4: 2046, \*2638, 4432  
 5: \*804, \*1094, \*1372,  
 \*2712, 2835, 4621  
 6: \*1133, 5092, 5910, 8772,  
 9088, 9091, 11504  
 9: \*1444, 5210  
 11: 4101, 4875, 6063, 6310,  
 11474  
 13: 8126, 3517, 5775, 12137  
 14: 342, \*1114, \*2725  
 15: \*1531, 1651-1653, \*2693,

II. 15: 6291, 8179, 9954  
 16: \*888  
 19: 3144, 11826  
 20: 6209  
 III. 1-19: 6781  
 2: 5067-5079, 10486, 10512,  
 11492-11497, 12318  
 3-5: \*1499  
 17, 18: \*452  
 18: 3394  
 HAGGAI.  
 I. 5: \*3045, 3588, 7449  
 6: \*751, 4377, 7604, 9100,  
 9255, 12137, 12297  
 9: \*1549  
 II. 7: 8942  
 8: 10593  
 11-13: 7931  
 HEBREWS.  
 I. 1: \*1993  
 2: 9041  
 3: 749  
 7: 12340  
 8: 1958, 3479  
 14: 21. \*119-126, 131-137,  
 \*3118, 6387-6395  
 II. 1: 4249, 4749, 5979, 10834,  
 12204  
 2: \*2613, 3441, 6493, 10186  
 3: \*768, \*769, 995-997,  
 \*2142, 4118, 4252,  
 5178, 5179, 7686,  
 10716, 10831, 11574  
 6: 3777, 7024  
 7: 10378  
 8: 227, 232  
 9: \*1051, 1195, 7182  
 10: 536, \*2962, 7126  
 11: 6943  
 13: 5440  
 14: 4096, 7164, 8617  
 15: \*703, 1269, 7243, 7816,  
 7875, 10979  
 16, 17: 501  
 18: 729, \*1633, 11929, 12041  
 III. 1: 394  
 2: 2160, 9205  
 3: 3739, 10266, 10654  
 4: 2489, 9024, 10848  
 6: 9613  
 7: \*2885, \*2888  
 7, 8: 4708  
 7-15: 10828  
 8: 4117  
 9: \*1430  
 10: \*1117  
 12: \*2916, \*3162, 12106  
 13: 257, 261, \*796, \*2886,  
 4242, 5306, 11698  
 15: 638, 2766  
 19: 4543  
 IV. 1: 4752, 8708, 11446  
 3: 5015  
 6: 8932  
 7: 10267, 11991, 12003  
 9: \*1757, \*1758, 2707,  
 9421, 11447  
 11: 1998, 5014, 5161, 10154  
 12: 335, 534, \*2566, 2994,  
 9959, 11815, 12265

- IV.13: 2534, 4228, 9014, 9049  
 14: \*1, \*2, \*580, 4731, 6276,  
 11218  
 15: 91, \*866, 5561, 10112,  
 11888, 11929  
 16: 1434, \*1573, \*1575,  
 4109, 9204, 9518,  
 11076
- V. 2: \*321, 7365, 8408, 11885  
 7: 7961  
 9: 2110, 8584, 11572  
 12: \*2841, 4689, 4691, 5601,  
 8711, 9270, 10528  
 13: \*1192, 8513, 12209  
 14: \*2740, 5279, 5887, 11049
- VI. 1: 4387, 4893, 10940  
 2: \*2054  
 4: \*584, \*2523, 2995  
 6: 16, 7805, 8619, 9022  
 7: 5668  
 8: 12263  
 10: \*1550, 3688  
 11: 205, 2423, 8040  
 12: 4336, 11749  
 16: \*2400, 9021  
 17: 9794  
 18: 4418, 7768, 8414, 11366  
 18-20: 714  
 19: \*1851, \*1852, \*1861,  
 3046, 5494, 5656,  
 6478-6482, 9613,  
 9614, 11828  
 20: 4134, 6573, 6575, 10188
- VII. 2: \*3078  
 3: \*3761  
 4: 2436  
 5: 8597  
 6, 7: 6283  
 19: \*1865, 3528, 9628  
 22: 11873, 11874  
 24: 7672  
 24-28: \*1798  
 25: \*382, 435, \*2005, 2386,  
 3336, 3847, 5119,  
 5272, 7165, 9967,  
 11578, 11579  
 28: 931, 932, \*3607
- VIII. 2: 2885, 2924  
 3: 11558  
 5: \*2474  
 6: 3848  
 12: 3917, 7593
- IX. 4: 2644, 11945  
 9: 5153  
 12: \*2629  
 12, 14: 716  
 13, 14: 7894  
 14: 955  
 15: 3846, 4212, 7205, 10459,  
 11944  
 22: \*173-175, 224-234, 436,  
 \*3196, 4885, 6613-  
 6622, 7122, 9416  
 24: \*1798, \*3249, 3338,  
 6573, 6575  
 24-26: \*733  
 27: \*709, \*733, 1312, 1367,  
 12339
- X. 1: 3528, 12099-12101  
 2: \*483  
 3: \*2421
- X. 7: 6621, 10799  
 10: 989  
 12: 4589  
 15: 2495  
 19: 7349  
 19-22: 6302, 8989  
 20: 2906  
 23: \*581, 4744, 4746, 7986,  
 12081  
 24: \*904, \*1025, \*1170, 1870  
 25: 3842, 11107, 12300  
 26: 475  
 26, 27: 2691  
 27: \*2056, 3420, 3421, 6434,  
 7427, 8618, 12150  
 28: 10174  
 28, 29: 4886  
 29: 5179, 7195, 9565, 9804  
 30: 11481, 11490  
 32: \*2274, 10955  
 34: \*416, \*2940, 3397, 12214  
 35: 9423  
 36: \*1937, \*2464, 4345, 9795,  
 10915  
 37: \*498, \*1067, \*1068  
 38: 1103, 3446, 6662-6678,  
 8574, 9632
- XI. 1: \*1208, 2087, 3174, 8560,  
 8562, 8600  
 3: 4256  
 4: \*665, \*1167, 1263, 2718,  
 \*3046, 4495, 5153,  
 5890, 6269, 6277,  
 7746, 9893, 12133  
 5: \*3401, 10815  
 6: 2100, 3055, 9421  
 7: \*3830, 6555-6559, 8597,  
 12195  
 8: 5924, 8597  
 8, 9: 6283  
 9: \*1756, 6137  
 10: \*1734, 2874, 2927, 4450,  
 6214  
 11: 4741  
 12: \*1712  
 13: \*2502, 4448, 8100, 10709  
 14: 3592  
 16: 188, \*1024, 1476, 1796,  
 \*2094, 2897, 2928,  
 4449, 9421, 9440  
 17: 7272, 9959  
 21, 22: \*986  
 24, 25: 9608  
 24-26: \*3786, 10648  
 25: 1394, 1898, 4467, 5450,  
 6199  
 25, 26: 776  
 26: \*1723, 5337  
 27: \*1793  
 32: 3281  
 33: \*2258, 11234  
 33, 34: 2150  
 34: 1499, \*2252, 7579  
 35: \*1795, \*2254, 2292,  
 2364, 6896, 7876,  
 8733, 10438, 11465,  
 11851, 12020  
 36: 1741, 2154, 3834, 7233  
 36-39: 1393, \*1793  
 37: 2291, 2959, 7437, 7890  
 38: 1191
- XII. 1: \*125, 332-334, \*2456,  
 \*2468, 4336, 4827,  
 4848, 5808, 6494,  
 6514, 6757, 9350,  
 9848, 9958, 11966,  
 12246  
 2: 292, \*603, 1184, \*2039,  
 \*2474, 3060, 3653,  
 3953, 5392, 5965,  
 7162, 7653, 7990,  
 8472  
 3: 11312  
 4: 5347, 7212, 7462  
 6: 601, 4762, 7058  
 6-11: 76-92, 6381, 6412  
 7: 1548, \*1914, 7059  
 9: \*1492, \*2658, 4312,  
 7057, 11842  
 9, 10: 865  
 10: 1545  
 11: 602, \*1023, \*1541,  
 \*2818, 3389  
 13: 1498, 1686, 4333, 8799,  
 9832, 11414  
 14: 2971, 2974, 4824, 9451  
 15: 2785, 4324, 6708, 9887,  
 9986  
 16: \*1188, 2937, 6179  
 16, 17: \*3409  
 17: 1427, 11406  
 18-21: 6302  
 22: 1280, 2921, 7277  
 22-24: 7801  
 23: \*426  
 24: 6277, 9964, 9998, 10461  
 25: 4114, 9336, 12289  
 26: 12307  
 28: 2675, 2922, 9196  
 29: 4054
- XIII. 2: \*224, \*1964, 7054,  
 9632, 9634  
 3: 6727, 10486  
 4: \*2249  
 5: \*512, 666, 686, 1026,  
 1045, \*1194, 1566,  
 10011, 10317, 11505  
 6: 2273  
 7: 10538, 11563  
 8: \*2036, 7125  
 9: \*1325, 4919  
 10: 5167  
 12: 5533, 11735  
 14: \*751, 1022, 2874,  
 7902, 8017, 9421,  
 10428  
 15: 8016, 11947  
 16: 8127  
 17: 3950, 4630, 5005,  
 11802  
 18: 4529  
 20: \*2742  
 21: 4382
- HOSEA.  
 I. 10: 33-36, 6067-6073, 6335-  
 6340  
 II. 14, 15: 9613  
 18: \*2074  
 19, 20: 8612  
 23: 3908  
 III. 3: 7442

- III. 4, 5: \*1501  
 IV. 1: \*538, 5844  
     2: 4719  
     6: 3155  
     7: 10758  
     9: 11115  
     10: 7000  
     16: 6669, 6673  
     17: 9733  
 V. 13: 9754  
 VI. 1: 7523  
     3: \*1554, 7157  
     4: 2662, 4971, 7266, 7484  
     11: \*1669  
 VII. 5: 1664, 1665, 3343  
     8: 8141  
     9: \*2417, 4206, 10189,  
         12167  
     13: 9863  
 VIII. 7: 5470, 8411, 10276,  
         12137  
     8: 10016  
     12: 401  
 IX. 6: \*3762  
     7: \*1272  
 X. 1: \*2918, 5290, 9961  
     2: 2833, 3731, 9843, 11159  
     13: 12071  
     14: \*2858  
 XI. 8: 4331, 11799  
 XII. 1: 12137  
     3: 4584, 5075  
     4: 11102  
     6: 3914  
     10: 362, \*1915, 3175, 7136,  
         9757  
 XIII. 3: \*1131, 5365, 11108  
     9: 5269  
     14: \*442, \*1594, 7884  
 XIV. 1: 2662  
     3: 2116, \*3034  
     5: \*1485, 10293, 11316  
     5, 6: 8615  
     5-7: 10809  
     6: 2419  
     7: 2736, 4738, 5073, 8897,  
         11521  
         ISAIAH.  
 I. 1: 9983  
     2: \*1982, 3793, 9905  
     2, 3: 3291  
     3: \*1580, \*1981, 3315, 4883,  
         6515, 9221,  
         10868  
     4: 11694  
     5: \*792, 5442, 7435, 9406,  
         9714, 12153  
     5, 6: 6144  
     7: 3382  
     8: 5423  
     11-13: 8962  
     15: 3232  
     16: 2968, 3880, 6007  
     18: 433, \*2280, 4863, 7108,  
         7203, 7934, 11756  
     19: 10767  
     21: \*427, 5126  
     23: \*282, 2454  
 II. 2, 3: \*3763  
     2-4: \*2325  
 II. 4: \*1386, \*2290, \*2478,  
         3479, 4080, 4357, 5961  
     5: 3639  
     10: 2543  
     11: 444, 3086  
     12: \*1250  
     21: 5123  
     22: 10332  
 III. 1: \*1270  
     10: 1755  
     12: \*2913, 7075  
     16: 2225, 9660  
     17: 2228  
     18: 6343  
     18-23: 2229  
     26: \*3657, 6992  
 IV. 4: 7149  
 V. 1: \*3537, 7277  
     1-5: 6686  
     1-7: 8897, 10016  
     2: 8334  
     7: 10386  
     8: \*559  
     11: 1661, 8180  
     12: 7465  
     14: \*104, \*105, \*1478  
     15: \*2055, 4376, 9228  
     18: 5323  
     20: 4457  
     20-22: 7692  
     21: 2036, 7014  
     22: 1657, 8171  
     23: 3436  
     30: 2086  
 VI. 3: 2509  
     5: \*746  
     6: 2650  
     7: 12341  
     8: 3994, 7185, 8384, 9137  
     9, 10: 9344  
     13: 8826  
 VII. 2: 8707  
     9: 12102  
     14: \*1920, \*1940, \*2287,  
         \*3520, 7119  
     15: \*1161, 3354  
 VIII. 6: \*2750  
     7: 5952  
     10: 3274, 5052  
     14: 11732  
     15: 3186  
     18: 5440  
     20: 371, 394, 4947, 6817  
     22: \*1440  
 IX. 3: \*1669, 9348, 10028  
     6: 1925, 2684, 8091  
     7: 1953, 2641, 7237, 9155  
     15: 1955  
     18: 2984  
     20: 1815  
     21: 1491  
 X. 3: \*582, \*2237, 2469, 4961,  
         12170  
     4: \*1476, 4783  
     15: 1852, 8311, 9803, 9939  
 XI. 1: 7149  
     1-9: \*2287  
     2: 674  
     6: 3929, 4920, 7070, 10989  
     6-9: \*2288, \*2290  
     9: 342  
 XI. 10: 8982, 10188  
     12: 2301  
 XII. 1: \*530, 3405, 4909  
     2: 12075  
     3: 4263  
     6: 3400  
 XIII. 1-22: \*3147  
     2: 1899, \*2322  
     9-11: 11721  
     11: 448, 11176, 11181  
     14: 1943  
     20: \*3138  
     21: \*3142  
 XIV. 9: 6009  
     9-12: \*3984  
     12: 4668  
     12-14: \*837  
     13, 14: 8008  
     16: \*104-106  
     16-18: \*1790  
     18: 8976  
     19: 5365  
     20: \*297, \*1794  
 XVI. 9: 5617  
     10: \*2043  
 XVII. 3: \*2039  
     6: 2419  
     14: \*2109  
 XVIII. 2: 3382  
 XIX. 4: \*2372  
     13: 4547  
     18: 5559  
     25: \*3356  
 XX. 5: 2030  
 XXI. 2: 5753  
     4: \*2515  
     8: 5929, 12197  
     9: \*1906  
     11: \*3102, \*3103  
     12: 7644  
     14: 1842  
 XXII. 13: \*1665, \*2214, 6194  
     22: 10505, 10674  
     23: 9757  
 XXIII. 1-16: \*2914  
     10: 3277  
 XXIV. 1: 2477  
     2: 8661, 11240  
     4: \*1008, \*1130, \*1381  
     7: 4958  
     8: 4171, 7817, 9324  
     15: 5761  
 XXV. 1: \*1520, 11389  
     2: \*2877  
     4: 510, \*2635, 9901,  
         11448  
     6: 8711  
     8: \*707, 1299-1302,  
         1336, 1713, 1761,  
         2846, 2926, 3200,  
         4104, 11910  
     11: 11184  
 XXVI. 1: 5183  
     3: 4364  
     3, 4: 5818  
     4: 5214  
     6: 10028  
     7: \*1169, 3240  
     8: 7145  
     9: \*864, 3986, 11463  
     10: 5883

- XXVI. 14: \*2272  
16: \*2746  
19: 717, 1273, \*2668,  
5027  
20: 4897  
21: 7995
- XXVII. 1: 1978, 4779  
2, 3: 7295  
3: 5972  
5: 4375  
8: 8524
- XXVIII. 1: \*931, \*1338, 8843  
11918  
2: 2017  
3: 4682, 8174  
4: \*1016  
5: 7663  
7: \*937, \*1089, 3326,  
8096  
9: 1837  
10: 1825, 1830, 5596,  
5607, 6790,  
7679, 10552  
13: 2015, 10971, 11417,  
11969  
14-18: 9871  
15: 2025, 4769, 9866  
15, 17: 7710, 7892  
16: \*1204, 8513  
17: 3919, 8497  
18: 1639, 9879, 10766  
20: 5758
- XXIX. 6: 9365  
15: 4229, 9876, 10494  
15, 16: \*1894  
20: 11606  
21: 2811, \*2898, 6102
- XXX. 1: 1982, 11703  
2, 3: 12071  
7: \*2950  
10: 2805, 7709, 11132  
15: 5011, 8561  
18: \*1518, 2343, \*2952,  
5368  
19: 2880  
20: 8993  
21: 7433, 10632  
29: \*2009  
33: \*1772, 2940
- XXXI. 1: 8598, 12071
- XXXII. 1-4: \*2287  
2: \*1561, 4366, 7147,  
7178, 9535  
5, 6: \*1616  
7: 571  
8: 595, 3546, 8928  
10: \*3018  
11: 1807, 3956  
15: \*1355  
15-19: \*2287  
17: 204, 205, 971  
18: 4843  
20: \*3027, 5241, 8614,  
11628
- XXXIII. 1: 5752  
6: \*2082, 9639, 11038  
9: \*1134  
14: \*1934, 2943, 3120,  
9499, 11297  
15: 3025, 3242  
15, 16: 6938, 10761
- XXXIII. 17: 453, \*650, \*898,  
2075, 2879, 7826,  
7859, 9456, 9476  
20: 5471  
20, 21: 8607  
21: 3610  
22: 2539  
24: \*3494, 9328
- XXXIV. 6: \*3198  
8: 12318  
16: \*244, \*249
- XXXV. 1: \*1341, \*1785, \*2290,  
9128, 9141, 11763  
1, 2: 2315, 10028  
1-7: \*2287  
3: 2692  
3, 4: 1412  
4: 3202  
6: 10028  
7: \*3332, 12137  
8: \*1997, 2338, 4743,  
6808, 7216, 8781,  
9537  
8, 9: \*1800  
8, 10: 734, 7798  
10: \*1129, 1436, \*1767,  
\*2023, 10034,  
10669, 10671,  
11771
- XXXVI. 1: 5423  
6: 5433, 12071, 12137
- XXXVII. 17: \*1711  
36: 8532  
38: 10663
- XXXVIII. 1: \*711, \*715,  
\*1600, \*2744  
5: 152, \*1199, 7793,  
11684  
10: 3059, 10246,  
10418  
12: \*2883, 3579  
6952, 8841  
17: \*2281, 9158  
18, 19: 11195
- XL. 1: \*453  
1-31: \*3531  
2: 10889  
3-5: 7173  
5: 2467  
6: 2703, 7779  
6, 7: \*1338, \*1384  
6-8: \*369, 6947  
7: 5946  
8: 2639  
11: 1782, \*2287, \*2972,  
3520, 3521, 4301,  
5549, 6751, 7833,  
8645, 8711, 10165,  
10188, 12209  
12: \*760, 1158, \*1482,  
1799, 2261, \*2725,  
3721, 4258, 4499  
14: \*1882  
15: \*3528, 6051, 7242, 12051  
15, 17: \*1507  
16: \*590  
17, 18: \*1519  
22: 626  
24: 6135  
26: \*2798  
27: 2244
- XL. 23: 223, 1158, 9025, 9053  
31: 1016, 2094, 4265, 4391,  
5487, 8209, 8229,  
8845
- XLI. 6: \*549, 9519  
10: 1886; 2480  
13: 2269, 9065, 9277  
14: 3200, 12209  
17: \*2971, 4487, 5449  
18: \*1810  
23: \*1781, 9738  
24: \*2813, 3152  
29: 3225
- XLII. 3: 8570, 12209  
4: \*447, 7152, 7242,  
8613  
7: 1746, \*2327, 3156  
10-12: 499  
11: 11595  
16: \*1638, 6822, 6856  
17: 9730  
20: \*2403, 4181, 4954
- XLIII. 1: 11337  
2: 1266, \*1566, 11232  
5: 11484  
6: 10020  
7: \*2224  
11: 3375  
20: 3459  
22: 3730  
25: 4300  
26: 4751  
27: 5611
- XLIV. 3: 2208, 8671, 9554  
4, 5: 1441  
7: \*2602  
12: \*2087, 4783  
15, 16: 366  
19: 3146  
20: 2172, 12137  
22: \*475  
23: \*1355  
24: \*1481, 9024
- XLV. 1: 3474  
5: 7020  
8: \*1485  
9: 5510, 9063  
15: 2513  
18: \*2224, 3791  
19: 2206, 5117  
22: 8540
- XLVI. 1: 711  
4: \*2413, \*2416, 4203,  
10808  
8: \*2277, \*3052  
10: 4222, 10123
- XLVII. 4: 11299  
7: 444, 4031, 10162  
9: \*2172  
10: 1832, 3258, 10126  
13: 9740  
15: 9010
- XLVIII. 1: 2374  
2: 12071  
3: 10786  
4: \*2405, 4184  
10: \*66, \*599, 4890,  
6397, 6405,  
12043-12049  
17: 4772  
18: 8517

- XLVIII.22: \*880,5917,11391-11398,11814
- XLIX. 4: \*1048,10974,11569  
7: 2153  
8: \*2885,10828,10833  
13: 10665  
15: \*1716, \*2191, 2210, 3694,3696,10345,11555,11593  
15, 16: 8607  
16: 704  
18-23: \*2288  
23: 9232
- L. 1-7: 12071  
2: 8033  
6: 7187  
7: 10824  
7-9: 9518  
10: 2252  
11: 2796, 3164
- LI. 1: 2672, 3092, 6656, 9661  
3: \*1035, \*2287, 2444, 10879  
6: \*1076, 6149, 8607, 9385  
7: \*2654  
9: 1611  
11: \*1710, \*1766, 3399, 10665  
12, 13: 7778  
13: 10708  
14: 2894, 6130
- LII. 1: 2218, 4496, 9541  
2: 10951  
3: 10507, 11800  
7: 10551, 11577,  
9: 2693  
11: 2969, 7931, 9549  
12: 4768  
15: 11821
- LIII. 1: 11132  
2: 4470, 7140, 8858, 11863  
3: 715, 3476, 5414, 5943  
4: 419, 506, 671, 2574, 4024, 4922, 9266  
5: \*612, \*615, 4104, 4821, 5520, 6995, 7122, 7199, 7666, 8429, 10882  
6: \*616, 3785, 9288, 9826, 11296  
6-8: \*3886  
7: \*614, 681, \*3252, 3524  
8: 722  
10: 10798  
11: 669, 3446, 4495  
12: 697, 3338, 3845, 7153, 9962
- LIV. 1: 5660  
4: 8067  
5: 7116, 12162  
10: 8607  
11: \*1632  
12, 13: \*2287  
13: 7094, 11860-11863, 11904-11909  
14: 2262, 7282
- LV. 1: 816, \*1193, 2383, 2660, 3910, 5683, 8711, 10507, 10885, 11151, 11382, 12205-12207
- LV. 2: \*1427, 2582  
4: \*1637, 10188  
5, 6: \*2311  
6: 1697, \*2755, 4707, 4970, 5408, 5970, 7737, 9461, 10823, 11591, 11631, 11911  
7: 4294, \*2282, \*2864, 8900, 10883  
8: \*2812, 5699  
9: 688  
10: 385  
11: \*1976, 2585, \*2593, 4633, 7533  
12: \*2375
- LVI. 1: \*2591, \*2977, 3435  
2: 1615, 5130, 11545  
4: 7580  
7: 11108  
10: 3948  
11: \*1536, \*2218, \*2736, 7596, 7597, 10938  
12: \*2985, 4709, 9951, 10684
- LVII. 2: \*1752, 2895, 7781, 11814  
9: 10948  
10: 1768  
12: 1769  
15: \*1119, \*1693, 1944, 6107, 3097, 8418, 8419, 9667  
20: 553, \*876, 3981, 6013, 6171, 9289, 12155  
21: 11814
- LVIII. 1: 1790, 1793, 3964, 4604, 5472, 12339  
3: 2233  
3-6: \*1286  
5: 11849  
6: \*1288, \*1389, \*2764, 3554, 7918  
7: 3295  
7, 8: 1605  
10: 10782  
11: \*1699, 2096, 2615, 2743, 6029, 8897, 9114, 11261  
12: 10587  
13, 14: 1615, \*2696, 5136, 8022, 11548, 11860
- LIX. 1: 8033  
2: 4553  
3: \*893  
4: \*2067  
5, 6: 12137  
7: 5687, 11975  
8: 9832, 12086  
9: 3432  
10: \*2623, 3589, 5433  
14: \*538  
15: \*1272, \*2236, 10892  
16: \*2006, \*2708  
17: 6262, 12150, 12344
- LX. 1: \*2324, 2970, 4934, 7213  
3: \*2589, \*3408  
3-22: \*2287  
4-9: \*3069  
8: 8147  
11: 1348, 2857, 4573, 8219
- LX.16: 4108  
18: 2660  
18-20: \*3070  
19: 3728  
20: 8157  
21: 8615  
22: 5692, 10298
- LXI. 1: \*2108, 2182, 6991, 7404, 8847, 11745  
1-3: \*1560  
2: 12318  
3: 3781, 7514, 8615, 8853  
4: \*2634  
4, 11: \*2590  
6: \*1504  
7: \*1582, \*2902  
10: 3445, 4274, 10028  
11: 3928
- LXII. 1: 4135, 5072, 7919  
3: 2471, 3378  
6: 4607, 12335  
10: 5495  
12: 6759, 6760
- LXIII. 1: \*3198, 9178  
1-6: \*3354  
3: \*4106  
4: 12318  
7: 10099  
8: 3750, 5819  
14: 4782  
15: 6274  
16: 684, 2479, 4883
- LXIV. 1: \*1386  
4: \*1719, 9455  
6: \*504, \*1384, 1425, \*2111, \*2689, 3037, 3615, 4415, 7750, 7931, 10189, 11565
- LXV. 1: 1565, 7233, 7545  
2: 5696  
4: 4019  
5: 4658, 9124, 10941  
6: 5752  
14: \*1696, 3399  
17: 6161  
17-25: \*2291  
20: 6154, 12225  
23: \*1064  
24: 1226  
25: 7692
- LXVI. 1: 9421  
2: \*2483, 12304  
11: 4212  
12: \*2479, 3610  
13: 3017, 3313  
14: 11459  
18: 2207, 5701  
20: \*3023  
23: 5132  
24: \*2753
- JAMES.
- I. 1: 2728, 8556, 9984  
2: 1192, 5664, 6975  
3: 2133, 4343, 5765, 10918  
4: \*2467, 3203, 3790, 4340, 8056, 10916  
5: 12239  
5, 6: 5740  
6: 2144, \*2725, 7920, 9978



- I. 7: 7039  
 8: \*913, \*1185, 1622, 3237, 6772, 8142, 9534, 12326  
 9: 1738, 1907, \*2524  
 11: \*1282, 3037, 5110, 5653  
 12: \*1734, 1881, \*2852, 5661  
 14: 1468, 1506, \*2856, \*3418, 4098, 5694, 10363, 11927  
 15: \*9091, 5349, 10362, 11693  
 16: \*1113, 3997  
 17: \*844, 2451, 2548, 3625, 9008, 9071, 9795, 10280  
 18: 4925, 5228, 11611  
 19: 3317, 5628  
 22: 6805, 7225, 9362  
 23: 2312, 2820, 3220  
 24: 1343, 3219, 3667, 8792  
 25: 3, 2335, 2489, 3529, 6286, 9361, 10473  
 26: 213, 214, 5221, 11689, 12007  
 27: 197, 898, \*2637, 4276, 4946, 5190, 10084, 10858
- II. 1: 2468  
 2: \*1538, 1645  
 2-4: \*2520  
 4: 10947  
 5: 789, \*1203, 2119, 2526, 2682, 4748  
 7: 9804  
 8: \*2491, 5265  
 10: 876, 1090, 1333, 1981, 3531, 3643, 5336, 5352, 6227, 7339, 10777, 11736, 11739  
 12: 11259  
 13: 2647, 3903, 5057, 5062, 7669, 10466  
 14-16: 2148  
 15, 16: 1993  
 16: 5568, 10994  
 17: \*1202, 6133, 7225, 7963, 8558, 8946  
 18: \*1210, 2620, 3584  
 19: 2108  
 20: 2074  
 21, 22: 1221  
 22: 2082, 2149, 8852  
 24: 2276  
 26: 2134, 8603, 8605
- III. 1: 10780  
 2: 7860  
 4: 1971, 2160, 5395  
 5: \*897, 2146, 3645, 5778, 6708, 6979, 11739, 11742, 12011, 12148  
 5, 6: 1215  
 5, 6, 8: 529, 530  
 6: 580, 2246, \*2762, 5370, 5735, 12009  
 8: 5374, 6981  
 9: \*2228, 12008  
 10: 5555, 8457  
 12: 9213  
 13: 1058, 2442  
 14: \*883, 1924  
 16: 1105, 8390, 8394  
 17: \*1359, \*1456, 1608, 2441
- IV. 1: 12181  
 2: \*1533, \*2549, 10906, 11959  
 3: 4579  
 4: 2414, 3579, 6176, 7338, 8380, 8892  
 6: 2669, 2674, 9188  
 7: 1663, 2552, \*2855, 5508, 5551, 5659, 6220, 6228, 6971, 8005, 9595, 10992, 11180, 11877, 11930  
 8: \*519, 9403, 11649  
 9: \*2348, 5114  
 11, 12: 592  
 12: \*949  
 13: \*194, \*2890, 4153, 4790, 11991  
 14: \*768, \*1959, \*2113, \*2585, \*2650, 3190, 4711, 8378, 10239, 12137, 12218  
 15: 6304, 6305, 9069, 10999  
 17: \*947, \*1772, 3504, 7312, 7804
- V. 1: 3981, 4961, 5099  
 1, 2: 11504  
 1, 5: 5992  
 2: 2221, 5339  
 3: 3978  
 4: 6863  
 5: 1806, 4467, 6182, 9820, 11003, 11518  
 6: 3437, 5406  
 7: \*2953  
 7, 8: \*1079, \*2467  
 8: 612, 1011  
 10: 2002, \*2400, 2465, 8461  
 11: \*1659, \*1878, 1880, 2364, 2768, 4339, 4453, 5795, 8733, 9439, 11939  
 12: 4723, 5557, 7584, 10746, 10747, 12319  
 14: 11680  
 14, 15: 4581  
 15: 6522, 10563  
 16: 928, 2247, \*2538, \*2543, 4534, 4545, 4592, 8305, 10988  
 17: 4560, 11078  
 18: 4725  
 20: 798, 3942, 5454, 8028, 8303, 11796-11807
- JEREMIAH.
- I. 1, 8: 9990  
 11-27: \*3145  
 18: 7579, 9990  
 19: 10004
- II. 2: 3460, 11373  
 6: \*3331  
 10: 4192  
 13: 445, 11962  
 19: 250-253  
 21: 8615, 8616, 10016  
 23: 9880, 12137  
 25: \*819, 5685  
 28: 11569  
 30: 5762  
 34: 1639, 10662
- III. 4: \*1638, 2743
- III. 5: 3432  
 10: 8141  
 14: 3221  
 15: 10543, 11149  
 17: \*1646  
 22: 2668
- IV. 3: 5068  
 8: 2481  
 19: \*2117, 5696  
 30: \*208, \*933
- V. 3: 9344, 12083  
 5: \*1604  
 6: 10319  
 23: \*1691, 6220  
 26: \*1345  
 27: 7931  
 31: \*1070
- VI. 7: 11724  
 13: 6185  
 14: 1873, 3004, 5966  
 16: 5017  
 19: 5698, 10509  
 23: 1986, 3467  
 24: \*1253  
 25: 8692  
 28: 11395  
 29: 11138
- VII. 3: \*3045  
 4: \*251, 12071  
 24: \*2110, 5276  
 28: 10369  
 34: 10418
- VIII. 3: 7868  
 6: 5365  
 7: 2312, 10829  
 8: 4372  
 9: 3257, 6788, 6789, 10127, 12108  
 11: \*1159  
 15: 12063  
 17: 11940  
 18: \*917  
 20: \*2429, 10198, 10831  
 22: 2573, 4885, 4942, 5616, 7172, 7685
- IX. 1: \*2845, 5069, 5616, 10017, 10553  
 3: 5834, 7579, 12084, 12136  
 4: 9904  
 5: \*1244  
 7: 5942  
 8: \*1243  
 11: \*2021  
 17: 10657  
 18, 19: \*3625  
 19: 10021  
 23: \*2384, 3493, 4007, 5910, 7296, 11182
- X. 2: 2867, 11867  
 3: \*621  
 5: 3152  
 7: 2258, 4082  
 8: 5749  
 10: 1961, 5848  
 12: 2566  
 15: 1925  
 19: 5503, 9265  
 21: 10545  
 24: \*869, 1108, 1551  
 25: 2200, 2202, 8652, 9576
- XI. 11: 11693

- XI. 20: \*2858  
 23: 12318  
 XII. 1: \*1668, 4859  
 2: 9694  
 5: 7879  
 9: 8141  
 10: 7259  
 17: \*2372  
 XIII. 14: \*2506  
 16: \*2530  
 17: 4678  
 23: 578, 1217, \*2373,  
 2764, 3840, 4326,  
 7974, 9826, 10701,  
 10710  
 XIV. 8: 5923  
 14: 11130  
 19: 3890  
 XV. 9: \*720  
 16: 402, 5229, 5827  
 18: 2615, \*2785, 3876,  
 12137  
 XVI. 7: \*2350  
 9: 11366  
 12: 3083  
 18: 5342  
 20: 3145  
 XVII. 1: 10258  
 5: 5814, 12070  
 5, 6: 12071  
 5-7: 1544  
 7: 3047, 12072  
 8: \*1635, 2732, 3781,  
 12072  
 9: \*791, 1106, 2830,  
 3776, 7905  
 10: 4231, 11441  
 11: 1954, 7595, 11504  
 13: 12206  
 14: 3896  
 17: \*870  
 22: 5142  
 23: 3206, 3209  
 XVIII. 3, 4: 9722  
 4: 1546, 11036  
 6: 11036  
 11: 2762  
 12: 5331  
 20: 3295  
 22: 6165  
 23: 11737  
 XIX. 9: 8654  
 XX. 3, 4: 8707  
 9: 8244, 11111  
 10: 560, \*835, 2246, 5208,  
 6978, 11987  
 XXI. 5: 11722  
 8: 10278  
 14: 1922  
 XXII. 11: \*3062  
 19: \*300  
 21: 4763, 4764  
 XXIII. 1: \*2309  
 1, 2: 6266  
 2: 12172  
 4: 4330, 10914  
 5-8: \*1480  
 6: \*2020  
 10: 4718  
 11: 3899  
 12: 7717  
 XXIII. 23: \*2455, 4220  
 24: \*1493, 1509, 2531,  
 2538, 2560,  
 4218, 10814,  
 10817  
 29: 11617, 12284  
 34: 11559  
 39: 9043  
 XXIV. 3: 10387  
 XXV. 11: 3382  
 14: 9882  
 15, 17: 12311  
 27: 8175  
 XXVI. 18: 9993  
 XXVII. 3, 6: \*2914  
 5: 3585, 3791, 4175  
 13: 8032  
 XXVIII. 15: 12071  
 16: 1337, \*2390,  
 7793, 7849  
 16, 17: 12318  
 XXIX. 13: \*1512, 4553, 5245  
 13, 14: 7184  
 31: 12071  
 XXX. 2: 507  
 5: \*3530  
 15: \*1629, 3876  
 XXXI. 1: \*1836, 8650, 9642  
 3: \*1520, \*2182, 3686,  
 3708, 10354  
 12: \*1699, 9193, 9390,  
 10028  
 13: \*2435, 10028  
 14: 1044  
 15: \*3911  
 18: \*347  
 19: 6242, 9886  
 21: 3622  
 31: 9548  
 32: 3109  
 33: 9392  
 34: 7593  
 35: 3259, 4095  
 35, 36: 8607  
 37: \*1769  
 XXXII. 17: 8033  
 18: 2720  
 19: 4230, 9897  
 35: 3825, 5248  
 XXXIII. 3: 2504, 2518, \*2537  
 4556  
 5: 4313  
 6: 5849  
 11: 4519, 10028  
 13: 7443  
 14: 10985  
 16: \*2020  
 20: 4095  
 25: 2277  
 XXXIV. 5: \*977  
 8: 2382, 3555  
 17: 3552  
 XXXV. 18: 2006  
 XXXVII. 13: \*3575  
 XXXVIII. 12, 13: 7282  
 XLI. 8: 12030  
 XLIV. 23: 7125  
 XLV. 3: \*1630  
 XLVI. 21: 12170  
 XLVII. 2: \*2957  
 XLVIII. 2: 3309  
 XLVIII. 6: 4706  
 7: 5762  
 10: 8814, 9837, 11289  
 36: 5103, 6004  
 44: \*2613, 2745,  
 11717  
 XLIX. 4: 11504, 11513  
 11: 2116, \*2439, 4275  
 16: 4676  
 L. 5: 4449  
 6: 251, 6669  
 9: 9757  
 34: \*743  
 LI. 13: \*2315  
 15: 4258  
 37: 2927  
 37-43: \*3140  
 39: \*2772  
 57: 9955  
 JOB.  
 I. 1: 12128  
 5: 4308  
 6: 1501  
 6-22: 8597  
 7: \*836, 5201, 11588  
 8-12: 5657, 10063  
 10: 7926  
 12: 11928  
 20: 8924  
 21: \*2656, 7258, 8586, 10650  
 22: 9262  
 II. 2: \*838, 9089  
 4: 3598, 3605, 7836, 10225  
 6: 11928  
 9: 5660, 10572  
 10: \*1153, 8597, 9262  
 11: 5582  
 III. 10: 5933  
 13: 7827  
 14: \*2496  
 17: \*718, 735, 1306, \*2662,  
 3516, 5013, 7814  
 18: \*1591  
 19: \*691, \*704, 4137  
 20: \*689, \*813, \*2317,  
 3981, 9331  
 21: \*810  
 22: 7802  
 23: \*625, \*726, \*1292,  
 1602  
 26: \*1037, \*1585  
 IV. 2: \*979  
 3: \*1042  
 7: 3307, 10064  
 8: \*1152, 11598  
 10: \*1285  
 12-21: \*3388  
 13: 2316, \*2772  
 14: \*1933  
 19: \*2339, 6880  
 20-22: 9662  
 V. 2: 1918, 4320  
 6: \*853, 3377, 3890, 8053,  
 12066  
 7: \*1626, \*1942, \*2147,  
 2785, 5803, 9334,  
 12063  
 9: 10672  
 12: \*861, \*1997, \*2320  
 13: \*2284

- V. 14: 6853  
 17: \*864, \*2787, 5796, 7571, 9823  
 21: 5219  
 23: 4443  
 26: \*2418, 3835, 9187, 9484
- VI. 4: \*682, \*1630, 6569, 11709  
 8: \*1184  
 13: 9717  
 14: \*1410, \*1879, \*2319, 5566  
 15: 10272  
 15-17: 12137  
 18: 4333  
 24: 11688  
 25: 11690, 11839  
 30: \*2835, 5590
- VII. 1: 1360, \*2133, \*2911, 6125, 10224  
 2: 11672  
 3: \*874  
 6: \*2119, 2964, \*3029, 3596, 3623, 4251  
 7: \*919, \*923, 3579, 8151, 11163  
 9: 7330  
 10: \*1708  
 16: \*410, 2182, \*2929  
 17: \*1933, \*2000, \*2222, 3771, 3777, 9800, 10385, 10395  
 18: 11160  
 20: 5358
- VIII. 3: \*811  
 7: \*2161, 5387  
 8: 4739  
 9: \*1030, \*3056, 3159, 3495, 3539  
 10: 1000, 1822  
 11: 9692  
 13: 3052, 3056  
 13, 14: 9692, 9695  
 14: \*271, 2759, 3067, 9702, 12071  
 15: 4454  
 20: 9518
- IX. 4: 10812  
 5, 6: 8258  
 7: 9027, 9029, 9073, 9740  
 9: \*1769  
 11: \*1516  
 20: 1453, \*2484, \*2588, 3211, 3451, 9799  
 23: 3304  
 24: 3579  
 25: \*2114, \*2138, 3586, 10254  
 25, 26: \*2428  
 26: \*2868, 3579, 3621  
 30: 432  
 30, 31: \*2008, 3782, 5328, 11710  
 33: 4882, 10453
- X. 1: \*872  
 9: \*2230, \*2399  
 14: 11725  
 16: 5427  
 17: \*2367  
 20: 3797  
 21: 5047
- XI. 22: 4260  
 XI. 2: 11899  
 3: \*2685  
 7: \*761, \*1513, 2512, 5784, 7922  
 7, 8: 5055  
 7-9: \*1500  
 9: \*2724  
 10: \*2365  
 11: \*2574, 3081, 3159, 4268, 12139  
 13: \*964  
 16: \*1627, \*2316, \*2867  
 18: 5239, 9630, 11450
- XII. 2: 8690  
 7: \*1992, 2038  
 8: 1828, \*2381  
 8, 9: \*1485  
 9: 1158  
 10: 11439  
 25: \*1434, \*1690, 9958
- XIII. 2: 3125  
 4: 3754, 4441, 10368, 12137  
 8: \*1989, 4332  
 12: \*2336  
 13: 4055  
 14: 2056  
 15: 1714, 8589, 8597, 11521  
 17: \*1597  
 21, 22: \*1601  
 23: 5260  
 26: 6257  
 27: \*2402
- XIV. 1: \*2334, 3562, 5809, 6157, 10389, 11848  
 1, 2: 10271  
 2: \*326, \*1338, \*2120, \*2335, 3238, 3579, 3586, 8626, 8763, 8843  
 3: 3187  
 4: 3081, 3222, 7318  
 5: \*1354, \*2126, 10218  
 7: 5031, 9613  
 7-15: 11454  
 10: \*712  
 12: \*1601, \*2668, \*2766, 5025  
 13: \*705, \*1600  
 14: \*663, \*699, \*735, \*1931, \*2420, \*2942, 3191, 3195, 8666, 8903, 9443, 11467  
 19: 3071, 10193  
 20: \*1596  
 21: 10896  
 22: \*2348, 2440
- XV. 2: 3505  
 3: 2958, 4864  
 4: 4564  
 9: 11171  
 11: \*2785  
 12: \*813  
 12, 13: \*2354  
 14: \*2689  
 16: 3308, 9542, 9655  
 20: 2821  
 21: 4753, 7762, 5359, 5512, 5710, 11248
- XV. 25: 11333  
 26: 4054  
 31: 2558, \*2929, 11624
- XVI. 2: \*454, 520, 10064  
 5: 1405, 3452, 3471  
 6: \*1632  
 16: \*1883  
 19: 4328, 9894, 11340
- XVII. 5: \*1327  
 7: 5690  
 9: 1563, \*2488, \*2617, 7551  
 11: 5716, 11604  
 13: \*444, \*1593  
 14: \*2220  
 17: \*2650
- XVIII. 4: 4323, 5626  
 5, 6, 18: 7728  
 10: 11754  
 11: \*816, \*918, \*1307, 11394  
 14: \*732, 1374, 1727, 3574, 7754, 7756, 7775
- XIX. 6: 3890  
 14: \*1418, 10781  
 21: \*2319  
 23: \*276, \*2112  
 24: \*755, \*1799, 4372, 5327, 10933  
 25: 205, \*479, \*1193, 1272, 7851, 8513, 11299  
 25-27: \*3626  
 26: \*687, \*717
- XX. 4, 5: 3120  
 5: \*1653, \*2043, \*2598, 3387, 3401, 4462, 5918, 6017, 9707, 12320  
 8: \*920, 5726, 7878  
 10: 5019  
 11: 6248, 11210, 12329  
 15: 11504  
 15, 22: 11503  
 16: 2753, 4465, 6578, 11706  
 18: 5020
- XXI. 6: 1959  
 \* 7: 6304, 12225  
 11-13: \*2509  
 12: 2780  
 13: \*2214, \*2312, 2938, 3977, 5722, 6215  
 14: 2483, 3260, 6151, 6605  
 15: 4814  
 18: \*1700  
 23: \*674  
 23, 24: 7779  
 26: \*1588, \*1598, 1748, 7782, 10646  
 30: 10053, 11294  
 31: 3176  
 32: \*442  
 34: 5884
- XXII. 2: 10515  
 10: 6165  
 14: 7329  
 15, 16: \*777  
 16: 2314  
 19: 3305  
 21: 2848, 4355  
 23, 24: 2577

- XXII. 25: 2490  
 26: \*1488  
 29: 3097, 3452  
 XXIII. 3, 8, 9: \*1512  
 10: 5418, 11767  
 12: 384  
 13: 9060  
 XXIV. 1: 11990  
 13: 3793  
 14: 10659  
 15: 9693, 10743  
 17: 7816, 8429, 10743  
 24: 1723, 7865  
 XXV. 3: 3634  
 XXVI. 7: \*570  
 8: \*449, \*1989  
 10: \*2601, \*2727, 4775  
 11: \*1508  
 14: 2517, 9073, 10672  
 XXVII. 6: 3242  
 8: 3118  
 10: 11106  
 16, 17: 5111  
 19-22: 1275  
 20: \*683, \*919, 1724,  
 \*2646  
 20, 21: 7892  
 21, 22: \*694  
 XXVIII. 1: \*1532  
 5: \*1538  
 6: \*1527  
 10: 2449, 3610  
 14: \*1663  
 15: 2582  
 22: 8632  
 24: \*1511, 4228  
 XXIX. 2: 10908  
 4: 11364  
 11, 12: 5892  
 12, 13: 1670  
 13: 1845, 10655, 10950  
 14: 11526  
 15: \*1780  
 XXX. 2: 3575  
 5: 6229  
 12: \*3057  
 18: 3044  
 23: \*669, \*692, \*1593,  
 \*2339, \*3478, 8842  
 25: \*2823  
 28: 11854  
 XXXI. 3: 2949  
 5: 3029  
 6: 3408, 3415, 3440  
 15: 3789  
 24: \*1537, 2584  
 24, 28: \*1873, 5090  
 27: 9314  
 33: 5325  
 37: 2923  
 XXXII. 6: 4238  
 8: \*2302, 3798  
 9: \*1609, 9240, 9801  
 10: 4236, 10825  
 18: \*2833  
 XXXIII. 4: \*1956  
 6: 4272, 10827  
 13: 3770  
 14: \*1596  
 15: 5384, 8144, 8150  
 16: \*1678, 8144, 8150  
 XXXIII. 17: 5762  
 19: \*2746, 4282  
 24: 4395  
 XXXIV. 3: 5591  
 4: 4797  
 11: 4049  
 12: 3411  
 15: \*1533  
 19: \*2232, \*2496  
 20: \*719, 7862, 10620  
 21: 4224, 10818  
 22: 4223  
 32: 1389, 3505  
 33: 5223, 10244  
 37: 1554  
 XXXV. 10: 327, 1606, 2930,  
 5413, 5925,  
 11769  
 14, 15: 1632  
 XXXVI. 4: 4232  
 8: 7917  
 10: \*873, 4700  
 12: 1357  
 13: \*750  
 18: 1347, 6217, 7834,  
 10329  
 22: 5596  
 26: \*1611, 2617, 2725  
 27: 5393  
 29: 5785  
 XXXVII. 5: \*1942, 9002  
 6: \*2280  
 8: \*2758  
 8, 9: 9091  
 14: 571, 578  
 16: 1158  
 23: 2563, 9055  
 XXXVIII. 2: 3272, 3273, 8448,  
 11612  
 7: \*2362, \*2380,  
 \*2519, 2623,  
 \*4016, 10704  
 11: \*1151, 2525  
 \*2727, 10302  
 14: 5419  
 17: 1341  
 18: \*1011  
 31: \*1770, 3767  
 33: \*2436  
 41: 11265  
 XXXIX. 5: 3552  
 13: 5917  
 25: 2751  
 XL. 4: \*2813, 3089  
 XLI. 2: 12226  
 5: 8998  
 9: \*1873  
 22: \*1628  
 24: 2840, 8745  
 XLII. 5: \*787, 8513  
 6: \*2924, 4020, 7486,  
 7577, 11413  
 8: 3333, 4584  
 10: 1413  
 12: 4203, 10579  
 JOEL.  
 I. 2, 3: 8278  
 5: \*938  
 12: 3398  
 II. 1: 7285, 11114  
 II. 3: \*1034, 5959  
 12: \*1290, \*2350  
 13: \*2101, 7486, 8924  
 17: 4626, 5068  
 23: \*2620  
 26: \*1443, 5667  
 28: 1635, 2016, 2929, 3001  
 28, 29: 9554, 9555  
 32: 2180, 10507  
 III. 3: 6030, 11156  
 10: 12182  
 13: \*2111  
 14: 1397  
 15: 9613  
 16: 9613  
 17: \*2731  
 18: 2378  
 JOHN.  
 I. 1: \*3032, 6095  
 3: \*1317  
 4: 2824, 3349, 6171, 10280  
 5: 6171, 7151, 10280  
 7: 7894  
 8: 1526  
 9: 681, 2671, 10280, 12316  
 11: 5941, 7176  
 12: 7658, 7659  
 13: 4123  
 14: 753, \*1556, \*3521, 7141,  
 7149, 7534, 8251  
 17: 2634, 5829, 7167  
 18: \*1499, 2561  
 19-28: \*2041  
 21-25: 8320  
 23: \*3629, 7173, 9662  
 29: \*609, 681, 3372, 3522,  
 11348  
 33: 2989, 3285  
 43: 3990  
 45: 3163, 3380  
 46: 11803  
 47: 7792  
 48: \*797  
 50: \*3820  
 51: 7149  
 II. 1: \*3217  
 1-11: \*3216, \*4092, \*4105  
 5: 4161, 4172  
 7-11: \*3768, 9373  
 8-10: 8711  
 9: 7179  
 13-16: \*4048, 11919  
 15: \*429  
 17: 1792, 6268  
 18: 7792  
 19-21: 7149  
 20: \*292, 5426  
 22: 10977  
 23: 3976, 10560  
 25: 7031  
 III. 2: \*3825, 3974, \*4037,  
 4915, 10559  
 3: 4124, 4904, 10400,  
 10728, 11627  
 5: 3002, 4125,  
 7: 2858, 4895, 6685, 7530,  
 10729  
 8: 4794, 4090, \*4104, 6071,  
 6326  
 8, 11: 10736

- III. 9: 7384, 10732  
 11: 3494, 8523, 11954  
 14, 15: 7160, 7180, 7692  
 16: 337, \*1462, \*1486,  
 \*2012, \*2209, 2519,  
 2649, 6976, 7193,  
 10337, 10344, 11573  
 18: 1933, 3450, 5357, 6784,  
 10886, 11603  
 19: 9876  
 21: 12078, 12090  
 30: \*3254, 5247, 8390,  
 9662  
 31: \*1006, 5419  
 33: 9866, 11620  
 36: \*1217, \*2915, 5854, 7692  
 IV. 4-42: \*3954  
 6: \*3269, 3354, \*3551,  
 3608, 7008  
 6-30: \*3548, \*4024, \*4025,  
 \*4096  
 10: 1072, 4104, 11962  
 12: 2561, 11448  
 13: 12249  
 14: 2989, 4603, 5548, 6677,  
 9084  
 20, 21: \*3048  
 23: \*3051, 6209, 12309  
 24: 9045  
 27: 9153  
 29, 30: 7392  
 35: 10591  
 37: \*1971  
 38: 3250  
 39: 9154  
 39-42: 8513  
 42: 3361  
 46-54: \*3832  
 48: 9775  
 50: 9841  
 V. 1-16: \*3519  
 2: 994, \*3176  
 2, 3, 4: 5169, 5231  
 2-9: \*3175  
 3, 7: 10507  
 4: 2966, 10851  
 7: 9826  
 8, 9: \*3177  
 14: \*1256  
 20: 12054  
 21: 7212  
 22: 3407  
 24: 7505, 9158  
 28: \*299, 11455, 11820  
 28, 29: \*212, 5027  
 29: \*300, 5029  
 35: \*2151, 2650, 2979, 3637,  
 4329, 4600, 9662  
 37: 9032  
 39: \*247, 378, 1957, 5232,  
 6825, 7857, 10969  
 40: \*1397, 4504, 8084, 8492,  
 8860, 9498  
 44: \*1844, 11183  
 VI. 5-13: \*3706, \*3708  
 6: 2672, 4748  
 12: \*639, 6927, 11152, 11988  
 27: 1940, 8263  
 32, 33, 35: 8711, 11118  
 33: 12022  
 35: 681, 3075, 6930, 10454  
 VII. 36: 5874  
 37: 3373, 5244, 5361, 6300-  
 6303, 7111, 7169,  
 7255, 7528, 7755,  
 9973  
 44: 1483, 7558, 7792  
 48: \*1920  
 55: 4264  
 63: \*1333, 2654, \*2720,  
 2998, \*3023, 8716  
 70: 3406  
 VIII. 6: 1340  
 12: 6604, 6609  
 17: 403, \*459, 1594, 2629,  
 7248, 8525  
 21: 9822  
 23: 10079  
 24: 1965, \*2346  
 37: 391, 2375, 5166, 9771  
 38: 8520  
 46: 3371, 7191, 7493  
 48: 5944, 9229  
 IX. 1-11: \*3096, \*3097  
 4: 3266  
 7: 7044  
 10, 11: \*2026  
 11: 2679  
 12, 2319, 4104, 10280  
 24: 5858, 5875  
 32: \*1969, 2095, \*2296,  
 2382, 3549, 5486  
 32, 36: 8848, 8850, 10207  
 33-40: 6283  
 34: \*2939, 5248, 5333,  
 5376, 6899  
 34, 36: 8849  
 36: \*1388, \*2104, 2380,  
 3551  
 44: \*789, 1511, 3485,  
 8004, 10371, 11707,  
 12094  
 45: 9878  
 45, 46: \*2915  
 48: 4690  
 51: 10959  
 X. 4: 1255, 1728, \*2393,  
 \*2394, 3511, 10252,  
 10279, 10834, 12274  
 7: 5439  
 10: 6855  
 11: \*3194  
 17: 11686  
 25: \*3192, 4900  
 30: 4954  
 31: 11085  
 32: 6860  
 39: 6358, 6860  
 41: 268, 3500  
 XI. 1: 2918, 9426, 9470, 10109  
 3, 4: 785  
 4, 5: \*2743, 11677  
 5: 11675  
 7: \*1920, 4104, 7964  
 9: 656, 679  
 10: 7909  
 11: 4330  
 11-13: 11676  
 12, 13: 9771  
 13: 511, 3955  
 14: 681, 689, 2742, \*3989,  
 \*3991, 8645  
 XII. 16: \*440, 803, 1440, \*2743,  
 5862, 5866, 7277, 8942,  
 11623, 12114, 12115  
 17, 18: 7201  
 18: 1377  
 20: 2236  
 27: 294  
 28: 1875  
 34: \*2220  
 35: 10079  
 37, 38: 7167  
 XI. 1-44: \*3683, \*3686  
 4: 2470  
 9, 10: 10828  
 11: 1350, 11454  
 22: 2653  
 23, 24: \*2670  
 25: 5043  
 28: \*500, 3688  
 32: 9662  
 32-44: \*3685  
 35: \*1620, \*2350  
 36: 5616  
 38-44: \*3687  
 43-45: \*3681  
 49, 50: 8510  
 50: 2700, 2961, 2963, 3556,  
 4349, 8212, 9531,  
 11557  
 XII. 2: 7466  
 4: \*2936  
 7: 8967  
 12-19: \*3582  
 20, 21: 8942  
 23-28: \*2701  
 24: 11454  
 25: 1945, \*2171  
 26: \*1850, 2373, 5243,  
 9448  
 28: 4578  
 32: 659, 660, \*1483, 2871,  
 11117  
 35: \*1190, 2995, 10167,  
 10770  
 35, 36: 10828  
 36: 2118  
 37: 12104  
 43: 4514  
 46: 3638, 9840  
 48: 3423  
 XIII. 1: 7814  
 2: 1510, 11583  
 5: 8461  
 5, 6: \*3425  
 7: \*1764, \*1781, \*1782  
 10: 8725  
 10, 11: 1089  
 13: \*393  
 14: 5891  
 14-16: 1404, 9676  
 15: 1997  
 17: \*2925, 3486, 3609,  
 9332  
 27: 101, 103, 6729  
 32: 2986  
 34: 3684, 8211  
 36: \*970, \*2399  
 37: \*945  
 XIV. 1: \*406, \*580  
 2: \*1717, \*1718, \*1726,  
 \*1743, 1748, \*1763,

XIV. 6: \*2023, 2878, 2896,  
2902, 2910, 3014,  
\*3732, 7045, 8227,  
9421, 9473  
2, 3: \*1746  
3: 1370, \*2265, 9260  
6: \*393, \*1920, 2931,  
5939, 6302, 6303,  
7167, 7204, 7533,  
8514, 9339  
8: 7479, 7484  
11: \*404  
13: 7137, 8567  
15: 2321, 3709, 4166, 5666  
16: \*1800, 1811  
17: 5483, 9554, 12080  
19: \*1855  
21: 884, \*2177, 3710  
23: \*2499, 3683, 4726,  
9030  
26: \*1809, 5480, 9562  
27: \*2481, 4367, 5527,  
5804, 7844, 10929  
29: 4756  
31: \*1010  
XV. 1: \*1920, 5448  
1: 288, 1549, 2043, 2690,  
3147, 5756, 6395  
4: \*380, 5863, 7110  
5: 656, \*786, 5930, 7124,  
9826  
6: 6669, 7168  
7: \*2547, 4592, 11062  
8: 4022, 10636  
9: 10330, 10348  
11-32: 9172  
13: 732, 2409, 3724, 5274,  
8879  
14: 10698  
15: \*387, 2394, 2398,  
10536  
16: 8565  
18: 6153, 9117, 11351  
19: 4896  
20: 4405  
22: 2021  
24: 2712, 3976, 7166  
26: 866, \*2900  
27: 8522  
XVI. 3-8: \*3232  
7: 3721, 7126  
8: \*534, 1095, 2993,  
3008, 7556, 9553  
13: 3000, 5833, 5844,  
12080  
15: \*2949  
16: \*498  
17: \*3870  
18: \*1068, \*4100, 7202  
20: \*451, \*2435, 3567,  
5415  
23: 4531, 4585, 7137  
23-26: 11075  
24: 11090  
29: \*2644  
32: 5669  
33: \*354, \*825, \*826, 944,  
5774, 5802, 7298,  
12164  
XVII. 1: 5865  
11: 3276, 7270

XVII. 11, 21: 837-839  
12: 1094  
14: 12285  
15: 2959, 5281, 5489,  
11926  
16: 752, \*2502, 5164  
17: 3880, 4508, 5829,  
6802  
19: 6444, 6445  
20: 3282, 5690  
21: \*901, 3357, 12119  
24: 1709, 7140  
XVIII. 1: \*3451  
1, 2: \*1461  
10: 9959  
14: 3556, 4348  
25, 26: 9830  
30: 9739  
33: \*3214, \*3622  
36: 7252, 8110  
37: 4697  
38: 5825, 10010, 11389,  
12095  
40: \*3152, 8228  
XIX. 1: 7183, 8510  
2: 1745, 3376, 10467  
2-5: \*3287  
15: 4648  
17: \*4083  
18-24: \*3291  
23: 5878  
23, 24: 12114  
26: 6087  
27: 4046  
30: \*3131, 4885  
36: 7894  
37: 3381, 10018  
41: \*3451  
XX. 1, 11-16: \*3748, \*3749  
6, 7: 7741  
8: 9662  
13: 10009  
16: \*3746, \*3747, \*3752  
18: 9554  
19: 3658  
22: \*1813  
23: 9849  
24-29: \*4059, \*4060  
26: \*2821  
27: 661, 5856, 9840  
27-58: \*4061  
28: 10009, 11032  
29: 294, 7112, 8569, 8576,  
8580  
30, 31: \*3235  
XXI. 2-11: \*3435, \*3437  
3: 5024  
15: 1773, 1780, \*2836,  
\*2839, \*2840, 3520,  
5603, 6231, 7078,  
7086, 11752, 12209  
15-17: 7163  
21: \*2836  
22: 5008  
25: 5580  
I. JOHN.  
I. 1: \*457, 886, 7349  
5: 9035, 10285, 12056  
7: 1503, 1752, \*1802, 2387,  
\*2618, 2925, 4134,

I. 1: 6864, 6867-6870, 6873,  
7121, 7231  
9: 929, 2339, 4299  
II. 1: 3339, 5480, 7153, 9963  
2: 225-232  
2-6: 1384  
3: 3494, 7520  
6: 998-1005, 8473  
7: 49, 6361-6365  
9: 7299  
12: \*671, 1513, 1775, 6241,  
7071, 8807  
13: 4129, 5197, 12209  
14: 2140, \*3060, 6239, 12323,  
12324  
15: \*3038, 3800, 6138, 6159,  
7338, 8247, 11253  
15-17: 1414  
16: \*1251, \*2211, \*3041,  
4673, 8772  
17: \*862, \*974, 1801, 6170,  
11007  
18: 1749, 4243  
20: 2983, 3600, 4807, 5860  
25: \*714, \*1437  
27: 1820  
III. 1: \*1486, 10343  
2: 2870, 4558, 7812, 8910,  
10385  
3: 3059, 11303  
4: 10177  
6: 4952  
8: 3485, 7164, 8010  
10: 1938  
12: 1297  
13: 6153  
14: 7527  
15: 3758, 4047, 5330, 9959,  
10571  
16: 3362, 3706, 3724, 8316  
17: 4107, 9521, 11023, 11886,  
11889  
20: 4086, 7414, 11393  
22: 4532, 10976  
23: \*1212, 10772  
24: 9030  
IV. 1: 4929  
7: 3700, 8224, 10340  
8: \*1395, 9039, 10323  
9: 4347  
9, 10: 3727  
10: 1384, 10339  
11: 738  
12: 12056  
13: 5485  
16: \*1502, \*2179, 6067  
17: \*2188, 11317  
18: \*412, \*1311, 2255, 4389,  
8701, 8707  
19: 3712, 7522, 7895, 9152,  
10332  
20: \*1673, 3077, 3683  
V. 3: 3533, 4030, 5023  
4: 512, \*1211, 2112, 2141,  
4129, 5926  
5: 10364  
7: \*1578, \*2901, 5788, 12052  
10: 207, 2443, 6610, 12057,  
12103  
12: 10277  
14: \*2554, 9076

V. 15: 3340  
 18: 4952  
 19: 11699  
 20: \*902, 1593, 3494  
 21: \*1906, 7638

## II. JOHN.

I. 1: \*2091  
 8: 3672

## III. JOHN.

I. 2: 6098  
 5, 6: 9632  
 11: 3184  
 14: \*1409

## JONAH.

I. 5-14: \*3634  
 11, 12: 11790  
 III. 2: 5283  
 3: 6800  
 5-8: 11412  
 9, 10: 1487  
 IV. 3: 5616  
 4: \*3635, 5630, 9798  
 6-10: \*3636, 12137  
 10: 2735

## JOSHUA.

I. 1: 12100  
 5: \*1566, 5963, 10011, 10013  
 8: 3850  
 14: 12188  
 II. 18: 10090  
 18, 21: \*758  
 III. 3: \*3643  
 7: 5963  
 14-17: \*3627  
 IV. 6: 10635  
 V. 1: 8707  
 13-15: 7174  
 15: \*1634, \*3652, 6207  
 VI. 1-27: \*3578  
 6-21: 3576  
 8: 4061  
 23-25: 9632  
 VII. 13, 14: 1794  
 14: \*975  
 21: 3424, 12295  
 21, 25: 6145, 11923  
 21-26: \*1526  
 24: 11711  
 26: 9613  
 IX. 21: 4425, 9677  
 X. 1-14: \*3465  
 4: 9344  
 6: \*3466  
 6-14: \*3113  
 11: 7282  
 12-14: \*3653  
 24: 12158  
 XIII. 1: 4737  
 XIV. 9: 4158  
 XX. 3: 11359  
 XXIII. 10: 1901, 8304  
 11: 5978  
 14: 1765, 4655, 4750,  
 7782  
 XXIV. 14: 7907

XXIV. 15: \*379, \*583, \*584,  
 1257, \*1875,  
 2205, 2282, 2855,  
 3571, 3572, 4701,  
 5360, 7910, 8648,  
 11080

27: 6064  
 31: 10026

## JUDE.

I. 2: \*2480  
 3: \*1005, 1790, 2884, \*3067,  
 \*3656, 4607, 6193,  
 12346  
 6: 2943, 11294  
 7: \*2611, 4816, 11297  
 9: 5192, 8453  
 10: 5749, 9867  
 12: 5365, 7281, 8146, 8552,  
 9692, 9830, 9834  
 13: 6011  
 14, 15: 3422  
 15: 9901  
 16: \*895, \*1326, 2224, 4058,  
 7373, 8064, 10905  
 18: 4595, 11606  
 20: 3564, 5426, 6136  
 21: 3705, 8717  
 22: \*2829, 11133  
 22, 23: 6306  
 23: 1928, 6263

## JUDGES.

II. 14, 20: 12311  
 19: 12232  
 III. 8: 12311  
 15-22: 3281  
 31: 3281, 11045, 11978  
 IV. 17-22: \*3554, \*4001  
 21: 7995  
 V. 1-31: \*3319  
 18: 2198  
 20: \*2427, 5117, 7282  
 23: 618, 1866, 4120, 10753  
 28-30: \*4000  
 VI. 11: 4479  
 14: 8041  
 21: 6299  
 34: 9554  
 37: \*2167  
 37-40: 11387  
 39: 2059, \*3467  
 VII. 3: 1675, 8707  
 7: 7292  
 15: 1636  
 18: 3281  
 22: 7282  
 VIII. 24-27: 9959  
 28: 4368  
 IX. 7, 8: 10869  
 14, 15: 11166  
 27: \*1669  
 33: \*2406  
 X. 7: 12311  
 15: \*2657, 4998, 5800  
 16: 1681  
 XI. 1: \*2927  
 30-40: \*3569  
 31-39: \*3573  
 35: 2777  
 37-40: \*3572

XIII. 4, 13: 5546  
 19, 20: 6299  
 XIV. 5-14: \*3964  
 6: 2723  
 14: \*499  
 18: \*2167, 8711

XV. 4: 4797  
 13: 2755  
 15: 11045

XVI. 2, 3: \*3258  
 3: 7115  
 5, 21: 5313  
 21: \*266  
 24: 11541  
 25-30: \*3959-\*3961  
 28: 5072  
 30: \*3958

XIX. 15: 3042  
 29: 2960  
 XXI. 18: 3106  
 21: \*3020

## I. KINGS.

I. 7: 10199  
 42: 12135  
 50: 6444, 6445  
 II. 2: \*2277, \*3052, 3894  
 5, 6: 11295  
 11: 7404  
 28: 6445  
 III. 3: 4530  
 5: \*2550, 8148  
 9: 10135  
 12: \*2299  
 13: 3040  
 16-28: 3414  
 27: 3009  
 IV. 29: \*2301  
 32: \*2782  
 33: 5313  
 34: 661  
 V. 13-17: \*439  
 18: \*432  
 VI. 7: \*4050, 4904, 11158  
 VIII. 4: 7121  
 11: 1720  
 18: 9959  
 22, 23: \*4009  
 27: \*1509, 2049, 2536  
 30: 9421  
 38: \*1698  
 39: 9931  
 56: 11239  
 IX. 3: 2739  
 4: 2004  
 18: \*4032  
 X. 1: \*1258, 3414  
 1-9: \*3988  
 7: \*1255  
 XI. 28: 1868, 3248, 12277  
 40: 9959  
 XII. 8-14: 1114  
 13: 7591  
 31: 10554  
 XIII. 4: 9344, 12139  
 7: 3011  
 14-26: \*3909  
 XVI. 9, 10: 9636  
 18: 7409, 7412  
 XVII. 1-6: \*1271  
 4: \*310

XVII. 8-24: 9632  
 6: 2063, 2322, \*3373,  
 5894, 8777, 9375,  
 9376  
 9-16: \*1348  
 9-24: \*1113  
 12: 9632  
 14: 2211, 8778, 8932  
 18: 3884, 11716  
 23: 626

XVIII. 17: 6333  
 17-40: \*3132, \*3381  
 20-40: 3367, 3382  
 21: \*770, 3732, 4235,  
 4239, 5003, 7145,  
 7265, 7913, 8141,  
 9842  
 22, 40: 11045  
 24: 2556  
 26: 4550  
 27: 3877  
 33: 6299, 11383  
 42: \*3376  
 42-45: \*3379  
 43: \*3226  
 44: \*2159, 11697

XIX. 1-8: \*3371  
 1-9: \*3374  
 4: \*884  
 5: 2636  
 6: \*310  
 9-13: \*3377, \*3378  
 11, 12: 10711  
 11-13: \*1053  
 12: \*2748  
 20: \*1827

XX. 3: \*987  
 6: \*990  
 11: 6878, 6879  
 20: \*5541  
 28: 9734  
 31, 32: 2345

XXI. 2: 7598  
 20: 7412, 7422  
 25: 9848

XXII. 19: \*1730  
 28: 4176  
 31: 10663  
 34: 6567, 7675  
 34, 35: \*3112  
 52: 4034, 10649

## II. KINGS.

I. 4: 9344  
 II. 1: 4654  
 7-11: \*1052  
 8: \*3640  
 9: \*2902  
 11: \*530, 1734, 2488, 10435,  
 11768  
 11, 12: \*3368, \*3369, \*3384  
 11-14: \*3383  
 13: \*654, \*655, 3967  
 14-17: \*3380  
 15: 3372  
 16: \*3568, 9708  
 17: 1795  
 III. 13: 2831  
 15: \*2358, 4064  
 IV. 1-7: 9203  
 6: \*3834, \*3835

IV. 7: 1379  
 8-10: \*3390  
 8-37: 9632  
 18-34: \*3992, \*3993  
 24: 7941  
 26: \*989, 1007, 1008  
 30: 9785  
 32-36: \*3393  
 40: \*1347  
 V. 1: 5770, 10199  
 1-5: \*3812  
 7: 3590, 4837  
 10: 5169  
 11, 12: \*2370  
 13: \*954, 5436, 10383  
 20-27: 6641

VI. 5-7: 9584  
 6: 9340  
 8-23: \*3392  
 9: 2170  
 13-18: \*3389, \*3391  
 16, 17: \*2259  
 17: 6387  
 33: 8053

VII. 2: \*523  
 4: 1080, 11732  
 6: \*4028

VIII. 12: 9283  
 13: \*2853  
 IX. 22: 7412  
 X. 15: 2051, 2852, 6098, 9313,  
 12113  
 16: 6265  
 16, 17: 12338

XII. 2: 1833  
 XIII. 7: 11987  
 XIV. 9: 7379  
 XVI. 13-18: \*3116  
 XVII. 13: 3905  
 17: 2746  
 29: 10554  
 41: 4966

XVIII. 13: 1930  
 21: 11625

XIX. 22: 11167  
 35: \*2934, \*3983  
 XX. 1: 1329, 7748, 7832, 10922  
 5: 11102  
 9-11: \*2875  
 11: 3839, 4933  
 13: 374, 4670  
 XXIII. 3: 1400  
 5: \*1904  
 25: \*1173

## LAMENTATIONS.

I. 1: 11582  
 7: 11547  
 9: 1956  
 12: \*1622  
 18: \*2788  
 20: \*1832, 7608, 11391  
 II. 18: \*2482, \*2846  
 19: 1795  
 III. 6: \*1441  
 6, 7, \*2369  
 10: 11936  
 20: \*661, 3085  
 22: 7316  
 23: \*635, 2153, \*2331,  
 3913, 10498

III. 24: 2537  
 25: \*1518, 5405  
 26: 9613  
 27: \*955, \*3065, 5544, 7072,  
 12331  
 33: 1552, 4282, 7057, 12048  
 39: \*470, 912, 1493, 5631,  
 7284  
 40: 11640  
 41: 4549  
 IV. 1: \*1944, 3779, 8835  
 18: \*1747  
 20: 9901  
 V. 4: \*29, 71, 12205  
 9: 4393, 6130  
 16: 5442  
 18: 4754  
 19: 9011

## LEVITICUS.

I. 6957  
 1: 12100  
 4: 6613, 7394  
 II. 1-3: 10454  
 11: 10800  
 IV. 2: 12040  
 VI. 2-5: 7430  
 2-7: 12040  
 3-5: 11451  
 12: 8017  
 13: 12342  
 15: 10948  
 18: \*3431  
 37: 8787  
 VII. 11-15: 11945  
 VIII. \*1, \*2, 6276  
 IX. 11: 11735  
 24: 6299, 8017, 10286, 11383  
 X. 1, 2: \*3814, 9805  
 9: 6039  
 12: 11560  
 XI. 7: 1014  
 32: 1639  
 XIII. 45, 46: \*2102, 7931  
 47: \*927, 1639  
 XIV. 14, 17: 9369  
 15: 7894  
 53: 7179  
 XVI. \*3979, 7115  
 2: 9552  
 20-22: 7894  
 20-34: 11600  
 21: 6620, 7394  
 22: 10714  
 26: 7931  
 XVIII. 4: 10449  
 5: \*2631  
 20: 7097  
 XIX. 2: 2509, 4825  
 11: 1607, 8844  
 12: 3752, 9982, 10952  
 15: 3301  
 16: 5572  
 17: 2801, 4993, 11420  
 18: 3297, 5059, 11486-  
 11491  
 26: 11868, 11869  
 28: \*653  
 30: 5065, 5139  
 32: 104, \*2415, 4204,  
 4209, 6416, 6422



XX. 2: 3825  
7: 2977  
24: \*1480, 4917  
XXII. 16: 9805  
XXIII. 3: 5140  
9: 7179  
10: 9348  
10, 11: 11470  
10-14: 7923  
17: 7923  
27: 6618  
XXIV. 14: 420, 6840-6842  
17: 4306  
20: 11478  
XXV. 5: 12318  
8-54: 12318  
9, 10: 8849  
10: 1316, 5949, 8847,  
11745  
35: 4482  
XXVI. 1: 9733  
17: \*563  
25: 11307  
26: 1583  
29: 2210  
30: 9736  
36: 8692, 8707, 11394  
41: 3085  
XXVII. 2: 5950  
17, 18: 12318  
28: \*493, 10589  
32: 7443  
XXVIII. 30: 10592

## LUKE.

I. 1: \*2548  
15, 16: 9554  
17: 7077  
26-38: 6495  
27: 10813  
28: \*3753  
37: 8033  
43: 9554  
52: \*1885, 2598, 4668  
53: 6156  
54, 55: 4750  
63: \*4112  
74: \*2396  
76: \*3633  
78: 7542, 11855  
II. 1-7: \*3238, \*3275  
1: 11903  
4-7: \*422  
7: \*417, \*1962, \*3251  
8: \*2392  
8-14: \*3101  
11: \*257  
13: 2623  
13, 14: \*423, 3226, \*3239  
14: \*259, 1764, 4132  
15: \*418, \*3182  
15, 16: \*3745  
19: \*3248  
21: \*3281  
22-32: \*3998  
25: 4888  
29: 1289, 1753  
30: 5225, 7772  
32: \*3266, 8942, 10280  
34: 2636  
38: 2637  
II. 47: \*3273  
51: 4039  
52: \*370, \*995  
III. 3: \*2041  
4: \*396, 5637  
7: 12310  
8: 2533, 7518  
9: 10587  
11: 4084  
17: 3425, 9493  
21-23: \*3237  
IV. 1-13: \*3265  
4: 11630, 11871  
7: 9096  
9: 11853  
16: \*2821  
23: 1616, 2193, 3542, 5882  
24: 4623  
V. 2: 10008  
4-11: \*3436  
5: 6139  
5, 6: \*3438  
12, 13: \*3693  
12-15: \*3694  
17-26: \*3852  
21: 2344  
24: 9715  
27-29: \*3758, 9662  
32: \*1112, 11734  
33-35: 2232  
37: 6914  
VI. 3: 9104  
4: 8685  
8: 3465  
10: 2145, 9307  
12: 4572, 11807  
14: 7804  
16: \*2894, 5746  
18: \*337  
21: \*2348, \*2844, 3567  
23: 10023  
24: 8081, 11251, 12214  
25: 2429  
26: 7218  
27: 2341, 8349  
28: \*1985, 8788  
29: 3866, 10751  
31: 2591, 6320  
33: 8126  
34: 2421, 3454  
35: 1890, 3456, 3921, 8130  
36: \*2278, \*2279, 9650  
37: 2338  
38: 296, 299, 591, \*908,  
2460, 5045, 5053, 5105,  
7051, 7696, 8528, 8932,  
8969, 9809, 10204  
39: 2827, 6854  
41: 8682  
41, 42: 2242  
45: 2053, \*2761, 5474, 7501,  
9400  
46: \*393, 3227, 10448  
48: 7556, 9365  
VII. 2-10: 10090  
5: 4196  
11-16: \*4102  
11-17: \*2310, \*3815, \*3817,  
\*3818  
11-18: 7743  
12-15: 8532  
VII. 13: \*1624  
15: 4040  
22: 10847  
32: \*2135  
34: \*759  
37: 3376  
37, 38: \*3750, \*3751  
37-47: \*3755, \*3757, 9345  
37-48: \*2263  
38: \*520  
41-43: \*3321  
42: 3224, 6307  
44: \*1199  
47: 2676, 3908, 4296, 10334  
48: \*3754, 11720  
VIII. 2: \*2263, 6667, 9512  
5, 11: 5241  
6: 10001  
8: 11135  
10: 4068, 9747  
12-15: 2809  
13: 10070,  
14: 550, 1932  
15: 2819, 9588  
17: 7996, 9539  
18: 2814, 6624, 9360, 9378  
22-25: \*4040, \*4043, \*3610  
26-39: \*3445  
41-56: \*3559, \*3945  
43-48: \*4065  
43-50: 8532  
45: \*3491  
47: \*3332  
49-56: \*3562  
50: 5185  
52: \*962  
IX. 1: \*3895  
6: 9355  
11: \*2032  
16: 3761, 3764  
23: \*591  
25: \*1922, \*1929, 2426,  
\*2792, \*2797, 3675,  
4686, 5425, 5435,  
7526, 9786  
26: 1392, \*2025, 11473  
30: \*1714  
38, 40: 7515  
48: \*1613, \*1616  
49, 50: 9977  
51: \*1276  
54: 9959  
55: \*2680, 5255  
56: 4434, 11593  
57: \*600, 8769  
58: \*2501, 3247, 10112  
59: 2319, 8768  
60: 3788, 10188  
61, 62: 4712, 10437  
62: 162-165, 682, 5048, 10306  
X. 5: \*1263  
6: 2191  
7: 4620  
13: 6695  
14: 4815  
15: 9574  
16: \*2306, 5438  
17-20: 8958  
19: \*488, 9300  
20: 1855, \*2402, 3851, 5669,  
7858, 9482

X. 21: 4527  
 24: 9134  
 25: \*943  
 25-28: 11570  
 26: 4145  
 27, 36: \*2492  
 28: \*2686  
 29: 2022, 4436, 10721, 10723  
 29-37: \*3824, \*2387  
 30-37: \*3476, \*3955-3957  
 36, 37: 910, 10721  
 37: 3461, 10096  
 38-42: 9632, \*3172, \*3738,  
 \*3739, \*3743  
 39: 1771, \*3744, 9662  
 40: 6995, 6998  
 41: \*896  
 42: 9251

XI. 2: 2238, 8672, 10108  
 2-4: \*2166  
 2-5: 2660  
 4: 2342, 2355  
 5-8: \*3442  
 7: 1369, 8139  
 8: 3212  
 9: 2136, 4740, 8564, 9001,  
 9631  
 10: \*527  
 11: 1999, 2062, 2132, 8774  
 12: 9016  
 24: \*2660, 12299  
 28: 2810, 10558  
 31: 11766  
 39: 4431, 9385  
 41: \*97, 4215, 7923  
 42: 1691, 4432, 11362  
 44: \*1898, 5289, 7399, 9692,  
 9702  
 46: \*2096, 10176  
 47: 3164  
 52: 10124

XII. 1: 9692, 9887  
 1, 2: 3113, 9704  
 2: \*22, 581, \*1895, \*2059,  
 12051  
 3: \*2729, 11892  
 5: 2272, 2945, 4654, 6224,  
 8829, 11700  
 6: \*3190  
 7: 11810  
 9: 8260  
 13, 14: 2197  
 15: 1142-1154, 2314,  
 4201, 5102, 6000  
 16: 8770  
 16-21: 1150  
 16-31: \*3441  
 18: 1475  
 19: 3800, 5251, 8302, 11221  
 20: \*978, \*1018, 1347,  
 1954, \*2132, 4208,  
 4661, 5255, 7793,  
 11991, 11995, 12298  
 21: 5994  
 22: 8767  
 23: \*924, \*2125  
 24: 2322  
 25: \*2863, 4895  
 27: \*567, \*1337, \*1340,  
 \*1343, \*3701, \*3704,

XII. 27: \*4006, 8761, 9019,  
 10293, 10690  
 29: 8143  
 31: 2582, \*2640, 2853, 3603,  
 9194, 11847  
 32: \*436  
 33: 5755, 8552, 11785, 12031  
 34: \*1695, \*1817, 2959,  
 12033  
 37: 3618  
 39: 12201  
 40: 1758, 4857, 7807, 7854  
 42: 5497, 6232, 10780, 11753  
 43: 1687, \*2663  
 45: 8709  
 46: 1699  
 47: \*947, \*1772, 3505, 7611,  
 10044, 10753  
 47, 48: \*2659  
 48: 8939  
 52: 2197  
 59: 1385

XIII. 3: 1977, 4978, 12194  
 4: 8790  
 5: 4982, 11731  
 6: 2418  
 6-9: \*3426, 6686, 9270,  
 10016  
 7: \*3430, 7300, 7557,  
 7682, 10805, 12318  
 7-9: 5704  
 8: 3652  
 10: 11909  
 13, 14: \*728  
 18: 9770  
 18, 19: \*3810  
 19: 5851  
 23: 283, 9655  
 24: 943, 2869, 4941, 8925,  
 9490, 10109, 11229,  
 11568  
 25: 527, 529, 4710, 4812,  
 12017  
 26: 11991  
 26, 27, 4732

XIV. 5: 11550  
 5, 6: 5198  
 8: 2020  
 9: 4639  
 10: 6586, 9607, 9818  
 11: 3087, 4663, 11169  
 12: 4866  
 13: 2274, 6682  
 16, 17: 9657  
 16-24: \*4021, 8711  
 18: 2182, 3223, 5366, 8491-  
 8499, 9454  
 18-20: 1417  
 19: 2024  
 22: \*3421, \*3423  
 23: 6681, 11733  
 26: 4350  
 27: 4944  
 28: \*291, 4455, 4638, 12241  
 30: \*294, 10998  
 31: 7470  
 33: 10837  
 34: 12244  
 34, 35: 9830

XV. 2: 4431, 7813

XV. 3-7: \*3717  
 4: 10321  
 4, 5: 9200  
 5: 11675  
 7: \*2651, 3396, 4969, 5177,  
 7548, 10008  
 8: 2856, 3379, \*3997, 11345  
 8-10: \*3716  
 9: 10320  
 10: 7524  
 11-24: \*3897-3006  
 11-27: 11207  
 11-32: 11206  
 12, 13: 7982, 10274  
 12, 18: 8599  
 13: 2416, 4716, 6194, 11008,  
 11209  
 13-24: \*3907  
 14, 15: 11203  
 16: 8070, 12137  
 17: \*1826, 7556  
 17, 18: 11205  
 18: 336, 2237, 8702  
 19: 3862, 7351  
 20: \*2209, 3697, 3699,  
 11887  
 20-22: 11204  
 22-24: 10028  
 24: \*2172

XVI. 2: 11442  
 3: 3506, 8925  
 5: \*741, \*3320, 7041  
 9: 598, \*2219, 10377,  
 10573  
 10: 1573, 2298, 3433,  
 5834, 5837, 8205,  
 8735, 9412  
 10-12: \*1169  
 11: \*2683  
 13: 1619, \*2217, 4937,  
 7452, 9061, 11376,  
 12029  
 15: \*261, \*1897, 2024,  
 4645, 6199, 8415,  
 11219  
 17: 10174, 10181  
 18, 19: \*834  
 19-31: \*3336, \*3932  
 20-25: \*3682  
 21: 2287  
 22: \*650, \*727, \*960,  
 1757, \*2475, \*2941,  
 4352  
 23: 6520  
 24: 11214  
 25: \*485, \*1774, 3604,  
 3888, 6196, 8081,  
 9510, 10061  
 26: 2943  
 27: 2239, 4116, 9789  
 28: 4307, 4616  
 29: 5690, 6803  
 30: 8019  
 31: 10566

XVII. 2: 8679  
 3: 11419  
 4: 11907  
 5: 2132, 8567, 8579  
 10: 1675, 1701, 3922,  
 8215, 9109

XVII. 12-19: \*3696, \*3697  
 17: 7391  
 20: 2638, 2677, 3927,  
 9567  
 21: 2826, 9487, 10108  
 31: \*3877  
 32: 5271, 10909  
 33: 2169, 10314

XVIII. 1: 10157  
 1-8: \*3518, \*3664  
 4: \*2048  
 7: 3213, 11089  
 9: 3923  
 9-14: \*3884  
 10: \*2556  
 10-14: \*1352, 4430  
 11: 8925  
 13: 890, 518, \*2706,  
 5408, 7247, 7556,  
 8853, 9664  
 15, 16: 9860  
 17: 708, 9157  
 19: 4026  
 20: \*455  
 25: 7267  
 30: 1733  
 35-40: \*3153  
 37: \*3614  
 40: \*3155  
 41: \*2972  
 42: 2079, 12074

XIX. 1-10: 9632  
 1-16: \*4110, \*4111  
 8: 5019  
 10: 1826, \*2209, 3379,  
 3673, 3785, 3917,  
 9145, 10332, 10594  
 12-27: 10780  
 13: 2072, 6960, 8385,  
 10217  
 17: 2152, \*2157, \*3031,  
 3648, 9494, 10147  
 20: 3128, 9276  
 21: 9942  
 25: 11800  
 29-44: \*3587  
 40: 2840, 4619, 6465  
 41: \*3590, \*3618, 5616,  
 7366, 8057  
 41, 42: \*3318, 11991  
 42: \*583, 3570, 6166, 9568  
 44: \*582, 9991, 10828,  
 10832

XX. 9-18: \*3515  
 19: 4290  
 25: \*2810, 7010, 7909  
 36: \*1719, \*1932, 10526  
 46: \*1897, 2738  
 47: \*1898, 3233

XXI. 2: \*3966, 7043, 8186  
 8: 6146  
 18: 4777, 11270  
 19: \*2466, 4341, 5296,  
 9798, 10917  
 24: 2022  
 25: 9489  
 26: \*1310  
 34: 539, \*2131, 3741, 9536  
 36: \*2970, 5983

XXII. 4: 7123  
 6: \*2431

XXII. 19: 3666, \*4023, 5147,  
 8780, 10309-  
 10311  
 20: \*2167, 5149  
 22: 12024  
 27, 30: \*2023  
 31: 7546, 9190, 11926  
 36: 2718  
 39: \*3837  
 39-44: \*1458-1463  
 39-46: \*3463  
 42: 1477, 5503, 6086,  
 9040, 11098  
 42, 43: 7961  
 44: \*2155, \*3107, 8691  
 45: \*3334  
 47, 48: 9692  
 55-62: \*3874  
 61: \*3869  
 61-63: 8539

XXIII. 4: 10010  
 12: 5857  
 13-46: 611  
 17: 10713  
 18: 7916  
 21: \*3293, 10016  
 27, 28: \*3270  
 31: 7682, 11926  
 33: \*306-308, \*2640,  
 \*3211, 6983  
 33-38: \*3239  
 34: 672, 1186, \*1360,  
 4185, 8809  
 35: \*3841  
 42: 2354, 11401  
 43: \*652, \*982, \*2007,  
 2442, \*4056, 6585,  
 9970, 10873  
 44, 45: \*613  
 46: 1764, \*2154  
 55, 56: \*3811

XXIV. 1: \*3811, \*4011, 7179  
 1, 6: \*2698, 11858  
 11: 4605  
 13-32: \*458  
 13-35: 3395  
 25: 8339  
 29: \*381, \*3394  
 32: 200, 1062, \*3396,  
 6797, 8515  
 38: 11974  
 39: 9045  
 44: 4754, 11242  
 46: \*3213, 11556  
 47: 3992  
 49: 11047  
 50: \*3616  
 50, 51: \*3234  
 51: 657

MALACHI.

I. 1: 10375  
 4: \*2441  
 6: 2004, 4162, 9008, 11452,  
 11952  
 7, 8: 8971  
 8: 596, 10318  
 8, 14: 8967  
 10: 2431

II. 2: 424, 6851  
 6: 493, 3321, 11146

II. 7: 11109  
 10: 2487, 3453, 3789  
 12: \*1045  
 13: 3614

III. 1, 2: \*206  
 2: 4889  
 3: \*66, \*68, \*82, \*84, \*3730,  
 4826, 6397  
 5: 1205, 6065, 8368, 11474  
 6: \*2365, 9028  
 7: 4876, 10452  
 8: 4196, 8076, 9061, 12175  
 9: 10375  
 10: 5079, 6609, 11494  
 13: 3258  
 15: \*466, \*1665, 2797, 4782,  
 6189, 9318, 11255  
 16: \*2276, \*2645, 3882, 3885,  
 5695, 9533, 10262  
 17: \*371, \*573, 3377, 3378,  
 5162, 7261, 8030, 8031,  
 8048

IV. 2: 681, \*1920, 1972, \*2065,  
 2735, 3360, 5120, 5206,  
 5214, 7297, 10280,  
 11527, 11855  
 3: 5365, 12158  
 5: \*3730

MARK.

I. 6: \*3632  
 7: 9062, 9771  
 13: 5657, 11926  
 15: 11407, 11411  
 17: 10544, 11136, 11137  
 20: 3382  
 23-27: \*3327  
 24: 9513, 11801  
 35: 860, 5409  
 40: 7911  
 40-45: \*2102

II. 1-12: \*3852  
 3: 11803  
 7: 2344  
 17: \*759, 10443, 11734  
 22: 10972  
 27: \*2822, 5129  
 28: \*2821

III. 1: \*3488  
 1-5: 9:07  
 4: 5134  
 17: 8327, \*1057, 10841  
 29: 1937, 9568

IV. 5: 9159, 9296  
 9: 11313  
 12: 9748  
 13: 10871  
 19: 2719, 6182, 12294  
 24: 2803, 3465, 7696, 9810,  
 12290  
 27: 1900  
 28: 1825, \*2594, 4717, 5389,  
 10446, 10447, 10702  
 30: 3178  
 31: 437, 4659  
 32: 2732  
 34: \*1915, \*1043  
 35-41: \*4039  
 36-39: \*3450  
 V. 1-19: \*3444  
 7: 7805

- V. 9: 9512  
 9, 13: 11928  
 15: 4901  
 18-20: 7961  
 19: 4943, 7509, 7365  
 22-43: \*3361  
 28: 7194  
 36: 1978  
 41: 11818
- VI. 3: 2043, \*2086  
 6: 5610, 3261  
 11: 4695  
 12: 5362  
 17: 4693  
 17-27: 9344  
 17-29: \*3631  
 18: 2288  
 22: 6057  
 25: \*3953  
 26: 7413  
 31: 5717  
 35: 5720  
 45-50: \*3615, \*3981  
 50: \*821, \*2033, \*2477  
 56: \*2035
- VII. 5: 5982  
 8, 9: 7342  
 9: \*622  
 13: 6796  
 14: 4176  
 15: 9386  
 20: 13153  
 21: 1649, 2842, 9395  
 21, 22: 8535, 8770  
 22: 4671, 7906  
 27: 9569  
 28: 9198  
 30: \*4029  
 37: \*1218
- VIII. 4: \*3709  
 6: 8780  
 15: 3120, 9704  
 17: 8560  
 24: 10210  
 33: 9662  
 34: 538, 7641  
 35: 4315  
 36: \*1445, 2426, 2849,  
 3674, 5432, 6145,  
 8675, 10508  
 37: 2228, 8417  
 38: 921, \*2025, 5112,  
 11065
- IX. 5: 2924, 7574  
 14-29: \*3722  
 17-29: 7959  
 23: 2128, 10813  
 24: \*2753, 7512  
 29: \*3566, 8168  
 36, 37: 616  
 41: 1614, 3331, 4049, 9646  
 43: 9309  
 44: \*1777, \*1934, 2940, 9507  
 47: 2067  
 49: 2578, 4552  
 50: 3675, 4941, 9830
- X. 9: \*742  
 13-19: \*3228  
 14: \*371, 2872, 7081, 7087,  
 9861  
 15: 9157, 10108, 10983
- XI. 16: 366, \*367, \*2156  
 17: 338, \*943  
 19: \*455  
 21: \*600, 4021, 5434, 6971  
 23: 4961, 5087  
 24: 10636  
 25: 5089, 7267  
 28: 11435  
 30: 746  
 33: 1240  
 38: 7684  
 46: 6704  
 46-52: \*267, \*3157  
 49: 9195  
 51: \*3154, 6056
- XI. 1-11: \*3589  
 9-11: \*3262  
 11-13: \*2918  
 12-14, 20: 10016  
 22: \*1212, 2109, 8602  
 23: 1626  
 24: 2102, 8232, 8565, 11102  
 25: \*1673, 4832, 8799  
 26: 2340
- XII. 1-19: \*3515, \*4085, 10780  
 9: 8942  
 17: 7010  
 30: 6957  
 31: 10722  
 32: 2259  
 33: \*846, 990, \*2196  
 34: \*3672  
 38: 12219  
 40: 3232, 9693  
 42: \*1046, \*3773, 3998,  
 6743, 7043, 10610  
 43: 7046, 9959  
 44: 7445
- XIII. 3: \*3114  
 11: 11129  
 13: \*833, \*1078, \*2434,  
 11851  
 22: 3116  
 28: 7601  
 33: 5975  
 34-36: 10780  
 35: \*2332, \*2951  
 37: \*2969, 5928, 12165
- XIV. 3: 6941  
 4: 3326, 5730, 11999,  
 12183  
 8: 16, 1673  
 9: 9370  
 22: 5751  
 22-24: \*2168, \*3713  
 32-42: \*3458  
 36: 2530, 4485  
 41: \*2771  
 66-72: \*3872, 9662  
 71: 4724  
 72: \*3878
- XV. 5: \*3263  
 15: 7183  
 16-37: \*733  
 17: 10467  
 21: 7639  
 22: \*3475, \*3525  
 24: 7665  
 24-28: \*3290  
 31: 5892  
 32: \*3770
- XV. 33: \*608  
 34: \*607  
 39: 8942  
 43: \*3240, 4888
- XVI. 1: \*3255, \*3929  
 6: \*1587  
 7: \*3875  
 9: \*1027  
 12: \*458  
 13-14: \*3395  
 15: \*3120, 3988, 5958,  
 11121  
 16: 2115, 2122, 3970, 4740,  
 5859, 7921, 8192  
 17: \*3769, 7960, 10003,  
 10680  
 20: 3975
- MATTHEW.
- I. 1: 11942  
 21: \*2031, \*2034, 3368
- II. 1: \*3183  
 1-12: \*3674, \*3728, \*3729,  
 8942, 8943  
 2: 402, 419, \*4013  
 5: \*903  
 6: \*3179  
 9: \*3407, \*4014, \*4015,  
 5010  
 10: \*4108  
 11: \*421, \*2412, \*3406  
 12: 1637, 6224, 11429  
 13: \*386  
 13, 14: \*3361  
 15: \*3355, 10025  
 16: 1597, 10890  
 17: 2985  
 18: \*3522, \*3912, \*3918
- III. 1: \*2041  
 1-6: \*3628  
 2: 4916  
 7: 1247, 3117, 9506, 12310,  
 12312  
 8: \*2633, 4972, 11414  
 9: 4921, 10600, 11826  
 11: 4502, 10361, 11044,  
 11495  
 12: \*2678, 3057, 3425, 7276,  
 9421, 9493  
 13-17: \*3236  
 14: \*2032  
 16, 17: 5783
- IV. 1: 5652, 11928, 11929  
 1-11: \*4053, \*4054  
 2: \*452, \*1287, 8665  
 3: 277, 9739, 12270  
 4: 10107  
 5: 8320  
 6: 6489, 7077, 8458, 8983  
 7: 11399-11415  
 8: \*2893, \*3267  
 8, 9: 11237, 12287  
 9: 5198, 11772  
 10: \*2918, 4537  
 11: 6488, 8340  
 16: 2706, 7822  
 19: 6837, 10544  
 23: 7172, 9355  
 24: 11679
- V. 2-11: 6690  
 3: 9326

- V. 3-10: \*262, \*263  
 4: \*736, \*1625, 4969  
 5: 3854, 10468  
 6: 2910, 4381, 7150, 8478  
 7: 1847, 3466, 3921, 9650  
 8: \*1489, \*2614, 3385, 4822, 4823, 8145  
 9: 574, 7190, 10925  
 10: 6783  
 11: 4396, 4940, 5369, 7208  
 12: \*2945, 10434, 11499  
 13: \*2171, 2657, 5897, 6664, 9830, 9887  
 14: \*413, \*433, 3627, 5894  
 15: \*2944, 5936, 10287  
 16: 747, 799, 1002, 1749, \*2324, \*2917, 3391, 3393, 3636, 3640, 3864, 5976, 7036  
 18: \*916, 3531, 5391, 8607, 12078  
 19: \*1605, \*1613, 3642, 9396  
 20: 4025, 11956  
 23: 11310, 11552  
 24: 1688, 3668  
 25: 4710, 10040  
 26: 1385, 8528  
 28: 9959, 11480  
 29: 2067, 2940  
 30: 1732, 5210, 11553, 11696  
 32: 1597  
 34: \*2825, 4720, 4723, 5557, 11210-11215  
 35: 4156  
 36: 8705  
 37: 10744, 10745  
 39: \*1157, 1974, \*2655, 3360, 4141, 5058, 7250  
 40: 6226  
 41: 9682, 11697  
 42: 343, 3548  
 43, 44: 8931, 10641  
 44: \*1080, 1887, 2341, 2346, 4582, 6968, 7238, 8351, 8443  
 45: \*641, 2479, 2486, 2500, 8080  
 48: 4384
- VI. 1: \*344, 7050  
 2: \*1898  
 3: 8953  
 5: 11674  
 6: \*448, \*2553, 4502, 4577, 6294, 7325-7328  
 7: 4558, 4575  
 8: \*16, 4594  
 9: \*850, 2238, 2500, 4587, 6945, 8673, 9016, 9421  
 9-13: \*2165, 3661  
 10: \*231, \*501, \*2657, 5509, 6036, 10425  
 11: 276, \*783, \*1346, 2062, \*2239, \*3201, 6928, 8774  
 12: 2355, 8804, 11339  
 13: \*756, 6472, 8440, 11934  
 14: 8809  
 15: 2351, 7399, 8806, 8808, 8810, 9709  
 16, 17, \*1289  
 16-18: 2230
- VII. 18-28: 11421  
 19: 72, \*860, 5910, 6002, 9561, 10628, 11504, 11511, 12215  
 20: \*2683, \*2872, 5754, 7268, 9471, 12034  
 21: 102, 240, 2841, 3692, 6200, 11902  
 22: 2064, 2070, 8534, 9083  
 23: 3635, 4646, 6862, 7957  
 24: \*1529, 1621, 3762, 4121, 4925, 5257, 5937, 7269, 9141, 12282  
 25: \*925, 1642, \*2125, 2250, 11870  
 26: \*315, 4776, 6832  
 28: \*1339, \*1341, \*1344, \*3702, \*3703, 5391, 8761, 10293  
 29: 1804, \*4008  
 30: 543, \*2887  
 31: 6119  
 32: 2499, 4109  
 33: 654, 3480, 3780, 6961, 8193, 9194, 11570  
 34: 546, \*1160, 1256, 1969, 1989, 2267, \*2605, 4791, 7005, 7402, 9293
- VIII. 1: 10045, 10582  
 2: 412, 9810  
 3: 1003, 2242, 6689, 8105, 8634, 8687  
 4: 4644  
 6: 7712, 7931, 9827  
 7: \*529, \*2539, 3160, 7184  
 8: 5246, 7182  
 11: \*1539, 3699, 7487, 10347  
 12: 2590, 3542, 3920, 4280, 6320, 12275  
 13: \*831, \*1770, 8925, 12021  
 14: 1734, 2240, 2936, \*3453, 5986, 8927, 9422, 9472, 9490  
 15: \*2309, 9692, 9705  
 16: 169, 172-174, 2622, 3584, 5471, 9583, 10686, 10696, 11301  
 17: 2614  
 18: 9826  
 19: \*1429  
 20: 1069, 2276, 2629, 5882  
 22: 735, 4730  
 23: \*2757  
 24: 1364, 5123, 9365  
 24-27: \*1379, \*3941  
 25: 2639, 11529  
 26: \*2751, \*3204, 6011, 8837  
 29: 3371, 3857
- VIII. 2: \*2035, 7911  
 5-13: \*3227  
 8: 3862  
 10: 8942  
 11: \*1727, 2910, 2917, 2921, 3673, 4869, 9427  
 12: 1252, 4818  
 14-17: \*3881
- VIII. 17: 671, 723  
 20: 730, \*5253, 5923  
 21: 1678  
 23-27: \*4038  
 24-27: \*3454, 4882  
 25: \*4062, 12041  
 26: 7987  
 27: 7405, 8111  
 28-34: \*3329  
 29: \*1760, 5648, 11719
- IX. 1-8: \*3852  
 2: 3443, 7062, 10823  
 9: 4155  
 10: 9662  
 12: 1740  
 13: 1601, 3917, 7290, 9692  
 18, 19: \*3944, \*3946  
 18-26: \*3557, \*3946  
 20: \*393  
 24: \*227  
 27: 4975, 7339  
 28: 5032  
 29: 2078  
 36-38: \*3919, 10557
- X. 2: \*3627  
 3: 9662  
 4: 2406  
 6: 5292  
 7: 2638  
 8: 316, 6640, 6648, 10071, 10199, 10628  
 15: 3176  
 16: \*1958, 7080, 8865  
 17: 7012  
 19: 1690, 4610  
 21: 6942  
 22: 682, 1879, 2154, \*2487, 2631, 7090, 8343  
 23: 244, 1744  
 24: 1693, 1994, 5797  
 25: 5532, 10972  
 27: 2260  
 27-34: \*3193  
 28: \*1309, \*1925, \*2794, 3833, 4818, 5367, 5425, 8697, 10388, 11780  
 29: 2540, \*2605, 8610, 11264, 11810  
 30: \*2025, 4788, 4791  
 31: \*3189, 4092  
 32: 457, 924, 4915, 4933, 7239, 7390  
 33: 924, 4202  
 36: 6241  
 37: 3366, 4347, 7175, 8646, 10837  
 38: 1178, \*1689  
 39: 1739, \*2170, \*2260, \*2733, \*2734, 3597, 4112, 4349  
 42: \*346, 1406, 3287, 9646, 10091
- XI. 1: 8194  
 2-6: \*2311  
 5: \*391, 3974, 6766, 9360, 10381  
 7-9: \*3260  
 8: 1641  
 12: \*842, 4572, 8241  
 15: 9369, 11135  
 16: 2810

- XI.17: 11188  
 20: 4976  
 22: 4815  
 23: \*3234  
 25: 7070  
 28: 158, \*397, 1424, \*1654,  
     \*2008, 2787, 3344,  
     3352, 3367, 3916,  
     5010, 5012, 5096,  
     5441, 5551  
 29: 1834, 3093, 5437, 11176  
 30: 1172, 8195
- XII. 3: 8999  
 4: 7395  
 10: 3234  
 11: 11550  
 13: 2554, \*3486, 9826  
 19, 20: 2804  
 20: 1704, \*4003, 5206,  
     12209  
 21: 7198  
 22-30: \*3323  
 24: 6771  
 25: 2189, 8141  
 28: 10106  
 30: 4122, 5199  
 31: \*583, 3006, 11720  
 33: 1457, 6247, 13036  
 34: 4269  
 35: 1005, \*1688  
 36: \*2899, \*3024, 3203,  
     5006, 5375, 5582,  
     9050, 11813  
 37: \*2058  
 39: 7403  
 40: 7173, 7894  
 41: \*3827  
 42: 1797, 3348, 11766  
 43: 5660, 12299  
 44: \*3257  
 45: 7561  
 50: \*288, 664, 3768, 6946
- XIII. 3: \*2131, 3173, 4289,  
     4603  
 4: 1463, 5242  
 5: 9159, 9408  
 6: 9411  
 7: 11504  
 8: 767, 11375  
 9: 9370  
 14: 8614  
 15: 3892  
 22: 5094, 7055  
 23: 11626  
 24: \*942  
 24-30: \*4036, \*4099  
 25: 8119, 11900, 11901  
 27: \*1423  
 29: 6015  
 30: \*1670, 2592, 7284,  
     9897  
 31: 3178  
 32: \*3031, 4659, 5779,  
     8560  
 33: 3178, 9887  
 34: 3172, 9762, 10870,  
     11664  
 36-43: \*3490, \*4036, \*4098  
 33: 9692  
 39: \*1669, 11901  
 41: \*2715, 5207
- XIII.42: 2952, 5463  
 43: 2870  
 44: \*3504, 4953, 7260,  
     10032, 10930, 12030  
 46: 3161, 3484, 10834  
 47: 6139, 9148  
 49: 7824  
 52: \*2517, 6249, 9764,  
     9767, 10342, 11319  
 55: \*2086
- XIV. 3: 3384  
 3-12: \*3630  
 6: 6833  
 6-11: \*3501, 7699  
 11: 11489  
 13, 14: \*3231  
 15-21: \*3440, \*3707, 7052  
 23-36: \*2477, \*3268  
 23: \*1146  
 24: \*4044, \*4045  
 25: 8532, 9807  
 27: \*2033  
 28: \*3880  
 30: 11565, 11100  
 31: \*914, 1623, 2028, 8143,  
     8620  
 36: 5168
- XV. 3: 12022  
 4: 3682, 4306, 10891  
 6: \*622  
 8: 4587, 4930  
 9: 1598, 5750, 5751, 7848  
 14: 2318, 6854, 9553  
 16-21: \*3710  
 19: 5559, 7575, 7838, 11976  
 22: 10506  
 22-29: 944, \*3221, \*3222,  
     \*3244, 6081,  
     7035, 8942  
 25: 11916  
 26: 8942  
 27: 2043
- XVI. 6: 3117, 4431  
 8: 8360  
 14: 8320  
 15-17: 7391  
 18: \*438, 719, 2639, 2951,  
     3483, 7286  
 19: 3970, 8325  
 23: 5640  
 24: 4242, 4924, 7641  
 25: \*2169, \*3455, 4912,  
     5257, 11645  
 26: \*2789, \*2792, \*3040,  
     3800, 5284, 5430,  
     5451, 5996, 6183,  
     11774, 11786  
 27: 28, 5084
- XVII. 1, 2: \*4068  
 1-8: \*1494  
 2: 7196  
 4: \*444, \*3500  
 14: 4246  
 17: 5855  
 20: \*1224, 1525, 1896,  
     2091, 2522, 8560  
 21: 2231  
 24-27: 10562
- XVIII. 2, 3: \*3929, 5304  
 3: \*377, 3090, 4104,  
     7508
- XVIII. 4: \*997  
 6: 5114  
 7: 11154  
 8: 2943, 5524, 7192  
 9: 2067  
 10: \*365, \*996, \*1874,  
     \*1960, \*1963,  
     7069, 7080, 9309  
 11: 10014, 10320  
 12: 541, 5292, 9771,  
     10351  
 12-14: \*3718  
 15: \*1300, 1497, 2249,  
     4194, 8683  
 18: 8326, 9509  
 19: 2448, 4567, 4571,  
     4591, 7535  
 20: 3869, 4596, 6209  
 21: 2357, 11354  
 22: \*1834, 6674  
 23: 7080  
 23-27: 7384  
 24: 9826  
 25-34: 1382  
 27: 3224, 7896  
 28: 4354  
 32: \*740
- XIX. 1: \*3439  
 4-6: \*2251  
 5: 3110, 3832, 9690,  
     12218  
 6: 1260  
 7: 2010  
 12: 5211  
 13: \*3230, 4037, 5539  
 14: \*368, 622, 623, \*667,  
     \*998, 3356, 5540  
 17: 3480  
 18: \*2820  
 20: 4374, 10637, 10719  
 21: 241, 4188, 4482, 5243,  
     5754  
 23: 6521, 6642  
 24: \*2973, 5089, 7267,  
     11254  
 26: 10812  
 27: \*2505, 7448  
 28: 2908, 12158
- XIX. 29: 1747, 2413, 6731,  
     6738, 7517, 11037  
 30: 3858, 10399  
 42: 7627
- XX. 1-16: \*3677  
 6: \*942, \*2321  
 7: 10155  
 8: 5085  
 9: 5083  
 10: \*1050  
 12: 10161  
 15: \*325, 1921, 6752  
 16: 1859  
 19: 1201  
 20-23: \*4114  
 22: \*48, \*2784, 7684  
 27: 3102, 6453  
 30: 3127
- XXI. 3: \*1014  
 10, 11: \*3586  
 12: 4543  
 13: \*431, \*3673  
 15: 2684, 4037

## XXI.16: 7080, 8559

17-22: \*3428  
20: 3382  
22: \*1222, 2113, \*2552,  
11091  
23: \*941, \*2487, \*2888,  
\*3030, \*3678, 6113  
31: 4025, 7390, 9177  
33-35: 10955  
33-41: \*3513  
42: 703  
43: 10832  
44: 2632, \*2675, 5763

## XXII. 1-14: \*3736, 8711

4: \*2011  
5-7: 1426  
9: 5461  
11: 3871, 9701  
11-13: \*3452, 8921-8923  
12: 2913, 4650, 10043,  
10717  
13: \*1776, \*2757, 2948,  
5345, 5463  
18: \*1894, 3113  
20, 21: 4012  
21: 7010  
35: \*2686  
36, 38: 7341  
37: 3363, 4383, 4923,  
6957, 9038  
39: \*2490, 3461  
42: 4839

## XXIII. 1: \*1610

3: 3115, 5681  
5: 9126, 9708, 10986  
8: 2798, 5877, 10780  
9: \*1492  
12: \*2581, 5902, 8319,  
9664, 9671  
13: 10111  
13-29: 7692  
14: 3114  
15: \*252, 7552  
16: 4156  
19: \*1805  
23: 4216, 9706  
24: \*1603  
25: 7396  
27: 171, 3322, 4907,  
7234, 9993  
27-31: 9692  
29: 8899, 10516  
29, 30: \*1392  
32: 3651  
33: 7434, 9511  
35: 6277  
37: \*2022, \*2379,  
\*3588, 4104

## XXIV. 4: 1599

5: 1662  
12: \*2985, 7287  
13: \*1079, 1878, 4412  
14: \*3033  
20: 6769  
24: 3119  
28: 8375, 11902  
29: \*1075  
32: 3611  
33: \*1747

## XXIV. 35: 6791

37-39: \*3100  
38: 10418  
41: 4603, 5688  
42: \*2023, \*3104  
43: 6147  
44: \*723, 1338, 2914,  
3608, 4651  
45: 2157  
46: 1535, 1677, 7815,  
9501  
50, 51: 1429

## XXV. 1: \*2981

1-10: 3319, 12166  
1-13: \*40, \*767, \*4088,  
\*4089  
3: \*4086, \*4087, 8596,  
8770  
4: \*4090  
5: 737  
6: \*730  
7: 2114  
8: 3640, 10290  
10: 4115, 7948, 8137,  
8139, 9488, 12016-  
12018  
11: \*2704, 4812, 9487  
13: 1246  
14: 5579, 11896  
14-18: \*4034  
14-30: \*2830, \*4035,  
10780  
15: \*376, \*1998, 5575,  
5725, 11895-11898

16: 4930  
18: \*4033, 11893  
19: \*268, 6164  
20: 8608  
21: \*910, 1617, 1712,  
2296, 3389, 4698,  
5083, 6008, 8320,  
9424, 10912  
22: 5579, 11897  
23: 1045, 10237, 10946  
24: 7170  
25: \*1047, 1156, 5578,  
5579

26: 11749  
27: 11753  
30: 12129  
31, 32: 3416  
31-48: \*642, \*2052  
32: 7549, 10062  
32, 33, 41: \*2741, 8647  
34: 1305, 3873, 9452,  
9457  
34-40: \*221, \*4094  
35: 3105, 3462  
36: 1613, 4084, 4433,  
9220

36, 38: 10676  
40: 1609, 3350, 9124,  
10091  
40-45: \*905  
41: 1505, \*2611, 2939,  
3485, 8647, 9508  
45: \*340, \*1772, 4215  
46: \*1118, \*1127, \*1934,  
1943, 2942, 3188,  
3606, 4817

## XXVI. 5: 3479

6: \*1587, \*1591  
8: 1814, 5732  
15: \*398, 2937, 3424,  
6145, 7045, 9149  
23: 4497  
26: 5750, 7205  
26-29: \*2168, \*3200,  
3662, \*4022

27: 7391  
30: \*3516, \*3839  
31-35: \*3876  
34: 441  
35: \*786  
36: 2699  
36-46: \*1458 - 1463,  
\*3233, \*3457,  
\*3460

39: \*2154, 5507  
40: \*1889, 12200  
41: 4318, 5645, 5650,  
5975, 10810,  
11924

42-46: \*3271  
47-50: \*3660  
51: \*273  
52: 5051, 5960, 12187  
56: \*3242  
61: 2175  
63: 676  
65: 9692  
67: 5219  
75: 11410

## XXVII. 1-60: \*612, \*737

2: 3153  
3: \*1793, 3406, \*3663  
3-5: 1146, \*2047,  
\*3659, \*3661

5: \*814, 7984

7: \*2797

8: \*3087

11-15: 610

18: 1911

19: \*919, 1635, \*3889,\*3890, 8150

24: \*3888, 4929

25: \*608, \*3658, 7129,7183

26-30: \*3259

29: 2317, 3376, 7183,  
7692, 10467

32: \*588, \*3999, 7639

33: 6983

34: 7412

35: 2129, 2427, 7665,  
8824, 8917

35-38: \*3241, \*3288

35, 39: \*607

38: \*4058

42: \*614, 5876

45: \*3609

46: 7760, 7766

50: \*609

52: 5037

55: 6076

## XXVIII. 1: 6083

1-10: \*3930

2-4: \*3256

6: \*684

9: 10964

XXVIII. 17: 1629

19: 1563, 2557, \*3335,  
3991, 7540,  
8737, 9132,  
9135, 12053  
20: \*2024, 3351, 6996,  
9999, 11594,  
12189

## MICAH.

I. 2: 9369

8: 8998  
9: 11725

II. 2: 7598

7: 9564

10: \*69, \*1016, \*1756, 5016,  
\*2661, \*2666, 6112,  
8050

III. 5: 10924

11: \*541, \*1534, 9257, 9993,  
12071

IV. 3: \*2292, 4357, 5961, 7232,

11884, 12182

3, 4: \*2290

5: 3145

12: 11484

13: 9087

V. 2: 1953

VI. 7, 8: 10934

8: \*1881, 3026, 3914, 10069  
9: 5299, 9974, 11532

12: 1990

VII. 3: 4000

5: \*1409, 2406

9: 5529

10: 12158

14: \*1785, 5410, 11764

16, 17: 2258

17: 7609

19: 3918

## NAHUM.

I. 3: 6014, 12227

7: 1749

10: 1657, 3330

15: 3841

II. 1: 5764

7: 2992, \*3829

III. 18: \*856

19: 7435

## NEHEMIAH.

I. 3: 2711

II. 1-5: \*3823

19: 2424

III. 4: 8033

15: \*2750

IV. 9: 5929

17: 6949, 11105

VI. 11: 7039

VIII. 4, 8: 11290

10: 11064

15: 2660

IX. 3: 5768, 7394

5: \*1506

6: 2494

12: \*3282, 11269

12, 19: 10188

17: 3411

19, 27: 3915

XI. 2: 10919

17: 11945

XII. 8, 27, 31: 11945

27: 8033

27, 28: 4066

43: 10206

XIII. 15, 16: 11549

17: 11547

18: 5144

XIX. 7: 3904

## NUMBERS.

I. 1: 12100

5, 2: 4346

IV. 7: \*3424

21: 681

32: 10301

V. 6: 7393

30: 12250

VI. 3: 900

14: 7923

X. 2: 12068

XI. 1: \*468, 7369

5: 5678

11: 11030

23: \*3487, 8033

28: 9977

29: 1916, 8390, 10164

XII. 3: 3857

6: \*922, 3857

XIII. 13: 7581

23: \*2167, \*3410, \*4084

26-31: 8033

27: \*4012

30: 12135

XIV. 1-10: 8033

8: 2911

15: 2185

18: 2535, 2744

19: 1449

24: 2318, 4160

XV. 9: 2476

25: 225

30: 4657, 11164, 11165

32-36: 11551

XVI. 1-35: \*3676

22: \*2230

26: \*1152, 1970, \*2862

30: 2941

46-49: 9964

48: 10460

XVII. 8: 10902

10: 11945

XVIII. 5: 10460

20: 8594, 10535

XIX. 1-10: 7931

2-6: 7894

11-22: 7931

16: 11718

XX. 1-13: \*4002

11: \*3332, \*3942

23-29: \*2, \*3072

28: \*3073

XXI. 4: 9817

8: 3653

9: 1198, 3655, 7894,

7961

17: 4262

XXII. 6: 5131

17: 9600

41: \*3148

XXIII. 1-12: \*3148

3: \*2780

XXIII. 8: 7694

10: \*679, 765, \*959,  
1772, 6293, 7795,  
11523

19: 4175

23: 9121, 10520, 11912

24: 10939

XXIV. 9: 3302, 5565, 7695,

10341, 12131

17: \*1920, \*2808, 4102,  
5214

21, 22: \*3671

XXV. 14: \*1943

XXVII. 13: \*2266

XXX. 2: 5949, 12213

XXXII. 7: 8075, 9817

11: 2318

12: 4159

23: 594, 947, 1566,

\*2676, 2745,

9282, 9833, 5054,

5307, 5316

XXXIII. 9, 10: 1543

38, 39: \*2

XXXV. 13: 4898, 11359

15: 714

30: 7424

33: 11486

## OBADIAH.

I. 3: 4883, 5793

7: \*1243

15: \*465

## I. PETER.

I. 2: \*1396, 1858, 2683, 6022,

6871, 8313, 8314, 8318

3: 1030, 1872, 3062, 3913,

9622, 9679

4: \*974, \*1728, \*1735, \*1767,

9421, 10033

5: 722, 2099

6: 5647

6, 7: \*1230

7: 2131, 3613, 5641, 5655,

5759, 8597, 10577, 12045

8: \*9, 6285, \*1207, 2467, 3363,

6255, 8580, 8599, 9972

9: 8583

10: 1857, 1860

11: \*1745, 2882

12: 5820, 9136

13: 3068, 9620, 10967, 11596

14: \*1320

14, 15: 569

15: 10292

17: \*2883, 5714, 7853, 11422,

11983

18: 5091, 6619

18, 19: 6872

19: 713, 10331, 10689

21: 2098, 3054, 3069

23: 4125

24: \*1026, \*2335, 2474, 3579,

7835, 8980

24, 25: \*1341

25: 344, 2625, 5821

II. 1: 3759

2: \*2840, 4908, 12208, 12209

4: 1096, 10549

4, 5: 12114



- II. 5: \*439, \*2551, 2672, \*3051, 8748  
 6: 5815  
 6, 8: 7570  
 7: \*1218, 3703  
 8-10: 8711  
 9: \*415, 523, 792, 4136, 5938, 7219, 7643  
 10: 7279  
 11: \*1013, 2312  
 12: 2009  
 13, 14: \*2809, \*2810, 9169  
 16: 3545, 8845, 9692, 10205  
 17: \*1849, 3679  
 19: \*1913, 11232  
 20: \*1300, 5217, 10801  
 21: 21, 24, 434, 1994, 5532, 7134, 8471, 8477, 10230  
 21-24: 685  
 23: \*2464, 11636  
 24: \*597, 655, 7122, 11300
- III. 1: 6552, 9688  
 1, 2: 6234  
 2: \*2275, 3286  
 3: 1643, 2226, 8157, 10855, 10856  
 4: 1824, 3518, 3861, 10857, 12254  
 6: 6024  
 7: \*845  
 8: \*552, 853, 1129, \*1454, \*2826, 3809, 4475, 7590, 10645, 11016, 11017, 11018, 11890  
 9: 8480, \*1361, 3318, 5222  
 10: 2178, 8407  
 12: 5972  
 13: 1995  
 14: 651, \*1660, 2291, 10436, 10441, 10960  
 14, 17: 603  
 15: 8187  
 16: 6309, 7418, 7998, 11491  
 18: 3439, 10118  
 19: \*1555  
 20: \*1518, 2314  
 21: 9080
- IV. 1: 5312  
 3: \*1945, \*2388, 10807  
 4: \*1174, 2012, 8494  
 5: 22, \*2569, 5006, 6158, 7736, 9346, 10054  
 6: 2996  
 7: \*1077, 1877, 4593  
 8: 3678, 8454  
 9: 3072, 3295, 9632, 9637  
 10: 318, 509, 1998, 2456, 6748, 10780  
 12: 545, \*867, \*1036, \*2252, \*2858, 5767, 5769, 12044  
 12, 13: 835, 1006  
 13: 1193, \*2255, 3397, 5526  
 14: 1181, 10961  
 15: 514-517, 6974  
 16: 7579, 11331  
 17: \*1070  
 18: 2383  
 19: \*2658, \*2795, \*2819, 4997
- V. 1: \*968, \*1474, \*1722, 9441

- V. 2: 3958, 4923, 7277, 8190, 11118  
 3: \*1165  
 4: \*1709, 4352, 7659, 7662, 10780, 12060  
 5: 3098, 11754  
 7: 158-161, \*296, \*311, 551, \*1065, 2991, 4638, 5805, 6525-6530, 6995, 7200  
 8: \*838, \*839, 945, 1244, 1509, 5200, 5401, 5424, 5662, 5980, 8012, 11584  
 9: 1624, 5794, 11931  
 10: 1770, \*2897, 2909, 4392, 9183, 9444  
 12: \*2640  
 14: \*2076, 5082  
 20: 2475

## II. PETER.

- I. 1: \*1205, 2090  
 3: 5939, 12168  
 4: 2539, \*2596, 4740-4752, 10462, 11232  
 5: 1539, \*2497, 7579  
 6: 11918  
 9: 2337, 12293  
 10: 1197, 1537, 4419  
 11: \*650, \*981, \*1706, \*2305, 2833, 2925, 2932, 5790, 9419, 9421  
 13: 11891  
 14: \*680  
 16: 2071, 4609, 9434  
 17: 1358  
 18: 4879  
 19: 6799, 11244, 12160  
 20: 376, 4755, 6770, 11243  
 21: 6767, 9932
- II. 1: 4929, 5600, 8118, 9524  
 3: \*561, 2577, 3969, 10072, 10078  
 4: 132, \*837, 2941  
 5: 2314, 8164, 11921  
 6: 1163, 1422  
 7: \*893, 8857  
 7, 8: \*891  
 10: 2646, \*2810, 5371, 4656, 9170, 11168  
 13: \*2168, 9830  
 14: \*558, \*894, 4314, 5329  
 15: 1620, 3243  
 17: 9692  
 18: 109, 6441, 12145  
 20: 554, 3303, 6181  
 22: \*1697, 2571, 5953, 6536, 6539, 6663-6678, 7931, 11220
- III. 3: 5219, 11608  
 3, 4: \*1077, 10263, 11325  
 7: 12284  
 7-10: 8249, 8250  
 9: \*2596  
 10: \*672, \*744, \*3667, 6141  
 11: 2005  
 12: \*911, \*1120, 1947, \*2428, \*3036, 5821, 10447  
 13: 4751  
 14: 1677  
 15: 2353, 3652  
 16: \*408, 2627, 6795, 11615

- III. 17: 249, 258  
 18: \*1572, \*2639, 2658, 2666, 2688, 2734, 4386, 5488, 5947, 9184
- PHILEMON.
- I. 10: 7549  
 14: 2459, 6034  
 19: 4866
- PHILIPPIANS.
- I. 6: 2654  
 8: 5569  
 9: 10447  
 11: 2630, 2685  
 12: \*1619, 8399  
 15-18: 8390  
 19: 9554  
 20: 1330, 1715, 7212  
 21: \*697, \*985, 1695, 1703, 2425, 6896, 7794  
 23: \*680, \*688, \*961, 1282, 1763, \*1763, 2466, 2893, 3201, 7211, 7754, 7759, 7826, 8329, 10226  
 27: \*1315, 1443, 2000, \*2832  
 28: 2291  
 29: 2291  
 30: 5447, 12191
- II. 1: \*1318  
 1, 2: 878  
 3: 9678, 10616  
 4: \*2174, 8930, 9102  
 5: 6128  
 6-8: 683, 9161, 9658, 10006  
 7: \*388, 696, 3353, 3359  
 8: \*1320, 1376, 1693, 7647, 10773, 10778  
 9: \*393, 727, 2183, 3365, 9392, 10003  
 10: 2845, 3367, 7210  
 11: 922  
 12: \*1005, \*1202, 1258, 1855, 2084, 2147, 10211, 11567, 11571  
 14: 4053  
 15: 2073, 3626, 7177, 7213, 8350, 9648, 10285  
 17: 1519  
 21: 5264, 11645  
 29: 11427
- III. 1: \*2046, 4909  
 2: 8942  
 6: 6265  
 7: \*2734, 2962, 3671, 4944, 5154  
 8: 2663, 3490, 4611, 6186, 7235, 7912, 9494  
 10: 2235, 5525  
 12: \*1172, 1581, \*1941, 2320, 4381, 10941  
 13: \*2085, 3121, 4388, 11895  
 14: \*1171, 1562, \*2013, \*2484, \*3066, 4379, 4406, 4699, 4823, 4848, 9710, 10921, 11228  
 15: 3122  
 16: \*2692, 9711  
 17: 1369, 3944, 8475

III. 19: \*1106, 1876, \*3044,  
4465, 5534, 7236,  
8401, 11188, 11544  
20: 1057, 6195, 9064, 9896,  
10815  
21: 567, \*2366, 4171, 6889,  
6890, 8982, 11856

IV. 1: \*2619  
3: 1953, 6901-6903, 9486,  
11337  
4: 605, 3388, 4910, 10037  
5: \*542, \*946, \*1174, 2013,  
\*2849, \*3999, 4002,  
4281, 10612  
6: 160, 161, \*313, \*2539,  
4522, 6529, 6995, 7004,  
7376, 9361, 10097  
7: 3393  
8: 573, 1452, 3033, 5826,  
5934, 9589, 9710  
9: 2006  
10: \*2430, 4240  
11: 509, 1026, 1042, 1043,  
1557, 2769, 7303, 8513  
12: 740  
13: 1395, 1524, 5118  
19: 706, 2957, 4110, 5817,  
10712

## PROVERBS. \*

I. 1: 10623, 11260  
4: \*885, 12322  
5: \*1039, 1116, 1827, \*2081,  
3537, 10191  
6: 4774  
7: \*1281, \*2386, 4179, 5594,  
8519  
8: 4038, 8670, 9864, 9891,  
9892, 10655  
8, 9: \*994  
10: \*93-96, 109, 479, 1117,  
6440-6443, 8467  
16-18: 1473  
17: 5663, 7356  
18, 19: 9097, 9256  
19: \*2313, 2584, 7597  
22: \*2599, \*2947, 11653  
24, 26: 1492  
24-31: \*1374, 11201  
26: 2271, 5216, 6608  
26, 27: 5364, 9873  
27: \*2649, 11392  
29: 6143  
31: \*1115, 10423  
32: 1909, 1910, 4764, 5002,  
11249  
33: \*1306, 5156

II. 3, 5: 422  
4: 5235, 6053, 11616  
10: 1451, 3499  
11: \*885, 1567, 8071, 9845  
16: 2763  
16-19: 10902  
22: 1333

III. 3: 800, 2862, 10533, 12092  
3, 4: 3028  
4: 12098  
5, 6: 8194, 12108  
7: 7333  
8: 1612, \*1950  
9: 2370

III. 11: 5762  
12: 1107, \*1299  
13: \*1650, \*2498, 2781, 2786,  
9333, 9334  
13-17: 12169, 12240  
13-18: \*3000, \*3003, 10278  
14: \*1443, 10930  
15: 3578, 6054, 7763  
16: 6057, 9608, 11095  
17: 1531, \*2513, 4169, 4446,  
4953  
18: \*1651, 12037  
19: 2567, 4090, 4775, 6044  
22: 6986  
23: 4576  
24: \*2770, 5382, 11747  
25: \*1991, 2254  
29: 10720  
31: \*878  
32: 11130  
33: \*1988, 12156  
34: 3084, 9670, 9672  
35: 2324  
22: 6986

IV. 1: \*992  
3: \*1295, \*1404, 3698, 4045  
6: \*2946  
7: 1839, 6046, 11957  
8: 4753, 7864, 8331, 9597  
14: \*2861, 5674  
14, 15: 897  
15: \*464, 557, 7711, 11309,  
11922  
16: 5061, 7670  
18: \*405, 579, 4390, 9275  
19: 3158  
22, 23: 10148  
23: \*1680, 2822, 2834, 2851,  
5254, 5984, 9389, 9397  
25: 2069  
26: 480, 2750, 7914  
27: 2765, 3774  
V. 2: 1568, 4573  
3, 4: \*2512  
11-13: \*2649  
15: \*2208  
18: 8114  
21: \*1487, 10824  
23: 11717

VI. 1: 11874  
3: \*1416  
6: 133, 3126, 3314, 4407,  
9821  
6-9: 10828  
8: 1798  
9: 3131  
9, 10: 9846  
9-11: \*2772  
10: 2019  
10, 11: 5356  
12-15: 8066  
12, 13: 8622  
13: 11580  
14: \*881, 1559, 2011, 8410  
16, 19: 1560  
17: 10661  
18: 8409  
20: 4044  
21: \*2719  
23: 368, 5225  
25: \*2212  
27: \*2955, 5643, 9825, 11933

VI. 23: \*780, 983, 1985  
32: 5270, 10466  
34: \*2933  
VII. 5-23: \*2512  
7: 7096, 7544, 12325  
13, 26: 11712  
17: 10948  
22: 12222, 12224  
22, 23: 3183  
VIII. 1: \*3001  
4: 10632  
5: \*1351  
8, 11, 19: \*2999, \*3003,  
6054, 9100  
12: \*147, \*148, 182-186,  
\*2607, 6570, 11284  
13: 9323  
15: 3429, 10749  
17: 341, 638, 689, 1063,  
1776, 6251, 7072,  
7519, 10987  
18: \*2683  
23, 33: 6259  
31: \*628, 1797, 7643  
34: 5405

IX. 1-5: 8711  
4: 10787, 10788  
6: 2328  
7: 3164, 5399  
9: \*1039  
10: 2266, 3600, 4445  
11: 5625  
12: 5223  
16, 18: 11009  
17: \*748

X. 1: \*1297, \*2781, 6994, 8678  
2: 8079, 11504, 11517  
4: 1533, 3248, 5513, 5706,  
8037, 9095, 9310, 9850  
5: 3507, 10828  
7: \*656, \*2063, 2184, 4071,  
4073, 5689, 10065, 10677  
9: 483, \*1841, 4428, 11189  
12: 3679, 10325  
13: \*2300  
14: 3488  
15: \*2529, 4492  
16: 10359  
17: 1407, 2248, 4990, 7722,  
11422  
19: 579, 3656, 5302, 5583,  
11899  
20: 2856, 6006  
21: \*803, 3934, 7977  
24: 4533  
27: 4051  
28: \*1181, 2031, 3063, 6011,  
9613, 12227  
29: 2949, 8041

XI. 2: 1851  
3: 5364, 7439, 11189  
4: \*2978, 3760, 5104, 9088,  
12216  
5: 3319, 7869  
6: 1168  
7: 1722, 9627  
9: \*1896, \*2078, 8623  
12: \*2749  
13: 5236, 5573  
14: 1115, 8042, 11873  
16: \*3014

- XI. 17: 3464, 5565, 7674, 9651  
 18: \*2838, 5080, 11502  
 19: 1926, 9306  
 21: \*2609, 4076, 9284, 9313, 10080  
 22: \*3012, 6079, 9742  
 23: 2029  
 24: 296, 305, 308, 1814, \*1187, 3390, 4014, 4377, 8972, 10204  
 25: \*1471, 1613, 3548  
 29: 9569, 12137  
 30: 1655, 5467, 10975, 11796 -11807
- XII. 1: 4989  
 3: 10995  
 4: 6021, 12253  
 5: 3263, 5116  
 7: \*1875  
 8: \*456, \*1691, 3938, 4801, 6048, 11030  
 10: \*129, 150, 1204, \*2075, 3078, 3459, 3466, 3470, 6515-6519, 10095  
 11: 1812  
 14: \*1978, 4789  
 15: \*1349, 2021, 4662, 7014  
 16: 11281  
 17: \*2512  
 18: 11743  
 19: \*2907, 5830  
 21: \*1987  
 22: 3745, 6132  
 23: 8770  
 24: 1893, 3508, 4420  
 25: \*1456, 1874, 3691, 6107  
 27: 3514
- XIII. 1: \*2781  
 4: 1894, \*1900, \*1951, 2717, 3141, 6124, 8236, 10357  
 5: 2179, 3748, 5912, 10370  
 7: \*2527, \*2682, 3547, 5107, 8970, 9099, 10993  
 10: 4835  
 11: \*2089, 2435, 5519, 6003, 10156  
 12: \*1477, 9613  
 14: \*857, \*2233, \*3002  
 15: 5143, 7473, 12027  
 16: 2327, 5990  
 17: 2298, \*2528,  
 20: 5403, 7362, 8468, 8936, 9059  
 24: \*2450, 2643
- XIV. 1: \*2246, \*2989, \*3013  
 2: 3260  
 3: 4891  
 5: 493, 12098  
 8: 4799  
 10: \*1632, \*1682, 4279, 6191, 10430  
 11: 5315  
 12: 333, 1522, 1531, \*1694, 8342  
 13: \*1446, \*1652, \*2312, 3977  
 14: 510, \*1093, 2748, 7476, 10038
- XIV. 14, 16: 1558  
 15: 11285  
 16: \*1350, 2325, 11913  
 17: \*1674, 5624  
 18: 10124  
 20: 41, \*1422, 2412, \*2476, 5993  
 21: \*1660, \*2525  
 23: \*1179, 3139, 4378, 5519, 6121, 9855, 11222  
 26: \*478, 10597  
 29: 3205  
 30: \*1100, 1906, 1919, 8390  
 32: \*700, 1345, 1375, 1767, \*1872, \*2687, 7855, 8228  
 34: \*2372
- XV. 1: \*823, 3855, 5623, 6105  
 2: 3487, 3492  
 3: 2532, 4225, 5919, 9050, 10818  
 4: 6101  
 5: 2003, 11283  
 6: 5108, 11506  
 7: \*1313, 11126  
 8: \*765  
 9: 3135  
 10: 4992, 6330-6334  
 12: 11607  
 13: \*355, 604, 1489, 7374, 9112, 9113  
 13-15: \*2847  
 14: \*1041, 3491  
 15: 606, \*820, 1580  
 16: 1554, 7473, 7477, 11504  
 19: \*1900, 4784, 8033  
 20: \*2449, 4035  
 21: 2000, \*2043, \*2512, 3241, 3404, 6050  
 23: \*2069, 3303, 3510, 5469, 6098, 12269  
 24: 10278  
 25: \*2577  
 26: 5584, 5693  
 27: \*2314  
 28: 1831  
 29: 10683  
 30: \*1254, 2602, 4071  
 33: \*1888, 3096, 8413, 9668
- XVI. 1: 864, 4546, 11068  
 2: 2532  
 3: 5692  
 4: 12222  
 7: 1517, 4443, 8352  
 8: 5202  
 9: 4784, 11275  
 15: 9017  
 16: 1044, \*1538, 2583, 5091  
 18: 4668, 11175  
 19: 3104  
 20: 2773  
 21: 11286  
 22: \*2302, 2324, 3492  
 23: 3933, 9399  
 25: 7907, 8623  
 28: 11314  
 29: \*1168  
 30: \*270
- XVI. 31: \*85, 92-104, \*2413-2420, 4197-4210, 6419-6423, 10805-10810, 11980  
 32: \*1615, \*1792, \*2732, 4319, 4948, 5249, 5250, 5621, 11635, 11916  
 33: \*91, \*92, \*2601, 3729, 10580
- XVII. 2: \*2533  
 3: 8597, 12046  
 5: \*2476, 9988  
 6: 2004, \*2451  
 9: \*1414  
 12: 10022  
 13: 3287, 9902, 9905  
 14: 1022, \*1648, 6709, 6715, 10308, 10455  
 15: 10066  
 17: \*1401, \*1407, \*2186, \*2319, 2394, 2408, \*2827, 8873, 8878  
 19: 4663  
 20: 5742  
 22: \*823, 9268, 9319, 9413  
 24: \*1274, 4181  
 28: 172, \*2749
- XVIII. 1: \*2624, 3502, 10117, 12107  
 4: 5586  
 6: 4836  
 8: 5574  
 9: 1811, 1813, 8529-8531, 11996  
 10: 7147, 7178  
 11: 11504  
 12: \*2577, 3098, 11174, 11743  
 14: 5795, 11433  
 16: \*1465, 2713  
 19: 1023  
 20: \*1323  
 21: 5737  
 22: \*2989, 3814, 6026, 8941, 12229  
 24: \*1421, \*1423, 2393, 2400, 5888, 8869, 8883, 9165
- XIX. 1: 476, 3020, 3240, 9948  
 2: 9350, 9743  
 3: \*1188, \*1399, 1556, 2328, 2391, 4052, 8863, 11915  
 6: \*1408, 2397, 2415  
 7: 10572  
 9: 3749  
 11: 8796, 10466, 12313  
 13: 5220, 8068, 10863, 12228  
 14: \*2992, 3817, 6027  
 15: 2316, \*2773, 3131, 3245, 3509, 3534  
 17: 306, 308, 6184, 6523, 6739, 6741, 7042, 10098, 10574, 11500  
 18: \*871, \*1866, 7081, 9613  
 19: 4321  
 20: \*686, 8430  
 22: 3453, 10089

XIX. 23: \*513, 2791, 11038  
26: 4305  
29: \*2068

XX. 1: \*936, 1669, 5910, 9949  
3: \*1350, 4831, 7690,  
10456  
4: 9717, 12279  
6: \*1321, \*1322, 2151,  
2157, 9124, 9709  
7: 10893  
8: 2065  
11: 1604, 5542, 6012, 7068,  
9592  
12: \*1213  
14: 1574, 3244, 8045, 11022  
15: \*2286, \*2866, 3505  
17: \*748, 6929  
19: \*1332  
21: \*1377, 4142, 6003,  
11510, 11515  
22: 3296  
24: 1639, \*2136, 2365, 4781  
25: \*2943, 5951  
27: 946, 947, 1004, 7426  
28: 3472, 3914, 11268  
29: 4205, 10804

XXI. 2: 5496  
4: \*435, \*2576, 4617,  
12146  
6: 1386, 11504  
8: 4824, 5116  
9: \*2988, 12230  
10: \*807, \*1676  
12: 4813  
17: 4463  
19: \*2674  
20: \*1427, 8771, 8893-  
8896  
23: 5741  
24: \*2577  
25: \*805, \*3004, 3137,  
3247, 3535  
26: 9721  
31: 2751

XXII. 1: 584, \*1544, \*1545,  
\*2371, 2596, 2599,  
2600, 4070, 9110,  
9111, 10678, 11426  
2: \*1370, 4489  
3: 1236, 4800, 8521,  
11875  
4: 896, \*1886, 3084,  
10598, 12212  
6: 630, \*999, 1829,  
\*2313, 3015, 3216,  
3541, 6254, 7073,  
8290, 9572, 10895  
7: \*2529  
8: 2800  
9: 600, \*1198, \*1468,  
2464, 6126  
11: \*1836, 3021  
13: 8033  
15: 5604, 6253, 7082,  
8032  
24, 25: 7356, 9976  
29: 511, 512, 5511, 4422,  
4483, 4808, 8235,  
8935, 9249, 9856,  
10146, 12277

XXIII. 2: 8104

XXIII. 3: 6611  
5: \*1376, 2589, \*2683,  
5098, 6004, 8378,  
11508, 11512  
6: 8390, 9351  
7: \*1061, \*1089, 2772,  
3180, 3181, 3983  
14: 1928  
17: 12224  
20: 1653  
21: \*1901, \*2773, 3136,  
4486  
22: \*2071, 10898  
23: \*2082, \*2908, 4692,  
5845, 12076  
26: \*494, \*533, \*1683,  
\*1684, 2844, 2860,  
5289, 8693, 8962,  
9391  
29: \*2002, 8181, 11540  
29, 30: \*932, 1665, \*2994  
31: 1656, \*2993, 6039  
31-33: 9953  
32: 4469, 5311, 6329,  
7436  
35: 1455

XXIV. 1: \*1098  
2: 11741  
3-5: \*2083  
4: 3496, 6001, 10358  
5: 1895  
9: 5694  
10: 518-521, \*1366,  
3940, 5792  
11: 4983  
12: \*2052, 2533, 3295,  
10822  
13: 1565, \*2494, 5589  
19: 2389, 5404, 8861-  
8864  
21: \*1943, \*1944, 9838  
25: 4991  
29: 11490  
30, 31: 3135, 10718,  
11794  
33: \*1946, \*1948

XXV. 8: 2424  
11: 3316, 5475, 5501,  
6104  
12: 614  
17: 2404  
19: 7450, 9718, 9904,  
10403, 12071  
21: \*1081, 1885, 8356  
22: 1892  
24: 6019  
25: 4131  
26: 9830  
27: 3925, 5252, 11652  
28: \*2457, 4327, 5254,  
5262

XXVI. 1: \*1247  
2: 7693  
4: \*2763, 3317, 6977  
5: 5909  
7: 10871  
11: 10489  
12: 442, 473, 5275  
13: 2737  
14: 3129, 5898, 6237,  
9980, 12173

XXVI. 15: \*1946, 3247, 9728  
17: 522, 10134, 11311  
18: 3264  
20: 1387, \*2762, 5574,  
6980  
23: 9692  
25: 2174, 3750, 3751,  
9696  
26: 10202  
28: \*1329, 2307, 8753

XXVII. 1: \*771, \*1431, \*1441,  
\*2568, \*2586,  
\*2889, 3486,  
3617, 4154, 4653,  
4702, 6707, 7724,  
8907, 10886,  
11198, 11199,  
12005  
2: 443, 1853, 4005,  
9241  
4: \*1104, 1908, \*2019,  
\*2824, 8389  
5: 4937  
6: \*1403, 1774, 1788,  
1789, 7679, 9692  
7: \*1664, \*2510, 4059,  
4458, 4468  
8: 7982  
9: \*1417, 2415  
10: \*1400, \*1407,  
\*1411  
15: 4371, 5220  
16: 9887  
17: \*1422, 2401, 7353,  
11341  
19: \*2143, 2403  
20: 1579, \*2954, 6148,  
6224, 9504  
21: 12142  
22: 259

XXVIII. 1: 458, 461, \*919,  
1121, \*1305,  
\*2686, 6229,  
6924, 7579,  
8321, 8707,  
9281, 11396  
5: 2563, 3410, 4782,  
6304  
6: 5893  
7: 888, 5403, 11692  
8: \*1442, 8914,  
11475-11481  
10: 1984, \*2521  
11: 3925, 4687, 5993  
13: 5914, 7395, 9219,  
11843  
14: \*1658, 2169, 2779,  
2839, 3217,  
9338, 11703  
15: 10466  
18: 8141  
19: 3252  
20: \*1839, 2289, 3386,  
6003  
22: 5999, 7597, 11510  
23: 2306  
25: 11829  
26: 1242, 5272, 11632,  
12069  
27: 4483, 11021  
28: 5978

XXIX. 1: 1206, 1418, 1725, 3207  
 2: 4074, 10683  
 4: 2454, 6939  
 5: \*1331, 6344, 8752  
 6: 464, \*754, \*2641  
 8: 4322  
 10: 7359  
 11: 11691, 11893  
 15: 1822, 5266, 8240, 7093  
 18: \*1668, 2773, 2797  
 20: 12007  
 23: \*930, \*1846, 1849, 4674, 9606, 11173  
 24: 10900, 11711  
 25: 1707, 2121, 2263, 2558, \*2903, 3370, 5156, 7389

XXX. 7: 9988  
 8: \*2976, 4003, 5106, 7482, 11503-11519  
 12: 4685  
 13: 12144  
 15: 1153, 1479, \*1662, \*3005, 3763, 4468, 6172, 9278, 9394  
 16: 2704, 7597  
 17: 8083, 10897  
 20: 8590  
 25: \*2378, 9321, 9933, 9936  
 28: 6129

XXXI. 1: 11086  
 6: 10950  
 10: \*2245, 6235, 9688  
 11: \*2341  
 12: \*2991, 6020  
 13, 19: 183, 6023  
 15: 1787  
 21: 2222  
 23: 6028  
 25: 10491  
 26: \*2069, 12014  
 27: 7860, 9851  
 28: \*1819, 2003, 3013, 4034, 10651  
 29: \*1107, \*3014, 10654, 12257  
 30: 275, \*1303, \*1304, 3519, 5910, 6022, 9839, 11031  
 31: \*3016, 6089

## PSALMS.

I. 1: 1117, 11953  
 2: 3850, 10463  
 3: \*1132, 2420, 2732, 7215, 10404, 10585  
 6: 1522

II. 2: \*1560  
 3, 4: 2514, 4814  
 6: \*389, 3477, 12348  
 7: \*753, 9130  
 12: 9559, 10051, 11405, 11732

III. 3: 461  
 6: 4696

IV. 1: \*2536  
 4: 4841, 11431  
 5: 5810  
 6: 3876, 4458, 5056, 9035

IV. 7: \*1654, 10027  
 8: \*2768, 10472

V. 2: 5441  
 3: \*2330, 4562, 9474, 10642  
 6: 3746  
 9: \*1328, 2305, 10367  
 11: \*1206, 8014

VI. 3: 12306  
 6: \*2842  
 7: \*1631

VII. 5: 9601, 4277  
 10: 2485, 4277  
 11: 9287  
 16: \*1195, \*2004, 6661

VIII. 1: \*1496, 2527, 4072, 9044  
 2: 248, \*991, 5543, 6241, 6658, 6659, 8559  
 3: 117, \*1485, \*3035, 10697, 11991  
 4: \*2000, 3775, 3777, 7024, 9496  
 5: \*1507, 3794  
 6: \*577, 3784, 3799  
 8: 2541  
 9: \*1495, 9006, 9068

IX. 1: \*1687  
 6: 2186, 9123, 12184  
 9: 5798, 11358  
 12: 3101, 9659  
 14: \*2636  
 15: 2867, 5341  
 16: \*302, 9285  
 17: 2941, 2953, 6530, 8139, 9287, 9415  
 18: 4849

X. 5: 2495  
 6: 5314  
 7: 9997, 11882  
 8: 3305  
 17: 3101, 11156

XI. 3: 8839, 9013, 9021  
 4: 2493, 2891, 4226, 10820

XII. 1: \*2062, 5884  
 2: \*1330, 1619, 2303, 3310, 5908, 8141, 8754  
 3: 11178  
 5: 5158, 10839, 11020  
 6: \*237, 5821, 8513

XIII. 6: 2738

XIV. 1: 168, \*1878, 6143, 6610, 8770, 9005  
 2: \*2985, 9616  
 3: 5420  
 5: 2838, 9503  
 6: 4111, 4487, 7334

XV. 2: 3023  
 2-5: 577, 8945  
 4: \*505, 2300, 4402, 10760

XVI. 1: 10398  
 3: 7523, 11006  
 5: \*900, \*2173, 2537, 9052, 11032  
 6: \*2471, \*2921, 3701, 4351  
 8: 8993  
 9: 5026  
 10: \*1028  
 11: 687, \*724, \*1437, \*1731, 1948, 3190, 6852, 8912

XVII. 1: \*2544, \*2555, 4373, 4595  
 2: \*1108, \*2496  
 3: 8055  
 5: 1929, 5989  
 8: 2714, 8444  
 14: \*1784, 2771, 3604, 3742, 3800, 4490, 5097, 11024  
 15: 1581, 1707, 2875, 2935, \*3970, 3971, 11454, 11795

XVIII. 2: 1760, 5124, 5240  
 3: \*1769  
 4: 2817  
 5: 4959  
 9: 688, \*763  
 10: \*1508  
 13: \*856  
 18: 5433  
 20: \*1838, 3030  
 23: 4768  
 27: 3803, 4673  
 28: 629  
 30: 370  
 33: 7708, 8033  
 35: 2444, 6533

XIX. 1: \*572, 4089, 11365  
 1-5: \*2382  
 2: 1529, 3182, 4094  
 3, 4: \*1504, \*1517  
 4: \*1973, 3275  
 5: 1680, 11854  
 7: 5228, 6777, 6793  
 9: 3215  
 10: 250, \*2721, 5091, 6806, 6818, 6819, 8711, 10462, 11614  
 11: 872, 6775, 12315  
 12: \*1302, 1927, 2689, 4926, 5237, 8681, 11740  
 13: 5340, 11164  
 14: 11812

XX. 5: 2301, \*2322, 7551

XXI. 4: \*1928, 3193, 5446, 7729

XXII. 1: 7760  
 2: \*2392  
 4: \*1223  
 6: 5171, 7991  
 7: \*2684  
 9: \*1869, 3066  
 10: 1020  
 11: \*975  
 12: 10955  
 19: 9523, 10886  
 23: 4510  
 25: 5952  
 28: 4080

XXIII. 1: 9316  
 1-6: 1304, 4803  
 2: 3851, 8711, 9771, 11109  
 4: 345, \*673, \*731, 1330, 1696, 1705, 2265, 2891, 5619, 5660, 7209, 7788, 8221, 8704  
 5: 5667, 7683, 9623  
 6: \*356, \*956, \*966, 4742, 7254, 8739

- XXIV. 1: \*574, 1160, 7115  
2: 4786, 9047  
4: 5188  
7: \*417  
7-10: \*3128  
8: 10105
- XXV. 7: \*3059, 3280, 3597,  
6248, 6256, 8287,  
10479  
9: 2741, 4527  
12-14: 1462  
15: 2215
- XXVI. 1: 7198  
2: 5258, 11047, 11643  
6: 4929  
7: 2044  
8: 3075  
9: \*2775, 2938, 9514  
10: \*283, \*539, 2588,  
6936
- XXVII. 1: \*1309, 2273  
3: \*1345  
4: 3075, 8824  
5: 5125  
7-10: \*150 - 152,  
\*2154, 4539  
8: \*2569  
10: \*2438, 5538  
11: \*1640
- XXVIII. 1: 5920  
3: 2176
- XXIX. 1, 2: \*2531  
2: 2973  
10: 2491, \*2966
- XXX. 4: 8342  
5: \*1079, \*1623, 2501,  
9259, 10029, 10643  
6: \*1374, 11247  
11: 2348, \*2847, 7954,  
10028
- XXXI. 1: 11262  
2: \*2691  
5: 2317  
7: 3900  
12: \*649, 2187, \*2402,  
5439, 10781  
15: \*722, \*1354, 4792  
18: 3746, 10373  
24: \*281, \*1863, 3066,  
9613
- XXXII. 1: 1102, 4295, 9177,  
11665  
2: \*1358, 2548, 4293  
5: \*476, 4491  
7: \*2318, 4911, 8993,  
9535  
8: 1638, 10828  
9: 9299, 10303  
10: \*2320, 10504
- XXXIII. 1: 4909  
3: \*764, 11059  
4: 11520  
5: \*1552, 2613, 4089  
8: 2502  
9: \*577  
10: 11274  
12: 9329  
13, 14, 15: 708  
17: 7700  
20: 9054
- XXXIV. 1: 425, 7060, 11318
- XXXIV. 6: 7547  
7: \*119-126, 131-  
137, 2259, 6387-  
6415, 9813  
8: 2052, 2611, 4950,  
8711  
9: 6058, 12178  
11: \*993, 1783  
14: 4362  
15: \*2537, \*2837  
17: 1434  
18: \*517, \*521, 1047,  
\*1681  
19: 11849  
XXXV. 5: 11128  
7: 4395  
8: 1472  
13: 3096  
14: \*1402, \*2344,  
10341, 10652  
16: 9692  
17: 4992  
19: \*2760  
27: 743
- XXXVI. 2: \*1330, 2311, 7908,  
11634  
6: 2785, 10949  
8: \*1667, \*2348,  
2901, 8711  
9: \*1380, 2374, 6246,  
9179, 10505
- XXXVII. 1: \*2354, 8391,  
8395, 8861,  
12223  
2: 8398  
3: 5813, 8125, 8557,  
4: 8342, 11073  
5: 2159, 3878, 4766  
6: 3306  
7: 1912, 1917,  
\*1938, 7483,  
8391, 8862,  
11088  
8: 138-149, 2390,  
4325, 5620,  
6496-6514  
11: 3856  
12: 10073  
13: \*638  
16: \*2295, 7480  
17: 4786  
18: 2880  
21: 1380  
23: 331  
24: 9036  
27: 9101  
28: 4788, 11272  
31: 4133  
35: \*1636, 4765, 5365  
36: 8254  
37: 716, 1331, 1332,  
1708, 4356,  
7843  
38: 1168  
40: \*2903, 5816
- XXXVIII. 2-6: 7560  
3: \*319, 3083  
4: 1424, \*2447  
7: 3534  
11: \*1424  
13: \*2763
- XXXVIII. 18: 1389  
20: 3292
- XXXIX. 1: 5739  
3: \*506, 1902, 12336  
4: \*711, \*715, \*1383,  
1958, 3612,  
7107, 7829,  
7835, 10249  
5: 1805, \*2930, 3045,  
5715, 5903,  
9439, 10218,  
10219  
6: \*892, \*2130,  
\*2790, 3044,  
5110, 5997,  
12141  
9: 8347  
11: 274, \*2339, 7956,  
5901, 9242,  
9243, 12139  
12: \*1015, \*2504,  
4448, 6162  
13: 3797, 5047, 5707,  
7842
- XL. 2: 3653, 5171, 6656, 7189,  
7565, 11430, 11573  
3: \*530, \*2448, 2738,  
11783  
4: \*2903, 12073  
5: 6849, 10499  
6: \*2632, 5155, 6622,  
8843, 10799  
8: \*1488, 3887, 5229  
10: 11577  
14: 6055
- XLI. 1: 4482  
3: \*1910, 3168, 5296,  
10012, 11683  
9: 9903
- XLII. 1: 2520, 6210  
2: 2569, 5421, 6206,  
11781  
3: 10393  
5: 1485, \*1856, 9518  
6: 7707  
7: 7978  
8: 5412  
11: 1485, 1590
- XLIII. 2: 8312  
3: \*1640  
5: 426, 9615
- XLIV. 6: 12069  
19: 1630
- XLV. 5: 9766  
7: 10028  
8: 1979  
9: 1163  
10: 3818  
11: \*1521  
14: 4904
- XLVI. 1: \*757, 9518  
2: 2259  
4: \*729, \*1561, \*1815,  
3844, 9151  
5: 9518, 9528  
7: 1123  
9: 4443  
10: 4842, 4844, 5895,  
11431-11434
- XLVII. 1: 11595  
3: 3474, 4171

- XLVIII. 2: \*1709  
           3: 2544, 11951  
           4: 5812  
           9: 3852  
          10: 7792  
          12: 12348  
 XLIX. 3: 11349, 11968  
          4: 4289  
          5: 4091  
          7: 7897  
          8: 5429  
          9: \*676  
          10: \*690, 7827  
          11: \*1249, \*2650, 6135  
          12: \*852, \*1246, 3038,  
               8626, 9598, 9609  
          13: 3806  
          14: 1336, \*2332, 9277,  
               10646  
          15: \*707, 11793  
          17: 1147, 1148, 1288  
          18: \*1201, 5516, 12130  
          20: 3036, 9337  
 L. 2: 8964  
       3: \*635  
       8: 5288  
      10: 2547  
      12: 9031  
      14: 11950  
      15: 2063, 4576, 5808, 9034,  
           10253, 11094, 12062  
      16: 11119  
      18: 1983  
      21: 2543  
      22: 2334, 3886, 6198, 9043,  
           10478  
      23: 1059, 4523, 11056  
 LI. 1: 3901, 3906, 9147  
       5: \*795, 4268, 7977  
       6: 2608  
       8: 12306  
      10: 2850, 4503  
      11: 7562  
      13: 2978  
      15: 7486  
      17: 516, \*533, 1046, \*1352,  
           \*1681, \*2410, 4963,  
           7486, 10936  
 LII. 1: 2505, 2612  
       2: 5738  
       4: \*553, \*2761, 5373  
       5: \*2611  
       6: 2270  
       8: 10404  
       9: 11057  
 LIII. 1: \*1965, \*1967, 10706  
       5: \*1062, 2838  
 LIV. 4: 5565, 8733  
 LV. 1-23: 386  
       3: 1882  
       4: \*694, 7774  
       6: \*155, \*824, \*1120,  
           \*1308, \*4107, 9438,  
           10436  
       7: 2857  
       8: \*2714, 2892  
      11: 7310  
      15: \*971, 7776  
      16: 8555, 8653  
      17: \*1143, \*2545  
      19: 6142, 12157  
      22: \*295, \*827, 1685, 6953,  
           6995  
      23: \*2353, 4051, 4957,  
           7720, 11955, 12220  
 LVI. 8: \*2482, 5618  
      11: 459, 4693  
 LVII. 1: 1450, \*2714, 2544  
       2: 11101  
       3: \*2910  
       4: 12012  
       8: 1784  
      10: \*2279, 3911, 5832,  
           8607, 10510  
 LVIII. 3: 3303, 3747, 4271,  
           7975, 10213,  
           10368  
       4: 9887  
       5: 11001  
 LIX. 4: 4649  
       6: 4427, 7930  
       7: 3262  
      12: 420, 3753, 5556  
      16: \*2334, 2485, 3919  
 LX. 2: 8257  
       4: 266, 2302, \*2469, \*2961  
      11: 319, 9518  
 LXI. 2: 667, 11162  
       3: \*757, 8292  
       5: \*1784, 4967  
 LXII. 1: 1702  
       4: 3561  
       5: \*1183  
       8: 3669: 4536  
       9: 1804, 3767, 5904,  
           9242, 12138  
      10: 4013  
 LXIII. 1: \*2163, 4811  
       2: 4500  
       5: 8711, 10039  
       8: 2321, 9051  
      11: 2173, 12087  
 LXIV. 3-6: 561  
       6: \*1273  
       8: 5742  
      10: 2915  
 LXV. 2: \*2546  
       4: 6208  
       5: \*2439  
       8: \*1148  
      11: \*2422, \*3054  
      12: \*2375  
      13: \*2380, \*2384  
 LXVI. 3: 11878  
       7: 2493  
      12: 11767  
      13, 14: 5954, 5956,  
           12301  
      13-15: \*2747  
      18: 4554  
 LXVIII. 1: 1073  
       5: 8672, 11238  
       6: \*1260, 6375, 8642  
       8: \*2541  
       9: \*1554  
      10: 1348, 4481  
      18: \*150-152, \*684,  
           5197, 6573-  
           6575, 7115,  
           9554, 11468  
      19: \*1579, 2695, 3897,  
           9218  
 LXVIII. 20: 10248  
           34: \*1560  
 LXIX. 4: 3031  
       9: 12346, 12347  
      12: 1654, 5113  
      13: 10501, 10828  
      16: 3915  
      28: 3563  
      30, 31: 1433  
      34: \*2409, \*2724  
 LXXI. 1: 5817  
       3: 2548  
       5: \*1857  
       9: 1756, \*2420, 10810  
      12: 2547  
      14: 9613, 10969  
      17: 3216, 5604  
      18: 10806  
 LXXII. 10: 8943  
       14: 3670  
      16: 817  
 LXXIII. 1: \*1803  
       2: 1929, 8724  
       3: 2563, 4760, 6192,  
           11250  
       4: 1375, 3574, 7526  
       6: \*1249, 4676,  
           11032, 12296  
       7: 5433, 7981, 9418  
       9: 9906  
      10: 7683  
      11: 9803  
      12: 4763  
      17-20: 7804  
      18, 19: 7714  
      19: \*701, 5719  
      20: \*920, \*2120,  
           \*2145, 3579,  
           3620, 5726  
      22: \*1909, 3093, 3254,  
           9674  
      24: 241, \*1474, 2472,  
           8975, 9487  
      25: \*970, 2774, 6177  
      26: 2537, 9052  
      28: 11092  
 LXXIV. 1: 5558  
       5: \*1249  
      17: \*2723, \*2998, 3611  
      19: 4528, 12209  
      20: 7933, 9417  
 LXXV. 5: 3803, 4669  
       6: 4753, 11671  
       7: \*1014, 3481, 4643,  
           8255  
 LXXVI. 4: 1763  
      10: 6218, 6219, 6222  
      11: 438, \*2948, 5955,  
           12174  
      12: \*685  
 LXXVII. 1: 7515  
       2: 3169  
       3: 3875  
       6: 3889  
       8: 8573  
      12: \*2833  
      19: \*1507, \*2604,  
           4787, 8784  
 LXXVIII. 2: 9760  
           3: \*1223  
           8: 5276

LXXVIII. 9: 5926  
 14: 11271  
 17: 2754, 11702  
 19: 1591  
 20: 2548, 3945  
 25: 4785, 10406  
 34: 5294, 8532  
 69: \*2380

LXXIX. 1-3: \*2559

LXXX. 4: 11709  
 5: 9264  
 6: 5398  
 8: 7613, 10016  
 8-11: 8897  
 12, 13: 10955  
 13: 10521  
 14: 808

LXXXI. 6: \*2447  
 7: 2063  
 15: 2552

LXXXII. 5: \*1458  
 7: \*693  
 11: 10811

LXXXIII. 3: 7260  
 18: 2555, 9989

LXXXIV. 2: 4936, 5452  
 3: 5441  
 3, 4: \*3049  
 4: 4512  
 7: 10221  
 10: 3076, 6208  
 11: 663, 868, \*1570,  
 2493, 2553,  
 7716, 8211,  
 9182, 11772

LXXXV. 10: \*2283, 3442,  
 4885, 6617  
 11: \*2909  
 12: \*1540

LXXXVI. 2: 7505  
 3: \*788  
 5: 2343, 2535,  
 8798, 11493-  
 11497  
 7: 2092  
 10: 9023

LXXXVII. 2: 12348  
 4: \*1828  
 5: \*1829  
 6: \*1830, 2164,  
 6836

LXXXVIII. 3: 11792  
 9: \*1199  
 10: \*660, 1717,  
 11793  
 12: \*1435, \*2153,  
 2332  
 13: 4561, 10644  
 15: \*3058, 8897  
 18: 2395, 2411,  
 5563

LXXXIX. 1: 9216, 10500,  
 11951  
 2: 10504  
 5: \*2532, 7785,  
 9015  
 9: \*1508  
 14: 2515, 3431  
 14, 28: 3769  
 15: 9130, 9316  
 16: \*1359, 10504

LXXXIX. 18: 97928  
 19: 918  
 34: 2562, 4741, 7872  
 37: 8607  
 47: \*2119, \*2881,  
 3569, 5708,  
 10232, 10273,  
 11390, 11986

XC. 1: 9000  
 2: 1946, 9010  
 4: \*3056  
 5: 2026, 2314, 10255  
 5, 6: 7749, 7754  
 6: 10249  
 9: \*2131  
 10: 618, 3576, 3594, 5428,  
 5709, 10270  
 10, 12: \*2116  
 11: 8700  
 12: \*644, \*1125, 2027,  
 \*2128, \*2570, \*2874,  
 3324, 5727, 5731,  
 7735, 7738, 10217,  
 11981, 11979-11997  
 13: \*2293, \*3071

XCI. 1: 7928  
 3: 1671, 11267  
 4: \*2911, 5186, 8607  
 5: 1931  
 6: 3595  
 7: \*1354, 3582, 7713  
 9, 10: 1589  
 11: \*2009, 2209, 4788,  
 7706, 11278  
 14, 15: 481  
 16, \*2127

XCII. 1: 4516  
 2: \*636, \*2395  
 5: \*1497, 2327  
 12: 742, \*1604, 5890,  
 7215, 9273, 10865  
 12-14: 10809  
 13, 14: 2616, 3868, 9545  
 14: \*2414, 3575, 4207,  
 4210

XCIII. 2: \*1482  
 3, 4: 10795  
 5: 9544, 12305

XCIV. 3: \*3071, 12149  
 7: 8992, 10823  
 8: \*1283  
 9: 8995  
 11: 9395  
 12: 5596  
 17: 9518  
 18: 10504  
 19: \*1274, \*1899, \*2865,  
 5697, 7337, 8018  
 20: 10180  
 23: 4789

XCV. 7: 280, 10267, 10828,  
 12003  
 7, 8: 4713  
 8: \*2606  
 8, 9: 7947  
 10: 1926

XCVI. 1: \*763  
 2: \*2707  
 3: \*1497  
 8: 1521

XCVII. 2: \*1499

XCVII. 9: \*1498  
 10: 11704  
 11: 1871, 10028

XCVIII. 4: 11059  
 8: 2381  
 9: 8406

XCIX. 6: 4557  
 C. 3: 2497, 9012  
 4: 6203, 9442  
 5: \*2906, 5830

CI. 2: 6719, 10943  
 2, 3: 1396  
 5: 9660  
 7: \*1840

CII. 4: 6284  
 6: 3311  
 7: \*2014, \*2779  
 11: 1802, \*2118, 10243  
 14: 1445  
 17: 4109, 4480  
 18: 332  
 20: \*2454  
 25: \*1457, 4792, 10691  
 26: \*1077, \*2364, 6149

CIII. 2: 2337, 3879, 3898, 5670,  
 10476  
 3: \*1341, 4932, 9358  
 4: 3902, 4883, 4884, 5151,  
 7950  
 5: \*1380, \*2414, \*3061,  
 6246, 12332  
 8, 11: 2523  
 13: \*1294, 2088, \*2507,  
 3697, 4452, 8674,  
 10504  
 14-16: \*16, \*678  
 15: 10470  
 16: 10239, 10647  
 17: \*2278, 3903  
 19: \*949, 3477  
 20: \*1233, 10763, 11055  
 21: \*1504

CIV. 2: 1161, 10280  
 3: 449, 1161, \*2057  
 4: \*1503, 12337  
 5, 6: 1161  
 10: 8711  
 15: 3876, 10028  
 19: 11854  
 22: 11855  
 23: \*1141, \*2392, 10158  
 24: 1019, 1161, 4097, 4775,  
 5886, 8372, 8538  
 25: \*2408  
 29: \*1591, \*2745, 8714  
 30, 31: 1161, 3624  
 33: 1711, 2923, 4513  
 34: \*1910, 10464

CV. 2: 4518, 4804  
 20: 3555  
 40: 2323  
 42: 4747  
 44, 45: 2697

CVI. 1: 2505  
 2: \*1498  
 14: 1481  
 23: 10460  
 24: 9868  
 28: 5125  
 29: 6568  
 33: 5630



- CVI. 36, 37: 537, \*840  
46: \*1878  
48: 121-123, 6465, 6466
- CVII. 6: 8533, 9156  
8: \*2532  
9: 187, 188, 721, \*2164  
10: 1810  
16: 8033  
19: 8533  
23-30: 8533, 11619  
24-39: \*2407, 2408  
29, 30: 343, 4845  
30: \*1661, 2905, 4840  
41: \*1784
- CVIII. 1: 2455, 8706  
2: \*2379
- CIX. 4: 4566  
13: 2597  
14: 4041  
17: 11212  
23: 11672
- CX. 2: 11280
- CXI. 1: 4520  
3: 7566, 9004  
5: 2277, 2323  
7: 2562  
9: 5066  
10: \*2497, 3600, 4515, 4517
- CXII. 1: 290  
2, 3: 9593  
5: 1569, 4802  
6: 3387, 9105, 9123  
7: \*1655  
9: 9118  
10: \*1101, 1920, 12221
- CXIII. 9: 4042, 11522
- CXIV. 3: \*958
- CXV. 1: 2465, \*2535  
2: 7502  
3, 8: 9731, 9732  
5: 8992  
6: 9378  
8: 3146  
14: \*2634
- CXVI. 2: 4569  
3: 1730, 2253, 4283,  
7873  
6: 2695  
7: \*2664, 11449  
11: \*1242  
12: \*1578, 3896  
12, 14: 8991  
13: 6300  
15: 1346, 1363, 1759,  
7891, 8216, 8220  
17: 11950
- CXVIII. 6: 5816, 8997  
12: \*1565  
17: 3199  
19: 8219  
22: 7570  
23: 8570  
24: 5132
- CXIX. 2: 5680  
3: 10815  
4: 2007  
5: \*239  
7: 5226  
8: 4399  
9: 339, 570, 6232,  
12334
- CXIX. 11: 507, 2508, 4133,  
9548, 10483  
14: 10465  
16: 10473, 10484,  
10926, 11605  
17: 5745  
18: 350, 2063, 6766  
19: \*2502  
20: \*153, \*156, \*187,  
10305  
31: 6776  
32: 870, 4846, 4899  
33: 1698  
34: \*2503  
45: \*2296, 3549  
49: 8587  
50: 9405  
54: \*2782  
57: 2575, 9052  
59: 11399, 11973, 12334  
60: \*766, \*2585, 4714,  
7944, 9106, 11202,  
12015  
63: \*461  
64: 1800, 2515, 3910  
65: \*1218  
67: 72-92, \*853, 6381-  
6412  
68: 2505  
71: \*875, \*1189, 2417,  
10578  
72: 653, 5235  
73: 7462  
75: \*873, 5506, 11431,  
11434  
81: 3057  
89: 8607  
90, 91: 2568  
96: 3210, 4380  
97: 234, 363, 6774  
103: 4926, 5846, 6768,  
8711  
105: 343, 6096, 10166,  
11235  
106: \*2618  
113: 5703, 6843, 8141  
117: 4766, 8621  
120: 4361  
121: 3043, 3320  
122: 11874  
128: 346, 6785  
129: \*235, 392, 5234  
130: 1515, 5233  
134: \*2764, \*2913, 10840  
139: 12345  
140: 6100  
151: \*847  
156: 10496  
160: 347, 382, 8607, 11535  
162: 8070  
163: 2179, 10372  
165: 4365  
168: 4227  
173: 9518  
174: \*2164  
176: 3675, 10480
- CXX. 3: 5736, 10203, 10307,  
12010  
5: 6137
- CXXI. 1: \*1478, \*1479, \*1741,  
10088
- CXXI. 2: 10317  
3: 5379, 5979  
3, 4: 5157, 8107  
4: 4788, 5973  
5: 7155  
7: 4574
- CXXII. 1: 4559, 6203  
4: 6209
- CXXIII. 1: \*1479  
3, 4: 1018, 1019
- CXXIV. 1-5: 8997
- CXXV. 1: 1239, 7286, 12072  
2: 10169  
5: 1684
- CXXVI. 1: 11748  
4: 5074  
5: \*1620, \*1672,  
\*2042, \*2983,  
5416, 10028,  
11910  
6: \*1670, \*1671, 11498
- CXXVII. 1: 4766, 4892, 7155  
2: \*2767, 4360, 5381,  
11096, 11746  
3, 5: \*1657, \*2974  
4: 7078  
5: 9321
- CXXVIII. 1: 4917  
3: 639, \*1266, 7078,  
11701  
3, 4: \*1824, \*1825  
4: \*1876
- CXXIX. 4: 5322
- CXXX. 1: \*2155, 5791  
4: 4298, 8803
- CXXXI. 1: \*2579
- CXXXII. 13: 12348
- CXXXIII. 1: \*1267, \*1835  
2192, 9347
- CXXXV. 4: 10016  
6: 11618  
13: 10470  
17: 9374
- CXXXVI. 5-8: 1162  
8: 11855  
9: \*2391  
23: 5649  
25: 4788
- CXXXVII. 1: \*2038, \*3137  
1-6: 309, \*3225  
5: 2472, 2962,  
10482  
6: \*1833, \*2473
- CXXXVIII. 2: 400, 6209  
3: \*2424, 4218,  
8675, 8676,  
9048, 12125  
3-10: \*1491  
6: 4672, 10705
- CXXXIX. 7: 7994, 8213  
7-10: 10816  
10: 4780  
11: 10819  
12: 4221  
14: 451, 452, \*849,  
\*2231, \*2794,  
6881, 6885,  
7613, 9308,  
9379, 9398  
16: \*794, 10379  
17: \*507, \*1515,

- CXXXIX. 17: \*2486, 4091,  
5691 - 5700,  
7467  
22: 1885  
23: \*629, 3082, 5259,  
5268  
CXL. 3: \*2762, 8755, 9897,  
11744  
12: \*2687  
CXLI. 1: \*1151, 2092  
2: \*1150, \*2542, 4565  
4: 9829  
5: 4986  
9: 3186  
10: 8077  
CXLII. 2, 4: 3919  
4: \*311, 3467, 4435,  
5088, 5458, 5461,  
5569, 9178, 11360,  
11797  
CXLIII. 4: \*809  
5: \*2271, 4182, 7615,  
7617, 10698,  
10700  
9: 12312  
CXLIV. 1: \*207  
2: 9058  
3: \*1999  
4: 1802, \*2234, 3568,  
10220  
12: \*1876, 6247, 7078  
14: \*469, 7371, 7372  
15: 2477, 4082  
CXLV. 1, 2: 4515  
2: 4512  
3: 2560  
9: 2602, 2610  
10: \*2584, \*2531, 4524,  
11950, 12283  
11: 3478, 3482  
13: 6097  
15: 631  
17: 2484  
18: \*519, \*847  
19: \*808, \*1753, 4583  
CXLVI. 2: \*1510  
5: 1666, 9841, 9618  
8: \*269, 2066  
9: 3270  
CXLVII. 1: 4510  
3: \*1626, 2731, 5763,  
7569, 9263  
4: \*1507  
5: \*1611, 2507, 9033,  
9883  
6: 3858  
9: \*1346, 4785  
10: 5910  
11: 4570, 8697  
13: 8232, 8651  
14: \*1671  
15: \*3022  
CXLVIII. 1: 2912, 4509  
3: \*2922, 11052  
3, 8: 2623  
5: 1162  
7: \*2727  
9: \*1356  
10: 4521  
13: \*1500, 4069  
CXLIX. 4: 10468, \*12942
- CL. \*1482, 11950  
REVELATION.  
I. 3: 389, \*2723, 2804, 4756  
4: 2997  
5, 6: 2933  
6: \*407, 1720, \*2396, 3048,  
4136, 7179, 7219, 10104  
7: \*2061  
8: 656, 3193, 12099  
9: \*3356, 11858, 11859  
10: \*638, 2155, \*2321, 3658  
20: 7277  
II. 3: \*1365, 4401  
4: 249-262, 6669  
5: \*2634, \*3403, 10832,  
11403, 11791  
7: \*597, \*1059, \*2445, 9369,  
9421, 12037  
9: 5634, 5885  
10: 1012, 1126, \*1236, 1672,  
1194, \*2253, 2295,  
\*3033, 4162, 5086,  
5967, 7026, 7659,  
8840, 9434  
13: \*2258, 3833, 10440  
16: 11402  
17: 5181, 5214, 6312, 9638,  
10242, 10406  
21: 11415  
22: 4968, 10828  
25: 3065, 4911, 7952  
29: \*1679  
III. 1: 2361, 7281, 9703  
1, 15: 810  
2: \*2968, 3736  
3: 1359  
4: 1737, \*1737, \*1955, 7451  
4, 5: 2981  
5: 748, 1399, 2926, \*3914,  
6902, 10028, 11337  
8: 5422, 10828  
11: 1199, 3065, 4628, 7661,  
11033  
12: 829, 9421, 11920  
14: 7931  
15: 8242  
15, 16: 3733  
16: \*402, 12316  
17: 429, 1137, 4680, 6151,  
7971, 9777  
18: \*928, 1646, 2066, 2583,  
6859, 8513, 8536,  
11784  
19: \*349, \*865, 1549, \*2786,  
5766  
20: \*459, \*531, 678, 1872,  
2825, \*3245, 3665,  
5422, 9382  
21: 10060, 12060  
IV. 1: 9460  
2, 6: \*3047  
2-11: \*1717  
3: \*3915, 10504  
4: 1692, \*2057  
8: \*2665, 11546  
8-10: 2919  
10: 2933, 7301  
11: \*1496, 7128, 7206  
V. 3: 2422  
5: 7154, 7186
- V. 8: 1714, \*2005, 10466  
9: \*965, 1444, \*3274, 6868,  
9466, 10668  
10: 2908  
12: 7128  
13: \*3047  
VI. \*3509  
2: 3474  
8: 7845  
9: 2960  
10: \*441, \*2262  
11: \*973, 9479  
12: \*3982  
12-17: \*1007  
13: 10276  
15, 16: 3426  
15-17: 10049, 10058  
16: \*534, 3419, 3422, 12311  
17: \*642, \*643, \*2056, 3420,  
6272, 12311  
VII. 3: 3443  
4, 9-17: \*1049  
9: \*659, 5927, 7662, 7840,  
8727, 12158  
9-17: \*1736, 1759  
13, 14: \*1801, \*2261  
14: 433, 440, 2120, 7750,  
9420, 9452  
14-17: 11562  
15: \*1720, 9421  
15-17: \*1713, \*2023  
16: 5685, 9684  
17: \*1637, 9479  
VIII. 13: 2626, 3177  
IX. 1-11: \*4070  
2: 2941, 11941  
4: 797  
6: 1484, 11398  
10: 11610  
11: \*2872  
20, 21: 6204, 11408  
X. 1: 10504  
6: 1960, 2494, \*2870, 3585,  
5710, 5711  
9: \*3037, 4461  
10: \*3039  
XI. 12: \*1737, 8226  
15: 1951, 2930, 4778, 11804  
17: 10590, 11462  
18: 5081, 5084  
19: 2885  
XII. 1: 2934, 6117, 11855  
9: \*2854, 3148  
10: 1503  
11: 371, 651, 5406, 9532,  
12061  
XIII. 8: 1262, 4879, 4887,  
9486, 11337  
10: 5051, 5960  
14: 10565  
16: 3813  
XIV. 2: \*1732, 4488  
3: 9467, 9478, 10154,  
10665, 10670  
4: 2320, 7447, 7658,  
8799, 10944  
6: 2641  
7: 4099, 6434, 10051  
10: 2948, 6010  
11: 2943, 2946, \*2965,  
12019

- XIV. 12: 11563  
 13: \*646, \*664, \*963,  
 \*2662, 2708, 6134,  
 6844, 7739, 12288  
 14: 3475  
 15: \*3921
- XV. 2: \*1732  
 3: 7801  
 4: 2257  
 7: 12311  
 8: \*439
- XVI. 6: 7673, 7677  
 10: 7728  
 16: \*2123  
 17: \*2869
- XVII. 4: \*1284  
 5: 3443  
 6: \*2255, 3834, 10439,  
 10956  
 14: 2161, 7301  
 15: 9479
- XVIII. 1-24: \*3141  
 2: 2822, 5442, 7931,  
 11028  
 5: 5334, 5349  
 6: 5916  
 7: \*441, 6135  
 7, 8: 4660  
 17: 5103
- XIX. 1: 1766  
 2: 7676  
 3, 4: \*90, 6434  
 6: \*441, 712, 7613, 9167,  
 9467, 10704, 11561  
 7: 7277, 7278  
 7-9: \*2092, \*2093, \*2080  
 8: 6623  
 9: \*967, \*1650, 3384,  
 7773  
 10: 11025  
 12: 3475  
 13: 12262  
 14: 12059  
 16: 10105  
 20: 5733
- XX. 1-15: 2052  
 2: 1630, \*2709, 5318  
 4: 1743, 3813, 4403, 12158  
 6: 7791  
 10: \*1775, 9515  
 12: \*299, \*475, \*794, 1311,  
 3176, 3409, 4328,  
 5537, 6901-6903,  
 10041, 10262, 11462  
 13: \*298, \*443, \*1594,  
 \*2668, \*2726  
 14: \*2672, 9504  
 15: \*1773, \*1779
- XXI. 1: 1801, \*2023, 6149  
 2: \*428, \*1712, \*1761,  
 7277, 10028, 12162  
 2-27: \*3070  
 3: \*3532  
 4: \*972, \*2440, 2377,  
 \*2982, 9468  
 5: \*2388  
 6: \*1380, 2379, 2383  
 7: 1388  
 8: \*1771, \*2611, 3744,  
 5858, 10202  
 9: \*972, \*2023, 3221,
- XXI. 9: 7277, 7278, 10338  
 10: \*981, 9437  
 10-22: \*1717  
 13: 2910  
 16: 2878, 10738  
 18: \*2023, 5934  
 18-23: 2889, 7309  
 22: 2885  
 23: \*965, \*1763, 2876,  
 8982, 10280  
 25: 9469  
 27: 2920
- XXII. 1, 2: \*1707, \*1717,  
 1763, \*2444,  
 2446  
 1-6: \*3070  
 2: 594, 2625, 2910,  
 5757, 7114, 10876,  
 10878, 12038  
 3: 6324  
 4: 2875  
 5: 431, \*708, 6861  
 7: 5166  
 9: \*765  
 11: 6012, 7847, 8911,  
 10758, 11991  
 12: 4911, 5080  
 13: 12101  
 14: 3873, 5758, 9491  
 15: 2938, 2947, 8839,  
 10372  
 16: 681, \*2808, 4104,  
 10280  
 17: \*1051, 1335, 2333,  
 3345, 4132, 4931,  
 8223, 8315, 9975  
 18: 10507, 10508  
 19: \*245, 6543, 10119  
 20: 1719, \*3093, \*3099,  
 4132, 6347, 6351  
 21: 8227, 9199, 9270
- ROMANS.
- I. 1-32: 335, 1097  
 2: 4746, 11231  
 6: \*1548  
 7: 5160  
 14: \*741, 10780  
 16: 2542, 2624, 2640, 7579,  
 11566  
 17: 3446, 8574  
 18: 5835, 6221, 9559  
 20: 2023, 6606, 9024, 9454,  
 12123  
 21: \*1690, 3289, 7728, 8770,  
 9025, 9215, 12127  
 22: 1840, \*2575, \*2642, 11186  
 23: \*1904, 3148  
 24: \*2212  
 25: \*242  
 26: 9825  
 28: 3260, 4984, 4985, 9009,  
 9745  
 28-32: 1465, 7973  
 29: 2847  
 31: 9835  
 32: 5331
- II. 1: 11048  
 2: 10059  
 3: 10076  
 4: 2535, 3716
- II. 5: 3208, 6016, 9410, 11713,  
 12311, 12314  
 6: \*2060, \*2612  
 7: 1015, \*1249, 1523, 1680,  
 \*1848, \*2123, 4335,  
 8193, 9781, 12233  
 8: 12077, 12091  
 8, 9: 1234  
 10: \*1257, \*1847, \*3456, 9897  
 13: 11657  
 14, 15: \*1703, 9784  
 15: \*480, \*486, 974, \*1762,  
 7410, 7419, 9003  
 16: \*2050, 3423  
 17: 4421  
 17-24: 9830  
 20: 2358, \*2838, \*2840, 5603,  
 8820  
 21: \*1994, 5595, 5682, 9526,  
 10639, 11051, 11905  
 21-24: 9138  
 22: \*1907, 11119  
 23: 5881, 9836  
 23-25: 2828, 11219  
 25: 4729  
 28: 2361, 5188  
 29: 2362
- III. 1, 2: \*246, \*2040, 5228  
 3: \*1778, 4177, 9500, 9875  
 8: \*2759, 5945  
 12: 1750  
 13: 4466, 6578  
 16: \*2317, 3984  
 19: 5350  
 20: 2925, 7263, 7564, 10180  
 24: 9191  
 25: 1185, 7511  
 26: 3431, 10074  
 27: 10942  
 28: 9143  
 29: 1625  
 31: 3532, 10074
- IV. 5: 10324  
 7: 11418  
 11-16: 8942  
 14: 10186  
 15: 6220  
 18: 7783, 8532  
 18-21: 8597  
 20: \*1232, 4751, 8577  
 20, 21: 1628, 2127  
 25: 5258, 11844  
 31: 3447, 4363, 10922
- V. 1: 2447, 4363, 10922  
 2: 1516, 1696, \*1858, 2076,  
 4525  
 3: \*603, 1187, \*2464, 4342,  
 5661, 5772, 9816  
 4: \*1191, 2042, 8513  
 5: \*1868, 3052, 6067  
 6: \*1193, 10507, 10687  
 7: 1694, 2235, 2961, 2700,  
 5274, 7885  
 8: 732, 2521, 3724, 4349,  
 5152, 6376, 9125  
 10: 1889, \*2154, 4372, 7143  
 11: 2794  
 12: 2165, \*2437, \*2752, 5350,  
 9613, 10384  
 12, 14, 18: 1461  
 13: 2912  
 14: 10390

- V. 15: \*1569, 2385, 5174  
 15, 20: \*2012  
 16: 5175  
 19: \*1239, 1577  
 20: 7564, 8854, 8856  
 21: 9199
- VI. 2: 8059  
 6: 5312, 7576  
 7: 7791  
 11: 4171, 7746, 9080  
 13: \*2823, 9062, 11580  
 14: \*1576  
 16: \*1645, 5249, 5333, 7537  
 22: 2664  
 23: \*1770, 4818, 5306, 5345, 6750, 7109, 9788
- VII. 2: 3826, 10780  
 7: 874, 3530  
 12: 875, 3533  
 14: 6899, 10184  
 15: 532  
 18: 6032, 10688  
 21: 2167, 7568  
 21-25: 9388  
 23: \*2961  
 24: 1349, 1454, 3708, 6590  
 33: 6037
- VIII. 1: \*1228, 3449, 6590, 7333, 10085  
 3: 10181  
 6: 1264, 1679, 3939, 7224, 7336, 8314, 11816  
 7: 1458, 3756, 4267  
 9: 11042  
 11: 488  
 12: 10780  
 13: 4105  
 15: 33-36, 6335-6340, 6067-6073, 8707  
 15, 16: 12248, 12249  
 15-17: 9075  
 16: 204-214, 6590-6599, 6066-6069, 6073, 7783, 10735  
 17: 690, 2299, \*2818, 5526  
 18: 1192, 4353, 7912, 8913, 9428  
 18-20: 9613  
 19: \*1003, 9613  
 20: \*1237, 2163, 2166, 5420  
 20-23: 6997  
 21: 3557, 7821, 10207  
 22: \*2919, 3725, 5319, 6160  
 24: \*1854, 2125, 3051, 7197, 9613  
 24, 25: \*1861, 9619  
 25: \*2940, 4344  
 26: 3160, 4592, 5480, 9965, 11033  
 26, 27: 3338  
 28: 503, \*2202, 2565, 4740, 7019, 8973, 11266  
 29: \*1239, 2330, 2843, 3727, 11196  
 29, 30: \*1051  
 31: 3550, 7924  
 32: 2767, 4350  
 34: 224-232, 3334, 6613-6622, 9963
- VIII. 35: 4287, 4401, 7066, 7116  
 38, 39: 935, 1356, 2670
- IX. 3: 2603, 5465, 8383, 11770, 12126  
 5: 2491  
 6: 4173, 4727, 11244  
 7: 9552  
 8: 10734  
 19: 2241, 8101, 9060  
 20: 5204, 7979, 8063, 8448  
 22: 2535, 5654, 12311  
 23: 11804
- X. 1: 3335  
 2: 1904, 6270, 6275  
 3: 2676, 5273, 10514, 11651  
 4: 7138, 7685  
 9, 10: 927  
 10: 8560, 12304  
 12: \*1109, 2547, 11104, 11872, 12338  
 14: 9372  
 15: 4636, 9135, 11577  
 17: 2819  
 18: \*1560, 9162  
 20: 2810
- XI. 2: \*1241, 2330  
 3: 3397  
 6: 8852  
 7, 8: 9344  
 14: \*1066, 5455  
 16: \*1804  
 17: 4903, 9213  
 17-21: 10016  
 18: \*117, \*118, 127-129, \*2831, 6474-6477  
 20: 2135, \*2579, 4666, 7587, 10523  
 21: \*2039, 4087, 5122  
 22: 3300, 8046  
 23: 9212  
 24: 4902, 7533, 8897, 8942, 10450  
 25: 10019  
 29: 4177  
 33: \*2604, 9055
- XII. 1: 985-989, 1519, \*2551, 3577, 3601, 5153, 7203, 7441, 7923, 10497, 11879  
 2: 5748, 6987, 10730, 11388, 12026  
 3: 1850, 1935, 1936, \*2735, 5252, 11637  
 4: 12114  
 4, 5: 1439  
 5: 2799, 5865, 12116  
 6: 1836, \*5, 2450, 5577, 6988, \*2806  
 7: 5602, 5606, 11904  
 8: 2462, 7056  
 9: \*1986, 3693, 5324, 5677, 8439, 10952  
 10: 124, 351, \*2072, 3681, 4478, 5256, 5267, 6366, 7591, 9602, 9649, 10861, 1128  
 11: 12, 271, 1514, 1683, 1950, 2717, 3249, 5517, 8020, 6212, 6964, 9853, 12283
- XII. 12: \*969, \*1864, \*1870, 3512, 3735, 4338, 4555, 4590, 11081  
 13: 3073, 9632  
 14: 1976, 2347  
 15: 5562, 6116  
 16: 202, 915, \*1251, 3455, 3473, 4370, 9666, 9679  
 17: 1975, 8360, 8361, 9587  
 19: \*2681, 3299, 5058, 8801, 11436-11491  
 20: 1884, 1892, 3456, 5063, 8359, 8931  
 21: 497, 1532, 1891, 1979, 3107, 3463, 8355, 11708
- XIII. 1: \*2809  
 4: 10910  
 7: \*1254, \*1843  
 9: 10723, 11994  
 10: 3717, 5386, 9211  
 11: \*1747, 2019, 6264, 11804, 12203  
 12: \*638, \*2871, \*2880, 7585  
 13: 387, \*933, 1660, 7578, 9590  
 14: \*2848 - 2850, 5632-5636, 11876, 11917
- XIV. 1: 2077  
 2: 1605  
 4: 10047  
 5: 2282, 8113  
 6: 4949, 9116  
 7: \*1970, 3279  
 8: 1362, 7878  
 10: 3416, 8299  
 11: 10041, 10061  
 12: \*2060, 4076, 4599, 5004, 7400, 10057, 11440, 11787, 11979  
 14: 3341  
 15: 8474  
 17: 3010, 3283, 10108  
 18: 2593, 2618  
 19: 3231, 5872  
 21: 3230  
 22: 2114, 2791, 3229, 3256  
 23: 5859
- XV. 1: 503, 5248, 5261, 8787, 11647  
 2: 5291, 8123  
 4: 5229  
 5: 1996, 4337  
 10: 9222  
 13: \*1209, 2097  
 30: 3947
- XVI. 1: 1964  
 2: 7451  
 5: 3869  
 7: 1600  
 17: 7283  
 18: 8402, 10924  
 19: 3489, 8027  
 20: 9430, 12118  
 23: 9623  
 25, 26: \*1571, 5224
- RUTH.  
 I. 1-22: \*3947-3952

I. 16: 7146  
 17: \*1412  
 19-21: \*3819  
 20: \*1911  
 21: \*855  
 II. 12: 12072  
 19: \*640, \*3470  
 III. 1-18: \*3947-3952  
 I. SAMUEL.  
 I. 6: \*1399  
 11: 5950  
 15: 4542  
 17-27: \*3976  
 24: \*3489  
 26: 4156  
 28: 9857, 10653  
 II. 1: 10206  
 2: 7236  
 3: 9050, 10821  
 6: \*668, 4938  
 7: 2368, 10580  
 8: 3481  
 18: \*3968  
 26: \*995  
 30: 2370, 8021, 8335, 9608,  
 9611, 11377  
 36: 10803  
 III. 4-10: \*3966  
 12: 4409  
 13: \*2450, 4310, 7102, 10895  
 18: 4999, 5300, 5505, 5806  
 19: 10576  
 IV. 1-11: \*3122  
 8: 4144, 9131  
 9: \*550, 8481  
 14: \*2912  
 21: \*1495, 2162, 2164, 3796  
 V. 1-4: \*524  
 1-10: \*3122  
 3: 3151, 7159  
 VI. 6: 2281, 2766  
 12: \*3767  
 19: 2549, 7687  
 VII. 12: 9518, 11945  
 VIII. 3: 6935  
 IX. 2: 3765  
 X. 5: 4063  
 5, 6: \*2360  
 9: 2823  
 XII. 3: 3241, 5021, 6937  
 7: \*1579  
 24: \*1945  
 XIII. 14: 7733  
 21: 9898  
 XIV. 4. 8127  
 6: 4080, 9175  
 6, 7: \*3637  
 29: \*2158, 3642  
 41: 10357  
 XV. 22: 4165, 7589, 10762,  
 10771  
 23: 1423, 5277  
 24-28: \*3977  
 26: 12161  
 XVI. 7: \*1638, \*1693, \*2426,  
 4225  
 12: \*3302  
 23: \*3310, \*3972, 11728  
 XVII. 1-52: \*633, \*3471,  
 11045

XVII. 4-11: 3473  
 5: 4506  
 23: 2711  
 34-37: 3305  
 38-52: \*146, \*3307,  
 \*3308  
 40: \*3306, \*3363  
 42-51: \*3472  
 47: 12185, 12189  
 51: 1493  
 55: 4156  
 XVIII. 1: \*2199  
 5: 4473  
 6: 1222  
 7: \*1788, \*3315  
 9: 1911, 8390  
 17: 1796, 5899, 9527  
 20: 10421  
 20-28: 34  
 25: 10493  
 XIX. 4-7: 10460  
 13: 8816  
 XX. 3: 2276, \*2744, 2906, 9785  
 17: 3702, 3714  
 18: 10585  
 19: \*3420  
 31: 7532  
 XXI. 8: 8206  
 9: 11946  
 13: 1674  
 15: 3308  
 XXII. 9. 15: 2175  
 XXIV. 9: 5373  
 16-19: 7412  
 XXV. 1: \*3967  
 3: 2193, 8089  
 14-35: 10460  
 21: 3292  
 26: 4156  
 29: 11814  
 XXVI. 21: \*1080, 11335  
 XXVII. 5: 8707  
 7-25: \*3398  
 20: 1488  
 XXX. 7: 2742  
 16: 10028  
 XXXI. 1: \*3469  
 II. SAMUEL.  
 I. 4: 6225  
 17-27: \*3974, \*3975  
 19: 2753  
 23: 1350, \*2805, 7794  
 25: \*3766  
 26: \*2175, \*2208, 3685, 3726,  
 10355  
 II. 6: 10100  
 19: 9885  
 26: \*2958  
 III. 27: \*1892  
 29: 10199  
 33: 1729, 8217  
 V. 10: 2717  
 24: \*2428  
 VI. 6, 7: 4081, 9959  
 11: 858, \*1831, \*3833  
 VII. 8, 9: \*1606  
 9: 2714  
 18: 9669  
 19: 2373, 5387  
 22: \*1497, 2507

VII. 29: 2720  
 IX. 7: 9217, 10090  
 8: \*2026, 9217  
 X. 12: \*547, 8194, 8197  
 XI. 11: 9792  
 XII. 2, 3: 3523, 10869  
 7: 4601, 6550, 10888  
 13: 7394  
 20-23: 7092  
 21: 7104, 7457  
 22: 321, 323, 330, 7458,  
 7459  
 23: \*360, \*1744, \*1750,  
 \*1755, \*2627, 4870,  
 9453, 11483  
 XIII. 15: \*2178  
 18: 7984  
 XIV. 2, 3: 10869  
 13: \*1733  
 14: \*2122, 9570, 10234  
 XV. 5: 9692  
 6: 2855  
 26: 5203, 11432  
 30: \*3838  
 XVI. 7: \*2073  
 17: 2414  
 XVII. 15-23: \*3309  
 23: \*543  
 XVIII. 3: \*1795  
 5: 2446  
 8: 9900  
 9: 6169  
 18: 10634  
 24-32: 3084, 3085  
 28, 31: 4211  
 33: \*8, 7487, 10657  
 XIX. 6: \*1409  
 30: 5247  
 34-37: \*3160  
 35: 4468  
 37: \*1822  
 XXI. 7: 10090  
 8-10: \*3935-3939  
 XXII. 1: \*632  
 3: 4770, 9058  
 4: 4511  
 14: 8588  
 29: \*1290  
 35: \*2956  
 36: \*1454, 2727, 4927  
 37: 8724  
 40: 6240  
 45: 5550  
 46: 2552  
 XXIII. 1: \*2616  
 1-4: \*631  
 3: 3438  
 4: 5807, 9465  
 5: 9638  
 10: 12161  
 13-17: \*3095, \*3185,  
 \*3312  
 XXIV. 10-17: \*3303  
 14: \*3311, 3911, 11840  
 24: 6131, 8965  
 SONG OF SOLOMON.  
 I. 2: 10028  
 3: \*385, 3364, 10007  
 5: 11772  
 8, 10: \*3009

- II. 1: \*160, \*1752, \*1920, 3357,  
\*3943, 4102, 5214,  
6581, 9227  
2: \*3010, \*3704  
3: 7277, 8897, 10037  
4: 7567, 8711  
11: \*841, \*2997, 3611, 3928,  
11817  
11-13: \*2807, 6759, 6760  
12: \*1339, \*1343, \*2728,  
5073, 8765, 10028  
14: 5123, 7715, 7725  
15: \*2159, 2245, 2756, \*2899,  
\*2935, 3641, 3646,  
5388, 5776, 6660, 7381,  
9525, 9578, 10296,  
11739, 11750  
16: \*823, \*1654, 5869, 7873,  
10293, 10299
- III. 4: 1565, 5443  
6: 10948  
11: 4039
- IV. 6: \*2567  
10: \*1686, 9477  
11: 3893  
12: \*1694, 7277, 7444  
12-15: 8897  
15: 6029
- V. 1: 3403, 8711  
2: \*531, \*2010, 7156  
10: 10188  
16: \*1406, 4694, 4909, 7117,  
7826

- VI. 1: \*1890  
3: \*899  
4: \*425

VII. 6: \*2176

VIII. 5: 7158

- 6: \*1099, 1915, \*2017,  
\*2194, 3347, 3704,  
5436, 8399, 10352  
7: \*2184, \*2198, \*2207,  
3362, 3707, 10333,  
12034

#### I. THESSALONIANS.

- I. 3: 9613  
4: 2659  
5: 2999, 5182, 10605  
6: 2008, 2331  
7: \*1166  
8: 9080, 9886, 9887  
10: 5205
- II. 5: 9692  
6: \*2304  
8: 3951, 4622  
10: 993, 10596  
11: 8323  
12: \*1740, 2093  
16: 3651
- III. 3: \*1912, \*2816, 5799,  
11434, 11850  
10: 3138  
11: 2742
- IV. 1: 2665, 9176, 11350  
4: 9606  
8: 5434  
11: \*100, 2410, 3249, 4189,  
6449, 6460  
13: \*225 - 231, 320 - 328,  
\*651, 9616

- IV. 15-17: \*3665  
16: 38, \*40-42, 6345-6352  
17: \*1925, 1952, \*2263, 5790
- V. 1: \*2141  
2: \*638, 6147, 10053  
2, 3: 1236  
3: \*695, 1699, 7811, 7881,  
9293  
6: \*2968, 5380, 5981, 12111,  
12199  
6, 8: 5401  
7: 10742, 10743  
8: 2130, 8560, 9613  
9: 9565  
10: 1709  
12, 13: 10546  
13: \*2308, 2900  
14: \*1936, 3573  
15: 3297, 5060  
16: \*2636, 4910  
17: \*843, 4527, 8016, 9547,  
11072  
18: 3099, 11947  
19: 1223, \*2859, 3003, 5971,  
7382, 7698  
21: 8072  
22: 170-175, 770, 2600, 6546,  
6547  
23: 5189, 11581  
23, 24: 9550  
24: 9551  
25: 4548

#### II. THESSALONIANS.

- I. 7: 11443  
9: \*1440  
10: 2640  
11: 5598
- II. 2: 9407  
4: 11026  
9: 5196  
10: \*2710  
10, 11: 5314  
12: \*2514, \*2857  
13: 1859, 6720, 8318  
16: \*1567, 3986, 9625  
17: 8189
- III. 1: 2638, 4572, 8461, 10541,  
11145  
2: 5857  
6: 3805  
7: 3802, 10408  
10: 5728, 8132, 8133, 8773  
11: 3513, 5209  
13: 3516, 4411  
15: 4994

#### I. TIMOTHY.

- I. 4: 2071, 5159  
6: 413  
8: 7039, 7579  
9: 12315  
13: 3909  
15: \*386, 390, \*1862, \*1882,  
\*2097, 3088, 4373, 5284,  
5658, 7332, 7390, 9153,  
9612, 9675, 10605, 11958  
16: 2972, 10253  
17: 7127  
18: 11761, 11723

- I. 19: \*1216, 2083, 5445, 5464,  
7432, 9359  
20: 2937
- II. 1: 5672, 9965  
2: \*2137, 3024, 7388, 9080  
4: 5166, 5170, 5380  
5: 3337, 3847, 4871, 10457  
6: 226-232, 6622  
8: \*2557, 4563  
9: \*929, 1638, 1640, 1646,  
1647, 2229, \*2326,  
4671, 8159, 10615,  
12251  
10: 6233  
14: 12255
- III. 2: 3944, 7451, 9635, 11524  
3: 2585, 8092  
4: 3952, 5253, 8068  
5: \*1563  
7: 5346  
8: 1618, 2709, 8184  
9: 2081  
11: \*1235  
15: 7513  
16: \*1223, 5787, 5789, 9823
- IV. 1: 2213, 4773  
2: \*484, 964, \*1647, 1991,  
5634, 7417, 9833  
3: 5667  
4: 1650  
5: 10523  
6: 9275, 11663  
7: \*1179, 7220  
8: \*1522, \*1930, 2570,  
2573, 2581, 5957,  
4912, 8501, 9078,  
11367, 11368  
10: 2089  
12: 1610, \*2615, 5605, 8464,  
8479, 8482  
13: 4850-4856, 8120, 11327-  
11331  
14: \*930, \*1466, 2453, 10714  
15: 11967  
16: 5454, 7003
- V. 1: 4355  
2: 9150  
3: 9417  
4: \*2500, 3692, 3853  
5: 4533  
6: \*2514, 2792, 3740, 6163,  
11009  
8: 644, \*1296, \*2887, 4303  
13: \*303, 514-517, 3130,  
5207, 6974, 9716, 11599  
14: 3228, 5592  
17: \*2561  
18: 3972, 10430  
20: \*844  
21: 4628, 4647, 10529  
22: \*887, 5679, 7454, 8446,  
9581  
24: 580, \*1152, 4959  
25: \*1977
- VI. 4: 1572, 1914, 5552  
5: \*739, 1570, 4048, 6178,  
9032  
6: \*515, 1032, 1037, 2579,  
4951, 7246, 7479  
7: 1144, 1313, 2469, 4011,  
5104, 7780

VI. 8: 1036, 7473  
 9: \*2213, 4010, 5111, 7600,  
 9091, 9093, 11504  
 10: 1145, 4015, 5100, 5108,  
 5995, 6166, 10631  
 11: \*2304, 9095  
 12: 291, \*1126, 1176, 8317,  
 8604, 8738  
 16: \*1498, 2513, 2560, 2561,  
 8975, 10280  
 17: \*264, 4637, 5093, 6004,  
 7531, 8598, 11505,  
 12217  
 18: 4017, 5101, 9087  
 19: \*291, \*1378, 6250, 6950,  
 8836, 12151  
 20: \*2718, 5215, 9877  
 21: 4733

## II. TIMOTHY.

I. 5: 4043, 7401, 9027, 9891,  
 11088  
 6: 5723, 10361  
 7: 8703  
 9: 525  
 10: 353, \*1123, \*1557, \*1935,  
 3198, 11378  
 12: 210, 211, 212, 293, 1842,  
 2261, 6529, 6595, 7113,  
 7776, 7790  
 13: 2360, 8821  
 15: 1470  
 II. 3: 269, \*1362, \*2777, 3937,  
 8731, 11759-11762  
 3, 4: 2760  
 4: 2445, 3581, 8034  
 7: 1429  
 9: \*2722, 10958  
 10: 8722  
 11: \*706  
 12: \*1365, \*2254, 2299, 5530,  
 6245, 7075, 7090,  
 10442, 10595  
 13: 4942, 5859  
 14: 4631, 8043  
 15: 1601, 2015, 2435, \*2560,  
 5282, 5499, 8937,  
 9756-9772, 10743,  
 10864, 11658, 11663  
 17: 9887  
 19: 695, 2516, 6809, 6811,  
 8607  
 20: 9722  
 21: 12152  
 22: \*2459, 3738, 11005, 12325  
 23: 811  
 24: \*1454, 1561, 8746, 8948,  
 11043  
 25: 3865, 10912  
 26: \*2711, \*2754, 6031, 11539  
 III. 2: 2696, 3167, 3294, 3836,  
 7597, 11648  
 2, 7, 13: 1465  
 3: 70, 71, 4735  
 4: 3091, 3265, 4463, 5910,

III. 4: 10988, 12024  
 5: 324, \*1362, 2359, 4266,  
 4914, 7264, 8816,  
 8817, 8819, 9080,  
 11044, 11082  
 7: 2100, 2333  
 8: 242, 9291  
 12: 4400, 4405, 10957  
 13: 7972, 10565  
 15: 396, 635, \*1204, 4858,  
 5224  
 16: 240, 358, 6794, 11613  
 17: 3773  
 IV. 2: 1056, 3515, 4116, 4988,  
 9153, 11143  
 3: 4634, 11125  
 4: 5165  
 5: 1520, 1964, \*1913,  
 \*2967, 3971, 5523,  
 10913, 12202  
 6: \*723, 1339, 4613, 10279,  
 11155  
 7: \*1324, 1713, 3048, 9863  
 8: \*1438, 5082, 8595  
 10: 6145, 6535, 6542, 8768  
 10, 11: \*3721  
 11: \*3735  
 13: 8793, 10213  
 14: 2546  
 17: \*1618, 10955

## TITUS.

I. 2: \*1432, \*1929, 3058, 3194,  
 4747  
 5: 10852  
 7: 5629  
 7, 8, 9: 418  
 10: 3691, 5586  
 12: 3542, 10611  
 15: \*482, 5553, 7420  
 16: \*1226, 3229, 4729, 4735,  
 4914, 4984, 7398, 11220  
 II. 3, 5: 10945  
 4: 4033  
 5: \*1829  
 6: 6255  
 7: \*2462, 10539, 10921  
 7, 8: \*2562  
 8: \*2801, 7451  
 11: 2676  
 12: \*2124, 10364  
 13: \*1860, 3060, 8426  
 14: 794, 1092, \*2631, 9729  
 15: 10550, 11650  
 III. 1: 10779  
 2: 1496, \*2763, 3864, 3867,  
 5473, 6660-6662,  
 6977-6982, 8454  
 3: 8770, 9352  
 5: 2506, 3795, 3912, 3924,  
 4899  
 6: 9554  
 7: \*1871, \*2123, 3445,  
 10086  
 8: \*951, 2619

9: 1571, 4831, 8043  
 14: 2621, 8533

## ZECHARIAH.

I. 3: 11399  
 6: 1336, \*2336  
 II. 4: \*926, 5686  
 5: 153, 2768, 11257  
 8: 4778, 8537  
 III. 1: 4255, 11586  
 2: 189, 5173, 5193  
 4: 3444, 10085  
 6: \*1415  
 8: 7149  
 IV. 1-7: \*3868  
 6: \*1813, 7916, 9192, 9564  
 7: \*1069, \*4115, 8033  
 10: 1486, \*2161, 2416, 2498,  
 \*2898, 3644, 5387-  
 5395, 5775-5780,  
 6280, 8002, 8270, 9930,  
 10300, 11750, 12132  
 12: 4358  
 V. 1: 4328, 4722, 5348, 7692  
 VI. 15: 7275  
 VII. 6: 3290  
 10: 11881  
 12: 2839  
 14: 11242  
 VIII. 5: 477, \*2156, 6919  
 16: 5843  
 17: 2802  
 IX. 12: 11141  
 17: 9006  
 X. 1: 4538, 8563  
 2: \*454  
 3: 7579  
 7: 10028  
 10: \*3360  
 XI. 12: 5444  
 XII. 8: 5987  
 10: \*521, 3001, 10018  
 XIII. 1: 631, \*1568, \*1920,  
 \*2023, 2375, 2705,  
 8840, 9179  
 7: 3439  
 9: \*66, \*68, 84, 4889,  
 6397  
 XIV. 2: 9991, 10018  
 7: \*603, 1365, \*2051,  
 6721, 7822, 10223  
 8: \*2139

## ZEPHANIAH.

I. 5: 3734  
 8: 1649  
 11: 12186  
 12, 15: 1467  
 14, 15: \*642, 643  
 18: 3418, 7599, 7603  
 II. 13-15: \*3826  
 III. 4: 1599  
 5: \*2064  
 9: 11215  
 17: 4067

## TOPICAL INDEX TO FIRST PROSE.

—

Reference is always made to the illustrations by number. The numbers refer to synonymous or related general subjects, or to scattered illustrations of the topic in the Index. A dash between two numbers indicates that all between them are referred to.

—

- ABILITIES**, 1. 2. 534. 535. 1830. 2072. 2073. 2450-2456.  
 3222-3224. 5375-5379.
- ABSENT-MINDEDNESS**, 3. 10. 11. 2332-2337.
- ABSTINENCE**, 4-9. 189. 281. 770. 1650-1671. 2236. 5632-5636. 6039. 6040.
- ABSTRACTION**, 10. 11. 3. 2336.
- ACTION**, 12-20. 21-23. 24-28. 1388-1401. 1634. 6111-6131.
- ACTIONS**, 21-23. 12-20. 24-28. 1603-1618. 2276. 6132-6136.
- ACTIVITY**, 24-28. 12-20. 21-23. 1533-1542. 2650. 2821. 2868. 3248-3253. 3506-3517.
- ADAPTATION**, 29-32. 527. 763. 1158. 1161. 2651. 4425. 4775.
- ADOPTION**, 33-36. 3445-3451. 3689. 4123-4126.
- ADORNMENT**, 37. 275. 1643. 1736. 2216-2229. 4272-4274.
- ADVENT**, 38. 1166. 1677. 3415-3427. 3319. 6139. 6141. 6147.
- ADVERSITY**, 39-46. 75-92. 320-330. 794. 1545-1552. 1980. 2417. 3669-3672. 5294-5301. 5791-5809.
- ADVICE**, 47. 48. 1112-1117. 6233-6238.
- ADVOCATE**, 49. 3333-3340. 3645-3648. 5430.
- AFFECTATION**, 50-52. 202. 203. 1849-1854. 5251. 5252.
- AFFECTION**, 53-71. 2235. 2362. 184. 3676-3721.
- AFFECTIONS**, 72-74. 794. 865. 4318-4323.
- AFFLICTION**, 75-92. 39-46. 320-330. 251. 1006-1009. 1187-1193. 2610. 3377. 5305. 5294-5301. 5791-5809.
- AGE**, 93-104. 2607. 3456. 3575. 4197-4210.
- AGED**, 101-104. 613. 1078. 3456. 4197-4210.
- AGRICULTURE**, 1542. 3248-3253.
- AIM**, 105-108. 771. 3047. 3601. 3654. 3655. 4827-4830. 5068.
- ALLUREMENTS**, 109-111. 195. 1220-1232. 4436-4471. 5306. 5639-5665.
- AMBITION**, 112-120. 909. 1869. 1870. 3766. 4664-4687.
- AMEN**, 121-123.
- AMIAILITY**, 124. 3452-3471.
- AMUSEMENTS**, 125. 126. 195. 637. 538. 1221-1232. 4849. 4877. 4878. 5674-5680.
- ANCESTRY**, 127-129. 3508.
- ANGEL**, 130. 131. 367. 1267. 1823.
- ANGELS**, 130-137. 247. 1757.
- ANGER**, 138-149. 1052. 1009. 2481. 4318-4323. 5820-5631. 6217-6219.
- ANIMALS**, 150. 2751. 3466. 3929.
- ANNIHILATION**, 151. 1268. 3187-3201. 5419-5452.
- ANSWER TO PRAYER**, 152-156. 864. 1228. 3333-3340. 4526-4593.
- ANTIQUITY**, 157. 4736-4739.
- ANXIETY**, 158-161. 505. 539-543. 2250. 1489. 1490. 1553-1558. 1562-1564.
- APOSTASY**, 162-166. 249-262. 2169-2171. 2081.
- APOSTATE**, 166. 918. 1725. 1768. 1932. 2937. 3406. 3832.
- APOSTLES**, 167.
- APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION**, 168. 169.
- APPEARANCES**, 171-174. 182. 136. 421. 3112-3117. 5304.
- APPEARANCE OF EVIL**, 170. 172. 175. 2600.
- APPETITE**, 176. 5279. 6030.
- APPLAUSE**, 177. 178. 2473. 1861-1865.
- ARK**, 179. 679. 783.
- ARMOR**, 180. 181. 841. 1409-1411. 2551. 4355. 4766-4772. 5156-5158.
- ART**, 182-186. 544. 1826. 4331. 4382.
- ASPIRATION**, 187. 188. 112-120. 909. 1045. 1869. 1870.
- ASSOCIATES**, 189-191. 789. 888-908. 1709. 1985.
- ASSOCIATION**, 189-201. 751. 752. 888-908. 1970. 5402-5404.
- ASSUMPTION**, 202. 203. 50-52. 2525. 1849-1854. 3767. 4370. 4496.
- ASSURANCE**, 204-214. 1855. 2338. 3810-3812. 6066-6073.
- ATHEISM**, 215-223. 376. 451. 3256-3274. 5210. 5211.
- ATHEIST**, 220-223. 1722-1731. 2049. 3210. 3256-3274.
- ATONEMENT**, 224-232. 432-440. 3439. 5520. 5532. 6152.
- ATTENTION**, 233-235. 2482.
- AVARICE**, 236-246. 1136-1154. 2582-2589. 3713. 3760-3764. 3778-3780. 4112.
- AWAKENING**, 1202. 1203. 1453. 5067-5079.
- BABY**, 247. 248. 3791. 4033.
- BACKSLIDER**, 249. 250. 166. 844. 918. 2681. 3406. 3832.
- BACKSLIDERS**, 251-253. 774. 810. 833. 834. 843. 1094. 1932.
- BACKSLIDING**, 254-262. 162-168. 189. 843. 1732.
- BADGE**, 263. 738. 1178. 1187. 8810-3813. 4726-4735.
- BALLS**, 264. 265. 1220-1232. 4230.
- BANNER**, 266. 2301. 2302.
- BAPTISM**, 267. 268. 3255.
- BATTLE**, 269. 270. 942-945. 1176. 4061. 5600. 5958-5967. 5926.
- BEAUTY**, 271-275. 3920.
- BEGGARS**, 276. 1037. 3350. 4352. 4366. 4479-4484.
- BEGGING**, 277. 862. 1142.
- BEGINNING**, 278-283. 4867. 3647-3650.
- BEGINNINGS**, 281-283. 5337-5395.
- BELIEVERS**, 284-289. 735-752. 2074-2146.
- BELIEVING**, 290-295. 2483. 2074-2146.
- BENEFIENCE**, 296-309. 103. 310-319. 586-600. 2457-2464. 3546-3548.
- BENEVOLENCE**, 296-319. 586-600. 2457-2464. 3546-3548.
- BEREAVEMENT**, 320-330. 622-625. 635. 1007. 1265-1375. 3147. 4301. 4997-4999. 5502-5510.
- BEST**, 331. 2837. 4775-4794. 5972. 5973.
- BESSETTING-SINS**, 332-334. 5305-5352. 5639-5665.
- BIBLE**, 335-407. 12. 635. 4132. 4133. 4211-4214. 4764-4758. 4858. 5224-5235.
- BIGOTRY**, 408-416. 1439-1446. 4644-4648. 5238.



- BIOGRAPHY, 417. 464-474. 3562-3624.  
 BISHOP, 418. 541. 1501. 1959. 2291. 4598-4637.  
 BLAME, 419. 559-563. 1506. 1659. 2738.  
 BLASPHEMER, 420. 166. 1347.  
 BLESSED, 421. 1671. 3354-3358.  
 BLESSING, 422. 678. 1275. 1816.  
 BLESSINGS, 423-426. 3896-3902.  
 BLINDNESS, 427-431. 408. 414. 678. 2066-2070. 3589. 3678.  
 BLOOD OF JESUS, 432-440. 225. 229. 713. 1761. 2120. 2337.  
 BOASTING, 441-448. 1993. 2595. 2652. 2831. 3922-3926. 4430-4432.  
 BODY, 449-456. 151. 1301. 2312. 2313. 5025-5043.  
 BOLDNESS, 457-463. 204. 924. 933-941. 1723. 2273. 2820.  
 BOOK, 464-467. 379. 392. 3563. 4850-4856.  
 BOOKS, 464-474. 379. 392-405. 406. 4143-4151. 4850-4856.  
 BOUNTY, 2504. 2518. 423-426. 3896-3902.  
 BOYHOOD, 475. 646. 616. 618. 6241-6259.  
 BOYS, 476-484. 474. 493. 619-650.  
 BRAVERY, 485-493. 457-463. 2251. 2273. 5899.  
 BREAD, 494-497. 2210. 2211. 3105. 4785.  
 BRIBERY, 1109-1111. 1275. 3025. 3240-3242.  
 BROTHERHOOD, 498-501. 638. 777. 780. 803-805. 2284-2286. 3680. 3708. 5863-5873.  
 BROTHERS, 502. 504. 63-65. 69. 637. 3681.  
 BURDEN, 505. 506. 158-161. 546. 1075. 1279. 1349. 5092.  
 BUSINESS, 507-513. 522-526. 539. 550. 1339. 3506-3517. 4188-4191. 5999. 6001.  
 BUSY-BODY, 514-517. 559. 5207-5209. 5369-5375. 5572-5574. 5592. 5735-5742.  
 CALAMITIES, 518. 320-330. 3669-3672.  
 CALAMITY, 519-521. 3985-3987.  
 CALLING, 522-526. 1855-1860.  
 CALLINGS, 527. 507-513. 1867. 1868. 4188-4191.  
 CALUMNY, 529-531. 5207-5209. 5369-5375.  
 CALVINISM, 532. 533. 1598-1602. 1855-1860. 4643.  
 CAPACITY, 534. 535. 1. 2. 1836. 2450-2456. 5575-5579.  
 CAPTAIN, 536.  
 CARDS, 537. 538. 1088. 2427. 2428. 3365.  
 CARE, 539-543. 158-161. 2539.  
 CARELESSNESS, 544. 635. 636. 4867.  
 CARES, 545-554. 505. 506. 3799.  
 CASTE, 555. 500. 786. 2545. 2757.  
 CATECHISING, 556. 3601. 5603-5612.  
 CAUTION, 557. 558. 1682. 4633. 4797-4802.  
 CENSOR, 559. 1003. 2241. 2738.  
 CENSORIOUSNESS, 560. 772. 1171. 2737. 4371.  
 CENSURE, 561-563. 419. 588. 1171. 2248. 2249.  
 CHANCE, 564. 565. 23-32. 1158-1172.  
 CHANGE, 566. 567. 1044. 1066. 1073. 5923-5925. 6142.  
 CHARACTER, 568-585. 775. 790. 791. 1938. 4379-4392. 4494.  
 CHARITY, 589-600. 296-319. 2457-2464. 3546-3548.  
 CHASTISEMENT, 601. 602. 1107. 1108. 1545-1552.  
 CHASTITY, 603. 1410. 2067. 2364. 3559.  
 CHERFULNESS, 604-610. 94. 776. 3010. 2767-2797. 3383-3405. 3977.  
 CHILD, 611-615. 280. 341. 607. 610. 807. 1319. 1604. 2081. 3682.  
 CHILDHOOD, 616-618. 475. 646. 2234. 2240.  
 CHILDREN, 619-650. 247. 643. 689. 1278. 1279. 1773-1775. 2643. 2872.  
 CHOICE, 651-654. 241. 762. 1733. 1855-1860. 3004. 5115.  
 CHRIST, 655-734. 162. 210. 224-232. 407. 492-440. 921-924. 1593. 1594. 1626. 1994. 2393. 2394. 2790. 2826. 2873. 3229. 3490. 3722-3726. 5561. 5930.  
 CHRISTIAN, 735-752. 3711. 284-289.  
 CHRISTIANITY, 753-769. 680. 854. 856. 871. 2570-2581. 2622-2641. 4433. 4912-4956.  
 CHRISTIANS, 770-802. 284-289. 698. 1700-1721. 5159-5165.
- CHRISTIAN UNION, 803-805. 498-501. 738. 777. 818. 1439-1446. 5863-5873. 5877-5879.  
 CHURCH, 806-841. 638. 666. 1814. 4778. 842-847.  
 CHURCHES, 842-847. 806. 841.  
 CHURLISHNESS, 772. 2306. 2389-2392. 2737. 4371.  
 CIRCUMSPECTION, 850. 4797-4802.  
 CITIZEN, 848. 849.  
 CIVILITY, 851-853. 1128-1131. 4472-4478.  
 CIVILIZATION, 854-856. 769. 821. 847. 877.  
 CLEMENCY, 857. 1384. 1391. 2430. 3903-3921.  
 CLOSET, 858-860. 3351. 4577.  
 COINCIDENCE, 863. 864. 564. 565.  
 COLLECTION, 862. 276.  
 COLORS, 861.  
 COMFORT, 865-869. 75-92. 320-330. 345. 391. 926. 953. 1006-1009. 1080. 1755. 2747.  
 COMMANDMENTS, 870-876. 575. 3480. 3529. 3533.  
 COMMERCE, 877. 3022.  
 COMMUNION, 878-887. 200. 668. 1709. 1778. 3351. 5489-5490.  
 COMPANIONS, 888-897. 192-201. 898. 1985.  
 COMPANY, 898-908. 469. 1709. 1970. 2938. 3351.  
 COMPARISON, 909. 681. 3172-3178.  
 COMPASSION, 910. 911. 669. 729. 869. 2544. 3352. 3903-3921. 4452. 4453.  
 COMPLAINT, 912-914. 1219. 2737. 2738. 4052-4000. 4338. 5303.  
 COMPROMISE, 419. 1411. 2032-2036. 2765.  
 CONCEIT, 915. 916. 1169. 1170. 2961. 2963. 3767. 5275.  
 CONCORD, 917. 1897. 2798-2800. 4355-4369.  
 CONDEMNATION, 918. 1975. 1095-1106. 6220-6224.  
 CONDUCT, 919. 920. 786. 795. 1452. 1821. 1857. 1858. 3637.  
 CONFESSING CHRIST, 921-924. 268. 269. 457. 458. 921-924. 1732-1749. 2037. 2038. 2915.  
 CONFESSION, 925-930. 921-924.  
 CONFESSIONAL, 931. 932. 2043. 2354.  
 CONFIDENCE, 933-941. 204-214. 773. 1239. 1315. 1750. 2106. 2252. 2488.  
 CONFLICT, 942-945. 269. 270. 1283. 5958-5967.  
 CONFLICTS, 942-945. 2312. 5958-5967.  
 CONSCIENCE, 946-984. 1606. 2083. 2414. 2791. 3206. 4921. 4957-4961.  
 CONSECRATION, 985-990. 1747. 2413. 4272. 4966. 5243. 5550. 5551.  
 CONSEQUENCES, 991. 992. 4913-4921. 5024. 5080-5086.  
 CONSIDERATION, 993-997. 1016. 1017. 1322. 1430. 1431. 1940. 2618. 4455.  
 CONSISTENCY, 998-1005. 174. 175. 369. 1388-1401. 1616. 1631. 2364.  
 CONSOLATION, 1006-1009. 320-330. 391. 622-625. 636. 865-868. 1871-1875. 4922.  
 CONSTANCY, 1010-1015. 1126. 1388-1401. 1945. 3686.  
 CONTEMPLATION, 1016. 1017. 1080. 1609. 2063. 3849-3856. 4891.  
 CONTEMPT, 1018. 1019. 5222-5223.  
 CONTENTION, 1020-1025. 777. 811. 1587. 1588. 1595. 1869. 3770. 4831-4833.  
 CONTENTMENT, 1026-1045. 740. 1188. 1190. 2674. 2767-2797. 5203. 5204.  
 CONTRITION, 1046. 1047. 1071. 2345. 3084-3086. 4373-4375.  
 CONTROVERSY, 1049-1053. 1570-1572.  
 CONVERSATION, 1054-1032. 5475. 5476. 5580-5588. 6095-6110.  
 CONVERSION, 1063-1091. 87. 230. 567. 873. 1773-1775. 2234. 2449. 2654. 4123-4126. 4899-4908.  
 CONVERT, 1092. 1893. 6127-4129. 4131.  
 CONVERTS, 1093. 1094. 402. 807. 1624.  
 CONVICTION, 1095-1106. 31. 709. 951. 1453. 1459. 1467. 1873. 2253.

- CORRECTION, 1107. 1108. 1545-1552. 1187-1193.  
CORRUPTION, 1109-1111. 1113. 1454. 2828. 2831. 3805.  
COUNSEL, 1112-1117. 47. 48.  
COUNSELLORS, 1118. 1119. 2855.  
COURAGE, 1120-1127. 457-463. 485. 493. 800. 933-941.  
5899.  
COURTESY, 1128-1131. 851-853. 3802-3809. 4472-4478.  
COURTSHIP, 1132-1135. 8106. 3111. 3559. 5634.  
COVETOUS, 1136-1141. 3973-3980.  
COVETOUSNESS, 1136-1154. 236-246. 2221. 2582-2589.  
3760-3764.  
COWARDICE, 1155-1157. 1127. 2251. 2254.  
CREATION, 1158-1162. 185. 451. 452. 1796-1803. 3773.  
4089-4105. 4258. 5886. 6137-6144.  
CREATOR, 1163. 215-220. 2494. 2496. 2497. 4246-4261.  
CREDULITY, 1164-1166. 8773. 5647.  
CRIME, 1167. 1482. 1640. 2744. 2745. 5305-5352.  
CRIMINALS, 1168. 5356-5368. 6008-6017.  
CRISIS, 233. 629. 1391. 1866. 3570-3572. 5360. 4152-4155.  
4240-4253.  
CRITICISM, 1169-1171. 3403-3414.  
CROSS, 1172-1186. 513.  
CROSSES, 1187-1193. 1545-1552. 3567. 5759-5773.  
CROWN, 1194-1200. 670. 1188. 2863-2935. 5082.  
CRUCIFIXION, 1201-1203. 661. 1376. 1377.  
CRUELTY, 1204-1208. 409. 669. 2222.  
CURE, 1209. 520. 671. 1299. 1740. 2660. 2829.  
CURIOSITY, 1210-1214.  
CURSES, 1215. 1216. 423. 424. 1816. 4361. 5309. 5310.  
CUSTOM, 1217. 2743-2761. 4675. 5887. 5888.  
CYNIC, 1218. 2738. 2241. 2737. 2738.  
DAMAGE, 1219. 2220.  
DANCING, 1221-1232. 264. 265. 1429.  
DANGER, 1233-1247. 47. 180. 181. 189. 368. 442. 1210-  
1215. 1676. 1923-1931. 3207. 3209. 3573. 4393-4395.  
5315.  
DARKNESS, 1248-1254. 427-431. 662. 801. 1728. 1871.  
2085. 2265.  
DAUGHTER, 58. 2085. 2265. 3682.  
DAY, 1255. 1256. 395.  
DAY OF GRACE, 1257-1259. 1416-1429. 3206-3209. 4152-  
4155. 4240-4253. 4701-4714.  
DEAD, 1260-1264. 741. 810. 1285-1375. 1692-1772.  
DEATH, 1265-1375. 131. 205. 232. 341. 622-625. 642. 728.  
1182. 1245. 1632-1772. 2425. 2701-2703. 3574.  
DEATH OF CHRIST, 1376. 1377. 224-232. 432-440. 672.  
725. 726. 2702.  
DEBT, 1373-1383. 228. 3399. 4879-4988.  
DEBTOR, 1384. 1385. 4353. 4354.  
DECEIT, 1386. 1387. 1437. 1619. 2172-2179. 2830. 3744-  
3754.  
DECISION, 1388-1401. 255. 651. 658. 1117. 1257. 1733.  
1977. 3603. 3774. 5000-5003. 5048. 5049.  
DEED, 1402-1404. 2960-2963. 6111-6131.  
DEEDS, 1405-1408. 12-23. 2386. 4534. 6132-6136. 2593-  
2597.  
DEFENCE, 1409-1411. 153. 180. 181. 841. 4535. 4766-4772.  
DEGRADED, 1412-1414. 179. 659. 703. 1248-1254. 1828.  
2672. 3378. 5420.  
DEITY, 1415. 2476-2569. 5781-5789.  
DELAY, 1416-1423. 495. 4112-4118. 4240-4253. 4649.  
4656-4662. 4701-4714. 3569. 3356.  
DELIBERATION, 1430-1432. 993-997. 1016. 1017. 4891.  
DELIVERANCE, 1433-1435. 1746. 3653. 4766-4772. 4996.  
5156-5158.  
DELIVERER, 1436. 2159. 701. 5205. 5206.  
DELUSION, 1437. 2213. 1386. 1387. 3997. 5255.  
DEMONS, 132. 891. 1438. 1509-1511.  
DENOMINATIONALISM, 1439. 1440. 408-416. 836-839.  
DENOMINATIONS, 1441-1448. 935. 6238.  
DEPENDENCE, 1447-1451. 5989-5991.  
DEPARTMENT, 786. 795. 919. 1452.  
DEPRAVITY, 1453-1471. 427-431. 671. 801. 1109-1111.  
2162-2168. 2675. 2828. 2831. 2842. 3081-3083. 4267-  
4271. 5305-5352.  
DESPAIR, 1482-1488. 207. 1725. 1768. 3261. 3308. 3809.  
3874-3878.  
DESPONDENCY, 1489. 1490. 771. 776. 3874-3878.  
DESIGNS, 1472. 1473. 4454. 4455. 5050-5054.  
DESIRE, 1474. 187. 188. 1762. 3016. 3019. 3228. 5592.  
DESIRES, 1475-1481. 3331. 3332. 6055-6058.  
DESTINY, 444. 3623. 2365-2373. 3935-3987.  
DETECTION, 1566. 1494. 1632. 2243. 2745. 3113. 3120.  
4221-4233. 4813-4821. 5307. 5316.  
DETRACTION, 529-531. 1491-1495. 1497. 5369-5375.  
DEVIATION, 1498. 171-175. 5387.  
DEVELOPMENT, 569. 570. 1494. 1836. 2072. 3786. 3890.  
DEVIL, 1500-1510. 1630. 5192-5201. 5860.  
DEVILS, 1511. 132. 891.  
DEVOTION, 1512-1516. 384. 694. 1784. 2151-2161. 2965-  
2985. 4822-4826.  
DEVOTEDNESS, 1518-1520. 334. 858-860. 878-887. 1743.  
2287-2299.  
DIFFICULTIES, 1521-1530. 355. 1562-1564.  
DIFFICULTY, 1531. 532. 2627. 3704.  
DILIGENCE, 1533-1542. 511. 781. 1837. 1858. 2015. 3613.  
5511-5519. 5710-5731.  
DISAPPOINTMENT, 1543. 1544. 3620. 6157.  
DISCIPLINE, 1545-1552. 39-46. 75-92. 545. 548. 601. 602.  
1107. 1108. 1187-1193. 1524. 1525.  
DISCONTENT, 1553-1555. 112-120. 1026-1045. 1556-1558.  
1573-1586. 1605. 3981-3984. 5900-5911.  
DISCONTENTMENT, 1558-1558. 5202. 6157. 5900-5911.  
DISCORD, 1559-1561. 811. 917. 1020-1025. 1587. 1588.  
1595. 2189.  
DISCOURAGEMENT, 1562-1564. 776. 1492-1498. 1543.  
1544. 1871-1875.  
DISCOVERY, 1565. 1566. 958. 1632. 2058. 2059. 2243. 3647.  
4178-4183.  
DISCRETION, 1567-1569. 3408-3414. 6041-6054.  
DISCUSSION, 1570-1572. 1043-1052.  
DISHONESTY, 595. 1573. 1574. 2817. 4233. 5496.  
DISINTERESTEDNESS, 1575. 3755. 5261. 5256. 5257.  
DISOBEDIENCE, 1575-1578. 2335. 5305-5352.  
DISSATISFACTION, 1579-1586. 912-914. 1028-1045. 1553-  
1558. 1605. 2358. 3042. 5420. 6148.  
DISSENSION, 1587. 1588. 1595. 1596.  
DISTRUST, 1589-1591. 158. 161. 1623-1625. 5552. 5553.  
DIVINITY, 1592. 1415. 2476-2569.  
DIVINITY OF CHRIST, 1593. 1594. 672. 676. 677. 685.  
688. 725. 1626.  
DIVISIONS, 1595. 1587. 1588. 1596. 5863-5873. 5877-5879.  
DIVORCE, 1597. 3316. 3814-3832.  
DOCTRINE, 1598-1602. 532. 533. 1592. 1855-1860.  
DOING GOOD, 1603-1614. 15. 494-497. 615. 799. 1118.  
1119. 1412. 1413. 1963. 1064. 1976. 2589. 2590. 2593-  
2595. 2699. 2785. 5890-5896.  
DOING RIGHT, 1615. 173. 315. 2353. 5115-5518.  
DOING WELL, 1616-1618. 19. 1974. 2869. 3595. 4242.  
6007. 6008.  
DOUBLE-FACEDNESS, 1618. 1619. 2032-2036. 3243. 4129-  
4688. 4937.  
DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS, 1620-1622. 2324-2328. 3243. 3311.  
4689. 5898. 5937.  
DOUBT, 1623-1625. 208. 209. 1539-1591. 5552. 5553. 5853-  
5859.  
DOUBTING, 1626-1628. 290-295.  
DOUBTS, 1629. 5853-5859.  
DRAGON, 1630. 1978. 1968-1986. 5680.  
DREAMS, 1631-1637. 4394. 5159.  
DRESS, 1638-1649. 2216-2229. 4671.

- DRINKING, 1650-1652. 4-9. 3326-3330.  
 DRUNKARD, 1653-1655. 3682.  
 DRUNKARDS, 1670. 1671. 176. 281.  
 DRUNKENNESS, 1656-1669. 4-9. 176. 897. 3326-3330. 5632-5636.  
 DUTY, 1672-1691. 522-526. 736. 921-924. 1093. 1184. 1289. 2330. 3780. 4024-4029. 4157-4172. 4173-4177.  
 DYING, 1692-1699. 1260-1375. 2376. 2386.  
 DYING FOR OTHERS, 63. 65. 66. 732. 1377. 1694. 2151. 2235. 2408. 2521. 2700. 5274.  
 DYING TESTIMONIES, 1700-1772. 670. 1699.  
 EARLY CONVERSION, 1773-1775. 438. 639. 807. 1063. 1068. 1776-1783. 3405. 6241.  
 EARLY PIETY, 1776-1783. 481. 624. 638. 807. 1500. 1773-1775. 2079. 2234. 4920.  
 EARLY RISING, 1784-1787. 4932.  
 EARLY TRAINING, 1788. 1789. 627. 629. 630. 641. 1167. 1816-1841. 2132. 2563. 2564. 3216-3218. 3541.  
 EARNESTNESS, 1790-1795. 1351. 1515. 3377. 4116. 4507. 6260-6275.  
 EARTH, 1796-1801. 185. 451. 452. 1158-1162. 1898. 4090-4105. 6137-6174.  
 EARTHLY GLORY, 1804. 2180-2188. 2465-2475. 3034-3045. 5900-5911.  
 EARTHLY GREATNESS, 1805. 2709-2727. 5900-5911.  
 EASE, 1806-1808. 3245-3247. 3534. 3535. 4840-4845.  
 ECONOMY, 1809-1815. 2416. 5706.  
 EDUCATION, 1816-1841. 396. 630. 640. 641. 1562. 3536-3544. 3576. 5499.  
 EFFORT, 1842-1848. 106. 1603-1614. 2364. 4428. 5453-5456.  
 EGOTISM, 1849-1854. 50-52. 202. 203. 1935. 2334. 5263. 5266. 5275.  
 ELECTION, 1855-1860. 525. 651-654.  
 ELOQUENCE, 1861-1865. 184. 396. 2436. 5660.  
 EMBLEMS, 681. 909. 3172-3178.  
 EMERGENCY, 1863, 292. 629. 2062. 2063.  
 EMPLOYMENT, 1867, 1868. 507-513. 527. 1339. 4188-4191.  
 EMULATION, 1869. 1870. 112-120. 187. 188. 1020-1025.  
 ENCOURAGEMENT, 1871-1875. 495. 776. 1562-1564. 2089. 2353-2357. 4740-4752.  
 END, 1876. 38. 1166. 1891. 2701-2707. 3563.  
 END OF ALL THINGS, 1877. 2460. 2474.  
 END OF THE WORLD, 3415-3427. 6139. 6141. 6147.  
 ENDURANCE, 1878-1881. 210. 632. 814. 2151-2161. 3065. 3704. 4406-4424.  
 ENEMIES, 1882-1890. 3702.  
 ENEMY, 1891. 1892. 1975. 1976. 2942. 3456.  
 ENERGY, 1893-1896. 1848. 4485. 5511-5519.  
 ENJOYMENT, 1897. 1898. 1026-1045. 2767-2797.  
 ENTERPRISE, 1899. 1893-1896.  
 ENTERPRISES, 1900. 1402-1408. 4454. 4455.  
 ENTHUSIASM, 1901-1905. 1790-1795. 6260-6275.  
 ENVY, 1906-1924. 2722. 2801. 2802. 3346. 3347. 5693.  
 ERROR, 1925-1928. 1030. 2172-2179. 5819-5851.  
 ESCAPE, 1929. 1930. 699. 1433-1435. 4996.  
 ESCAPES, 1931. 4393-4395.  
 ESTATE, 1932. 1933. 522-527. 4188-4191. 5477.  
 ESTEEM, 1934-1936. 1949-1954.  
 ETERNITY, 1937-1962. 1223. 2880. 2942. 2943. 2946. 3187-3201. 4616.  
 EVANGELIST, 1962. 1963.  
 EVIDENCE, 1964-1967. 757. 760. 763. 766. 768.  
 EVIL, 1968-1986. 170. 175. 529-531. 1118. 1119. 2592. 3782. 5044. 5045. 5305-5352.  
 EVILS, 1987-1989. 1167.  
 EXAGGERATION, 1990. 1991. 2172-2179. 3744-3754.  
 EXAMINATION, 1992. 4178-4183.  
 EXAMPLE, 1993-2012. 174. 194. 685. 1007. 2236. 2743. 3562-3624.  
 EXCESS, 2013. 2014. 4281. 3999-4003.  
 EXCELLENCE, 2015. 572. 829. 3922. 3926. 4753. 6216.  
 EXCITEMENT, 2016-2018. 2276-2283.  
 EXCUSES, 2019-2025. 539. 813. 1417. 1674. 3210. 3223. 5366. 5555.  
 EXISTENCE, 2026-2028. 3562. 3624.  
 EXPECTATION, 2929-2031. 2091. 3046-3071.  
 EXPEDENCY, 2032-2036. 1411. 1619. 2172. 2176. 2179. 2765.  
 EXPERIENCE, 2037-2057. 757. 1063-1091. 1095-1106. 2629.  
 EXPERIMENT, 2058. 2059. 767. 156. 1565. 1566.  
 EXTRAVAGANCE, 2060. 2061. 1866. 2212. 2213. 2221. 2224.  
 EXTREMITY, 2062. 2063. 2092. 2210. 4786.  
 EYE, 2064. 2065. 232. 771. 4223.  
 EYES, 2066-2070. 427. 431.  
 FABLE, 2071. 3172-3178. 4288-4290.  
 FACULTIES, 2072. 2073. 1. 2. 534. 535. 2450-2456. 5575-5579.  
 FAITH, 2074-2146. 290-295. 612. 3446. 4542. 4859. 4863. 4865. 5810-5818.  
 FAITH AND WORKS, 2147-2150. 6133. 6136.  
 FAITHFULNESS, 2151-2161. 236. 4014. 1015. 1045. 1199. 1518-1520. 1677. 1693. 2287-2299. 2301. 2302. 4162. 4164. 4406-4424. 5926. 5927.  
 FALL, 2162-2168. 274. 1453-1471. 2535. 3562. 3772. 3779. 3794. 3796.  
 FALLING, 2169-2171. 162-166. 249-262. 2656. 2657. 2662.  
 FALSEHOOD, 2172-2179. 1336. 1387. 2093. 3560. 3561.  
 FAME, 2180-2188. 2469. 2473. 3034-3045. 4069-4073. 4995.  
 FAMILY, 2189-2199. 2643. 2005. 2344. 3009-3019. 3106-3111. 4033-4046. 6019-6023.  
 FAMILY PIETY, 2200. 3229. 3869.  
 FAMILY PRAYER, 2201-2206. 614. 3229. 2208. 2209.  
 FAMILY RELIGION, 2207. 2200-2206.  
 FAMILY WORSHIP, 2208. 2209. 279. 2065. 2201-2206.  
 FAMINE, 2210. 2211. 494-497. 2322. 2323.  
 FANATIC, 2212. 1437.  
 FANATICISM, 2213. 1164-1166. 1437. 2060. 2061. 2958.  
 FANCY, 2214. 2215. 3179-3182. 3308. 3309.  
 FAREWELL, 1062. 1735. 4317.  
 FASHION, 2216-2229. 1638-1649. 1807. 4647.  
 FASTING, 2230-2233. 3084-3086.  
 FATE, 444. 2365-2373. 3985-3987.  
 FATHER, 2234-2240. 66. 67. 71. 907. 1125. 2005. 2343. 2500. 3728. 4301-4313. 4543.  
 FAULT-FINDER, 2241. 1213. 2737. 2738.  
 FAULTS, 2242-2249. 583. 593. 1845. 2190. 3641-3656. 3678. 5161.  
 FEAR, 2250-2272. 336. 441. 491. 782. 976. 1088. 1098. 1155-1157. 1241. 1943. 2502. 6012.  
 FEARLESSNESS, 1703. 2273. 2384. 457-463. 1120-1127.  
 FEAST, 2274. 2275. 4316.  
 FEELING, 2276-2283. 2010-2018.  
 FELLOWSHIP, 2284-2286. 498-501.  
 FIDELITY, 2287-2299. 1010-1015. 1698. 2151-2161. 2300-2302. 2364. 2963.  
 FIRMINNESS, 2300. 1388-1401. 5491-5494.  
 FLAG, 2031. 266. 2302. 5495.  
 FLATTERER, 2303. 2304-2311. 3044.  
 FLATTERY, 2304-2311. 3044.  
 FLESH, 2312. 2313. 449-456.  
 FLOOD, 2314.  
 FLOWERS, 2315. 3376.  
 FOGY, 2316.  
 FOLLOWING CHRIST, 2317-2321. 785. 8183-8186. 4396. 4405.  
 FOLLY, 2324-2328. 1147. 1954. 2387. 4050. 6152.  
 FOOD, 2322. 2323. 2210. 2211.  
 FORBEARANCE, 562. 2199. 2329. 3651. 3652. 3905-3921.

- FOREKNOWLEDGE, 2330. 4221-4233.  
 FOREWARNING, 2331. 5962-5967. 4654. 4655.  
 FORGETFULNESS, 2332-2337. 341. 3. 10. 11.  
 FORGIVENESS, 2333-2357. 229. 1136. 3309. 4292-4300.  
 4940.  
 FORMALISM, 2358-2362. 171. 253. 774. 791. 810. 843. 844.  
 2418. 3730-3736. 4547. 4914.  
 FORTITUDE, 2363. 2364. 1945. 2151-2161. 1010-1015. 2963.  
 FORTUNE, 2365-2373. 444. 3619. 3729. 3985-3987.  
 FOUNDATION, 692. 719. 1096. 2353. 5123-5125.  
 FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, 2374-2379. 637. 2351. 5985. 5683-  
 5685.  
 FREEDOM, 2330-2332. 1298. 1692. 2095. 3549-3557.  
 FREE GRACE, 2333-2338. 227. 233. 687. 816. 2661. 2663.  
 3046. 3399. 3697. 3699. 4923. 5177.  
 FRETFULNESS, 2339-2392. 2737. 2738. 4371. 5220. 5221.  
 FRUITFULNESS, 238. 662. 807. 2417-2420. 4717. 5890-5896.  
 FRUITS, 169. 405. 2664. 991. 992. 4313-4321. 5080-5086.  
 FRIEND, 2393-2395. 2410-2414. 846.  
 FRIENDS, 2410-2414. 2923. 2930. 4868-4870.  
 FRIENDSHIP, 2396-2409. 498-501. 635. 1335.  
 FRUGALITY, 2415. 2416. 1809-1815. 5706.  
 FUNERAL, 2421. 3617. 4050.  
 FUTURE, 2422-2424. 3436. 3436. 3606. 6012.  
  
 GAIN, 2425. 2426. 2570-2581. 3760-3764. 4237. 4912. 5037-  
 5111. 5992-6006.  
 GAMBLING, 2427. 2428. 537. 538. 2289. 3236.  
 GAYETY, 2429. 264. 265. 1220-1232. 2216-2229. 3977.  
 GENEROSITY, 2430. 857. 1834. 1891. 2431. 3693. 3546-  
 3548. 3755.  
 GENIUS, 2432-2440. 2709-2718.  
 GENTLEMAN, 2441-2444. 3302-3309.  
 GENTLENESS, 2445-2447. 3452-3471.  
 GEOLOGIST, 2448. 4102. 4103.  
 GEOLOGY, 2449. 2553. 4089-4105.  
 GIFTS, 2450-2456. 1. 2. 534. 535. 819. 1836. 2072. 2073.  
 3965. 5575-5579.  
 GIVING, 2457-2464. 296-319. 536-600. 3546-3548.  
 GLORY, 2465-2475. 1177. 1303. 1696. 1720. 1804. 2389.  
 2390. 2909.  
 GOD, 2476-2569. 276. 1158-1163. 1415. 1702. 1764. 1941.  
 1946. 2463. 2610-2613. 2644. 2720. 3472-3477. 3727.  
 3728. 4069. 4072. 4089-4091. 4217-4233. 4452. 4453.  
 5972. 5973.  
 GODLINESS, 2570-2581. 2603-2609. 3538. 4443-4448. 4912-  
 4956.  
 GOLD, 2582-2589. 236-246. 1136-1154. 3760-3764. 4009-  
 4013. 5037-5111. 5992-6006.  
 GOLDEN RULE, 2590. 2591. 1118. 1119. 4278-4280. 4866.  
 GOOD, 1118. 1119. 2591. 2592.  
 GOOD DEEDS, 2593-2595. 1402-1408. 1769. 2386. 5134.  
 GOOD NAME, 2596-2602. 4069-4073. 4995.  
 GOOD WORKS, 2614-2621. 3922-3926.  
 GOODNESS, 2603-2609. 2484. 3781. 5489. 5490.  
 GOODNESS OF GOD, 2610-2613.  
 GOSPEL, 2622-2641. 226. 680. 1172-1186. 3526. 3528. 4213.  
 5166-5187.  
 GOSPELS, 2642.  
 GOVERNMENT, 2643-2648. 632. 814-816. 4157-4172. 4313.  
 5262.  
 GRACE, 2649-2684. 597. 637. 2333-2357. 2333-2338. 2506.  
 3432. 5166-5187.  
 GRACES, 2685-2692. 5945-5947.  
 GRATITUDE, 2693-2700. 923. 1034. 1436. 4883.  
 GRAVE, 2701-2708. 1265-1375. 2393. 3562.  
 GRAVITY, 2709. 1790-1795. 5004-5007. 5401.  
 GREAT MEN, 2709-2718. 112-120. 443. 521. 1348. 1931.  
 2431-2439. 2719-2727. 5900-5911.  
 GREATNESS, 2719-2727. 179. 1325. 1787. 1804. 1805. 2507.  
 3096. 5900-5911.  
  
 GREETING, 2728. 1062.  
 GRIEF, 2729-2731. 320-330. 5414-5418. 5613-5619.  
 GROWTH, 2732-2736. 573. 742. 846. 893. 1475. 1499. 7932.  
 2653. 2665. 2666. 2669. 2655-2692. 4386.  
 GRUMBLES, 2737. 2738. 559-563. 845. 912-914. 2410.  
 4052-4060.  
 GUARDIAN, 2739. 132. 133. 5399. 5972. 5973.  
 GUIDANCE, 2740-2742. 135. 422. 1931. 2096.  
 GUIDE, 2743. 3602.  
 GUILT, 2744. 2745. 230. 231. 946. 947. 954. 959. 962. 963.  
 966. 975. 976. 1095-1106. 1639. 1640. 2838. 3303.  
 3002-3007. 4937-4961.  
  
 HABIT, 2746-2761. 176. 549. 1532. 1823. 2723. 3747.  
 1774. 5323.  
 HABITS, 2762-2764. 2746-2761.  
 HALF-MEASURES, 2765. 419. 1411. 2032-2036.  
 HAPPINESS, 2767-2797. 204-214. 421. 503. 604-610. 613.  
 743. 1397. 1681. 1754. 1771. 2043. 2097. 2608. 3783.  
 4440.  
 HARDENING THE HEART, 2766. 943. 957. 964. 965.  
 1223. 1357. 1423. 2278. 274. 2766. 2339. 4112. 4118.  
 HARMONY, 2798-2300. 917. 1897. 4355-4369. 5377  
 5379.  
 HATRED, 2801. 2802. 830. 2574. 2631. 6153. 3756-3759.  
 HEALTH, 4932. 1784-1787. 5293-5301.  
 HEARERS, 2803-2814. 178. 3075. 3076. 6214. 6215.  
 HEARING, 2815-2820. 336. 6099. 6201-6213.  
 HEART, 2821-2862. 240. 704. 1144. 2117. 3145. 3353.  
 4549.  
 HEATHENISM, 2863-2867. 104. 590. 871. 1310. 3144-3152.  
 5035.  
 HEAVEN, 2868-2935. 431. 1718. 1759. 2775. 3014. 3359.  
 4363-4870.  
 HEAVEN AND HELL, 2936.  
 HELL, 2937-2954. 1937. 4990. 4313-4321.  
 HELP, 2955-2957. 133. 319. 783. 2062. 2063. 2991. 4217.  
 HERESY, 2958. 2213.  
 HERMIT-LIFE, 2959. 5402. 5046. 5047. 5409. 5410.  
 HEROISM, 2960-2963. 457-463. 484-493. 914. 1402. 2155.  
 2294. 5256. 5406.  
 HIGH LIFE, 1893. 3739-3743. 5090-5111.  
 HINDERANCES, 1073. 1521-1532. 1932. 2019-2025. 2413.  
 2964. 3230. 3231. 3627. 3827. 3831. 4347. 5709.  
 HOLINESS, 2965-2985. 84. 432-440. 1683. 1752. 2509. 2920.  
 4373-4392. 5183-5191.  
 HOLY SPIRIT, 2986-3003. 358. 823. 1095. 3220. 3721.  
 5473-5484.  
 HOME, 3009-3019. 510. 693. 759. 2189-2199. 2245. 2894-  
 2896. 4033-4046.  
 HONESTY, 3020-3033. 438. 1118. 2020. 3240-3242. 3319-  
 3321.  
 HONOR, 3034-3045. 448. 434. 744. 1325. 1745. 1804. 1805.  
 2180-2188. 2596-2602. 5900-5911.  
 HONORING PARENTS, 1125. 2231-2240. 4157-4172. 4033-  
 4046. 4301-4313.  
 HOPE, 3046-3071. 204-214. 426. 704. 1767. 1948. 2093.  
 2397. 3673.  
 HOSPITALITY, 3072-3074. 592. 2210. 2211. 3295.  
 HOUSE OF GOD, 3075. 3076. 2803-2820. 6201-6215.  
 HUMANITY, 3077-3080. 3452-3471. 4423. 4433-4436. 5560-  
 5569.  
 HUMAN NATURE, 3081-3083. 1453-1471. 3077-3088. 4433-  
 4436.  
 HUMILIATION, 3084-3086. 730. 1046-1047. 1179. 2345.  
 4373-4375. 4962-4982.  
 HUMILITY, 3087-3104. 418. 446. 1111. 1179. 1750. 2609.  
 2652. 4430. 4431. 6049.  
 HUNGRY, 2210. 2211. 3105. 4735. 494-497. 3072-3074.  
 HUSBAND, 3106-3111. 3706. 2189-2199. 4033-4046. 6019-  
 6028.

- HYPOCRISY**, 3112-3117. 182. 1386. 1387. 1618. 1619. 4430-4432.  
**HYPOCRITE**, 3118-3120.  
**IDEA**, 3121. 3122. 4234-4239. 5689-5694.  
**IDEAS**, 3123. 3124. 5695-5703.  
**IDENTITY**, 3125. 4425. 5247-5250.  
**IDLENESS**, 3125-3143. 1533-1542. 1806-1808. 3245-3247. 3534. 3535. 6239.  
**IDOLATRY**, 3144-3148. 366. 711. 2154. 2528. 2520. 2863-2866.  
**IDOLS**, 3149-3152. 3144. 3148. 6201-6215.  
**IGNORANCE**, 3153-3165. 360. 478. 1035. 1164-1166. 1248-1254. 1741. 2422. 2561. 2865. 3410.  
**ILLIBERALITY**, 3166. 3167. 777. 1136-1154. 1814. 2457. 2462. 4741. 4089.  
**ILLNESS**, 3168. 3169. 1343. 1344.  
**ILLUMINATION**, 3170. 3171. 353. 1099. 1104. 2015. 3156.  
**ILLUSTRATION**, 3172-3178. 362. 681. 909. 1838. 2071. 3542. 4238-4290. 4614. 4774.  
**IMAGE**, 695. 2486. 2843. 3636.  
**IMAGINATION**, 3179-3182. 464. 2214. 2215. 3308. 3309.  
**IMITATION**, 3183-3186. 12. 105. 695. 750. 802. 905. 1093-2012. 2317-2321.  
**IMMORTALITY**, 3187-3201. 494. 1937-1962. 2187. 3606. 3884. 5419-5452.  
**IMPATIENCE**, 3202-3205. 4334-4345.  
**IMPENITENCE**, 3206-3209. 1308. 1416-1429. 2492. 2766. 4984. 4985.  
**IMPERFECTION**, 3210. 760. 776. 3211. 4379-4392.  
**IMPORTUNITY**, 3212. 3213. 3333-3340. 4526-4593.  
**IMPRACTICABLE**, 3214. 4505-4508.  
**IMPRESSIONS**, 3215-3220. 1823. 2543. 2991. 3179-3182. 3214. 2215. 4654. 4655.  
**IMPROVEMENT**, 157. 2732-2736. 4736-4739.  
**IMPUTATION**, 3221. 5119-5122. 3222-3224.  
**INABILITY**, 3222-3224. 2525. 1453-1471. 5987-5991.  
**INACTIVITY**, 3225. 3125-3143. 3534. 3535.  
**INAPPROPRIATENESS**, 3226. 2932.  
**INCARNATION**, 3227. 733. 696.  
**INCLINATION**, 3228. 1474-1481. 3312-3315. 6055-6058.  
**INCONSISTENCY**, 3229-3236. 998-1005. 1208. 1227. 1993. 2193. 4553. 5150. 5937.  
**INCONSTANCY**, 3237. 3238. 1619-1622. 3311. 5898. 6156.  
**INCONTINENCE**, 3239. 603. 3553. 3559. 3737.  
**INCORRUPTIBILITY**, 3240-3242. 1109-1111. 3020-3033. 3319-3321.  
**INDECISION**, 3243. 2324-2328. 2833. 1620-1622. 3732. 4239. 4933.  
**INDIFFERENCE**, 3244. 4119-4122. 6008-6018. 6175-6200.  
**INDOLENCE**, 3245-3247. 1806-1808. 3534. 3535.  
**INDUSTRY**, 3248-3253. 183. 781. 1812. 1867. 1868. 2410. 2433. 3506-3517. 6111-6131.  
**INEBRIATE**, 3254. 176. 1653-1655. 1670. 1671.  
**INFANT BAPTISM**, 3255. 267. 268.  
**INFIDEL**, 3256-3258. 220-223.  
**INFIDELITY**, 3259-3267. 215-220. 365. 371. 376. 715. 2434. 5210. 5211. 5853-5859.  
**INFIDELS**, 3268-3274. 220-222. 354. 386. 471. 1374. 1375. 1722-1731. 3574. 4913.  
**INFLUENCE**, 3275-3286. 194. 465. 473. 474. 574. 577. 635. 745. 1224. 3625-3640. 6234.  
**INGRATITUDE**, 3287-3294. 2334. 2337. 2737. 2738. 4677. 4735.  
**INHERITANCE**, 575. 691. 746. 2508. 2537. 3725. 5080-5086.  
**INHOSPITALITY**, 3295. 3072-3074.  
**INJURIES**, 3296-3299. 2333-2337. 5057-5063.  
**INJUSTICE**, 3300. 3301. 3428-3441. 6226-6230.  
**INNOCENCE**, 3302-3307. 2744. 2745. 4822-4826.  
**INSANITY**, 3308. 3309. 1489. 1490. 4077. 3874-3878.  
**INSIGNIFICANCE**, 3224. 2525. 3629. 4491.  
**INSINCERITY**, 3310. 4735. 5553.  
**INSPIRATION**, 366. 371. 400. 873. 5224-5235. 4754-4756. 3973-3976. 5055. 5056.  
**INSTABILITY**, 3311. 105-108. 778. 1213. 1620-1622. 1801. 4239. 5893.  
**INSTINCT**, 3312-3315. 1474-1481. 3605.  
**INSTRUCTION**, 3316. 630. 640. 641. 1816-1841. 5003-5612.  
**INSULT**, 3317. 3318. 2590. 2591. 4192. 4278-4280. 4795-4796.  
**INTEGRITY**, 3319-3321. 3025. 3043. 3240-3242.  
**INTELLECT**, 3322-3325. 3630. 3931-3940. 3941-3943.  
**INTEMPERANCE**, 3326-3330. 4-9. 176. 281. 1650-1671. 5632-5636. 6039. 6040.  
**INTENTIONS**, 3331. 3332. 1472. 1473. 4827-4830.  
**INTERCESSION**, 3333-3340. 697. 2813. 3212. 3213. 3645-3648. 4526-4533. 5067. 5069. 5075. 5076.  
**INTOLERANCE**, 3341. 408-416. 4644-4648.  
**INTOXICATION**, 3342. 3343. 1656-1659.  
**INVITATION**, 3344. 3345. 754. 1513. 2333. 2375.  
**JEALOUSY**, 3346. 3347. 411. 532. 1906-1924.  
**JESUS**, 3348-3376. 91. 341. 432-440. 2844. 2845. 3565. 3633-3655.  
**JEWELS**, 3377-3379. 3578. 3942. 5162. 5934.  
**JEWS**, 3380-3382.  
**JOY**, 3383-3405. 85. 102. 210. 749. 758. 870. 1077. 1303. 1714. 1769. 2194. 2348. 2637. 2901. 4909. 4910.  
**JUDAS**, 3406. 166. 2937. 4934. 4985.  
**JUDGE**, 3407. 3408-3427.  
**JUDGING**, 172. 593. 599. 760. 1405. 1975. 2262. 2562. 2563. 2571. 3787.  
**JUDGMENT**, 3408-3414. 259. 949. 1933. 5050-5053.  
**JUDGMENT-DAY**, 3415-3421. 580. 698. 1677. 1933. 5460. 6139. 6141. 6158.  
**JUSTICE**, 3428-3441. 2515. 3300. 3301. 3408-3414. 4299.  
**JUSTICE AND MERCY**, 3442. 3903-3931.  
**JUSTIFICATION**, 3443-3451. 229. 718. 2101. 4292-4300.  
**KINDNESS**, 3452-3471. 637. 669. 940. 1402-1406. 1382-1392. 1979. 2192. 3077. 3078.  
**KING**, 3472-3477. 3047. 3429.  
**KINGDOM OF CHRIST**, 2326. 655-734. 3478. 3479. 2622. 2642.  
**KINGDOM OF GOD**, 3480. 3481. 4775-4794.  
**KINGDOM OF GRACE**, 3432. 2649-2684.  
**KINGDOM OF HEAVEN**, 3483. 3484. 2863-2935.  
**KINGDOM OF SATAN**, 3485. 1500-1510. 5192-5201.  
**KNOWLEDGE**, 3486-3505. 395. 576. 1440. 1816-1841. 2103. 2515. 2516. 4221-4223. 4863-4870. 5268.  
**LABOR**, 3506-3517. 12-28. 1533-1542. 2030. 3248-3253. 5024. 5511-5519. 6111-6131.  
**LADY**, 3518. 3519. 2445-2447. 3302-3309. 6233-6235.  
**LAMB**, 3520-3524. 807. 4929. 5292.  
**LAW**, 223. 3526-3533. 6226.  
**LAUGHTER**, 3525. 5306-5308.  
**LAZINESS**, 3534. 3535. 3925. 1806-1808. 3245-3247.  
**LEARNING**, 3536-3544. 1783. 1789. 1816-1824.  
**LIBERALISM**, 3545. 5857. 5880-5883.  
**LIBERality**, 3546-3548. 296-319. 586-600. 2457-2464.  
**LIBERTY**, 3549-3557. 2380-2382.  
**LICENTIOUSNESS**, 3558. 3559. 176. 770. 3239.  
**LIES**, 3560. 3561. 2172-2179. 8744-8754.  
**LIFE**, 3562-3624. 369. 417. 475. 919. 1255. 1256. 1302. 1313. 2026-2028. 3047. 4827-4830. 2532.  
**LITTLE THINGS**, 3647-3650. 278-283. 5387-5395. 5775-5778.  
**LONG-SUFFERING**, 3651. 3652. 2329. 4452. 4453.

- LIGHT, 3625-3640. 358. 700. 745. 747. 784. 825. 826. 1721.  
 1972. 2118. 2293. 2639. 2995. 3976.  
 LITERATURE, 364. 379. 380. 388. 464-474. 4850-4856.  
 LITTLE SINS, 3641-3646. 735. 736. 957. 1981. 5388.  
 LOOKING TO JESUS, 3653-3655. 873-887. 1528. 5166-  
 5187.  
 LOQUACITY, 3656-3657. 1863. 5580-5588.  
 LORD'S DAY, 3658. 5123-5145. 5537.  
 LORD'S PRAYER, 3659-3661. 2238. 2355.  
 LORD'S SUPPER, 3662-3668. 5140-5150.  
 LOSSES, 3669-3672. 444. 510. 710. 2754. 5103.  
 LOST, 3673-3675. 354. 475. 699. 735. 736. 1726. 1768. 2228.  
 2672. 2840. 4307. 5292.  
 LOVE, 3676-3721. 53-71. 256. 502. 1887. 2106. 2261.  
 LOVE OF CHRIST, 3722-3726. 17. 702. 703. 711. 1376.  
 1377. 1760. 3687.  
 LOVE OF GOD, 3727. 3728. 73. 1763.  
 LUCK, 3729. 2365-2373. 3619. 3985-3987.  
 LUKEWARMNESS, 3730-3736. 737. 162-166. 254-262. 2358-  
 2362. 3244.  
 LUST, 3737. 3738. 3239. 3558. 3559.  
 LUXURY, 3739-3743. 751. 1639. 1640. 2024. 3133. 4757-4765.  
 5948. 5992-6006.  
 LYING, 3744-3754. 2172-2179. 3560. 3561.  
  
 MAGNANIMITY, 3755. 1575. 1882-1890. 2430. 2719-2727.  
 2960-2963.  
 MALEVOLENCE, 3756. 1906-1924. 2801. 2802.  
 MALICE, 3757-3759. 1915. 2801. 2802.  
 MAMMON, 3760-3764. 236-246. 1136-1154. 3713. 4009-  
 4018. 5087-5111. 5992-6006.  
 MAN, 3765-3800. 449-456. 1950. 2522. 2526. 3081-3083.  
 3890-3895. 5419-5422. 5562.  
 MANHOOD, 3801. 2441-2444. 4136-4139.  
 MANNERS, 3802-3809. 1821. 851-853. 1123-1131. 4472-  
 4478.  
 MARKS, 3810-3813. 203. 341. 785. 797. 3615.  
 MARRIAGE, 3814-3832. 1132-1135. 1597. 2586. 6075.  
 MARTYRDOM, 3833. 2154. 2292. 4396-4405. 6241.  
 MARTYRS, 3834. 651. 1010-1015. 1126. 1395. 1732-1749.  
 2161. 2291. 2292. 2317.  
 MATURITY, 3835. 2732-2736. 4379-4392.  
 MEANNESS, 3836. 445. 594. 3166. 3167. 4376. 4377. 5263-  
 5268.  
 MEANS, 3831-3841. 2955-2957.  
 MEANS OF GRACE, 2679. 3842-3844. 2815-2820. 3868.  
 3869. 4509-4593.  
 MEDIATION, 3845-3848. 224-232. 3333-3340.  
 MEDITATION, 3849-3853. 993-997. 1016. 1017. 1609. 1952.  
 2069. 4031. 4891.  
 MEEK, 3854-3858. 2445-2447.  
 MEEKNESS, 3854-3867. 3087-3104. 4649-4651.  
 MEETINGS, 3868. 3869. 4594-4597.  
 MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN, 1897. 2043. 3870-3873. 4649-  
 4651. 4857.  
 MELANCHOLY, 3874-3878. 1605. 1482. 1490. 3308. 3309.  
 MEMORY, 3879-3889. 906. 973. 1083. 1407. 2026. 2332-  
 2337. 3409. 5229. 5689.  
 MEN, 3890-3895. 3765-3801. 3077-3083.  
 MERCIES, 423-426. 3896-3902.  
 MERCY, 3903-3921. 910. 911. 2515. 2523. 2535. 3411. 3697-  
 3709. 4452. 4453.  
 MERIT, 3922-3926. 572. 829. 2015. 4753. 6216.  
 MILLENNIUM, 3927-3929. 95. 818. 5961.  
 MILLIONAIRE, 3930. 3978-3980.  
 MIND, 3931-3940. 1816-1841. 3134. 3322-3325.  
 MINDS, 3941-3943. 2709-2727.  
 MINISTER, 3944-3951. 177. 462. 1520. 1750-1767. 4572.  
 4323-4331.  
 MINISTERS, 3952-3961. 4572.  
 MINISTRY, 3962-3972. 3094. 4598-4637.
- MIRACLES, 3973-3976. 451. 452. 2211. 4786. 2092. 4231.  
 MIRTH, 3977. 604-610. 2429. 3383-3405.  
 MISERS, 3978-3980. 4011. 1146. 1136-1141.  
 MISERY, 3981-3984. 75-92. 1681. 2729-2731. 4281-4283.  
 5414-5418. 5520-5533.  
 MISFORTUNE, 3985-3987. 519-521. 1980. 3669-3672.  
 MISSIONS, 3988-3996. 232. 827. 2461. 3998. 4417.  
 MISTAKES, 3997. 213. 1437. 5255.  
 MITE, 3998. 3647-3650. 5387-5395. 5775-5778.  
 MODERATION, 3999-4003. 2138. 2014. 2652. 3581.  
 MODESTY, 4004-4008. 3539. 3987-3104.  
 MOMENTS, 1533-1542. 2015. 4808-4812. 5710-5731.  
 MONEY, 4009-4018. 2582-2589.  
 MONUMENT, 4019. 4875.  
 MORALIST, 4020-4023. 707. 780. 781. 5434.  
 MORALITY, 4024-4029. 1081. 1672-1691. 4638-4692. 5931-  
 5944.  
 MORALS, 4030. 395. 756. 1414. 5115-5118. 5945-5947.  
 MORTALITY, 4031. 4032. 1317. 1265-1375. 2275. 4137.  
 MOTHER, 4033-4045. 58. 59. 61. 635. 864. 1824. 2003.  
 2189-2199. 2739. 3009. 3696. 3698. 3699. 6019-6028.  
 MOTIVES, 4047-4049. 16. 304. 315. 316. 596. 1962. 4688.  
 4692. 4858-4865.  
 MOURNING, 4050. 1370. 2729-2731.  
 MURDER, 4051. 3757. 5269. 6270. 5534. 5535.  
 MURMURING, 4052-4060. 912-914. 2737. 2738.  
 MUSIC, 4061-4067. 3889. 5355. 5412. 5413.  
 MUTABILITY, 566. 567. 1044. 1066. 1073. 4449. 4450.  
 5923-5925. 6142. 6156.  
 MYSTERY, 4068. 1326. 3600. 4291. 4787. 5236. 5237.
- NAKED, 4084. 1638-1649.  
 NAME, 4069-4073. 663. 684. 704. 708. 736. 787. 2190-  
 2188. 2527. 2596-2602. 3365.  
 NATIONS, 4074-4083. 374.  
 NATURAL MAN, 4085-4089. 427-431. 801. 1453-1471.  
 2859. 4267-4271.  
 NATURE, 4090-4105. 317. 1158-1162. 2494. 2496. 2497.  
 3585. 4717. 5886. 6137-6174.  
 NECESSITY, 4106. 532. 533. 2380-2392. 4643.
- NEED, 4107-4111. 631. 643. 678. 706. 2955. 4378. 4486-  
 4492.  
 NEGLECT, 4112-4118. 260. 375. 475. 788. 1259. 1416-1429.  
 1684. 3206-3209. 3599. 3599. 4240-4253. 4656-4662.  
 4701-4714. 5178. 5179.  
 NEIGHBOR, 3461. 5660.  
 NEUTRALITY, 4119-4122. 2244. 6008-6018. 6175-6200.  
 NEW BIRTH, 4123-4126. 1063-1091. 2823. 4899-4908.  
 NEW CREATURE, 4127-4129. 1063-1092.  
 NEW HEART, 4130. 1063-1091. 1329. 2846. 1092.  
 NEWS, 4131. 356. 2622-2641.  
 NEW TESTAMENT, 4132. 4133. 341. 481. 3716. 4212-4211.  
 NEW YEAR, 4134. 4135.  
 NOBILITY, 4136-4139. 498. 776. 789. 2015. 2709-2727.  
 2908.  
 NON-RESISTANCE, 4140-4142. 4355-4369. 5958-5961.  
 NOVELS, 4143-4151. 464-474. 4850-4856.  
 NOW, 4152-4155. 1257-1259. 1416-1429. 1845. 4240-4253.  
 4701-4714. 4976.
- OATHS, 4156. 4718-4725. 5553-5559.  
 OBEDIENCE, 4157-4172. 479. 1108. 1552. 1576-1578. 2257.  
 3709.  
 OBJECTION, 1019. 2019-2025. 2964. 3627.  
 OBLIGATION, 4173-4177. 1384. 1385. 2384. 5004. 5007.  
 5497. 1672-1691. 4740-4752.  
 OBSERVATION, 4178-4183. 1992.  
 OBSTINACY, 4184. 4185. 6036. 5276. 5277.  
 OCCUPATION, 4188-4191. 507-513. 522-527. 1867.  
 OCEAN, 4186. 4187.  
 OFFENCE, 4192. 3317. 3318.

OFFENCES, 4193-4195. 1053. 1131. 3296-3299.  
 OFFERINGS, 4196. 2450-2456. 5151-5155.  
 OLD AGE, 4197-4210. 93-104. 495. 618. 1073. 1323.  
 OLD TESTAMENT, 4211-4214. 335-407. 4132. 4133.  
 OMISSION, 4215. 4216. 4112-4118.  
 OMNIPOTENCE, 4217. 711. 1241. 2525. 2530.  
 OMNIPRESCIENCE, 4218-4220. 933. 2531. 2536. 2538. 3027.  
 OMNISCIENCE, 4221-4233. 709. 1704. 2498. 2532, 2533.  
 5919. 5972. 5973.  
 OPINIONS, 4234-4239. 3121-3124. 4805. 5685-5703.  
 OPPORTUNITY, 4240-4253. 629. 1258. 2715. 3535. 4152-  
 4155. 4701-4714.  
 OPPOSITION, 4254. 4255. 4396-4405. 5112-5114. 5222. 5223.  
 ORATORY, 183. 396. 1861-1865. 2436. 5860.  
 ORDEAL, 2554. 2566. 5759-5773. 4508. 5022.  
 ORDER, 4256-4261. 4454. 4455. 4639.  
 ORDINANCES, 4262-4266. 267. 268. 3662-3663. 5146-5150.  
 ORIGINAL SIN, 4267-4271. 1453-1471. 2162-2168. 3081-  
 3083.  
 ORNAMENTS, 37. 275. 1643. 4272-4274.  
 ORPHANS, 4275-4277. 478. 612. 686.  
 OTHERS, 4278-4280. 419. 2338-2357. 3511.  
 OVERDOING, 4281. 2013. 2014. 3999-4003.  
  
 PAIN, 4281-4283. 75-92. 1329. 1708. 3981-3984. 5414-5418.  
 5520-5523.  
 PANTHEISM, 4284-4286.  
 PAPIST, 4287. 5126. 5127.  
 PARABLES, 4288-4290. 2090. 3172-3178.  
 PARADOXES, 4291. 427-431. 3973-3976. 4068.  
 PARDON, 4292-4300. 229. 1102. 1186. 2338-2357. 2405.  
 3443-3451.  
 PARENTS, 4301-4313. 57-62. 70. 71. 619-650. 1125. 2004.  
 2234-2240. 4033-4046.  
 PARSIMONY, 4314. 4315. 236-246. 1136-1154. 1814. 3166.  
 3167.  
 PARTIES, 4316. 2274. 2275. 891-908. 2643-2648.  
 PARTING, 4317. 1735. 1062.  
 PASSION, 4318-4323. 133-149. 176. 4427. 5620-5631. 6217-  
 6219.  
 PASSIONS, 4324-4328. 1478. 5436. 2016-2018. 3676-3721.  
 PASTOR, 4329. 4331. 1094. 3944-3961. 4598-4637.  
 PATH, 4332. 4333. 262. 734. 895. 2931.  
 PATIENCE, 4334-4345. 592. 1026-1045. 1878-1881. 1830.  
 612. 3860. 4406-4424.  
 PATRIOTISM, 4346-4351. 1678. 2155. 2198. 2296. 2961.  
 3556. 3701.  
 PAUPER, 276, 1037. 4352. 3462. 4366.  
 PAYMENT, 4353. 4354. 591. 598. 2694. 3432. 3464-3468.  
 4866. 5050-5054. 5080-5086.  
 PEACE, 4355-4369. 950. 971. 1239. 1329. 1708. 2199. 2848.  
 4140-4142. 5008-5017.  
 PEDANTRY, 4370. 50-52. 202. 203. 4663.  
 PEEVISHNESS, 4371. 2389-2392. 2737. 2738. 560. 5220.  
 5221.  
 PEN, 4372. 362. 464-474.  
 PENITENCE, 4373-4375. 1046. 1047. 1095-1106. 3084-3086.  
 4962-4982.  
 PENURIOUSNESS, 4376. 4377. 1814. 236-246. 1136-1154.  
 3166. 3167.  
 PENURY, 4378. 276. 4107-4111. 4479-4484. 4486-4492.  
 PERFECTION, 4379-4392. 2965-2985. 3602. 3210. 3835.  
 4822-4826.  
 PERIL, 4393-4395. 180. 181. 442. 692. 773. 1233-1247.  
 3569. 5359.  
 PERSECUTION, 4396-4405. 441. 835. 1010-1015. 1181. 2631.  
 2960. 3397. 3833. 3834. 5222. 5233. 5816.  
 PERSEVERANCE, 4406-4424. 480. 1523. 1562-1564. 1697.  
 1830. 1848. 1871. 2607. 2963. 3065. 3704. 4454. 5926.  
 2927.  
 PERSON, 4425. 3125. 5477. 5247-5250.

PERSONAL EFFORT, 4426. 802. 942. 1412. 1413. 1603-  
 1614. 1842-1848. 5453-5456.  
 PERSONS, 4427. 4428. 3890-3895.  
 PERVERSION, 4428. 2172-2179. 3059.  
 PETS, 4429.  
 PHARISAISM, 4430-4432. 441-448. 1993. 2418. 3112-3117.  
 4726-4735.  
 PHILANTHROPY, 4433-4436. 1334. 2961. 3077-3080. 3452-  
 3471. 5560-5569.  
 PHILOSOPHY, 4437-4440. 398. 4380. 2103. 5213-5215.  
 PHYSICIANS, 4441. 4442. 422. 2961.  
 PIETY, 4443-4448. 384. 1512-1516. 2074-2146. 2570-2581.  
 2965-2985. 3651. 3652. 4912-4956. 5188-5191. 5650-  
 5659.  
 PILGRIMAGE, 4449. 4450. 850. 3086. 6162.  
 PILOT, 4451. 690. 939. 5464.  
 PITY, 4452. 4453. 910. 911. 1933. 3905-3921.  
 PLANS, 4454. 4455. 1472. 1473. 1900. 4505-4510.  
 PLEASURE, 4436-4471. 125. 126. 429. 1695. 1772. 5337.  
 6163. 6238.  
 POLITENESS, 4472-4478. 851-853. 1128-1131. 3802-3809.  
 POOR, 4479-4484. 68. 310. 631. 789. 1277. 3350. 4352.  
 4366.  
 POPULARITY, 177. 178. 2473.  
 POSSIBLE, 4485. 3214.  
 POVERTY, 4486-4492. 762. 819. 1027. 1028. 1151. 2043.  
 4366. 4107-4111. 4479. 4484. 5931.  
 POWER, 4493-4504. 574. 577. 768. 1324. 2008. 2009. 2525.  
 2670. 4217.  
 PRACTICE, 4505-4508. 3487. 5631. 5682. 3214. 4454. 4455.  
 PRAISE, 4509-4525. 712. 1433. 1711. 1717. 2912. 5667-  
 5673.  
 PRAYER, 4526-4593. 152-156. 422. 481. 805. 841. 852-  
 860. 864. 2447. 2503. 2518. 3101. 3212. 3213. 3333-  
 3340. 3512.  
 PRAYER-MEETINGS, 4594-4597. 3363. 3369.  
 PREACHER, 4598-4600. 177. 3944-3972. 4572. 5068. 5860.  
 PREACHING, 4601-4637. 1183. 2482. 2638. 3172-3178. 3368.  
 3526-3533. 5282-5287.  
 PRECAUTION, 4638. 557. 558. 6235.  
 PRECEDENCE, 4639. 4256-4261.  
 PRECEPT, 4640. 4641. 2006. 2007. 3316. 3526-3533. 4774.  
 5603-5612.  
 PRECOCITY, 4642. 1773-1783. 1788. 1789.  
 PREDESTINATION, 4643. 532. 533. 2380-2382. 4106. 6037.  
 6038.  
 PREJUDICE, 4644-4648. 408-416. 1439-1446. 6238.  
 PREPARATION, 4649-4651. 1688. 1758. 1954. 2384. 3565.  
 3870-3873.  
 PRESENT, 4652. 4653. 1956. 1957. 4152-4155. 5710-5731.  
 PRESENTIMENT, 4654. 4655. 1931. 2331. 5962-5967.  
 PRESERVATION, 1929-1931. 4766-4772. 4775-4794. 5972.  
 5973.  
 PRESUMPTION, 4656-4662. 3651. 3767. 5216-5219. 5340.  
 6003-6017.  
 PRETENSION, 4663. 50-52. 202. 203. 4870.  
 PRIDE, 4664-4687. 202. 441-448. 793. 915. 916. 1849-  
 1854. 1924.  
 PRINCIPLE, 4688. 4689. 4047-4049. 4858-4865. 4827-4830.  
 PRINCIPLES, 4690-4692. 4024-4030.  
 PRISON, 4693. 4694. 453.  
 PRIVILEGES, 4695-4698. 4240-4253.  
 PRIZE, 4699. 2834. 1194-1200. 4946-4848. 5030-5086.  
 PROBATION, 4700. 3562-3624. 5759-5773.  
 PROCRASTINATION, 4701-4704. 280. 1416-1429. 1937.  
 3206-3209. 3569. 4112-4118. 4240-4253.  
 PRODIGALITY, 4715. 4716. 3697. 3699. 4976.  
 PRODUCTIVENESS, 4717. 288. 2417-2420. 5800-5896.  
 PROFANITY, 4718-4725. 492. 2886. 4156. 5553-5559.  
 PROFESSION, 4726-4735. 171. 263. 822. 839. 921-924.  
 3112-3117. 4430-4432.

- PROGRESS**, 4736-4739. 255. 845. 1827. 2316. 2732-2736. 3792.  
**PROMISES**, 4740-4752. 337. 1872. 2115. 2539. 4173-4177. 5297.  
**PROMOTION**, 4753. 1872. 1045. 2015. 5890-5896.  
**PROPHECY**, 4754-4756. 335-407.  
**PROSPERITY**, 4757-4765. 1032. 2412. 3739-3743. 5511-5519.  
**PROTECTION**, 4766-4772. 153. 180. 649. 1407-1411. 1433-1435. 1929-1931. 2455. 5156-5158.  
**PROTESTANTISM**, 4773. 830. 753-769.  
**PROVERBS**, 4774. 3172-3178.  
**PROVIDENCE** 4775-4794. 35-46. 75-92. 331. 631. 863. 894. 1242. 1635. 1929-1931. 2116. 2485. 2540. 3202. 3524. 4030.  
**PROVOCATION**, 4795. 4796. 145. 3317. 3318. 3651. 4192-4195.  
**PRUDENCE**, 4797-4802. 557. 559. 1434. 4455. 6041-6054.  
**PSALMS**, 4803. 4804.  
**PUBLIC SENTIMENT**, 4805. 1217. 4232-4239.  
**PULPIT**, 4806. 4807. 2635. 3944-3972. 4601-4637.  
**PUNCTUALITY**, 4808-4812. 1533-1542. 5710-5731.  
**PUNISHMENT**, 4813-4821. 854-856. 976. 1333. 1491. 1492. 2260. 2530. 2632. 2636. 2937. 2954. 6010. 6014.  
**PURITY**, 4822-4826. 84. 432-440. 2377. 2378. 2965-2965. 5188-5191.  
**PURPOSE**, 4827-4830. 105-108. 3654. 3655. 3331. 3332. 4858-4865.  
**QUARRELS**, 4831-4833. 831. 2197. 1020-1025. 3770.  
**QUENCHING THE SPIRIT**, 3570. 3572. 6321.  
**QUESTION**, 4839. 2422-2424.  
**QUIETNESS**, 4840-4845. 1239. 1806-1809. 2843. 4355-4369. 5008-5017.  
**RACE**, 4846-4848. 1200. 1243. 4699.  
**RACES**, 4849. 125. 126.  
**READING**, 4850-4856. 337. 358. 384. 464-474. 1335. 2541. 4143-4151.  
**READY**, 4857. 642. 705. 1083. 1319. 1329. 1339. 134. 1372. 1743. 3608. 3870-3873. 4649-4651.  
**REASON**, 4858-4865. 5055. 5056. 4047-4049. 4688. 4689. 4827-4830.  
**RECIPROCITY**, 4866. 3464-3468. 4278-4280. 2590. 2591.  
**RECKLESSNESS**, 4867. 544. 635. 636.  
**RECOGNITION**, 4868-4870. 2393-2410. 2968-2935.  
**RECONCILIATION**, 4871-4874. 33-36. 224-232. 1888. 1889. 2338-2357. 6066-6073.  
**RECORD**, 4875. 21. 1061. 3609. 4019. 4101. 4328. 5327. 5334.  
**RECOVERY**, 4876. 249-253.  
**RECREATION**, 4877. 4878. 125. 126.  
**REDEEMER**, 701. 224-232. 432-440. 1437.  
**REDEMPTION**, 4879-4888. 224-232. 432-440. 726. 2381. 2382. 2542.  
**REFINEMENT**, 4889. 4890. 2441-2447. 3518. 3519.  
**REFLECTION**, 4891. 795. 993-997. 1016. 1017. 2543. 3849-3853. 5685-5694.  
**REFORM**, 4892-4896. 937. 2060. 4907. 1063-1091. 4433-4436.  
**REFORMERS**, 488-461. 830. 1124.  
**REFUGEE**, 4897. 4898. 714. 1450. 2544. 3903-3921. 5156-5158.  
**REGENERATION**, 4899-4908. 1063-1091. 2350. 2846. 4128-4126.  
**REGRET**, 475. 906. 1095-1106. 5414-5418. 4957-4961.  
**REJOICING**, 4909. 4910. 1307. 1342. 1734. 2043. 2637. 3383-3405. 5667-5673.  
**RELIEF**, 4911. 4996. 2955-2957.  
**RELIGION**, 4912-4956. 102. 755-802. 1172-1186. 1833. 2903. 2037-2057. 2570-2581. 4443-4448. 5166-5187.  
**REMOVER**, 4957-4961. 715. 946-984. 1205. 1724. 2744. 2745.  
**REPENTANCE**, 4962-4982. 1046-1047. 1095-1106. 1343. 1344. 2339. 3084-3086. 4154. 4373-4375.  
**REPRIEVE**, 4983. 2329. 3651. 3652. 4452. 4453.  
**REPROBATE**, 4984. 4985. 166. 447. 3206-3209. 3406. 6006-6017. 6220-6224.  
**REPROOF**, 4986-4994. 1003. 1064. 1742. 2248. 2249. 2289. 5968-5971.  
**REPUTATION**, 4995. 585. 2596-2602. 3751. 4070. 4073.  
**RESCUE**, 4996. 1433-1435. 1929. 1930. 2682. 3464. 3708. 4766-4772. 4911. 5166-5187.  
**RESIGNATION**, 4997-4999. 320-330. 1273. 5502-5510.  
**RESOLUTION**, 5000-5003. 438. 1388-1401. 6029-6035.  
**RESPONSIBILITY**, 5004-5007. 22. 423-426. 456. 646. 895. 3221-3224. 3500. 4076. 4173-4177.  
**REST**, 5008-5017. 571. 933. 1766. 2707. 2708. 4355-4369. 4840-4845.  
**RESTITUTION**, 5018-5022. 1075. 2817.  
**RESTLESSNESS**, 520. 542. 978. 5008. 5016. 1570-1586. 3311. 5898.  
**RESTRAINT**, 5023. 4740-4752. 5704. 5705.  
**RESULTS**, 5024. 169. 3510. 991. 992. 4813-4821.  
**RESURRECTION**, 5025-5043. 151. 450. 567. 717. 1706.  
**RETALIATION**, 5044. 5045. 1663. 1726. 1975.  
**RETIREMENT**, 5046. 5047. 2959. 5409. 5410.  
**RETREAT**, 5048. 5049. 255. 5500.  
**RETRIBUTION**, 5050-5054. 164. 1347. 1984. 2948. 4353. 4354. 4428. 4789. 5698. 6220-6224.  
**REVELATION**, 5055. 5056. 335-407. 4858-4865.  
**REVENGE**, 5057-5063. 3317. 3318. 3296-3299.  
**REVERENCE**, 5064-5066. 3084-3104. 6201-6213.  
**REVIVALS**, 5067-5079. 385. 465. 1866. 1930. 5453-5467. 5560-5569.  
**REWARD**, 5080-5086. 86. 591. 598. 748. 771. 776. 1193-1200. 1739. 2159. 2299. 2546. 3464-3468. 4813-4821.  
**RICH**, 5087-5089. 2547. 5992-6006.  
**RICHES**, 5090-5111. 236-246. 520. 2120. 2426. 2582-2589. 2633. 3760-3764. 6992-6006.  
**RIDICULE**, 5112-5114. 1651. 5222. 5223.  
**RIGHT**, 5115-5118. 579. 870-873. 969. 1615. 2852. 4024-4030. 5931-5947.  
**RIGHTEOUSNESS**, 5119-5122. 1346. 2570-2591.  
**ROCK**, 5123-5125. 692. 719. 1560. 2548.  
**ROMANISM**, 5126. 5127. 378. 385. 416. 931. 932. 1084. 1442. 4773. 5159.  
**RUIN**, 4-9. 1650-1671. 3796. 6225.  
**RULING PASSION**, 1144. 1320. 1712. 2420. 2749. 2560. 3335. 4318-4323.  
**SABBATH**, 5128-5141. 170. 3658. 5537.  
**SABBATH-BREAKING**, 5142-5145. 1167. 870-876.  
**SACRAMENT**, 5146-5150. 267. 268. 3662-3668. 4262-4266.  
**SACRIFICE**, 5151-5155. 224-232. 702. 1743. 2519. 3531. 4196.  
**SAFETY**, 5156-5158. 690. 692. 1707. 2121. 1433-1435. 4766-4772. 4897. 4898. 4996. 5239. 5240.  
**SAILORS**, 180. 699. 728. 2121. 4720.  
**SAINTS**, 5159-5165. 284-289. 787. 1307. 1512-1520. 4443. 4448.  
**SALVATION**, 5166-5187. 87. 92. 667. 679. 720. 2122. 2123. 2338-2357. 2383-2388. 4822-4826.  
**SANCTIFICATION**, 5188-5191. 432-440. 2965-2985. 4822. 4828.  
**SATAN**, 5192-5201. 109. 945. 1500-1510. 3485.  
**SATIETY**, 5202. 3041. 3042. 4468. 1556-1558. 5900-5911.  
**SATISFACTION**, 5203. 5204. 678. 721. 1026-1045. 1706. 2674. 2767-2797.  
**SAVIOUR**, 5205. 5206. 224-232. 655-734. 1436. 1765.  
**SCANDAL**, 5207-5209. 514-517. 5369-5375. 5735-5742.  
**SCEPTICISM**, 5210. 5211. 215-223. 3259-3274. 5853-5859.  
**SCHOLAR**, 5212. 482. 1305. 1539. 1813-1841. 3422. 5500.  
**SCIENCE**, 5213-5215. 183. 394. 4437-4440.  
**SCOFFER**, 5216-5219. 420. 1347. 5222. 5223.



- SCOLD, 5220. 5221. 2399-2392. 2737. 2738. 4371.  
SCORN, 5222. 5223. 1018. 1019. 4254. 4255. 5216-5219.  
SCRIPTURES, 335-407. 5224-5235. 4132. 4133. 4211-4214.  
SECRET, 5236. 5237. 1306. 3600. 4068. 4787.  
SECTS, 5238. 408-416. 1441-1446.  
SECURITY, 5239. 5240. 212. 257. 285. 821. 2485. 5156-5158.  
SEED, 5241. 5242. 767. 1463. 1774. 3831. 4468-5471.  
SEEKING CHRIST, 5243-5246. 179. 280. 656. 676. 1067. 1351. 2375. 2376. 4373-4375. 4962-4982.  
SELF, 5247-5250. 3125. 4425.  
SELF-COMPLACENCE, 5251. 5252. 915. 1849-1854.  
SELF-CONFIDENCE, 916. 941. 1169. 1170. 3767.  
SELF-CONTROL, 5253. 5254. 5292.  
SELF-DECEPTION, 213. 5255. 3997. 1437. 5261.  
SELF-DENIAL, 5256. 5257. 770. 1683. 4272. 4944.  
SELF-EXAMINATION, 5258-5260.  
SELF-FORGETFULNESS, 5261. 1575.  
SELF-GOVERNMENT, 5262. 2827. 5253. 5254. 2643-2648.  
SELFISHNESS, 5262-5267. 503. 1849-1854. 4577. 4578.  
SELF-KNOWLEDGE, 5268. 3501.  
SELF-MURDER, 5269. 5270. 5534. 5535.  
SELF-RELLANCE, 648. 5511. 1893-1896. 2300. 5253. 5254.  
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS, 5271-5273. 432. 1081. 2676. 3922-3926.  
SELF-SACRIFICE, 5274. 2961. 2963. 3461. 4580. 5072.  
SELF-SUFFICIENCY, 5275. 1849-1854. 5900-5911.  
SELF-WILL, 4184. 4185. 5276. 5277. 412. 6036.  
SENSE, 5278. 5279. 3322-3325. 3931-3940.  
SENSIBILITIES, 5280. 3312-3315.  
SEPARATION, 5281. 125. 126. 197. 792. 5354.  
SERMONS, 5282-5287. 4601-4637. 4806. 4807.  
SERVICE, 5288-5291. 257. 5962-5967. 6111-6133. 6201-6215.  
SHAME, 921. 925. 930. 1018. 1019. 2624.  
SHEEP, 5292. 3520-3524.  
SHEPHERD, 3520-3524. 4329.  
SHOOTING, 2384. 3400. 4509-4525.  
SICKNESS, 5293-5301. 81. 82. 389. 1343. 1344. 3163. 3169. 4581. 4932.  
SILENCE, 5302. 5303. 1751. 2677.  
SIMPLICITY, 5304. 5819-5850.  
SIN, 5305-5352. 274. 332-334. 716. 1095-1106. 1349. 2744. 2745. 3641-3646. 3713. 5142-5145. 5913-5922.  
SINCERITY, 5353. 3310. 4735. 5912.  
SINGING, 5355. 3889. 4061-4067. 5412. 5413.  
SINGULARITY, 5354. 5281.  
SINNER, 5356-5362. 3067. 1167. 1168. 5913-5922. 6220-6224.  
SINNERS, 5363-5368. 702. 703. 4813-4821. 6008-6018. SISTER, 637. 5444.  
SLANDER, 5369-5375. 514-517. 529-531. 1229. 2597.  
SLAVERY, 5376. 5377. 72. 315. 2151. 2380-2382. 2767.  
SLEEP, 5378-5386. 737. 1350.  
SMALL BEGINNINGS, 5387. 281-283. 3647-3650. 5775-5780.  
SMALL THINGS, 5388-5395. 281-283. 1773. 3647-3650. 5775-5780.  
SMILES, 5396-5398. 3108. 3525. 3583.  
SMOKING, 5399. 5400. 5921. 5732-5734.  
SOBRIETY, 5401. 1790-1795. 2709.  
SOCIALITY, 846. 1671. 1985. 2396-2409.  
SOCIETY, 5402-5404. 189-201. 789. 883-908. 2921.  
SOLDIERS, 5405-5408. 336. 391. 1088. 1122. 1123. 1306. 2127. 5962-5969. 5923.  
SOLITUDE, 5409. 5410. 2959. 5046. 5047.  
SON, 5411. 57. 59-62. 1512. 3692. 4162. 4164.  
SONGS, 5412. 5413. 399. 4061-4067. 5355.  
SORROW, 5414-5418. 75-92. 520. 2729-2731. 3623. 4231-4233. 5414-5418. 5774. 5520-5523.  
SOUL, 5419-5452. 13. 449. 455. 456. 1327. 1958. 3187-3201.  
SOUL-SAVING, 5453-5456. 541. 647. 786. 793. 1094. 1320. 3306. 4435. 5067-5079. 5569.  
SOULS, 5457-5467. 5560-5569.  
SOWING, 5468-5471. 494. 495. 1774. 5241. 5242.  
SPEAKING, 5472-5474. 921-930. 5580-5588.  
SPEECH, 5475. 5476. 1064-1062. 6095-6110.  
SPHERE, 5477. 1689. 1932. 1933. 4425.  
SPIRIT, 430. 3797. 5478-5484. 2986-3008. 5419-5452.  
SPIRITUAL LIFE, 5485-5488. 1512-1516. 2094. 2603. 4123-4126. 4899-4908.  
SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS, 5489. 5490. 197. 547. 878-887. 1476. 1512-1520. 1803.  
STABILITY, 5491-5494. 2300. 1388-1401.  
STANDARD, 5495. 266. 2301. 2302.  
STEALING, 5496. 1573. 1574. 2317. 4233.  
STEWARDSHIP, 5497. 4173-4177. 4700. 5004-5007.  
STUDY, 5498. 5212. 5499. 5519.  
STRIFE, 777. 1020-1025. 1587. 1588. 4831-4839.  
STUPIDITY, 5300. 5212.  
STYLE, 5301. 4256-4261.  
SUBMISSION, 5502-5510. 75-77. 2120. 2552. 4997-4999. 5300. 5550. 5551. 6036. 6038.  
SUCCESS, 5511-5519. 263. 1401. 1533-1542. 1846. 1893-1896. 3514. 4757-4765.  
SUFFERING, 5520-5533. 75-92. 419. 724-726. 1331. 2793. 2794. 4281-4283. 5414-5418.  
SUICIDE, 5334. 5335. 1490. 5209. 5270.  
SUN, 5536. 662. 687. 2533. 2637. 4453.  
SUNDAY, 5537. 3658. 4949. 5128-5145.  
SUNDAY SCHOOL, 5538-5543. 556. 641. 647. 1604. 5594-5612.  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER, 5544. 5545. 5594-5612.  
SUPERINTENDENT, 5546. 5533-5543.  
SUPERSTITION, 5547. 596. 1164-1166. 2213. 2863-2866.  
SUPPLIES, 5548. 631. 642. 721. 2062. 2063. 2153. 2211. 4107-4111.  
SUPPORT, 723. 2322. 3223. 2485. 2499. 5549.  
SURRENDER, 5550. 5551. 985-990. 5502-5510.  
SUSPICION, 5552. 5553. 976. 1589-1591. 1623-1629.  
SWEARING, 5554-5559. 4718-4725. 4158.  
SYMPATHY, 5560-5569. 137. 174. 484. 3903-3921. 4433-4436. 4452. 4453.  
TACT, 5570. 5571. 534. 535.  
TALE-BEARER, 5572-5574. 514-517. 5592. 5369-5275. 5735-5742.  
TALENTS, 5575-5579. 1. 2. 534. 535. 2072. 2073. 2450-2456.  
TALK, 5580-5582. 5472-5474. 6095-6110.  
TALKERS, 5583. 5584.  
TALKING, 5585-5588. 1054-1062.  
TASTE, 5589-5591. 651-654.  
TATTLING, 5592. 5572-5574. 5369-5375.  
TAX, 5593.  
TEACHER, 5594-5598. 5544. 5545.  
TEACHERS, 5594-5602. 611-650.  
TEACHING, 5603-5612. 232-235. 556. 1788. 1789. 3318. 5304.  
TEARS, 5613-5619. 3583.  
TEMPER, 5620-5631. 138-149. 2481. 4318-4323. 6217-6219.  
TEMPERANCE, 5632-5636. 4-9. 189. 281. 1650-1671.  
TEMPLE, 5637. 5638.  
TEMPTATION, 5639-5665. 332-334. 109-111. 181. 187. 195. 1230. 5192-5201.  
TESTS, 5666. 2554. 2556. 2571. 3709. 3710. 3867. 4508. 5022.  
THANKFULNESS, 5667-5671. 425. 2795. 4909. 4910.  
THANKSGIVING, 5672. 5673. 1744. 5667-5671. 4509-4525.  
THEATRE, 5674-5680. 195. 1058. 1998. 3571.  
THEORY, 5681. 5682. 4505-4508.

- THIRST**, 5683-5685. 2520. 5985.  
**THOUGHT**, 5685-5694. 198. 201. 3121-3124. 4234-4239. 4391.  
**THOUGHTS**, 5695-5703. 552. 945. 4221. 4234-4239.  
**THREATENING**, 5704. 5705.  
**THRIFT**, 5706. 1809-1815. 2415. 2416.  
**TIME**, 5710-5731. 230. 781. 1722. 1784-1787. 1960. 4808-4812.  
**TOBACCO** 5732-5734. 5399. 5400. 5921.  
**TONGUE**, 5735-5742. 2303-2311. 5592. 5369-5375. 5572-5574.  
**TRACTS**, 5742-5745. 3998.  
**TRAITORS**, 5746. 5752. 5753.  
**TRANSFORMATION**, 5747. 5748. 93. 894. 4588. 5466. 5749.  
**TRANSMIGRATION**, 5749. 5747. 5748.  
**TRANSUBSTANTIATION**, 5750. 5751.  
**TREACHERY**, 5752. 5753. 5746.  
**TREASURES**, 5754-5756. 3377-3379. 4053.  
**TREE OF LIFE**, 5757. 5758.  
**TRIALS**, 5759-5773. 75-92. 320-330. 1006-1009. 1704. 2554. 2556. 4700. 5414-5418.  
**TRIBUTATION**, 5774. 39-46. 75-92. 320-330. 771. 794. 1006-1009. 5791-5809.  
**TRIFLES**, 5775-5780. 16. 1773. 2190. 2779. 3469. 3641-3650. 3998. 5387-5395.  
**TRINITY**, 5781-5789. 700. 2557.  
**TRIUMPH**, 5790. 1696. 1754. 1692-1699. 2926. 4700. 5926. 5927.  
**TROUBLE**, 5791-5809. 39-46. 75. 92. 545-554. 771. 794. 865-868. 1006-1009. 2357.  
**TRUST IN GOD**, 5810-5818. 159. 2074-2150. 2558.  
**TRUTH**, 5819-5850. 1925. 2994. 4633. 5115-5118. 5981-5944.  
**TRUTH AND ERROR**, 5851. 1925-1928. 5819-5850.  
**TRUTHFULNESS**, 1338. 2172-2179. 3023. 5831. 3841. 5843. 5847. 5912.  
**TYRANTS**, 5852. 4496.  
  
**UNBELIEF**, 5853-5859. 215-222. 427-431. 3256-3274. 5210. 5211.  
**UNCTION**, 5860. 2649-2684. 4493-4504.  
**UNFRUITFULNESS**, 288. 1058. 5704. 2358-2362.  
**UNHAPPINESS**, 6361. 253. 978. 1553-1553. 2181. 2182. 3874-3878. 3961-3984.  
**UNIFORMITY**, 5862. 5878.  
**UNION**, 5863-5873. 498-501. 803-805. 818. 836-839. 1439-1446. 2798-2800.  
**UNITARIANISM**, 5874. 5876. 439. 676. 683.  
**UNITY**, 5877-5879. 498-501. 833. 834. 836-839. 2523. 2534. 2559. 5863-5873.  
**UNIVERSALISM**, 5880-5883. 2943. 3574. 4635. 5884. 5885.  
**UNIVERSALISTS**, 5884. 5885. 5880-5883.  
**UNIVERSE**, 5886. 1158-1162. 1796-1802. 4089-4105. 6137-6174.  
**UNREADY**, 1722. 1726. 1699. 1961. 2914. 6008-6018. 6175-6200.  
**UNTHANKFULNESS**, 425. 3287-3294. 2737. 2738.  
**USAGE**, 5887. 5888. 1217. 2746-2761.  
**USE**, 5889. 1217. 29-32. 4505-4508.  
**USEFULNESS**, 5890-5896. 1404. 1512. 1515. 1603-1614. 1831. 2593-2595. 3593.  
**USELESSNESS**, 5897. 3597. 3618. 5704.  
  
**VACILLATION**, 5898. 1213. 1619-1622. 4239.  
**VALOR**, 5899. 485-493. 1120-1127. 2960-2963.  
**VANITY**, 5900-5911. 441-448. 520. 1727. 1802. 3543. 4686. 5202. 6160. 6172.  
**VERACITY**, 5912. 493. 633. 2172-2179. 2562. 5819. 5850.  
**VICE**, 5913-5922. 5305-5352. 3641-3646. 2744. 2745. 6008-6019.  
  
**VICISSITUDE**, 5923-5925. 1044. 1066. 1073. 4449. 4450. 3620. 566. 567. 6142. 6156.  
**VICTORY**, 5926. 5927. 1371. 1713. 1761. 2140. 2926. 4700. 5790.  
**VIGILANCE**, 5928. 5929. 181. 428. 850. 4099. 4593.  
**VINE**, 5930.  
**VIRTUE**, 5931-5944. 519. 3040. 4024-4030. 5115-5118.  
**VIRTUES**, 5945-5947. 2635-2692. 4030.  
**VOLUPTUOUSNESS**, 5948. 3739-3743. 4757-4767. 5992-6006.  
**VOW**, 5949. 5950. 4196. 5831. 5841. 5843. 5847.  
**VOWS**, 5951-5957. 4740-4752. 4196.  
  
**WANT**, 1813. 1815. 4107-4111. 4479-4484. 4486-4492.  
**WAR**, 5958. 5961. 269. 270. 1176. 2131.  
**WARFARE**, 5962-5967. 269. 270. 812. 942-945. 2822.  
**WARNING**, 5968-5971. 368. 984. 1221. 1637. 1246. 1247. 3640. 4986-4994. 6224.  
**WATCHCARE OF GOD**, 5972. 5973. 331. 543. 939. 2499. 2564. 2739. 4221-4233. 4775-4794. 5399.  
**WATCHFULNESS**, 5974-5984. 181. 850. 4097. 4593. 5928. 5929.  
**WATCHWORD**, 279. 499. 713.  
**WATER**, 5985. 2374-2379. 2520. 5633-5685.  
**WAY**, 5986. 262. 734. 895. 2931.  
**WEAK**, 5987. 5988. 269. 733. 2088. 2145. 2146.  
**WEAKNESS**, 5989-5991. 831. 840. 1449. 2692. 5387-5395.  
**WEALTH**, 5992-6006. 236-246. 2426. 3760-3764. 3930. 4087. 4757. 4565.  
**WELL DOING**, 6007. 6008. 19. 1616-1618. 1974. 2869. 3595. 4242.  
**WICKED**, 6009-6017. 891. 894. 1374. 2029. 2948. 4765. 4813-4821.  
**WICKEDNESS**, 6018. 3067. 1167. 3641-3646. 4813. 4821.  
**WIFE**, 6019-6028. 53. 54. 185. 759. 2290. 3013. 3106-3111. 3685. 3686. 3827. 3830. 4033-4046. 6074. 6075.  
**WILL**, 6029-6035. 583. 1388-1401. 3704. 5000-5003.  
**WILFULNESS**, 6036. 2572. 4184. 4185. 5276. 5277.  
**WILL OF GOD**, 6037. 6038. 532. 533. 4643.  
**WINE**, 6039. 6040. 4-9. 1650-1671. 5632-5636.  
**WISDOM**, 6041-6054. 1567-1569. 3408-3414.  
**WISDOM OF GOD**, 29-31. 2566-2568. 6044. 6351. 4256-4261.  
**WISHES**, 6055-6058. 1474-1481. 3328.  
**WIT**, 6059-6062. 3322-3325.  
**WITNESS**, 6063-6065. 708. 1751. 921-924. 1732-1749.  
**WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT**, 6066-6073. 204-214. 1855. 2238. 3810-3812.  
**WIVES**, 6074. 6075. 3106-3111. 4033-4046. 6019-6028.  
**WOMAN**, 6076-6087. 1768-1772. 1963. 1964. 2229. 6088-6094. 6233-6235.  
**WOMEN**, 6088-6094. 6076-6087. 6019-6028.  
**WORD**, 6095-6100. 655-734.  
**WORDS**, 6101-6110. 187. 3471. 3656-3657. 4475. 4476. 5580-5588.  
**WORK**, 6111-6131. 263. 615. 802. 3374. 3506-3517. 4495.  
**WORKS**, 6132-6136. 708. 2074. 2084. 2147-2150. 2566. 2568. 2614-2621. 3615.  
**WORLD**, 6137-6174. 1158-1162. 1341. 1796-1803. 2111. 3375. 4089-4105. 5886.  
**WORLDLINESS**, 6175-6188. 72. 92. 539. 553. 554. 751. 1481. 1781. 3800.  
**WORLDDLING**, 6189-6200. 449. 4961. 1722-1731.  
**WORSHIP**, 6201-6213. 2912. 2919. 2993. 2803-2820. 3075. 3076. 3144-3152. 5064-5066.  
**WORSHIPERS**, 6201-6215. 2803-2820. 2863-2866.  
**WORTH**, 6216. 3922-3926. 2015. 572. 829.  
**WRATH**, 6217-6219. 133-149. 6017. 4318-4323. 5620-5631.

<p>WRATH OF GOD, 6220-6224. 618. 1975. 2481. 2937-2954. 4813-4821.</p> <p>WRECK, 6225, 4-9. 1650-1671. 3071.</p> <p>WRONG, 6226-6230. 1925-1928. 1968-1986. 3300. 3301. 5305-5352.</p> <p>YEARNING, 187. 188. 1474. 3018. 3019. 3592. 5688-5685.</p> <p>YOUNG, 6231. 6232. 475. 646. 2423.</p>	<p>YOUNG LADY, 6233-6235. 1132-1135. 1357. 1827. 2228. 3305. 3559.</p> <p>YOUNG MAN, 6236. 6237. 1132-1135. 1834. 3603.</p> <p>YOUNG MEN, 6238. 6239.</p> <p>YOUNG SOLDIERS, 6240. 2012. 5405-5408.</p> <p>YOUTH, 6241-6259. 93. 117. 3303. 1774. 6231. 6232.</p> <p>ZEAL, 6290-6275. 1064, 1092. 1173. 1790-1795. 8951.</p>
--	--

## TOPICAL INDEX TO SECOND PROSE.

Reference is always made to the illustrations by number. The numbers refer to synonymous or related general subjects, or to scattered illustrations of the topic in the Index. A dash between two numbers indicates that all between them are referred to. This volume begins with number 6276.

- AARON, 6276.  
 ABEL, 6277.  
 ABILITIES, 6278-6282. 6986-6988. 7554. 8549.  
 9228-9254. 9945-9949. 11894-11899.  
 ABRAHAM, 6283.  
 ABSENCE, 6284. 10304. 7978. 6852.  
 ABSENT, 6285. 6286. 9972. 12125.  
 ABSENT MINDEDNESS, 8791. 8792. 6284.  
 ABSTEMIOUSNESS, 6287. 8264. 8663-8665.  
 ABSTINENCE, 6288-6293. 8166-8181. 11189.  
 11230. 11847. 11917. 11918.  
 ABSTRACTION, 6284. 6294. 8791. 8792.  
 ABSURDITY, 6295. 6296. 8770-8772.  
 ABUSE, 6297. 6298. 6851. 11977. 9987. 9998.  
 11755.  
 ACCEPTANCE, 6299. 6300. 7169. 7255. 10948.  
 ACCESS, 6301-6303. 7111. 8989. 11061.  
 ACCIDENT, 6304. 6305. 6688. 7019. 7020. 8069.  
 ACCOMMODATION, 6306. 10861. 10862.  
 ACCOUNT, 6307. 10888. 11094. 11441. 7901.  
 10041-10062. 7896-7899.  
 ACCURACY, 6308. 8135. 8456. 11963.  
 ACCUSATION, 6309. 9924. 10923. 6977-6982.  
 10610.  
 ACCUSERS, 6310. 6863. 7409.  
 ACQUIESCENCE, 6311. 7471-7485. 11431-11434.  
 11839-11843.  
 ACQUITTAL, 6312. 9204. 10882-10889.  
 ACT, 6313. 8547. 8548. 9103-9109.  
 ACTION, 6314-6322. 9850-9856. 12271.  
 ACTIVITY, 6323-6325. 7225. 10145-10159.  
 ACTOR, 6326. 7233. 7540. 8242. 11954.  
 ADAM, 6787. 9066.  
 ADAPTATION, 6327. 6328. 6306. 7244. 7303-  
 7306. 8191. 8247. 8791.  
 ADDER, 6329. 6578. 11610.  
 ADMONITION, 6330-6334. 7571-7573. 11419-  
 11422.  
 ADOPTION, 6335-6340. 11261. 10728-10737.  
 ADORNMENT, 6341-6343. 10855-10857.  
 ADULATION, 6344. 8457. 8752-8757.  
 ADVENT, 6345-6352. 12068.  
 ADVERSITY, 6353-6356. 8875. 10063. 10064.  
 10578-10584.  
 ADVICE, 6357-6360. 6758. 6839. 8179. 8670.  
 10423.  
 ADVOCATE, 6361-6365. 9962-9967.  
 AFFABILITY, 6366. 6367. 9112. 9113. 9679.  
 10536.  
 AFFECTION, 6368. 6369. 9660. 6586-6589.  
 AFFECTION, 6370-6380. 6948. 7163. 10323-  
 10355.  
 AFFLICTION, 6381-6412. 6353-6356. 8048-  
 8056. 11767-11771. 11848-11851. 12041-  
 12049. 12062-12067.  
 AGE, 6413-6418. 7727. 12326-12334.  
 AGED, 6419-6423. 10804-10810.  
 AGENTS, 9939, 11440-11441. 11829. 8859.  
 8860.  
 AGITATION, 6424. 6432. 7474. 7489-7492. 8072.  
 AGREEMENTS, 6425. 10760-10761. 9606. 8368.  
 AGRICULTURE, 6426. 6427. 9098. 12182.  
 AIM, 6428-6431. 6988. 7036. 10921. 11305.  
 9959-9961.  
 AIR, 6432. 11442.  
 ALARM, 6433. 6434. 7284. 12192-12196.  
 ALCOHOL, 6435. 6436. 11540. 11541.  
 ALLEGORIES, 6437.  
 ALLELUIA, 6438. 7801. 8975. 11052-11060.  
 ALLOTMENT, 6439. 8199. 8828-8835. 10155.  
 11032. 10995. 7385. 7386.  
 ALLUREMENTS, 6440-6442. 6467-6472. 10664.  
 10902. 11000-11010. 12325.  
 ALMIGHTY, 6443. 10811-10813.  
 ALTAR, 6444-6446. 11366.  
 AMBITION, 6447-6462. 8057. 8625-8637. 8983-  
 8987. 9571. 9597-9609. 8948. 11166-11188.  
 8254-8256.  
 AMENDMENT, 6463. 11351-11356. 11649.  
 AMERICA, 6464. 7630.  
 AMEN, 6465. 6466.  
 AMIABILITY, 7374. 6366. 6367. 9112. 9113.  
 AMUSEMENTS, 6467-6472. 6680. 6993. 6994.  
 7698-7703. 8333. 11630-11010. 11341.  
 11342. 11953-11955.  
 ANATHEMA, 6473. 7691-7696. 9809. 9810.  
 ANCESTORS, 6474. 10890-10898.  
 ANCESTRY, 6475-6477.  
 ANCHOR, 6478-6482. 11828.  
 ANECDOTES, 6483-6486.  
 ANGELS, 6487-6495. 7070. 8340. 9277.  
 10763.  
 ANGER, 6496-6514. 7975. 9976. 10902-  
 10906. 10914-10916.

- ANIMALS**, 6515-6519. 8609. 9299. 9631. 9933-9936.  
**ANSWERS TO PRAYER**, 6520-6523. 6724. 7515. 8563-8565. 11061-11108.  
**ANTIPATHIES**, 6525. 6655. 11154. 7009. 8535.  
**ANXIETY**, 6526-6530. 6991-6998. 7004. 8107. 11250. 11881. 8789. 8790.  
**APOLOGY**, 6531. 8491-8499.  
**APOSTASY**, 6532-6542. 6663-6678. 6994. 8619-8621. 8808. 7932.  
**APOSTATE**, 6543. 7661.  
**APOSTLES**, 9162. 10977. 12335.  
**APPETITE**, 6544. 8262-8264. 9684. 9685.  
**APPEARANCE**, 6545. 8160. 8186.  
**APPEARANCES**, 6546. 6547. 6698. 8438. 8714.  
**APPLAUSE**, 6548. 6549. 7659. 8309. 10231. 10516. 11029-11031.  
**APPLICATIONS**, 6550. 11141. 11149.  
**ARGUMENT**, 6551-6554. 7489-7492. 8073. 8093. 10303. 11341. 11342.  
**ARK**, 6555-6559. 7278. 10960.  
**ARMOR**, 6560. 7221. 7273. 8996. 9923.  
**ARMY**, 6561. 11759-11762.  
**ARROGANCE**, 6562-6565. 11168. 6586-6589.  
**ARROW**, 6566-6569. 7675.  
**ART**, 6570-6572. 7498. 9310-9312. 10975.  
**ASCENSION**, 6573-6576. 7116. 7133.  
**ASCETICISM**, 6577. 9124. 9526. 10934. 10935. 11765.  
**ASP**, 6578. 6329.  
**ASPIRATION**, 8487. 11816. 12299. 9536. 10305. 11816. 7150. 7980-7982.  
**ASSOCIATES**, 6579. 6580. 6670. 7353-7362.  
**ASSOCIATIONS**, 6581-6585. 6538. 7168. 8726. 8865-8892. 11757. 11758.  
**ASSUMPTION**, 6586-6589. 6368. 6369. 6562-6565. 6874-6879. 7377-7379. 7904. 9822. 9323. 10859. 10860. 10931. 11166.  
**ASSURANCE**, 6590-6599. 7116. 7755. 8807. 12248. 12249.  
**ASTRONOMY**, 6600. 6601. 7613. 9740.  
**ASYLUM**, 6602. 6445. 11357-11360.  
**ATHEISM**, 6603-6608. 7230. 8044. 12102-12106. 9867-9878.  
**ATHEIST**, 6609-6612. 6792. 6793. 9862. 9879-9882.  
**ATONEMENT**, 6613-6622. 6803. 6863-6873. 7637-7657. 9150. 9288. 11342. 11343.  
**ATTAINMENTS**, 6623. 8484-8487. 7678-7681.  
**ATTENTION**, 6624. 6625. 9360-9378.  
**ATTRACTION**, 6626. 6627.  
**AUSTERITY**, 6628. 6576. 6888. 9124. 9526. 10935.  
**AUTHOR**, 6629-6631. 6634. 6900. 8311. 8393.  
**AUTHORITY**, 6632. 6633. 7387. 10801.  
**AUTHORSHIP**, 6634. 8730. 6629-6631.  
**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**, 6635. 6831.  
**AUTUMN**, 6636. 6637. 6852. 10189.  
**AVARICE**, 6638-6654. 7053. 7595-7606. 7751. 8077. 9087-9100. 9255. 9256. 10621-10631. 10938. 12294-12297.  
**AVERSIONS**, 6655. 10529. 11154. 6525.  
**AWAKENING**, 6656. 6609. 7434. 7556-7569.  
**BABEL**, 6657. 9426.  
**BABY**, 6658. 6659. 6754. 7077. 9858-9861.  
**BACKBITING**, 6660-6662. 6977-6982. 11741-11744.  
**BACKSLIDER**, 6663-6678. 6532-6543. 7259. 7281. 8619-8621. 8724.  
**BALANCE**, 6679. 7920. 10083.  
**BALLS**, 6680. 7698-7703. 8612.  
**BANQUET**, 6681. 6682. 8709-8711.  
**BANNER**, 7118. 7154. 8749. 7952.  
**BAPTISM**, 6683-6685. 7540. 7541. 8737. 9858. 10324. 11821.  
**BARRENESS**, 6686. 7601. 7682. 12102  
**BATTLES**, 6687. 6688. 6631. 6966. 8699. 9738. 8739. 12001. 12161.  
**BEAM**, 6689, 8681-8690. 6712. 6862.  
**BEATITUDES**, 6690. 7208. 6844-6852.  
**BEAUTY**, 6691-6697. 8761-8767. 9354. 10944.  
**BEGGAR**, 6698. 6699.  
**BEGGING**, 6700-6706. 7040. 7280.  
**BEGINNING**, 6707-6717. 6317. 6921. 7381. 9290. 11066. 11693. 11739.  
**BEHAVIOR**, 6718. 6719. 7387. 7590. 9102.  
**BELIEF**, 6720. 7181. 7505. 7753. 8554-8606. 10824-10827. 12072-12074.  
**BELIEVERS**, 6721. 6722. 7253. 7207-7224. 7253-7270. 12075.  
**BELLS**, 6723. 11983.  
**BENEFICENCE**, 6724-6745. 7041-7056. 8125-8134. 8928-8932. 8965-8974.  
**BENEFITS**, 9215-9227. 9911. 10496-10501. 7041-7043.  
**BENEVOLENCE**, 6746-6750. 8081. 10204.  
**BEREAVED**, 6751. 10650. 10657. 7893.  
**BEREAVEMENT**, 6752-6755. 7455-7461. 8639.  
**BESETTING SIN**, 6756. 6757. 8684. 9258-9268. 9958.  
**BEST**, 6758. 8135. 8965. 10946.  
**BEULAH**, 6759. 6760.  
**BIBLE**, 6761-6826. 7359. 7624. 8344. 9931-9132. 11474. 11611-11617. 11942-11944.  
**BIGOTRY**, 6827-6830. 6942. 7673. 7965. 8043. 8094. 9353.  
**BIOGRAPHIES**, 6831. 10235. 6635.  
**BIRDS**, 6832. 11810.  
**BIRTHDAYS**, 6833-6835. 9271.  
**BIRTH**, 6836. 10728-10737.  
**BIRTH OF CHRIST**, 7119. 9828.  
**BISHOP**, 6837. 6838. 11865.  
**BLAME**, 6839. 7015. 7016.  
**BLASPHEMY**, 6840-6843. 9802-9805. 11606. 11560. 11210-11215.  
**BLESSED**, 6844. 6845. 7208. 7739. 9081.  
**BLESSING**, 6846-6852. 6915. 7683. 7725. 8999. 9860. 10496-10501. 11746.  
**BLINDNESS**, 6853-6862. 6692. 6822. 11685-11687.  
**BLOOD**, 6863-6866. 7409. 8691. 9416.  
**BLOOD OF CHRIST**, 6867-6873. 7120-7122. 7637-7657. 9998. 10907. 11723.  
**BOASTING**, 6874-6879. 7050. 7587. 7925. 8304. 10941. 12148.  
**BODY**, 6880-6893. 7021. 8712. 8713. 8758. 8759. 9308-9310. 9354. 9379-9398. 10394. 11454-11467. 11795.  
**BOLDNESS**, 6894-6898. 7579-7589. 7817. 6922-6925.  
**BONDAGE**, 6899. 9291. 6991. 6992. 11745.  
**BOOK**, 6900. 6583. 10212. 10379. 11152. 11153.  
**BOOK OF LIFE**, 6901-6903. 6543. 8314.  
**BOOKS**, 6904-6912. 6629-6631. 7680. 10294. 10295. 11152. 11153. 11326-11331.

- BORROWING, 6913. 9969.  
 BOTTLES, 6914.  
 BOUNTY, 6915. 6916. 7683. 9031. 9203.  
 BOYS, 6917-6921. 7182. 9530.  
 BRAVERY, 6922-6925. 6894-6898. 7579-7589.  
 11601. 11760. 12135. 12136.  
 BREAD, 6926-6929. 7604. 8773-8780.  
 BREAD OF LIFE, 6930. 8711.  
 BREAD UPON THE WATERS, 6931. 8964-8974.  
 BREVITY, 6932-6934. 11661. 11995.  
 BRIBERY, 6935-6939.  
 BRIDE, 6940. 7278. 8827. 12240. 12218.  
 BROKEN THINGS, 6941. 7894. 9413.  
 BROTHER, 6942-6944. 7163.  
 BROTHERHOOD, 6945-6947. 7270. 10495. 12113-12121.  
 BROTHERS, 6948.  
 BUILDING, 6949-6952. 8965. 8836-8839.  
 BURDEN, 6953. 6954. 7142. 11723. 6526-6530.  
 BURIAL, 6955, 6956. 7013. 8900-8902. 9862.  
 12004. 10657.  
 BURNT OFFERING, 6957. 10798-10800.  
 BUSINESS, 6958. 6973. 9436. 10198. 11069.  
 11222.  
 BUSY-BODIES, 6974. 10454. 10455. 11539.  
 CALAMITY, 6975. 6976. 8332. 10578-10584.  
 CALMNESS, 7125. 7376. 8404. 10694. 11316-11318.  
 CALUMNY, 6977-6982. 6660-6662. 7746. 7998-8000. 9164. 11597-11599. 11741-11744.  
 CALVARY, 6983. 6984. 7664-7667.  
 CALVINISM, 6985. 7921. 7922. 8313-8318.  
 11150. 11151.  
 CAPACITY, 6986-6988. 6278-6282. 6697. 8955-8962. 11894-11899.  
 CAPITAL, 6989. 6990.  
 CAPRICE, 8715. 6655.  
 CAPTIVES, 6991. 11745. 10906.  
 CAPTIVITY, 6992. 6899. 9286.  
 CARDS, 6993. 6994. 7915. 8474. 8920.  
 CARE, 6995-6998. 6526-6530. 6961. 10165.  
 11810.  
 CARELESSNESS, 6999-7002. 6520. 10718. 11164-11168.  
 CARES, 7004. 7005. 7302. 9000. 10553.  
 CARICATURE, 7006. 7007. 7233. 8457.  
 CASTE, 7008. 7009. 7245.  
 CATECHISM, 7010. 8238-8240.  
 CAUTION, 7011. 7012. 7096. 7302. 7449. 7711.  
 7949. 8440. 11248. 11283-11286. 11785.  
 CEMETERIES, 7013. 6955. 6956. 8900-8902.  
 9223-9227.  
 CENSORIOUSNESS, 7014. 8075. 8680. 7998-8000.  
 CENSURE, 7015. 7016. 6839. 7571-7573. 7632-7636.  
 CEREMONY, 7017. 7018. 6463. 7276. 8814-8823.  
 CHANCE, 7019. 7020. 9019. 10695. 11365.  
 12123. 6304. 6315.  
 CHANGE, 7021-7024. 7025. 7508. 7759. 8141-8143. 8524. 8715. 8841-8843. 9837. 9838.  
 10756-10758. 12026. 12157.  
 CHARACTER, 7025-7040. 6949-6952. 6989.  
 9228-9254. 9942. 9943. 10405. 10940-10947.  
 CHARITIES, 7041-7043. 8953-8963. 6724-6745.  
 CHARITY, 7044-7056. 6724-6750. 6945. 8965-8974. 10204. 11998.  
 CHASTISEMENTS, 7067-7559. 8047-8056. 12062-12067.  
 CHEERFULNESS, 7060-7066. 6470. 7209. 7374.  
 9112. 9113. 9316-9343. 10169-10171.  
 11752.  
 CHEMISTRY, 7067. 6881. 6885. 7318.  
 CHILD, 7068-7071. 6917-6921.  
 CHILDHOOD, 7072-7076. 8232.  
 CHILDREN, 7077-7104. 8559. 8676. 8678.  
 10165.  
 CHIVALRY, 7105. 9649. 10861.  
 CHOICE, 7106-7109. 7258. 8208. 8417. 9498.  
 8192.  
 CHRIST, 7110-7206. 6345-6352. 6361. 6444.  
 6482. 6555. 6558. 6559. 6573. 6867-6873.  
 6943. 6946. 7388-7392. 7637-7657. 7664-7667. 8110. 8111. 8251. 9161. 9535. 9627.  
 9658. 9828. 9962-9967. 9998-10015. 10106.  
 10107. 10112. 10188. 10343. 11467-11476.  
 11844. 11873. 11855. 12262.  
 CHRISTIAN, 7207-7224. 7205. 10164. 10987-10991.  
 CHRISTIAN UNION, 12113-12121. 6945. 6947.  
 8726.  
 CHRISTIANITY, 7225-7252. 9078-9086. 9128-9162. 10586. 11365.  
 CHRISTIANS, 7253-7270. 7388-7392. 8513-8527.  
 CHURCH, 7271-7301. 6556. 7144. 7225-7252.  
 8012. 8674. 10937. 12348.  
 CIRCUMSPECTION, 7302. 8350. 12165. 12197-12203.  
 CIRCUMSTANCES, 7303-7306. 7037. 7385. 7386.  
 8437. 8438.  
 CITIES, 7307. 7308. 7309-7311.  
 CITY, 7309-7311. 12236.  
 CIVILITY, 7312. 6366. 6367. 7590. 7591.  
 9102.  
 CIVILIZATION, 7313-7315. 6646. 7241. 7966.  
 8442. 9685. 10115. 10596-10604.  
 CLAIMS, 7316. 6915. 6916.  
 CLEANLINESS, 7317. 7318.  
 CLEMENCY, 7319-7321. 7143. 9648.  
 CLERGY, 7322-7324. 10536-10558. 10910-10914. 11109. 11289. 11290.  
 CLOSET, 7325-7328. 8016. 8026. 9381. 10643-10645. 11061-11108.  
 CLOUDS, 7329. 7330. 7729. 9316. 8563.  
 COLD, 7331. 7287.  
 COMFORT, 7332-7338. 6488. 6751. 6811. 6867.  
 7455-7461. 7593. 7613. 11232.  
 COMMANDMENTS, 7339-7346. 9396. 10179.  
 COMMENDATION, 7347. 8752-8757. 6548. 6549.  
 COMMERCE, 7348. 6969.  
 COMMUNION, 7349-7352. 6590. 7168. 7292.  
 7325-7328. 8109. 9064. 9448. 9999.  
 COMPANIONS, 7353-7355. 6670. 8865-8892.  
 COMPANY, 7556-7562. 6579-6585. 9186. 11757.  
 11758. 12320.  
 COMPASSION, 7363-7366. 7054. 10992-10994.  
 11939.  
 COMPETENCE, 7367. 7471. 7477.  
 COMPETITION, 7368. 6968. 7719. 8879.  
 COMPLAINING, 7369. 7370. 10663. 8861-8864.  
 COMPLAINT, 7371-7373. 6953. 8099. 9968.  
 10244. 10932.

- COMPLAISANCE**, 7374. 11634. 11637. 7377-7379.  
**COMPLIMENT**, 7375. 7590. 7591. 9102.  
**COMPOSURE**, 7376. 7176. 8404. 10612.  
**CONCEIT**, 7377-7379. 6474-6476. 7308. 8309-8312. 11634.  
**CONCESSION**, 7380. 7381. 8794-8812. 11138. 11139.  
**CONDEMNATION**, 7382-7384. 6310. 7409. 7556-7569. 7691-7696. 7804. 9836.  
**CONDITION**, 7385. 7386. 7303-7306. 7367. 6439.  
**CONDUCT**, 7387. 6718. 6719. 7429. 7969. 8434. 10268. 10407-10411.  
**CONFESSING CHRIST**, 7388-7392. 8515. 9154. 11216-11220.  
**CONFESSION**, 7393-7399. 6499. 7415. 8097. 8810. 9279.  
**CONFSSIONAL**, 7400. 7851.  
**CONFIDENCE**, 7401-7406. 6590-6599. 6809. 7226. 7928. 10989. 12069-12075.  
**CONFINEMENT**, 7407. 9815. 9816. 7201. 7407. 7900. 11191.  
**CONFLICT**, 8012. 11829. 11830. 7468-7470.  
**CONSCIENCE**, 7408-7438. 9003. 11391-11398. 11823.  
**CONSCIENTIOUSNESS**, 7439. 9918-9926. 7408-7438.  
**CONSCIOUSNESS**, 7440. 7527. 7888. 12273.  
**CONSECRATION**, 7441-7448. 7200. 7923. 8991. 9853. 11024. 11876-11879. 11982.  
**CONSIDERATION**, 7449. 7203. 7910. 7949. 8342. 11349. 11350.  
**CONSISTENCY**, 7450-7454. 8482. 11048-11051.  
**CONSOLATION**, 7455-7461. 6406. 6751-6754. 6870. 7332-7338.  
**CONSTANCY**, 7462. 7463. 8745-8748. 11822. 9794.  
**CONTEMPLATION**, 7464-7467. 6601. 8540. 9002. 10462-10465. 10697. 10698. 10783-10785. 11349. 11563. 11964-11976.  
**CONTEMPT**, 7256. 9351-9353.  
**CONTENTION**, 7468-7470. 8066-8068. 9643. 9741. 11306-11314. 11288. 11505.  
**CONTENTMENT**, 7471-7485. 6530. 9316-9343. 11038.  
**CONTRACTS**, 9606. 10760. 10761. 6425. 8368.  
**CONTRITION**, 7486-7488. 6614. 6674. 11399-11415. 7556-7569. 10936.  
**CONTROVERSY**, 7489-7492. 8042. 11602. 8072. 8073.  
**CONVERSATION**, 7493-7504. 7353. 7358. 10307. 10308. 12266-12270.  
**CONVERSION**, 7505-7545. 6326. 6335-6340. 6419. 6723. 7567. 7912. 8524. 9157. 9212. 9213. 9565. 10728-10737. 11361-11363.  
**CONVERTS**, 7546-7555. 7207-7270.  
**CONVICTION**, 7556-7569. 6566. 6567. 6656. 7129. 7382-7384. 7771. 8204. 8702. 9282. 11141.  
**CO-OPERATION**, 8603. 11064. 11092. 11105.  
**CORNER STONE**, 7570. 8838.  
**CORRECTION**, 7571-7573. 6330-6334. 6390-6410. 7082. 8240. 8690. 11419-11422.  
**CORRUPTION**, 7574-7578. 7931. 7970-7977. 9824. 9825.  
**COUNSEL**, 8670. 9388. 6357-6360.  
**COURAGE**, 7579-7589. 6894-6898. 9527-9533. 12135. 12136.
- COURTESY**, 7590. 7591. 8869. 8944-8949. 9103. 9895. 8334. 10407-10411.  
**COURTSHIP**, 7592. 7732. 8612. 10413-10416. 11246.  
**COVENANT**, 7593. 7594. 7783. 7872. 11231-11239.  
**COVETOUSNESS**, 7595-7606. 6638-6654. 8971. 9087-9100. 9255. 9256. 9750-9752.  
**COWARDICE**, 7607-7611. 7774. 8691-8708. 7450.  
**CREATION**, 7612-7618. 8247-8253. 10690-10711. 12284-12292.  
**CREATOR**, 7619-7621. 6832. 7979. 8767. 8995. 9019. 9024. 9379-9398. 10706. 11325. 12105.  
**CREDULITY**, 7622. 7626. 9279-9289.  
**CRIME**, 7623-7626. 9538. 10658-10662. 11541. 11692-11725.  
**CRISIS**, 7627-7631. 7546. 7737. 7910. 7941-7948. 8136. 10684. 10257. 12001-12003. 11536.  
**CRITICISM**, 7632-7635. 6632. 7848. 9055. 9915.  
**CRITICS**, 7636. 11755. 7014.  
**CROSS**, 7637-7657. 6613-6622. 6867-6873. 6954. 6983. 7664-7667. 8009.  
**CROWNS**, 7658-7663. 7128. 8195. 8340. 9434. 10104.  
**CRUCIFIXION**, 7664-7667. 7130. 7760. 9161. 10977. 11721.  
**CRUEL**, 7668. 12124. 12020.  
**CRUELTY**, 7669-7677. 6469. 9417. 10095.  
**CULTURE**, 7678-7681. 8272-8298. 9937. 9938  
**CUMBERER**, 7682. 12035. 12036. 10493.  
**CUP**, 7683. 7684. 8179.  
**CUPIDITY**, 6641. 9255. 6638-6654.  
**CURE**, 7685. 7686. 7172. 7435. 8098. 8132. 9092. 9303.  
**CURIOSITY**, 7687-7690. 10756. 10757.  
**CURSES**, 7691-7696. 6473. 9809. 9810.  
**CUSTOM**, 7697. 8657-8661. 9290-9306. 9462. 9778-9780.  
**CYNIC**, 7014. 8075. 10571. 10572. 8680.
- DANCING**, 7698-7703. 6472. 6682. 6680.  
**DANDY**, 7704. 8165. 8785.  
**DANGER**, 7705-7725. 7354. 7682. 8724. 9300. 9304. 10949. 11624. 11625. 11732.  
**DANIEL**, 7726. 9078.  
**DARK AGES**, 7727. 6413-6418.  
**DARKNESS**, 7728-7731. 6853-6861. 7329. 7330. 8569. 10742. 10473.  
**DAUGHTER**, 7732. 6371. 8948.  
**DAVID**, 7733. 7734.  
**DAY**, 7735. 7736. 10643-10645.  
**DAY OF GRACE**, 7737. 10828-10833.  
**DAYS**, 7738. 12317. 11979-11997.  
**DEAD**, 7739-7747. 6844.  
**DEATH**, 7748-7892. 6636. 6751. 6809. 7899. 7902. 8216. 8231. 8704. 9242. 9575. 10012. 10255. 10646. 10647. 10979. 11523. 12035.  
**DEATH-BED**, 7893. 7425. 7767. 9616. 11402-11406. 8216-8228.  
**DEATH OF CHRIST**, 7894. 7895. 7164. 7456. 7664-7667.  
**DEBT**, 7896-7900. 9183. 7152. 7384. 11343.  
**DEBTOR**, 7901. 6307. 11344-11348.  
**DECAY**, 7902. 7903. 6420. 8281. 10525. 10646. 10647. 8841-8843.

- DECEIT, 7904-7906. 7756. 8362 11289. 11674.  
 DECEPTION, 7907. 7908. 7956. 8184. 8510-8512. 9692-9709.  
 DECISION, 7909-7920. 6318. 6895. 7027. 7039. 7997. 8743. 8745-8748. 10114. 10744-10747. 11189. 11305. 11435. 11436. 12173.  
 DECREES, 7921. 7922. 8313-8318. 8666-8669. 6985. 11150. 11151.  
 DEDICATION, 7923. 7441-7448.  
 DEFEAT, 7924. 8550-8553. 10998. 10999.  
 DEFECTS, 7925. 6368. 6704. 9799-9801. 9884. 9885. 9987. 9988.  
 DEFENCE, 7926-7930. 6560. 7716. 9370. 11357-11360. 11256. 11257.  
 DEFILEMENT, 7931. 8615-8618. 7970-7977.  
 DEGENERATION, 7932. 8019. 8409. 8615-8618. 12153. 7970-7977.  
 DEGRADATION, 7933. 11203-11207.  
 DEGRADED, 7934. 7935. 7390. 8408. 8856. 9200. 10443. 11203-11207.  
 DEGREES, 7936. 7937. 9597-9610.  
 DEITY, 7938. 7940. 8989-9070. 9989. 12052-12058.  
 DELAY, 7941-7948. 6707. 10714. 11197-11202. 12015-12018.  
 DELIBERATION, 7949. 7190. 7203. 7449. 7910. 8342. 11349. 11350.  
 DELIVERANCE, 7950-7954. 6387. 6991. 7282. 7514. 8414. 8532. 11191. 11429. 11430.  
 DELUGE, 7955. 8760.  
 DELUSIONS, 7956. 7957. 8816. 7904-7908. 8844. 12096. 11754.  
 DEMAND, 7958. 10008. 10712. 10713.  
 DEMERIT, 7121. 7475. 9799-9802. 11524-11527. 11651.  
 DEMONIC, 7959.  
 DEMONS, 7960. 8003-8012.  
 DENIAL, 7961. 7641. 8045-8047. 9063. 11635. 11636. 11453.  
 DENOMINATIONS, 7962-7965. 6827. 6828. 8094. 8113. 9431. 11623.  
 DEPENDENCE, 7966-7968. 6874-6879. 7316. 12208-12211.  
 DEPARTMENT, 7969. 7387. 6718. 6719. 7429. 7969. 10407-10411.  
 DEPRAVITY, 7970-7977. 6672. 7574-7578. 7731. 7933. 8380. 8439. 8450. 8615-8618. 9117. 9380-9413. 9653-9656. 10685-10689. 10362-10364. 11692-11725.  
 DESERTION, 7978. 6852. 6285. 6286.  
 DESIGNER, 7979. 6603. 7619. 9012. 9019. 9024.  
 DESIGNS, 10998. 10999. 11629. 10517-10519. 9959-9961. 6428-6431.  
 DESIRE, 7980-7982. 6453. 6447-6462. 7482. 9318. 10305. 12221. 12241.  
 DESPAIR, 7983-7989. 6663. 7804. 7805. 7946. 9630. 11733.  
 DESPENDENCY, 7990-7992. 10469. 7062. 9691.  
 DESTRUCTION, 7993. 7000. 7705-7725. 11294-11300. 12149. 12150.  
 DETECTION, 7994-7996. 7563. 9701. 10818-10823. 12220-12227.  
 DETERMINATION, 7997. 7909-7920. 9959-9961. 11305. 11435. 11436.  
 DETRACTION, 7998-8000. 8454. 8457. 6977-6982. 7014.  
 DEVELOPMENT, 8001. 8002. 8912. 9269-9275. 11223-11229.  
 DEVIL, 8003-8012. 7959. 7960. 8015. 11583-11589. 11707. 6534. 9512.  
 DEVOTION, 8013-8029. 6371. 7146. 7441-7447. 11982. 11816. 11562-11564.  
 DIAMOND, 8030. 8031. 8048. 8285. 9747. 10930.  
 DIE, 8032. 9497-9516.  
 DIFFICULTIES, 8033-8036. 6489. 8331. 9138. 10159. 10253. 10788. 10968. 11371.  
 DILIGENCE, 8037-8041. 10964-10974. 11986 11988. 11992.  
 DISAGREEMENTS, 8042. 8043. 6633. 6827. 6828. 7283. 10923.  
 DISAPPOINTMENT, 8044-8046. 7961. 8097-8102. 8978. 9413. 11590. 11591.  
 DISBELIEF, 8047. 6603-6612. 8144. 9500. 9840. 9841. 9862-9882.  
 DISCIPLINE, 8048-8056. 6353-6356. 6941. 7057-7059. 9387. 9974. 11636. 11767-11771. 12041-12049.  
 DISCONTENT, 8057-8065. 7369-7373. 7598. 8096-8102. 8861-8864. 10663.  
 DISCORD, 8066-8068. 7468-7470. 11306-11314. 11830.  
 DISCOVERIES, 8069. 8070. 7994-7996. 8002. 9433. 10031. 11605.  
 DISCRETION, 8071. 7039. 7011. 7012. 11283-11286. 12235-12240.  
 DISCUSSION, 8072. 8073. 6424. 6551-6554. 7489. 8091. 8092.  
 DISEASE, 8074. 6399. 9285. 9356-9359. 11113.  
 DISHEARTENERS, 8075. 7012.  
 DISHONESTY, 8076-8079. 6929. 7010. 8208. 8844. 8914. 9915-9917. 11824.  
 DISINTERESTEDNESS, 8080. 8081. 8484-8487. 8928-8932. 7105. 12126.  
 DISOBEDIENCE, 8082-8084. 6374. 7083. 10897. 11334. 8615-8618.  
 DISOBLIGING, 8085. 10376. 7668-7677. 12114. 12124.  
 DISPATCH, 8086. 9349. 9350. 6919. 7074. 8100. 9795-9798. 12154.  
 DISPOSITION, 8087-8089. 8057-8065. 9829.  
 DISPUTATION, 8091. 8092. 8072. 8073. 6551-6554.  
 DISPUTATIOUSNESS, 8093. 11306-11314.  
 DISPUTES, 8094. 8095. 8042. 8043.  
 DISSATISFACTION, 8096-8102. 6385. 7369-7373. 8057-8065. 8381. 11507. 11647. 11590. 11591.  
 DISSIPATION, 8103. 8104. 8171. 8174. 8236. 9950-9958.  
 DISTANCE, 8105.  
 DISTINCTION, 8106. 7936. 7937. 9597-9610.  
 DISTRUST, 8107. 6526. 6530. 11881. 8143-8146.  
 DIVERSITY, 7284. 7776. 8712. 8723. 12147.  
 DIVINE LOVE, 8108. 8537. 9017. 9121. 10323  
 DIVINE UNION, 8109. 7349-7352. 8726. 8727.  
 DIVINITY OF CHRIST, 8110. 8111. 7131. 7192. 10559-10567.  
 DIVISIONS, 8112. 8113. 7283. 7962-7965. 12113-12120.  
 DIVORCE, 8114. 9689.  
 DOCTRINE, 8115-8121. 11957. 11958.  
 DOGMATISM, 8122-8124. 10824-10827. 9524. 9525.  
 DOING GOOD, 8125-8134. 6323. 6724-6750. 6931. 7194. 8207. 8303-8308. 8614. 9103-



9109. 9332. 10015. 10975. 10976. 11796-11807. 12129-12133. 12279.  
 DOING WELL, 8135. 8965. 8966. 10946. 6758.  
 DOOMSDAY, 8136. 10054-10062.  
 DOOR, 8137-8140. 9489.  
 DOUBLEMINDEDNESS, 8141. 8142. 8510-8512. 6952. 7266. 9830-9836.  
 DOUBT, 8143-8146. 6599. 6604. 8107. 11602. 11603.  
 DOVES, 8147.  
 DREAMS, 8148-8155. 7518. 9044. 11748.  
 DRESS, 8156-8165. 6341-6343. 8657-8661. 6545-6547. 9778-9780.  
 DRINKING, 8166. 8103. 8104.  
 DRUNKARD, 8167-8172. 7552. 7957. 8466. 8792. 10424. 11351-11356.  
 DRUNKENNESS, 8173-8181. 6435. 6436. 8103. 8104. 9950-9958.  
 DUELIST, 8182.  
 DULLNESS, 8183. 9826. 9827. 6920. 7856. 8032. 10380.  
 DUPLICITY, 8184. 8453. 8510-8512. 8622. 9830-9836. 7904-7908. 9996. 9997.  
 DURATION, 8185. 8342-8344. 8416-8433. 9782-9793. 11772-11802.  
 DUTIES, 8186-8190. 7421. 8191-8215. 11670. 11671.  
 DUTY, 8191-8215. 6668. 7185. 8525. 9062. 9132. 10762. 10779. 10781. 12129-12133.  
 DYING, 8216-8227. 6809. 6873. 7188. 7748-7893. 11402-11406.  
 DYING FOR OTHERS, 6373. 6376. 7786. 7885. 9686.  
 DYING TESTIMONIES, 8228. 8216. 8220.  
 EAGLES, 8229. 11279.  
 EAR, 8230. 9368-9378.  
 EARLY DEATH, 8231. 7749. 7761. 10004.  
 EARLY PIETY, 8232. 6917. 7071. 7086. 7519. 9731. 10987-10989. 12328.  
 EARLY REST, 8233.  
 EARLY RISERS, 8234-8237.  
 EARLY TRAINING, 8238-8240. 7084. 7098. 7099. 8272-8298. 8364-8367. 9234. 11019.  
 EARNESTNESS, 8241-8246. 7914. 8215. 8382-8388. 8490. 11125. 11568. 11655. 12335-12349.  
 EARTH, 8247-8253. 7612-7621. 9437. 12122. 12123. 12284-12292.  
 EARTHLY GLORY, 8254-8256. 6447-6462. 8975-8988. 9597-9610.  
 EARTHQUAKE, 8257. 8258. 10391.  
 EASE, 8259. 8260. 8301. 9292. 9846. 9847. 9715-9730. 11749.  
 EAST, 8261. 11854. 11855.  
 EATING, 8262-8264. 8301. 8302. 9844. 10556. 9684. 9685. 8654.  
 ECCENTRICITY, 8265. 6988. 7068. 9713. 9714. 10387.  
 ECONOMY, 8266-8271. 6289. 6913. 7896. 8893-8896. 8970.  
 EDUCATION, 8272-8298. 7678-7681. 8239. 8240. 8534. 9572. 9743. 9817-9819. 10115-10143. 10162. 10190-10196. 11126. 11904-11909.  
 EFFECTS, 8299. 8300. 8411. 9886. 10266. 6313.  
 EFFEMINACY, 8301. 8302. 12208-12211.  
 EFFORT, 8303-8308. 6931. 8503. 8504. 10964-10974. 6313-6326. 8033-8041. 8125-8134.
- EGOTISM, 8309-8312. 6562-6565. 7377-7379. 11634. 11644.  
 ELECTION, 8313-8318. 6901-6903. 6985. 11150. 11151.  
 ELEVATION, 8319. 8331. 8398. 8458. 8459. 11865. 8254-8256. 9231-9254.  
 ELIJAH, 8320.  
 ELISHA, 8321.  
 ELOCUTION, 8322. 10842.  
 ELOQUENCE, 8323-8328. 6702. 10669. 10841. 10843-10846. 11811. 11812.  
 ELYSIUM, 8329. 10872-10881.  
 EMANCIPATION, 8330. 8369. 8845-8848. 11745. 10205-10211.  
 EMINENCE, 8331. 10146. 10864. 8254-8256. 9228-9254. 8975-8988.  
 EMPLOYMENT, 8332-8338. 6958-6973. 6314-6325. 9850-9856. 10145-10161. 10790-10794.  
 EMPHASIS, 8339. 8323-8328.  
 EMULATION, 6968. 7719. 8879.  
 ENCOURAGEMENT, 8340. 8341. 8473. 8852-8857. 9517-9523. 11032. 11231-11239.  
 END, 8342-8344. 6350. 12223. 8185. 11672.  
 END OF THE WORLD, 8249. 8250. 8345. 10050-10062. 12284. 6345-6352.  
 ENDURANCE, 8346-8348. 6541. 6896. 8343. 8736-8738. 8824-8826. 9753. 10433-10442. 10921.  
 ENEMIES, 8349-8363. 6949. 7404. 8449.  
 ENERGY, 8364-8367. 8382-8388. 8241-8246.  
 ENGAGEMENTS, 8368. 6425. 9606. 10760. 10761.  
 ENGLAND, 8369. 8330. 11226.  
 ENJOYMENT, 8370-8378. 7332-7338. 7471-7485. 9316-9343. 11000-11010.  
 ENLIGHTENMENT, 8379. 7556-7569. 9553-9568. 12107. 12108. 9937. 9938.  
 ENMITY, 8380. 9351-9353. 8349-8363.  
 ENNUY, 8381. 8132. 11590. 11591.  
 ENTHUSIASM, 8382-8387. 8027. 8523. 10383. 8241. 8246. 12335-12347.  
 ENVY, 8389-8399. 9985. 9986.  
 EPHESUS, 8400. 7234. 8632.  
 EPICURE, 8401. 8402. 8709. 10611. 8262-8264.  
 EPIGRAMS, 8403. 11260.  
 EPIPHANY, 8943.  
 EQUALITY, 7780. 7827. 7865. 11682.  
 EQUANIMITY, 8404. 9113. 10611. 10612. 7376. 11316-11318.  
 EQUITY, 8405. 8406. 10065-10084. 9915-9917. 10172-10187. 11294.  
 EQUIVOCATION, 8407. 8622-8624. 10213-10216. 10367-10373. 10951.  
 ERRING, 8408. 9345. 9346. 10955. 11729-11734. 12220-12227.  
 ERROR, 8409-8413. 8118. 12076-12098. 12153-12156. 11692-11725. 9911-9914.  
 ESCAPE, 8414. 7950-7954. 10816. 11357-11360. 11429. 11430. 11565-11579.  
 ESTEEM, 8415. 9597-9609. 10000. 10516. 11438. 11637. 11650.  
 ETERNITY, 8416-8433. 6950. 7776. 8185. 8903-8913. 9010. 9782-9793.  
 ETIQUETTE, 8434. 7590. 7591. 8869. 8944. 8949. 9103. 9895. 10407-10411.  
 EVENING, 8435. 11864.  
 EVENTS, 8436. 6314-6322. 8547. 8548.

- EVIDENCE** 8437. 7229. 7783. 8318. 12246. 12247.  
**EVIL**, 8438-8453. 6440-6442. 6708-6710. 7974. 11472. 11692-11725. 12153-12156.  
**EVIL SPEAKING**, 8454. 6660-6662. 9926. 11741-11744. 6977-6982. 7998-8000.  
**EVOLUTION**, 8455. 8001. 8002.  
**EXACTNESS**, 8456. 6308. 8135. 11963.  
**EXAGGERATION**, 8457. 7006. 7007. 7233.  
**EXALTATION**, 8458. 8459. 11865.  
**EXAMPLE**, 8460-8483. 6325. 6552. 6831. 7134. 7450-7454. 8413. 9548. 10230. 10921. 11048-11051. 11687. 11562-11564.  
**EXCELLENCE**, 8484-8486. 8053. 10921. 10940-10947. 8080. 8081. 8331.  
**EXCELSIOR**, 8487. 8541.  
**EXCESS**, 8488. 8489. 9084. 8529-8531.  
**EXCITEMENT**, 8490. 8714-8723. 11653.  
**EXCUSES**, 8491-8499. 6531. 6746. 7170. 11219.  
**EXECUTION**, 8500. 6429-6431. 10998. 10999.  
**EXERCISE**, 8501. 8502. 6886. 8549.  
**EXERTION**, 8503. 8504. 8303-8308. 10964-10994. 8033-8041. 8125-8134.  
**EXHORTATION**, 8505. 8506. 9973-9975.  
**EXISTENCE**, 8507. 8508. 7188. 10217-10279.  
**EXPECTATION**, 8509. 12227. 7980-7982. 9612-9630. 7401-7406. 12069-12071.  
**EXPEDENCY**, 8510-8512. 6551. 7432. 7697. 8453. 11015. 8141. 8142.  
**EXPERIENCE**, 8513-8527. 7403. 9154. 8379. 7505-7545. 6590-6599.  
**EXPERIMENT**, 6609. 7248. 7249. 6482. 6609. 6817. 6971. 7241. 10847.  
**EXTORTION**, 8528. 8076-8079.  
**EXTRAVAGANCE**, 8529-8531. 6916. 8488. 8505. 11208. 11209. 11514. 11813. 9820.  
**EXTREMITY**, 8532. 7950-7954. 7983-7989.  
**EYES**, 8533-8540. 6853-6861. 6885. 12197-12203. 12165.  
**EZEKIEL**, 8541.  
  
**FABLES**, 8542-8545.  
**FACETIOUSNESS**, 8546. 7060-7066. 10022-10024. 9994. 9995. 12242-12245.  
**FACTS**, 8547. 8548. 8436. 11959. 12076-12096.  
**FACULTIES**, 8549. 6278-6282. 7222. 6986-6988. 10523-10534. 11894-11899.  
**FAILURE**, 8550-8553. 6542. 6959. 6973. 7259. 10237. 10790. 10998. 10999. 12233.  
**FAITH**, 8554-8606. 6593. 6720. 6928. 7401-7406. 10014. 12069-12075.  
**FAITHFULNESS**, 8607-8614. 6894-6898. 7090. 7212. 7390. 8731-8739. 9015. 9527.  
**FALL**, 8615-8618. 7970-7977. 10685-10689. 7932. 8438-8453. 11692-11725.  
**FALLING**, 8619-8621. 6663-6678. 7932. 6532-6543. 7259. 7281.  
**FALSEHOOD**, 8622-8624. 8407. 10201-10203. 10213-10216. 10367-10373. 10951. 10952. 12076-12098.  
**FAME**, 8625-8637. 6447-6462. 8908. 8975-8988. 9110. 9111. 9597-9609. 11466-11188. 11426-11428.  
**FAMILIARITY**, 8638. 8698. 8805.  
**FAMILY**, 8639-8647. 7082. 7702. 9050. 9166. 9321. 9569-9579. 9642. 9643.  
**FAMILY PRAYER**, 8648-8653. 6666.

- FAMILY RELIGION**, 11080. 12303.  
**FAMINE**, 8654. 6568. 7604. 9685. 11021.  
**FANATICISM**, 8655. 8656. 8529-8531.  
**FAREWELL**, 7877. 7814. 10899.  
**FASHION**, 8657-8661. 6341-6343. 7704. 8156-8164. 8679. 9778-9780.  
**FASTIDIOUSNESS**, 8662. 6655.  
**FASTING**, 8663-8665. 6287. 9681. 6628.  
**FATALISM**, 8666. 8667.  
**FATE**, 8668. 8669. 10578-10584. 11150. 11151. 10357-10360.  
**FATHER**, 8670-8679. 8465. 8477. 8702. 10348. 10890-10898. 10992.  
**FAULT-FINDER**, 8680. 8099. 9276. 10541. 10550. 11609. 7014. 10642.  
**FAULTS**, 8681-8690. 6712. 6862. 10941. 6689.  
**FEAR**, 8691-8708. 6526. 6608. 6943. 7581. 7588. 7607-7611. 7778. 9281. 9506. 11700. 11940. 11941.  
**FEARLESSNESS**, 7817. 6894-6898. 7579-7589.  
**FEAST**, 8709-8711. 6681. 6682. 8896. 10714.  
**FEATURES**, 8712. 8713.  
**FEELING**, 8714-8723. 6559. 6908. 7790.  
**FEET**, 8724. 8725. 10166. 11678.  
**FELLOWSHIP**, 8726. 8727. 8877-8892. 11885-11890. 12113-12121.  
**FETISH**, 8728. 8729. 7459. 9257. 9509. 10986.  
**FICKLENESS**, 7266. 8980. 9837-9839.  
**FICTION**, 8730. 10754. 10755.  
**FIDELITY**, 8731-8737. 6960. 7421. 7661. 8197. 8554. 8606-8614. 8824-8826. 11759.  
**FIGHTING**, 8738. 8739. 9527. 11760-11762. 6687. 6688. 12189-12192.  
**FIGURES**, 8740. 12099-12101.  
**FIRE**, 8741-8744. 8776. 9507. 12342. 9414.  
**FIRMNESS**, 8745-8748. 6541. 11435. 11436. 11929. 12078. 12326. 10786. 10787. 12232.  
**FLAG**, 8749-8751. 7118. 7952.  
**FLATTERY**, 8752-8757. 6344. 7746.  
**FLESH**, 8758. 8759. 7578. 11891. 6880-6893.  
**FLOODS**, 8760. 7935.  
**FLOWERS**, 8761-8767. 6612. 6742. 8843. 10690-10696. 10293.  
**FOLLOWING CHRIST**, 8768. 8769. 9778-9780. 8607-8614. 10188. 10433-10436.  
**FOLLY**, 8770-8772. 6295. 6296. 6502. 6650. 6874-6879. 6993. 7877. 7957. 8434. 8491. 9193. 9432. 9929.  
**FOOD**, 8773-8780. 6926-6930. 8557. 8932. 10406. 11870-11872.  
**FOOLS**, 8781-8783. 6610. 9845. 10675. 11833-11835.  
**FOOTSTEPS**, 8784.  
**FOP**, 8785. 7704. 8165.  
**FORBEARANCE**, 8786-8788. 10915-10918. 10503-10512. 8108. 10992-10994.  
**FOREBODING**, 8789. 8790. 6526-6530. 9811-9814. 7765. 7890.  
**FORESIGHT**, 8791. 9821. 10818-10823.  
**FORETASTE**, 9556. 10027-10039.  
**FORGETFULNESS**, 8792. 8793. 6284. 8067. 8281. 9043. 9361. 9912. 9913.  
**FORGIVENESS**, 8794-8812. 6312. 7321. 8443. 8449. 9172-9206. 10882-10889.  
**FORGOTTEN**, 8813. 10781. 11462. 11737.  
**FORMALISM**, 8814-8817. 7274. 7287. 9374. 9692-9709. 11082. 11356.  
**FORMALIST**, 8818. 8819. 7018. 7264. 7963. 7017.

- FOEMS, 8820. 8821.  
 FORMULAS, 8822. 8823. 11528.  
 FORTITUDE, 8824-8826. 7373. 8346-8348.  
 10915-10918. 9527-9533.  
 FORTUNE, 8827-8835. 6304. 6305. 8255. 10357-  
 10360. 10578-10584.  
 FOUNDATION, 8836-8839. 7286. 7764. 8760.  
 9013. 9365. 9612. 11529.  
 FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, 8840. 9115.  
 FRAILTY, 8841-8843. 6874-6893. 7779. 8902.  
 10189. 10646. 10647. 11891. 12218.  
 FRATERNITY, 6945-6948. 7292. 12113-12121.  
 FRAUD, 8844. 12096. 8622-8624. 7907. 7908.  
 FREEDOM, 8845-8851. 8269. 8330. 10205-  
 10211. 11745. 7227. 7514.  
 FREE GRACE, 8852-8857. 6667. 7182. 9172.  
 9206. 9345. 9346. 10502-10512. 10605.  
 10882-10889. 11151. 11382. 11565-11579.  
 12206. 12207.  
 FREE THINKER, 8858. 6781. 7427. 9879. 11607.  
 FREE WILL, 8859. 8860. 11440. 11441. 12233.  
 12234.  
 FRETFULNESS, 8861. 8862. 9687. 9688. 9795-  
 9798. 11609. 9276.  
 FRETTING, 8863. 8864. 11842. 12014.  
 FRIENDS, 8865-8876.  
 FRIENDSHIP, 8877-8892. 6585. 12327.  
 FRUGALITY, 8893-8896. 8266-8271. 8710.  
 10928. 8970.  
 FRUITFULNESS, 8897-8899. 8306. 9108. 9209.  
 9213. 9269-9275. 10767. 11626. 11965.  
 FUNERALS, 8900-8902. 6953. 6956. 7013. 9862.  
 12004. 10657.  
 FUTURE, 8903-8911. 6324. 7776. 8416. 9612-  
 9630. 10385. 10909. 12035.  
 FUTURITY, 8912. 8913. 8416-8433.  
 GAIN, 8914. 8915. 8013. 9052. 9075. 9078-  
 9086. 9194. 11367. 11221. 11222.  
 GAMBLING, 8916-8919. 6994.  
 GAMESTER, 8920. 6993.  
 GARMENTS, 8921-8924. 6327. 9861.  
 GATES, 8925. 8926. 7875. 8219. 9442. 9472.  
 GAYETY, 8927. 7060-7066. 8370-8378. 10169-  
 10171. 10570.  
 GENEROSITY, 8928-8932. 9315. 9366. 8080.  
 8081. 10204. 8953-8974.  
 GENIUS, 8935-8941. 7991. 8265. 9228-9254.  
 GENTILES, 8942. 8943. 8462. 10025.  
 GENTLEMAN, 8944-8947. 11883.  
 GENTLENESS, 8948. 8949. 6553. 6798. 10089-  
 10103.  
 GEOLOGY, 8950.  
 GETTING ON, 8951. 9100. 11221. 11222. 11247-  
 11255. 11503-11519. 12212-12217.  
 GHOSTS, 8952.  
 GIFTS, 8953-8963. 9181. 9188. 6724-6745.  
 GIVING, 8964-8974. 6640. 6648. 6700-6706.  
 6724-6750. 7041-7056. 8928-8932. 10204.  
 11998.  
 GLORY, 8975-8988. 6447-6462. 7219. 7643.  
 7662. 8226. 9134. 9182. 9438-9444. 10104.  
 8254-8256.  
 GOD, 8989-9077. 6443. 6503. 7938-7940.  
 8108. 8576. 8672-8674. 9167. 9989. 10811-  
 10823. 11032. 12052-12058.  
 GODLINESS, 9078-9086. 7479. 8013-8029. 8195.  
 9052. 9075. 11365. 10987-10991.  
 GOLD, 9087-9100. 6638-6654. 10377. 10593.  
 10621-10631. 11504-11518.  
 GOOD, 9101. 8125-8134  
 GOOD BREEDING, 9102. 9112. 67. 8. 6719. 7678-  
 7681.  
 GOOD DEEDS, 9103-9109. 8207.  
 GOOD NAME, 9110. 9111. 10678. 11426-  
 11428.  
 GOOD NATURE, 9112. 9113. 6501. 7060-7066.  
 8087-8090. 11914-11916. 11752.  
 GOODNESS, 9114-9123. 7250. 10490. 9078-  
 9086. 10987-10991.  
 GOOD WORKS, 9124-9127. 8604. 9109. 9386.  
 11651. 10513-10516.  
 GOSPEL, 9128-9162. 6567. 6783. 6991. 7087.  
 7225-7252. 7770. 8711. 8840. 8852-8857.  
 9172-9206. 9973-9975. 10177. 10206. 10207.  
 10586. 11565-11579.  
 GOSSIP, 9163. 9164. 7998-8000. 10307. 10308.  
 11597-11599.  
 GOVERNMENT, 9165-9170. 7980. 9021. 9057.  
 9577. 10040. 10055-10084. 10172-10187.  
 11453. 11423. 11424.  
 GOVERNOR, 9171. 10040.  
 GRACE, 9172-9206. 7250. 7510. 8852-8857.  
 8961. 9001. 9341. 10502-10512. 11565-  
 11579.  
 GRACEFULNESS, 9207. 6691-6697.  
 GRACES, 9208-9211. 8575. 9659-9683. 10642.  
 GRAFTING, 9212. 9213. 7124. 7538.  
 GRAIL, 9214.  
 GRATITUDE, 9215-9222. 6517. 6860. 7193.  
 10097-10103. 11595. 11945-11948.  
 GRAVE, 9223-9227. 6955. 6956. 7013. 7015.  
 7865. 8979. 9446. 12004.  
 GREAT, 9228-9241. 8254-8256.  
 GREAT MEN, 9233-9240. 7493. 7499. 8934-  
 8940. 10194. 10534. 12281.  
 GREATNESS, 9241-9254. 7862. 8106. 8254-  
 8256. 8319. 8975-8988. 9023. 10002. 10748.  
 10749.  
 GREED, 9255. 6638-6654. 7863. 9394. 10338.  
 7595-7606. 10377.  
 GREEDINESS, 9256. 10938.  
 GREGREE, 9257. 8728.  
 GRIEF, 9258-9263. 10657. 6752-6755. 10657.  
 7893. 11402-11406.  
 GROWTH, 9269-9275. 6319. 6708-6717. 7029.  
 7215. 7620. 9184. 9848. 11223-11229.  
 11705. 11778.  
 GRUMBLERS, 9276. 7014. 7023. 7369-7373.  
 8680. 9795-9798. 10663.  
 GUIDANCE, 9277. 7289. 6943.  
 GUIDES, 9278. 10188.  
 GUILT, 9279-9289. 7409-7438. 7623-7626.  
 9745. 10658-10662. 11673. 11692-11725.  
 HABIT, 9290-9306. 6317. 6757. 7029. 7381.  
 7700. 7848. 8845.  
 HANDS, 9307-9314. 9094. 11063. 11553.  
 11696. 11956. 7939.  
 HAPPINESS, 9315-9343. 6389. 7060-7066.  
 7332-7338. 7471-7485. 7795. 8370-8378.  
 8704. 10027-10039. 12274.  
 HARDENING THE HEART, 9344. 7363. 7941.  
 8679. 9296. 11703. 7698. 11720.  
 HARDSHIP, 8722. 9516. 10600. 12027. 11826.  
 HARLOTS, 9345. 9346. 7390. 9200.

- HARMONY, 9347. 6887. 8066-8068. 11266. 12113-12120.  
 HARSHNESS, 10095. 7668-7677. 11609.  
 HARVEST, 9348. 6636. 10217. 11809. 11900. 11901.  
 HASTE, 9349. 9350. 6919. 7074. 8086. 8100. 9795-9798. 10586. 10886. 12154.  
 HATED, 9351-9353. 6942. 8358. 10376. 10720. 7256. 8380. 8085.  
 HEAD, 9354.  
 HEALING, 9355. 11680.  
 HEALTH, 9356-9359. 6886. 6990. 10148.  
 HEARERS, 9360-9367.  
 HEARING, 9368-9378. 9142. 9279. 6624. 6625.  
 HEART, 9379-9413. 6379. 6380. 7110. 7146. 7214. 7905. 8962. 9344. 9512. 10108.  
 HEAT, 9414. 8741-8744. 8776. 12342.  
 HEATHEN, 9415. 8117. 9731-9735.  
 HEATHENISM, 9416. 9417. 6375. 8274. 11866-11868. 9731-9738. 10586-10607.  
 HEAVEN, 9418-9496. 6600. 6601. 6759. 6760. 7128. 7309. 7466. 7830. 7964. 8372. 8981. 8982. 9561. 10738.  
 HELL, 9497-9516. 7739. 8139. 9450. 9503. 9866. 9970. 9971. 10041-10062. 12020.  
 HELP, 9517-9523. 8733. 10003. 10253. 11870-11872. 10089-10103.  
 HELPLESSNESS, 8200. 9826. 12208-12211.  
 HERESY, 9524. 9525. 6826.  
 HERITAGE, 7205. 7254. 8445. 8713. 9173. 10034. 11032. 8827. 10110. 10111.  
 HERMITS, 9526. 6777. 9124. 9526. 11763-11765.  
 HERO, 9527. 9528. 9246. 11522. 12287.  
 HEROISM, 9529-9533. 6918. 8214. 8346. 9137. 10654.  
 HESITATION, 9534. 9842. 9843. 9978-9980. 8141. 8142. 9837-9839.  
 HIDING PLACES, 9535. 11531. 11357-11360.  
 HIGH PRIEST, 6573-6575. 9552. 12265. 6276.  
 HIGHER LIFE, 9536. 7724. 7224. 7408. 11816. 12064. 8013-8029.  
 HIGHWAY, 9537. 9470.  
 HISTORY, 9538. 9539. 7006. 8908. 10235. 11328.  
 HOBBY, 9540. 11040.  
 HOLINESS, 9541-9551. 6864-6873. 9401-9403. 9451. 9896. 11303. 11304. 11580. 11581.  
 HOLY OF HOLIES, 9552.  
 HOLY SPIRIT, 9553-9568. 6609. 7233. 7556-7569. 7916. 8716. 8954. 10937. 11042. 11083. 11720.  
 HOME, 9569-9579. 8201. 9642. 9643. 8639-8647. 10649-10655. 10890-10898.  
 HONESTY, 9580-9596. 6699. 6962. 9918-9926. 9942. 9943. 12237.  
 HONOR, 9597-9610. 6390. 6477. 6705. 7217. 7413. 7658-7663. 7936. 8331. 8625-8637. 9020. 9119. 9452. 9582. 9668. 10491. 11084.  
 HONORING THE LORD, 9611. 8368. 9176. 10546. 12103.  
 HOPE, 9612-9630. 6478-6482. 6665. 7290. 7648. 8509. 11465. 11734.  
 HOPELESSNESS, 7983-7990. 9453. 9703. 9872.  
 HORSE, 9631. 6515. 6518.  
 HOSPITALITY, 9632-9638. 7176. 9910.  
 HOSPITALS, 9639.  
 HOURS, 9640. 9641. 11979-11997.  
 HOUSEHOLD, 9642. 9643. 8641-8647. 9569-9579. 10890-10898.  
 HOUSE, 9644. 9645. 9569-9579.  
 HUMANITY, 9646-9652. 6945-6948. 7238. 9140. 10379-10404. 10978. 11805.  
 HUMAN NATURE, 9653-9656. 10378-10404.  
 HUMBUG, 10547.  
 HUMILIATION, 9657. 9658. 8459. 10006. 10112. 9258-9268. 11767-11771.  
 HUMILITY, 9658-9683. 7806. 8059. 8925. 9026. 9245. 10466-10468. 11754.  
 HUNGER, 9684. 9685. 6926-6930. 7052. 8654. 11118. 11037. 11038.  
 HUSBAND, 9686-9690. 10412-10432. 12228-12231. 9642. 9643.  
 HYPOCHONDRIAC, 9691. 9775. 10469. 10633.  
 HYPOCRISY, 9692-9699. 7262. 7446. 7906. 8708. 10994. 11220. 11674.  
 HYPOCRITES, 9700-9709.  
 IDEA, 6932. 7314. 11964-11976.  
 IDEAL, 9710. 9711. 9136.  
 IDEALISM, 9712. 9773-9777.  
 IDIOSYNCRASY, 9713. 9714. 6988. 7068. 10387. 8265. 11040.  
 IDLENESS, 9715-9730. 9846. 9847. 10542. 10753. 8259. 8260. 11749.  
 IDOLATRY, 9731-9735. 6519. 7097. 9385. 9415-9417. 11633. 9128-9162.  
 IDOLS, 9736-9738.  
 IF, 9739. 8192. 7627-7631.  
 IGNORANCE, 9740-9749. 6787. 6788. 6789. 6824. 7308. 7528. 7724. 7727. 8536. 9733. 9915. 10127. 10672-10675.  
 ILLIBERALITY, 9750-9752. 6638-6654. 7055. 11646. 7595-7606.  
 ILLS, 9753-9755. 8450. 8451. 9911-9914. 11680-11684. 10578-10584.  
 ILLUSTRATIONS, 9756-9772. 6437. 6483-6486. 7135. 8542-8548. 8740. 10868-10871. 11260. 11664.  
 IMAGINATION, 9773-9777. 7088. 7784. 9712. 10724. 9710-9712.  
 IMITATION, 9778-9780. 7133. 8460-8483. 8661. 8820. 9692-9709. 10921. 8768. 8769.  
 IMMENSITY, 9781. 7617. 9883. 10510. 10795.  
 IMMORTALITY, 9782-9793. 6955. 7152. 8218. 8416-8433. 8903-8913. 9123. 9491. 10388. 11772-11862.  
 IMMUTABILITY, 9794. 9028. 9071.  
 IMPATIENCE, 9795-9798. 10529. 6496-6514. 8680. 8861-8864. 9976.  
 IMPERFECTIONS, 9799-9802. 8203. 8793. 9711. 10548. 10607. 10608. 9884.  
 IMPIETY, 9803. 9805. 11560. 11606-11608.  
 IMPOSSIBILITY, 9806. 9807. 8364-8367.  
 IMPRACTICABLE, 9808. 9820. 10131. 11832.  
 IMPRECATIONS, 9809. 9810. 6613. 6840-6843. 11210-11215. 7691-7696.  
 IMPRESSIONS, 9811-9814. 11162. 11163.  
 IMPRISONMENT, 9815. 9816. 7201. 7407. 7900. 11191.  
 IMPROVEMENT, 9817-9819. 11223-11229. 7678-7681.  
 IMPROVIDENCE, 9820. 9821. 8529-8531. 11208. 11209. 11813. 11996.  
 IMPUDENCE, 9822. 9823. 6586-6589.

- IMPURITY**, 9824. 9825. 11975. 11976. 7574-7578. 7932. 7933.  
**INABILITY**, 9826. 9340. 9806. 9807. 12070. 8183. 11833-11835.  
**INAPPROPRIATENESS**, 9827. 10335. 10900. 10901. 8183.  
**INCARNATION**, 9828. 7149. 7199. 9041. 10006. 10105. 10112. 10018.  
**INCLINATION**, 9829. 8684. 9959-9961. 8087-8089. 10656. 10549. 12241.  
**INCOMPREHENSIBILITY**, 12054. 8989-9077.  
**INCONSISTENCY**, 9830-9836. 6322. 7226. 7259. 7398. 7450-7454. 8677. 9864. 11662. 11048. 11524.  
**INCONSTANCY**, 9837-9839. 6922. 7021-7024. 7266. 8980. 12157.  
**INCREDULITY**, 9840. 9841. 8117.  
**INDECISION**, 9842. 9843. 7913. 9534. 9739. 9973-9980. 6544.  
**INDIGESTION**, 9844. 8262-8264.  
**INDISCRETION**, 9845. 8770-8772.  
**INDOLENCE**, 9846, 9847. 7386. 8259. 8260. 9715-9730. 8301. 8292. 11749.  
**INDULGENCE**, 9848. 7075. 7102. 7981. 9976. 10365. 10366. 11647. 11247-11255.  
**INDULGENCES**, 9849.  
**INDUSTRY**, 9850-9856. 6314-6325. 8020. 8037-8041. 8236. 8332-8338. 8833. 8935. 9095. 10145-10159. 12271.  
**INFANCY**, 9857. 10527.  
**INFANTS**, 9858-9861. 6658. 6659. 7077-7104. 9927. 6574.  
**INFIDEL**, 9862-9866. 6781. 6609-6612.  
**INFIDELITY**, 9867-9878. 6603-6612. 7235. 8554. 10244. 12102-12106.  
**INFIDELS**, 9879-9882. 6499. 6792. 6793. 6812. 7248. 7249. 7839. 9131. 11602. 11603.  
**INFINITY**, 9883. 9781. 10339. 8989-9077.  
**INFIRMITIES**, 9884. 8758. 8759. 9987. 9988. 9799-9802. 10548. 10607.  
**INFIRMITY**, 9885. 12208-12211.  
**INFLUENCE**, 9886-9899. 6629. 7033. 7095. 7747. 8299. 8460-8483. 9115. 9118. 9160. 10289. 10290. 10533.  
**INGRATITUDE**, 9900-9909. 9022. 9056. 12127.  
**INHOSPITALITY**, 9910. 9632-9638.  
**INJURIES**, 9911-9913. 8794-8812.  
**INJURY**, 9914. 9940. 9941. 12329.  
**INJUSTICE**, 9915-9917. 10065-10084.  
**INNOCENCE**, 9918-9922. 6383. 11427.  
**INNOCENCY**, 9923. 6312.  
**INNOCENT**, 9924-9926. 7439.  
**INNOCENTS**, 9927. 10890.  
**INQUIRY**, 7687-7690.  
**INQUISITION**, 9928. 11712.  
**INSANITY**, 9929. 6421. 6602. 8182. 10489. 10633.  
**INSENSIBILITY**, 7331. 7869. 8719. 9293. 11135-11138. 11706. 7002.  
**INSIGNIFICANCE**, 9930. 11465. 8301. 8302.  
**INSINCERITY**, 8708. 9873. 12304.  
**INSPIRATION**, 9931. 9932. 6786. 6974. 6608. 7229. 11242-11245. 11474.  
**INSTABILITY**, 6952. 7266. 7697. 8141-8143. 8980. 9837. 9838. 9844. 9845.  
**INSTINCT**, 9933-9936. 6372. 7609. 7927. 8695. 10710. 11220.  
**INSTRUCTION**, 9937. 9938. 6910. 10190-10196. 8238-8240. 11904-11909.  
**INSTRUMENTS**, 9939. 7282. 9319-9312. 9939. 10449-10451. 12011.  
**INSULT**, 9940. 9941. 10796. 10797. 11281. 11282.  
**INTEGRITY**, 9942. 9943. 6935-6939. 7463. 8476. 9579-9596. 9918-9926. 11189. 11726. 12128.  
**INTELLECT**, 9944-9949. 7230. 7678-7681. 8272-8298. 10523-10534.  
**INTEMPERANCE**, 9950-9958. 6435. 6436. 6544. 7625. 8103. 8104. 8166-8181.  
**INTENTIONS**, 9959-9961. 6428-6431. 9941. 10998. 10999. 11629. 11305. 11435. 11436.  
**INTERCESSIONS**, 9962-9966. 6523. 8305. 10457-10461. 11075-11091.  
**INTERCESSOR**, 9967. 6361-6365. 6573-6575. 7153. 10458-10461.  
**INTEREST**, 9968. 9969. 7796. 10009. 11032-11034. 6989.  
**INTERMEDIATE STATE**, 9970. 9971. 10872-10881.  
**INVENTION**, 8069. 10958. 11912.  
**INVISIBLE**, 9972. 6285. 7112. 7720. 8580. 8599. 12125. 6853-6862.  
**INVITATION**, 9973-9975. 6681. 10347. 11803. 8505. 8506. 9128-9162. 10113.  
**IRASCIBILITY**, 9976. 10200. 10932. 11914-11916. 10200. 10902-10906. 11306-11314.  
**IRREGULARITY**, 9977. 10517-10522.  
**IRRESOLUTION**, 9978-9980. 6544. 9534. 9842. 9843. 8141. 8142. 9837-9839.  
**IRREVERENCE**, 9981. 9982. 9803-9805. 6840-6843.  
**ISAAH**, 9983.  
**JAMES**, 9984. 11469.  
**JEALOUSY**, 9985. 9986. 8389-8399.  
**JEERING**, 9987. 9988. 6297. 6298. 11755. 7550.  
**JEHOVAH**, 9989. 7938-7940. 8989-9070.  
**JEREMIAH**, 9990.  
**JERUSALEM**, 9991-9993. 10738.  
**JESTING**, 9994. 9995. 10022-10024.  
**JESUIT**, 9996.  
**JESUITISM**, 9997. 7906. 10766. 7904-7908. 8184.  
**JESUS**, 9998-10015. 7110-7206. 7664-7667. 8472. 9064. 9392. 11121-11123.  
**JEWS**, 10016-10021. 6618. 6992. 7180. 10043.  
**JEWELS**, 10094. 7658-7663.  
**JOKES**, 10022. 9994. 9995. 12242-12245.  
**JOKING**, 10023. 10024. 8546.  
**JOSEPH**, 10025.  
**JOSHUA**, 10026.  
**JOY**, 10027-10039. 6596. 6861. 7060-7066. 7524. 7548. 7813. 8070. 8370-8378. 8849. 9348. 10206. 11605. 11683.  
**JUDGE**, 10040. 6939. 10084.  
**JUDGMENT**, 10041-10053. 6546. 6893. 7034. 8148. 9882. 10054-10064.  
**JUDGMENT DAY**, 10054-10062. 6345-6352. 6566. 7745.  
**JUDGMENTS**, 10063. 10064. 6633. 6679. 12170. 11474-11481. 12149. 12150.  
**JUSTICE**, 10065-10084. 7581. 8405. 8406. 9915-9917. 10172-10187. 11294.  
**JUSTIFICATION**, 10085-10087. 9918-9926. 10882-10889.

- KEEPER, 10088. 7926-7930. 9277. 11256. 11257. 11261-11280. 8595.  
 KINDNESS, 10089-10103. 6515-6517. 7250. 8130. 10751. 10752. 11885-11890.  
 KING, 10104. 10105. 6733. 7219. 7865.  
 KINGDOM, 12205. 10106-10111.  
 KINGDOM OF CHRIST, 10106. 10107. 7225-7252. 9132. 9172-9206. 10108. 10109.  
 KINGDOM OF GOD, 10108. 6685  
 KINGDOM OF GRACE, 10109. 9199. 12312. 8852-8857.  
 KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, 10110. 10111. 8140.  
 KING'S SON, 10112. 9457.  
 KNOCKING, 10113. 9382. 7566-7569. 9973-9975.  
 KNOT, 10114.  
 KNOWLEDGE, 10115-10143. 6797. 7216. 8272-8298. 9458. 9937. 9938. 10523-10534. 10190-10196.  
 KORAN, 10144. 10618-10620.  
  
 LABOR, 10145-10159. 6314-6325. 8263. 8332-8338. 9249. 9850-9856. 10790-10794. 12271.  
 LABORERS, 10160. 10161.  
 LADIES, 10162. 10163. 8948. 10424. 12251-12261.  
 LAITY, 10164. 10914. 11115.  
 LAMBS, 10165. 7443. 11676. 11677.  
 LAMP, 10166. 10167. 12166. 10280-10290.  
 LANGUAGE, 10168. 12266-12270.  
 LAUGHTER, 10169-10171. 10570. 11752.  
 LAW, 10172-10187. 6332-6334. 6425. 6554. 7469. 7565. 8095. 8405. 8406. 9143. 9171. 10925.  
 LAZINESS, 7386. 9715-9730. 9846. 9847. 8259. 8260. 11749. 7223.  
 LEADER, 10188. 6943. 7289. 7988. 10910-10914. 12041. 8768. 8769.  
 LEAF, 10189.  
 LEARNING, 10190-10196. 7678-7681. 10115-10143. 11831. 11832. 8272-8298.  
 LEGENDS, 10197. 12023.  
 LEISURE, 10198. 11979.  
 LEPERS, 10199. 7391.  
 LETTER, 10200. 10933.  
 LIARS, 10201-10203. 10213-10216. 8407. 8622-8624. 10367-10373.  
 LIBERALITY, 10204. 6724-6750. 7041-7056. 8928-8932. 8953-8974.  
 LIBERTY, 10205-10211. 7427. 7514. 7821. 8269. 8330. 8845-8848. 11745.  
 LIBRARY, 10212. 10294. 10295. 11326-11331. 6900-6912.  
 LIES, 10213-10216. 8497. 8407.  
 LIFE, 10217-10279. 6831. 7025-7040. 7211. 7738. 7864. 8507. 8508. 9089. 9144. 10379-10404. 11193-11196. 12189-12191.  
 LIGHT, 10280-10290. 6853-6861. 7213. 7431. 7728. 7731. 7822. 8103. 8379. 8533-8540. 9035. 9244. 10166. 10167. 11235.  
 LIGHTNING, 10291. 11911. 11912.  
 LIKENESS, 10292. 9036. 9059.  
 LIKING, 11902.  
 LILIES, 10293. 8761.  
 LION OF JUDAH, 7154. 7186.  
 LITERATURE, 10294. 10295. 6904-6912. 7636. 7887. 10933. 11011-11014. 11319-11323. 11326-11331.  
 LITTLE FOXES, 10296.  
 LITTLE SINS, 10297. 10299. 7212. 7417. 10296. 10777. 6707-6711.  
 LITTLE THINGS, 10300-10302. 6951. 7043. 9525. 10193. 12050. 12051.  
 LIVING, 7188. 8507. 8508.  
 LOGIC, 10303. 11136. 6551-6554.  
 LONELINESS, 10304. 9999. 6284. 6285.  
 LONGING, 10305. 7150. 9460. 11781. 12337. 12340. 8487. 7980-7982.  
 LOOKING BACK, 10306. 11473. 6663-6678.  
 LOOKING TO CHRIST, 7162. 7180. 8585. 8768. 8769.  
 LOQUACITY, 10307. 10308. 9163. 9164. 7998-8000. 11597-11599.  
 LORD'S PRAYER, 8804. 8808. 9396. 11339.  
 LORD'S SUPPER, 10309-10313. 7349-7352. 8809. 11552. 10470. 10851.  
 LOSSES, 10315-10318. 9020. 9099. 9641. 10300. 10578-10584. 11981. 7371-7373.  
 LOST, 10319-10322. 7290. 7390. 7629. 7804. 7805. 9145. 11203-11207. 11675.  
 LOVE, 10323-10355. 6370-6378. 6948. 7089. 7145. 7163. 7175. 7992. 8108. 8886. 9038. 9039. 9145. 9211. 9329. 9968. 10089-10103.  
 LOVER, 10356.  
 LUCK, 10357-10360. 8828-8835. 8668. 8669. 10578-10584. 6304. 6305.  
 LUKEWARMNESS, 10361. 10753. 11749. 12316. 8818. 8819. 12293-12297.  
 LUST, 10362-10364. 9825.  
 LUTHER, MARTIN, 8803. 7937. 8006. 8081. 8155. 9027. 9054. 11680.  
 LUXURY, 10365. 10366. 11247-11255. 9848. 11503-11519. 12293-12297.  
 LYING, 10367-10373. 8408. 8622-8624. 10201-10203. 10951. 10952. 12076-12098.  
  
 MAGIC, 10374. 11005. 10291.  
 MAJESTY, 9120.  
 MALACHI, 10375.  
 MALEVOLENCE, 10376. 10883. 8085. 9351-9353.  
 MAMMON, 10377. 6638-6654. 7267. 7595-7606. 9100. 9255. 11503-11519.  
 MAN, 10378-10404. 6545. 6997. 7300-7306. 9621. 9782-9793. 10217-10279. 10487-10495. 10523. 10693.  
 MANHOOD, 10405. 7025-7040. 10748. 10749. 11650. 12321-12325.  
 MANNA, 10406. 8773-8780.  
 MANNERS, 10407-10411. 6718. 7387. 7497. 7590. 7969. 8644. 8820-8823. 8944-8949. 9207. 11016-11019. 11537. 11538.  
 MARKS, 8624. 11601. 11701. 11725.  
 MARRIAGE, 10412-10432. 6695. 6940. 7324. 7592. 8114. 8642-8647. 8886. 9317. 9321. 12228-12231.  
 MARTYR, 10433. 6896. 7071. 8736. 8824.  
 MARTYRDOM, 10434-10436. 11962.  
 MARTYRS, 10437-10442. 6277. 7090. 7583. 8733. 9104. 10595. 10953-10963.  
 MASSES, 10443. 10939.  
 MASTERS, 10444. 10445. 11670. 11671.  
 MATERIALISM, 9454. 10866. 10867. 11325.  
 MATURITY, 10446. 10447. 6387. 9187. 10531. 11993. 10940-10947.  
 MEANNESS, 10448. 9247. 7256. 11645-11647. 10938.

- MEANS**, 10449-10451. 7282. 8583. 9175. 9939. 9310-9312.  
**MEANS OF GRACE**, 10452. 10453. 6965. 10481. 10851. 11041. 11192. 12300-12309. 9360-9378. 11107.  
**MEAT OFFERING**, 10454.  
**MEDDLESOMENESS**, 10455. 6974. 7014.  
**MEDDLING**, 10456.  
**MEDIATION**, 10457-10459. 6302. 6613-6622. 7153. 11343-11348.  
**MEDIATOR**, 10458-10461. 6361-6365. 9042. 11874. 9587. 6573-6575.  
**MEDITATION**, 10462-10465. 6601. 7464-7468. 7829. 10783-10785. 11349. 11350.  
**MEEKNESS**, 10466-10468. 8480. 9657-9683. 9026. 9245. 10762-10779.  
**MELANCHOLY**, 10469. 7062. 9691. 7990-7992. 7983-7989. 11733.  
**MEMORIAL**, 10470. 6537. 10533. 10634. 10635.  
**MEMORY**, 10471-10486. 7076. 9105. 10061. 11390. 8813. 8792. 8793.  
**MEN**, 10487-10495. 6866. 10378-10404.  
**MERCIES**, 10496-10502. 6848-6852. 6915. 7683. 8588. 9008. 9215-9227.  
**MERCY**, 10503-10512. 6617. 7319. 7320. 9172-9206. 9973-9975.  
**MERCY SEAT**, 7792.  
**MERIT**, 10513-10516. 6409. 8484-8487. 8331. 11524-11527. 11651.  
**MESSIAH**, 10018. 9828.  
**METHOD**, 10517-10519. 10848-10850. 9977.  
**METHODISM**, 10520-10522. 7963. 8854. 10852.  
**MIND**, 10523-10534. 6545. 6886. 7678-7681. 8272-8298. 9248. 9945-9949. 11653. 12107. 12108.  
**MINISTERS**, 10535-10554. 8242. 8474. 10782. 10997. 7322-7324. 10910-10914.  
**MINISTRY**, 10555-10558. 7322-7324. 11109-11149. 11656-11668.  
**MINUTE**, 10621. 10684.  
**MIRACLES**, 10559-10567. 6832. 7166. 7521. 7614. 8111. 9203. 9355. 10199. 10680. 10406.  
**MIRTH**, 10568-10570. 8927. 7060-7066. 8370-8378. 10169-10171. 10570.  
**MISANTHROPE**, 10571. 10572. 10642. 12256. 8075. 8680.  
**MISER**, 10573. 10574. 9091. 9099. 9298.  
**MISERY**, 10575-10577. 8057-8065. 8181. 9753-9755. 11253. 12112. 7983-7989.  
**MISFORTUNES**, 10578-10584. 6304. 6305. 6975. 8828-8835. 9293. 9940. 10314-10318.  
**MISSED**, 10585. 8813.  
**MISSIONARIES**, 10586. 10587.  
**MISSIONS**, 10588-10607. 6701. 7049. 7348. 7541. 8650. 8956. 9128-9162. 9415-9417. 9731-9738. 10856.  
**MISTAKES**, 10608. 10609. 8287. 8686. 9758. 11109.  
**MISTRUST**, 10610. 7406. 6309. 9924. 11250. 11881.  
**MITES**, 10611. 7046. 11751. 12050. 12051.  
**MODERATION**, 10612. 10613. 6688. 7376. 7723. 8489. 9238. 11283-11286.  
**MODESTY**, 10614-10617. 9658-9683.  
**MOHAMMED**, 10618.  
**MOHAMMEDANISM**, 10619. 10620. 6801. 9511. 10144. 11086.  
**MOMENTS**, 10621. 7628. 10568. 10569. 10684. 11979-11997.  
**MONASTICISM**, 6577. 9124. 9526. 10934. 10935.  
**MONEY**, 10622-10631. 9087-9100. 6638. 6654. 10377. 10573. 10621.  
**MONITORS**, 10632. 10470.  
**MONOMANIAC**, 10633. 6524. 9691. 9775. 10469.  
**MONUMENT**, 10634. 10635. 6537. 9123. 10470. 11822. 12283.  
**MORALIST**, 10636. 8816-8819. 8899. 9702. 10685-10689. 10728. 11651. 11731.  
**MORALITY**, 10637. 10638. 6320. 7121.  
**MORALS**, 10639-10641. 9587. 12257.  
**MOROSENESS**, 10642. 8680. 8699. 9276. 10541. 7014. 10550. 10571. 10572.  
**MORNING**, 10643-10645. 9465. 10029.  
**MORTALITY**, 10646. 10647. 7748-7892. 7902. 7903. 8841-8843. 8216-8227.  
**MOSES**, 10648.  
**MOTHERS**, 10649-10655. 6370. 7091. 7202. 8240. 9798. 9891. 10345. 10890-10898. 11087-11089. 11593. 12126.  
**MOTIVES**, 10656. 7056. 8187. 10252. 10549. 10990. 11332. 11333. 10530.  
**MOURNING**, 10657. 6751-6754. 7092. 7455-7461. 7742. 8639. 8900-8902. 8924. 9258-9268.  
**MURDER**, 10658. 10659. 6942. 11396-11398.  
**MURDERER**, 10660-10662. 7424. 7994-7996.  
**MURMURING**, 10663. 7485. 8101. 8680. 8861-8864. 9262. 7369-7373.  
**MUSIC**, 10664-10671. 6398. 7275. 9466. 9467. 11728. 11783.  
**MUTABILITY**, 7866. 7902. 7903. 8254-8256. 9837. 9838. 12157.  
**MYSTERIES**, 10672-10675. 7151. 7922. 9055. 9840. 9841. 10267. 10374.  
**NAKED**, 10676. 6327. 11784.  
**NAME**, 10677-10682. 7214. 9110. 9111.  
**NATIONS**, 10683. 10684. 7630.  
**NATURAL MAN**, 10685-10689. 7121. 7574-7578. 7933. 8615-8618. 8817.  
**NATURE**, 10690-10711. 6328. 6692. 7612-7621. 8247-8253. 8761-8767. 9770. 10868. 11827. 12122. 12123. 12284-12292.  
**NECESSITIES**, 10712. 10713. 11150. 11151. 12178-12180. 7958. 8504.  
**NEED**, 10008. 7958.  
**NEGLECT**, 10714-10718. 6871. 7686. 7941-7948. 8491-8499. 8675. 9043. 11197-11202. 12015-12018.  
**NEIGHBORS**, 10719-10723. 7691. 8685.  
**NERVES**, 10724.  
**NERVOUSNESS**, 10725. 8490.  
**NERVOUS SYSTEM**, 10726.  
**NET**, 9148. 10544. 11137.  
**NEUTRALITY**, 10727.  
**NEW BIRTH**, 10728-10737. 6836. 7505-7545. 7977. 9086. 9212. 9213. 11361-11363.  
**NEW JERUSALEM**, 10738. 12059. 12348. 9991-9993.  
**NEWSPAPERS**, 10739. 11287.  
**NEW TESTAMENT**, 12095.  
**NEW YEAR**, 10740. 6527.  
**NIGHT**, 10741-10743. 9469.  
**NO**, 10744-10747. 12319. 6440-6442.  
**NOBILITY**, 10748. 10749. 6474-6477. 9425.

- NOBODY**, 10750.  
**NON-RESISTANCE**, 10751. 10752.  
**NOTHING**, 10753.  
**NOVELS**, 10754-10755. 8019. 8730.  
**NOVELTY**, 10756. 10757. 7022. 9149 10958.  
 7687-7690.  
**NOW**, 10758. 10759. 10620. 11160-11163.  
 12001-12003. 7627-7631.  
**OATHS**, 10760. 10761. 9313. 10951. 10952.  
 11210-11215.  
**OBEDIENCE**, 10762-10779. 6377. 6805. 7448.  
 8082-8084. 8584.  
**OBJECTIONS**, 6771. 6795. 7170. 7236. 7977.  
 9819. 11108. 8491-8499.  
**OBLIGATION**, 10780. 8186-8215. 8887. 11439-  
 11441.  
**OBLIVION**, 10781. 11364. 8792. 8793. 6284.  
 8067. 9043. 9361. 9912. 9913.  
**OBSCURITY**, 10782. 9949. 9930.  
**OBSERVATIONS**, 10783. 10784. 7234. 8105.  
 8300. 10254. 11817.  
**OBSERVERS**, 10785. 8784. 11960. 11961.  
**OBSTINACY**, 10786. 10787. 7463. 8745-8748.  
 10396. 12104. 12232. 12326.  
**OBSTRUCTION**, 10788. 6281. 6850. 7173. 8033-  
 8036. 9090. 9138. 11518. 10532.  
**OBSTRUCTIONIST**, 10789. 7012. 7285. 10835.  
**OCCUPATION**, 10790-10794. 6426. 6427. 6958-  
 6973. 8332-8338. 9850-9856.  
**OCEAN**, 10795. 11618. 11619.  
**OFFENSE**, 10796. 10797. 11281. 11282. 7380.  
 7381.  
**OFFERINGS**, 10798-10800. 6957. 10456. 10948.  
 11735. 11553-11559. 6444-6446.  
**OFFICE**, 10801. 10802. 6454. 6632. 6633.  
**OFFICE SEEKERS**, 10803. 6460. 8362.  
**OLD**, 10804. 6413-6418.  
**OLD AGE**, 10805-10810. 6413-6423. 6473.  
 7023. 7031. 7312. 9178. 10251. 10531. 11980.  
**OLD TESTAMENT**, 12099-12101.  
**OMNIPOTENCE**, 10811-10813. 9047. 9060.  
**OMNIPRESENCE**, 10814-10817. 7112. 7174. 8993.  
 9048. 9644. 10011. 11594. 11976.  
**OMNISCIENCE**, 10818-10823. 7126. 8992. 9014.  
 9049-9051. 8989-9077.  
**OPINIONS**, 10824-10827. 6317. 10640.  
**OPPORTUNITY**, 10828-10833. 7532. 7737. 7941-  
 7948. 8128. 9205. 11996. 12001-12003.  
**OPPOSER**, 10834. 10789.  
**OPPOSITION**, 10835-10837. 6776. 6783. 10953-  
 10963.  
**OPPRESSION**, 10838. 10839. 8122-8124. 11745.  
**OPPRESSOR**, 10840.  
**ORATOR**, 10841. 10842.  
**ORATORY**, 10843-10846. 8322-8328. 11811.  
 11836-11838. 11812.  
**ORDEAL**, 10847. 8743. 8790. 11866. 6482. 6609.  
 7265. 12041-12049.  
**ORDER**, 10848-10850. 6603. 10991. 11380.  
 10172-10187. 10517-10519.  
**ORDINANCES**, 10851. 6683-6685. 10309-10313.  
**ORGANIZATION**, 10852.  
**ORIGINALITY**, 10853. 10854. 6904. 11139. 11660.  
**ORNAMENTS**, 10855-10857. 6341-6343. 8162.  
 10094. 11188. 12134.  
**ORPHANS**, 10858.  
**OSTENTATION**, 10859. 10860. 8785. 10931.

**OTHERS**, 10861. 10862. 8494. 8687.  
**OWNERSHIP**, 11032-11034. 6989. 9473.

**PAIN**, 10863. 11096. 11848-11851. 12020.  
**PAINÉ, THOMAS**, 6304. 9865. 10268.  
**PAINTERS**, 10864. 10478. 11006. 11157.  
**PALM TREE**, 10865.  
**PANTHEISM**, 10866. 10867.  
**PARABLES**, 10868-10871. 9770.  
**PARADISE**, 10872-10881. 6453. 8329.  
**PARDON**, 10882-10889. 7122. 7393-7399.  
 7954. 8794-8812. 9158. 9172-9206. 10085-  
 10087. 11418.  
**PARENTS**, 10890-10898. 6474-6477. 7097. 7732.  
 8982. 10774. 10649-10655.  
**PARKER, THEODORE**, 7438. 9893. 10471. 12089.  
**PARSIMONY**, 9750-9752. 10935.  
**PARTING**, 10899. 8877. 8814.  
**PARTNER**, 10900. 11105.  
**PARTNERSHIP**, 10901. 8603.  
**PASSIONS**, 10902-10906. 6496-6514. 9409.  
 9825. 9976. 11914-11916. 12201.  
**PASSOVER**, 10907. 6871.  
**PAST**, 10908. 10909. 11482.  
**PASTOR**, 10910-10914. 10553. 11109. 12172.  
**PATIENCE**, 10915-10918. 8056. 8824-8826.  
 8346-8348. 12176. 12177.  
**PATRIOTISM**, 10919. 10920. 8212. 8348.  
**PATTERNS**, 10921. 8460-8483. 9710. 9778-  
 9780. 10230. 11048-11051.  
**PEACE**, 10922-10929. 8464. 8561. 11316-  
 11318. 11443-11450. 7376.  
**PEARLS**, 10930. 8030. 8031.  
**PEDANTRY**, 10931. 11114.  
**PEEVISHNESS**, 10932. 11306-11314. 11914-  
 11916. 9976. 8861-8864.  
**PEN**, 10933. 9899. 10200. 11884.  
**PENALTY**, 10777. 11294-11300.  
**PENANCE**, 10934. 10935.  
**PENITENCE**, 10936. 6674. 7488. 11399-11415.  
 6614. 11631.  
**PENTECOST**, 10937. 11044. 12013. 9553-9568.  
**PENURIOUSNESS**, 10938. 10573. 10574. 10448.  
 10377. 6638-6654. 7595-7606.  
**PEOPLE**, 10939. 10443.  
**PERFECTION**, 10940-10947. 7026. 7231. 8484-  
 8487. 8500. 9077. 11827.  
**PERFUMES**, 10948. 10007. 10798. 11821.  
**PERIL**, 10949. 7705-7725. 8201. 11165. 11724.  
 8414. 11592-12074.  
**PERISHING**, 10950. 10319-10322. 11203-11207.  
 11429. 11430. 11565-11579.  
**PERJURY**, 10951. 10952. 11474.  
**PERSECUTION**, 10953-10963. 6776. 6783. 7132.  
 7660. 9927. 10433-10442. 10837.  
**PERSEVERANCE**, 10964-10974. 6951. 7576.  
 8215. 8343. 9817-9819. 10912. 11799. 11801.  
 11846.  
**PERSONAL EFFORT**, 10975. 10976. 6323. 7040.  
 8125-8134. 8303-8308. 9975. 10964-10974.  
 11796-11807. 12171.  
**PESTILENCE**, 6568. 9888.  
**PETER**, 10977. 11410. 11668.  
**PHILANTHROPY**, 10978. 6945-6948. 7238. 9140.  
 9649-9652. 8865-8876.  
**PHILOSOPHY**, 10979-10984. 11605.  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**, 10985. 7033. 9134. 10487.  
 11067. 11737.



- PHYLACTERIES, 10986. 11866-11869.  
 PICTURES, 10478. 10985.  
 PIETY, 10987-10991. 7300. 9078-9086. 11038. 11365. 12237.  
 PITY, 10992-10994. 7048. 7319. 7363-7366. 9152. 11885-11890.  
 PLACE, 10995. 10155. 10790. 6439.  
 PLAGIARISTS, 10996. 11319-11323. 11660.  
 PLAINNESS, 10997. 9147. 9251. 11127. 11134. 11140.  
 PLANS, 10998. 10999. 9136. 10517-10519. 11604. 8500. 6429-6431.  
 PLANTS, 11820. 9667.  
 PLEASURE, 11000-11010. 6440-6442. 6756. 7332-7338. 7680. 8177. 8370-8378. 8526. 9316-9343. 10709. 10930.  
 PLEDGE, 9638. 11847. 11624. 11873.  
 POETRY, 11011-11014. 6571. 9774.  
 POETS, 9233. 11321. 11322.  
 POISON, 6329. 6578. 11709.  
 POLICY, 11015. 8510-8512.  
 POLITENESS, 11016-11019. 6366. 6367. 6718. 7017. 7590. 7591. 10407-10411.  
 POLITICS, 6460. 6633. 8362. 8851. 10801-10803. 11645. 9165-9171.  
 POOR, 11020-11024. 6698. 6733. 9360. 11037. 11038. 11503. 7402. 12216. 11035.  
 POPE, 11025. 11026.  
 POPERY, 11027. 11028. 6826. 11535.  
 POPULARITY, 11029-11031. 7389. 7654. 9149. 11381.  
 PORTION, 11032. 11241. 8713. 9173.  
 POSSESSION, 11033. 11034. 6989. 9473. 11241.  
 POTTAGE, 11035.  
 POTTER, 11036. 12152.  
 POVERTY, 11037. 11038. 7402. 11020-11024. 12216. 6698. 6733. 9360.  
 POWER, 11039-11047. 6632. 7168. 7239. 7293. 7510. 9053. 9085. 9310-9312. 9398. 9414. 10605. 11091.  
 PRACTICE, 11048-11051. 6805. 8187. 8501. 8502. 10984. 11064. 11092. 11105. 11119. 11657. 11898. 12167.  
 PRAISE, 11052-11060. 6438. 6548. 6549. 7347. 7734. 7801. 8527. 11595. 11949-11951.  
 PRAYER, 11061-11105. 6301-6303. 6521-6523. 6609. 6687. 6846. 6966. 7325. 7328. 7523. 8241. 8478. 8648-8653. 9156. 9198. 9631. 10540. 10541. 10858. 11496.  
 PRAYERLESSNESS, 11106. 9803-9805.  
 PRAYER MEETING, 11107. 11108.  
 PREACHER, 11109-11116. 7322-7324. 10536-10558. 10901-10904.  
 PREACHING, 11117-11149. 7122. 8145. 9147. 9153. 9756-9772. 10206. 10207. 11289. 11656-11668.  
 PRECOCIITY, 7069. 8935. 12330.  
 PREDESTINATION, 11150. 11151. 6985. 7921. 8313. 8318. 8666-8669.  
 PREFACE, 11152. 11153.  
 PREJUDICE, 11154. 7009. 8535. 10529. 6655.  
 PREMONITION, 7765. 7849. 7890. 8789. 9811-9814.  
 PREPARATION, 11155-11159. 6611. 7173. 7757. 7851. 7917. 8424. 8921-8923. 9475. 10196. 11836. 11908.  
 PRESENT, 11160-11163. 8136. 10759. 12001-12003. 10620. 11979-11997.  
 PRESERVATION, 7950-7954. 8414. 11256. 11257. 11561. 11870-11872.  
 PRESUMPTION, 11164-1168. 7316. 11173. 11913.  
 PRETENSION, 8865. 6586-6589. 6562-6565.  
 PRIDE, 11169-11188. 6447-6462. 6586. 6589. 6634. 6874-6879. 8163. 8458. 8459. 9906. 10127. 11637. 12137-12146.  
 PRINCIPLE, 11189. 6680. 10639-10641.  
 PRINTING, 11190. 10739.  
 PRISON, 11191. 7213.  
 PRISONERS, 9815. 9816.  
 PRIVILEGES, 11192. 6848. 8139. 9075. 10828-10834. 11231-11239.  
 PRIZE, 7658-7663. 8628. 9530. 11498-11502.  
 PROBATION, 11193-11196. 8859. 8860. 10243. 12041-12049. 12225.  
 PROCRASTINATION, 11197-11202. 6707. 7941-7948. 9206. 10714. 12005. 12015-12018.  
 PRODIGAL, 11203-11207. 7195. 8856. 9172. 10347. 7932-7934.  
 PRODIGALITY, 11208. 11209. 8529-8531. 9820. 9821. 11813. 11996.  
 PROFANITY, 11210-11215. 6841-6843. 7584. 7695. 9981. 9982. 11808. 11882. 11883. 10760.  
 PROFESSION, 11216-11219. 7262. 9411. 9852. 10790-10794. 7388-7392.  
 PROFESSOR, 11220. 7207-7224.  
 PROFIT, 11221. 11222. 11333. 11334. 8914. 8915. 11241. 11367.  
 PROGRESS, 11223-11229. 7240. 7315. 9155. 9269-9275. 10659. 9817-9819.  
 PROHIBITION, 11230. 11541. 11722.  
 PROMISES, 11231-11239. 8573. 8588. 9606. 9625. 12081. 10760.  
 PROMPTNESS, 11240. 6318. 7917. 9206. 11291-11293. 9349. 9350.  
 PROPERTY, 11241. 11221. 11222.  
 PROPHECY, 11242-11245. 6992. 7229.  
 PROPOSAL, 11246. 7592. 10412-10432.  
 PROSPERITY, 11247-11255. 6384. 6741. 7246. 8951. 12224. 9848. 12293-12297.  
 PROTECTION, 11256. 11257. 6488. 6560. 7710. 7713. 7926-7930. 9054. 9537. 11273. 11278. 11357-11360. 11561.  
 PROTESTANT, 11258. 11259. 11290. 11355. 11389. 11822.  
 PROVERBS, 11260. 8403.  
 PROVIDENCE, 11261-11280. 6304. 6305. 6327. 6439. 6488-6495. 7020. 8761. 8773-8780. 9517-9523. 10316. 10597. 11076. 11156. 11245.  
 PROVOCATION, 11281. 11282. 9940. 9941.  
 PRUDENCE, 11283-11286. 6967. 7011. 7302. 7449. 8071. 12235-12240.  
 PUBLICITY, 11287. 10739.  
 PUGNACITY, 11288. 8738. 8739. 11306-11314. 11829. 11830. 10922-10929.  
 PULPIT, 11289. 11290. 10536-10558. 11112.  
 PUNCTUALITY, 11291-11293. 11240. 6318. 7917. 9206. 9349. 9350. 11291-11293.  
 PUNISHMENT, 11294-11300. 6569. 6617. 6893. 7354. 7691-7696. 7994-7996. 9490. 9515. 10041-10062. 11360. 10172-10187. 11474-11481. 12149. 12150.  
 PURIFICATION, 6864-6873. 8725. 8840.  
 PURITANISM, 11301. 11302.

- PURITY, 11303. 11304. 6547. 9151. 9202.  
9401-9403. 9541-9551. 11756.
- PURPOSE, 11305. 6428-6431. 7909-7920. 9959-  
9961. 10260. 11435. 11436.
- QUARRELS, 11306-11314. 7469. 7470. 8066-  
8068. 8873. 9643. 8091-8095.
- QUENCHING THE SPIRIT, 7561. 7698. 8679.  
11720.
- QUICKNESS, 11315. 9349. 9350. 11242-11245.
- QUIETNESS, 11316-11318. 8561. 10922-10929.  
11443-11450.
- QUOTATION, 11319-11323.
- RACES, 9892. 10402.
- RAIN, 8563.
- RAINBOW, 11324.
- RATIONALIST, 11325. 8858.
- READING, 11326-11331. 6806. 6807. 6813.  
6816. 6904-6912. 7185. 7887. 10754. 10755.
- REASON, 11332. 11333. 8006. 8582. 8591.  
9936. 10303. 10530. 10656.
- REBELLION, 11334. 8082-8084. 8615-8618.  
9190.
- REBUKE, 11335. 6507. 6330-6334. 7571-7573.  
8454.
- RECIPROcity, 11336. 7242. 8964. 8972. 10097-  
10103. 12290.
- RECKLESSNESS, 7000. 7714. 7907. 11164-  
11168.
- RECOGNITION, 11337. 11483.
- RECOMMENDATION, 6775. 11368. 11861.
- RECONCILIATION, 11338. 11339. 6498. 7399.  
8114. 10651. 11306. 11552.
- RECORD, 11340. 6543. 6901-6903. 7384. 7433.  
8299. 9894. 10041. 10262. 10821. 10985.
- RECOVERY, 10579.
- RECREATION, 11341. 11342. 6467-6472.
- REDEMPTION, 11343-11348. 6613-6622. 7637-  
7657. 7897. 9203.
- REFLECTION, 11349. 11350. 7464-7468. 7494.  
10462-10465. 11395. 11482. 11964-11976.
- REFORM, 11351-11354. 6463. 8134. 8246.  
9977. 10095. 10733. 12343.
- REFORMATION, 11355. 11356. 7171. 8168-  
8170. 11258. 11649. 11492-11497.
- REFUGEE, 11357-11360. 7111. 7147. 7178.  
7715. 8850. 9058. 6445.
- REGENERATION, 11361-11363. 6685. 7505-  
7545. 9212. 9213. 10392. 10728-10737.
- REGRETS, 11364. 7857. 11703. 10306.
- REJOICING, 8849. 10027-10039.
- RELIGION, 11365-11389. 7106-7109. 7502.  
7505-7545. 7637-7657. 8491-8499. 9078-  
9086. 9128-9162. 9275. 9303. 10586. 10708.  
10987-10991. 11565-11579.
- REMEMBRANCE, 11390. 7076. 8813. 8792. 8793.  
9105. 10061. 10461-10486.
- REMORSE, 11391-11398. 7409-7438. 7668.  
8182. 8151. 10661.
- RENUNCIATION, 8646. 8925. 8926. 7441-7448.
- REPENTANCE, 11399-11415. 6674. 7351. 7486-  
7498. 8592. 10936. 11631.
- REPETITION, 11416. 11417. 9938. 10552. 11969.
- REPRIEVE, 11418. 10503-10512.
- REPROOF, 11419-11422. 6330-6334. 7015.  
7016. 7571-7573. 8690. 9513.
- REPUBLICS, 11423. 11424. 9165-9170.
- REPULSE, 11425.
- REPUTATION, 11426-11428. 7027. 7028. 7035.  
8415. 9110. 9111. 10024. 10677-10681.
- RESCUE, 11429. 11430. 7189. 11565-11579.  
11805. 8414.
- RESIGNATION, 11431-11434. 8551. 11839-  
11843. 6311. 7471-7485.
- RESOLUTION, 11435. 11436. 7462. 7909-7920.  
8525. 8824. 7997. 9959-9961.
- RESPECT, 11437. 11438. 8939. 11650.
- RESPONSIBILITY, 11439-11441. 6893. 7946.  
8186-8215. 8859. 9404. 10759. 11259. 11711.
- RESPIRATION, 11442. 6432.
- REST, 11443-11447. 11450. 7842. 10154. 11546.  
6464. 8561. 10922-10929.
- RESTITUTION, 11451. 7415. 7430.
- RESTORATION, 11452.
- RESTRAINT, 11453. 7249. 7926-7930. 8238.  
10611. 10612. 11758. 12226. 7961.
- RESULTS, 9885. 9886. 10266. 8299. 8300.
- RESURRECTION, 11454-11467. 6883. 6889.  
6890. 7743. 11795. 11820. 11858.
- RESURRECTION OF CHRIST, 11468-11470. 6555.  
7179.
- RETALIATION, 11471. 11472. 7674. 11486-  
11491. 11780. 12149. 12150.
- RETREAT, 11473. 7918. 11878. 12135. 12196.  
10306. 11164. 11136.
- RETRIBUTION, 11474-11481. 6661. 6841. 7696.  
8528. 9284. 9809. 9810. 10952. 11280. 12024.  
12149. 12150.
- RETROSPECTION, 11482. 11716. 10461-10486.  
10908. 10909. 11964-11976.
- REUNION, 11483. 11484. 7794. 8223. 8329.  
8640. 9439. 9463.
- REVELATION, 11485. 6761-6826. 11611-11617.  
REVENGE, 11486-11491. 8801. 11472. 11780.  
12149. 12150. 8528.
- REVERENCE, 9981. 9982. 11678.
- REVIVALS, 11492-11497. 11145. 11796-11807.
- REWARD, 11498-11502. 6319. 6411. 6735.  
7658-7663. 7861. 9088. 9418-9494. 10097-  
10103. 11805. 12059. 12061.
- RICHES, 11503-11519. 6650. 6741. 6823. 7268.  
9087-9100. 9189. 9232. 9471. 9777. 12029-  
12034. 12212-12217.
- RIDICULE, 7550. 9987. 9988.
- RIGHT, 11520-11522. 6313. 7409-7438. 10065-  
10084. 12076-12096.
- RIGHTEOUS, 11523. 10865.
- RIGHTEOUSNESS, 11524-11527. 7150. 11651.  
10513-10516. 9078-9086.
- RISK, 9336. 7000. 11439-11441.
- RITUALISM, 11528. 7017. 7018. 8814-8822.
- ROCK, 11529. 11530. 7286. 9365. 11827.
- ROCK OF AGES, 11531.
- ROD, 11532. 6353-6356. 6381-6412. 8048-  
8056. 11839-11843.
- ROGUES, 11533. 11541.
- ROMANISM, 11534. 11535. 7400. 7553. 9519.  
9996. 9997. 11025-11028. 11385.
- RUBICON, 11536. 11164. 7627-7631.
- RUDENESS, 11537. 11538. 10407-10411.
- RULING PASSION, 6642. 7454. 7799. 7838.
- RUM, 11540. 7970. 7993. 11722. 6435. 6436.  
8166-8181. 9950-9958.
- RUMORS, 11539. 11598. 11599. 11287.
- RUMSELLER, 11541. 6971. 11230.

- SABBATH**, 11542-11546. 11857-11859.  
**SABBATH-BREAKERS**, 11547. 11548.  
**SABBATH-BREAKING**, 11549-11551.  
**SACRAMENT**, 11552. 7349-7352. 10309-10313.  
**SACRIFICE**, 11553-11559. 6863-6873. 6957.  
 8962. 10861. 10862. 10798-10800. 10993.  
 11593. 12126.  
**SACRILEGE**, 11560. 9802-9805. 10554. 11919.  
 6840-6843. 11164-11168.  
**SAFETY**, 11561. 6445. 6478-6482. 6984. 7226.  
 11256. 11257. 7950-7954. 11624. 11625.  
**SAINTS**, 11562-11564. 10423-10442. 8013-  
 8029. 9441-9551. 11816.  
**SALVATION**, 11565-11579. 6300. 6613-6622.  
 6815. 7685. 7686. 11592. 11723. 31964-  
 11976.  
**SANCTIFICATION**, 11580. 71581. 6864-6873.  
 7923. 9541-9551. 10085. 11303. 11304.  
**SARDIS**, 11582.  
**SATAN**, 11583-11589. 6534. 8003-8012. 9512.  
 11237. 11922-11933. 12197-12203.  
**SATIETY**, 11590. 11591. 6540. 8097-8102.  
 8381. 9604. 8044-8046.  
**SATISFACTION**, 7181. 7367. 7441-7485. 7860.  
**SAVED**, 11592. 12074. 7546-7555.  
**SAVIOUR**, 11593-11596. 8857. 9125.  
**SCANDAL**, 11597-11599. 6974. 7998-8000.  
 10307. 10308. 9163. 9164.  
**SCAPE-GOAT**, 11600. 11844.  
**SCARS**, 11601. 8624. 11701. 11725.  
**SCEPTICS**, 11602. 11603. 11606-11608. 11702.  
 10675. 12102-12106. 9862-9882.  
**SCHEMES**, 11604. 10998. 10999.  
**SCHOOLS**, 8292. 11653. 11904-11909.  
**SCIENCE**, 11605. 7243. 8122. 8950. 10138.  
 10979-10984. 11095. 10190-10196.  
**SCOFFERS**, 11606-11608. 6603-6612. 9803-  
 9805. 9862-9882.  
**SCOLDING**, 11609. 8688. 8099. 7014. 9276.  
 10541. 10550. 10642. 8861-8864.  
**SCORPION**, 11610.  
**SCOURGING**, 7183. 7187.  
**SCRIPTURES**, 11611-11617. 6761-6826. 9931.  
 9932. 11942-11944.  
**SEA**, 11618.  
**SEAL**, 11620.  
**SEASON**, 11621. 11143. 11276. 11817-11821.  
 12269. 10828-10833.  
**SEA VOYAGE**, 11619.  
**SECRETS**, 11622. 11689. 11740. 11892. 11893.  
**SECTS**, 11623. 6827. 6828. 7962-7965. 9431.  
**SECURITY**, 11624. 11625. 8594. 6468-6482.  
 6984. 7950-7954. 11561.  
**SEED**, 11626-11630. 8450. 9159. 12270.  
**SEEKING THE LORD**, 11631. 6300. 7106-7109.  
 7184. 7203. 7263. 7393-7399. 7505-7545.  
 7911. 10001.  
**SELF**, 11632. 11633. 6635. 7476. 7908. 8279.  
 11634-11652. 8309-8312.  
**SELF-CONCEIT**, 11634. 6549. 8309-8312. 6562-  
 6565.  
**SELF-CONTROL**, 11635. 11636. 6496-6514. 8092.  
 8502. 8786. 8404.  
**SELF-ESTEEM**, 11637. 12137-12146. 10513-  
 10516.  
**SELF-EXAMINATION**, 11638-11643. 6496. 11161.  
**SELF-IMPORTANCE**, 11644. 8309-8312. 6586-  
 6589.
- SELFISHNESS**, 11645-11647. 6563. 8085. 8662.  
 9061. 9138. 9637. 10318. 11648. 11652.  
**SELF-KNOWLEDGE**, 7888. 12273.  
**SELF-LOVE**, 11648. 9848.  
**SELF-REFORMATION**, 11649. 6463. 11351-11356.  
**SELF-RESPECT**, 11650. 10491. 11437.  
**SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS**, 11651. 9109. 9124-9127.  
 10513-10516. 11525. 10636.  
**SELF-SEEKING**, 11652. 8310. 8768. 12307.  
**SENSE**, 11653. 10724. 6278-6282. 6982-6988.  
**SENSIBILITY**, 8714-8723. 8490.  
**SEPARATION**, 11654. 7283. 7299. 8647. 10062.  
 10899. 12285. 8112. 8113.  
**SERIOUSNESS**, 11655. 10269. 11789.  
**SERMONS**, 11656-11668. 8244. 8479. 9756-  
 9772. 10536-10558. 11112-11117.  
**SERVANT**, 11669. 6899. 10989. 12011. 12282.  
**SERVICE**, 11670. 11671. 11765. 12271.  
**SHADOW**, 11672.  
**SHAME**, 11673. 6958. 7607. 11692.  
**SHAMS**, 11674. 6586-6588. 8844. 9692-9709.  
**SHEEP**, 11675. 10165. 11676. 11677.  
**SHEPHERD**, 11676. 11677. 6799. 7549. 10165.  
 10911. 11675.  
**SHIELD**, 8595. 11256. 11257.  
**SHOES**, 11678. 8724. 8725.  
**SICK**, 11679. 11680. 9639. 8074.  
**SICKNESS**, 11681-11684. 6399. 8074. 9285.  
 9356-9359. 11113. 9753-9755.  
**SIGHT**, 11685-11687. 6853-6861. 8533-8540.  
 10280-10290.  
**SILENCE**, 11688. 11689. 6513. 7709. 10215.  
 10928. 11812. 11892. 11893.  
**SIMPLICITY**, 9251. 9147. 10997. 11127. 11134.  
**SIN**, 11692-11725. 6689. 6711. 6715. 6756.  
 6757. 7409-7438. 7574-7578. 7623-7626.  
 7728-7731. 7931. 7970-7977. 8439-8450.  
 9035. 9201. 10296. 10299. 12153-12156.  
 11729-11740.  
**SINCERITY**, 11726. 11727. 7907. 8623. 11111.  
**SINGING**, 11728. 6398. 6515. 7060. 7209. 10664-  
 10671. 11052-11060.  
**SINNERS**, 11729-11734. 6310. 7216. 8772-  
 12220-12227. 7623-7626.  
**SIN-OFFERING**, 11735. 6899. 7310. 9279-9289.  
**SINS**, 11736-11740. 6578. 7652. 11750.  
**SLANDER**, 11741-11744. 6309. 6534. 6660-  
 6662. 6977-6982. 8454. 11597-11599. 12014.  
**SLAVERY**, 11745. 6829. 6899. 6991. 8167.  
 9286. 10906. 8330. 8369. 8845-8848. 10205-  
 10211.  
**SLEEP**, 11746-11748. 8233. 8234.  
**SLOTH**, 11749. 7223. 9715-9730. 7386. 9846.  
 9847. 8259. 8260.  
**SMALL SINS**, 11750. 8736. 9885. 10296. 10299.  
**SMALL THINGS**, 11751. 7436. 8341. 9848. 12050.  
 12051. 10611. 7046.  
**SMILE**, 11752. 7060-7066.  
**SMOKING**, 11753. 11999. 12000.  
**SNARES**, 11754. 7324. 11589. 11717. 11583.  
 11922-11938. 6440-6442.  
**SNEERING**, 11755. 6297. 6298. 9987. 9988.  
**SNOW**, 11756. 9420.  
**SOCIETY**, 11757. 11758. 6579-6585. 6905. 6911.  
 7353-7362. 8727. 8865-8892. 12320.  
**SOLDIERS**, 11759-11762. 9494. 10919. 6561.  
 6687. 6688. 12181-12188.  
**SOLITUDE**, 11763-11765. 7225. 6577. 9526.

- SOLOMON**, 11766. 6540. 8526.  
**SORROW**, 11767-11771. 6353-6356. 6381-6412.  
 7486-7488. 8048-8056. 9258-9268. 11848-11851. 12062-12067.  
**SOUL**, 11772-11802. 6400. 6478-6482. 6884. 6893. 6955. 7440. 7717. 7869. 8779. 8903-8913. 9748. 9782-9793. 10523. 11100.  
**SOUL SAVING**, 11803-11807. 6429. 7505-7545. 7744. 8028. 8147. 8303-8308. 9172-9206. 9973-9975. 10093. 10913. 10950. 10975. 10976. 11116. 11492-11496. 11796-11802.  
**SOING**, 11808. 11809. 9348. 11900. 11901.  
**SPARROWS**, 11810. 8610.  
**SPEAKING**, 11811. 6932-6934. 9163. 9164. 8323-8328. 10841-10846.  
**SPEECH**, 11812. 7493-7504. 12266-12270.  
**SPENDTHRIFTS**, 11813. 11996. 8529-8531. 9820. 9821. 11208. 11209.  
**SPIRIT**, 11814. 11815. 9007. 9032. 9560-9565. 9782-9793. 11772-11802.  
**SPIRITUALITY**, 11816. 7145. 9046. 9423. 11971. 12309. 8013-8029. 9078-9086.  
**SPRING**, 11817-11820. 9628.  
**SPRINKLING**, 11821.  
**SPURGEON, CHARLES H.**, 11845.  
**STABILITY**, 11822. 7551. 11761. 11762. 7462. 7463. 8745-8748.  
**STEALING**, 11823. 11824. 8076-8079. 8844. 9280. 9596. 11956. 11994.  
**STEWARDS**, 11825. 11894.  
**STONES**, 11826. 8748. 9408. 11921.  
**STONING**, 11827.  
**STORMS**, 11828. 8760.  
**STRIFE**, 11829. 11830. 10922-10929. 11288. 7468-7470. 8738. 8739. 11306-11314.  
**STUDY**, 11831. 11832. 6807. 6920. 8103. 8236. 8272-8298. 8937. 10115-10143. 10741.  
**STUPIDITY**, 11833-11835. 6920. 7856. 8032. 8183. 10380. 9826. 8781-8783.  
**STYLE**, 11836-11838. 7848. 12266. 12270.  
**SUBMISSION**, 11839-11843. 6311. 7380. 7381. 7441-7447. 8221. 11098. 11431-11434. 11532. 11876-11879.  
**SUBSTITUTE**, 11844. 6618. 7138. 9158. 9288. 11300. 11600. 7885. 9686.  
**SUCCESS**, 11845-11847. 6430. 6831. 6967. 7040. 8553. 8951. 9153. 9252-9254. 9593. 10357-10359. 10964-10974. 11247-11255. 12324.  
**SUDDEN CONVERSION**, 7233. 7515-7540. 7545. 7586. 9195. 9558.  
**SUFFERING**, 11848-11851. 6381-6412. 6529. 6896. 7639. 8347. 8824-8826.  
**SUICIDE**, 11852. 11853. 8466. 10615.  
**SUN**, 11854. 11855. 7297. 9445. 10281-10290. 11864. 8261. 11856.  
**SUNBEAM**, 11856.  
**SUNDAY**, 11857-11859. 11542-11550.  
**SUNDAY-SCHOOL**, 11860-11863. 6917. 7086. 11904-11909.  
**SUNSET**, 11864. 8435.  
**SUPERINTENDENCE**, 11865.  
**SUPERSTITION**, 11866-11869. 7459. 7626. 8578. 8728. 8729. 9257. 9509. 10986.  
**SUPPLIES**, 8594. 12178. 8773-8780.  
**SUPPORT**, 11870-11872. 6401. 6402. 6722. 7217. 7402. 8621. 9174. 9629. 12208-12211.  
**SURETY**, 11873. 7137. 11299. 6613-6622. 11343-11348. 11844.  
**SURETYSHIP**, 11874.  
**SURPRISE**, 11875. 7881. 11937. 12154.  
**SURRENDER**, 11876-11879. 7206. 11839-11843. 11399-11415. 7441. 7448.  
**SUSPENSE**, 11880. 8136-8143. 9842. 9843.  
**SUSPICION**, 11881. 10610. 11250. 6309.  
**SWEARER**, 11882. 11883. 11210-11215. 6840-6843.  
**SWORD**, 11884. 10185. 11743. 12181-12188.  
**SYMPATHY**, 11885-11890. 6976. 7319. 7363-7366. 7487. 8408. 11023. 11939. 12254.  
**TABERNACLE**, 11891.  
**TACITURNITY**, 11892. 11893. 11688. 11689.  
**TALENTS**, 11894-11899. 6986-6988. 7170. 8955-8962. 8549. 10523-10534.  
**TARES**, 11900. 11901. 11809.  
**TASTE**, 11902. 6988.  
**TAXES**, 11903. 11002. 12183.  
**TEACHER**, 11904-11908. 7191. 9237. 10714.  
**TEACHING**, 11909. 8483. 9937. 11416. 11417. 6624. 6625. 8272-8298.  
**TEARS**, 11910. 7366. 7778.  
**TELEGRAPH**, 11911. 11912. 10291.  
**TEMERITY**, 11913. 11164-11168.  
**TEMPER**, 11914-11916. 6496-6514. 8066-8068. 8087-8089. 9112. 9976. 10932.  
**TEMPERANCE**, 11917. 11918. 6288-6293. 8166-8181. 9950-9958. 11230.  
**TEMPLE**, 11919-11921. 6892. 9393. 9644. 9991. 10399. 11791.  
**TEMPTATION**, 11922-11938. 6514. 7546. 7872. 9096. 10810. 11583-11589.  
**TENDERNESS**, 11939. 10165. 12331. 7363-7366.  
**TERROR**, 11940. 11941. 7873. 8691-8707. 8839.  
**TESTAMENT**, 11942-11944. 12099-12101. 12095.  
**TESTS**, 6482. 6609. 6817. 6971. 7059. 7231. 7247. 7248. 7265. 8055. 8940. 10847. 11902. 12041-12049.  
**THANKFULNESS**, 11945-11948. 9215-9222.  
**THANKSGIVING**, 11949-11951. 7193. 8780. 11052-11060. 6398. 11728.  
**THEATRE**, 11952-11955. 6468. 6472. 8375. 8927.  
**THEFT**, 11956. 8076-8079. 11823. 11824. 11994.  
**THEOLOGY**, 11957. 11958. 8115-8121. 8989-9077. 9524. 9525.  
**THINGS**, 11959. 6941. 7894. 9413. 8436. 8547. 8548. 6313-6322.  
**THINKERS**, 11960. 11961. 8784. 9233-9240.  
**THIRST**, 11962. 12205-12207.  
**THOROUGHNESS**, 11963. 6308. 8135. 8456.  
**THOUGHTLESSNESS**, 12331. 6284. 6294.  
**THOUGHTS**, 11964-11976. 6583. 6904-6912. 8937. 9395. 10107. 10395. 10783-10785. 10947. 11350. 11960. 11961.  
**THREATS**, 11977. 9067. 10765.  
**THRASHING**, 11978.  
**TIME**, 11979-11997. 7735-7738. 7834. 8037-8041. 8234-8237. 9263. 9640. 9641. 10217. 10807. 11672. 10568. 10569. 10621. 10684.  
**TITHES**, 11998. 7443.  
**TOBACCO**, 11999. 12000. 10649. 11753.

- TO-DAY**, 12001-12003. 10759. 7627-7631. 10758. 10759. 10620. 11160-11163.  
**TOMBS**, 12004. 6955. 6956. 9223-9227. 7013. 9206. 10714.  
**TO-MORROW**, 12005. 7941-7948. 6707. 11197-11202. 10714. 12015-12018.  
**TONGUES**, 12006-12014. 6660-6662. 8457. 11688-11691. 11741-11744.  
**TOO LATE**, 12015-12018. 6663. 7207. 7837. 7941-7948. 8817. 9206. 9489. 10831. 11197-11202.  
**TORMENT**, 12019. 7437. 7462. 9287. 9490-9515.  
**TORTURE**, 12020. 7462. 7876. 8733.  
**TRACTS**, 12021. 12022. 8419. 12171.  
**TRADITION**, 12023. 10197.  
**TRAITOR**, 12024. 9088.  
**TRANQUILLITY**, 7376. 8517. 10742. 10922-10929. 11316-11318. 7176. 8404.  
**TRANSFORMATION**, 12025. 12026. 6851. 7329. 7330. 7934. 11388. 7505-7545.  
**TRANSFIGURATION**, 7196.  
**TRANSGRESSOR**, 12027. 11692-11725. 11729-11734.  
**TRANSMIGRATION**, 12028.  
**TREASURE**, 12029-12034. 6818. 6819. 7260. 9087-9100. 9561. 12212-12217. 12314.  
**TREE**, 12035. 12036. 7300. 10805. 12035. 12036. 12128.  
**TREE OF LIFE**, 12037. 12038.  
**TREES**, 12039. 7215. 7682. 8826.  
**TRESPASS**, 12040. 12027.  
**TRIALS**, 12041-12048. 6482. 7248. 7249. 8048-8056. 8597. 9418-9494. 11254. 11767-11771.  
**TRIBULATION**, 12049. 6381-6412. 6941. 12041-12048. 11767-11771. 12062-12067.  
**TRIFLES**, 12050. 12051. 6321. 7924. 9578. 10300-10302. 10558. 10610. 11751. 12205.  
**TRINITY**, 12052-12058. 8989-9070. 9553-9568. 9989.  
**TRUMPET**, 12059-12261. 7127. 7301. 7886. 8225. 9177. 10012. 12158-12164.  
**TROUBLE**, 12062-12067. 6353-6356. 6381-6412. 10224. 11767-11771. 11848-11851.  
**TRUMPET**, 12068. 12193-12196.  
**TRUST**, 12069-12071. 7197. 7198. 7401-7406. 8554-8606. 9069. 9277. 11872. 8509.  
**TRUST IN GOD**, 12072-12074. 6721. 6722.  
**TRUSTING**, 12075. 6720-6722.  
**TRUTH**, 12076-12996. 7167. 9150. 11147. 11520-11522. 8547. 8548.  
**TRUTHFULNESS**, 12097. 12098. 7439. 12088. 12151.  
**TRYING**, 12075. 9124-9127.  
**TYPES**, 12099-12101. 6446. 10798-10800.  
**TYRANNY**, 8122-8124. 8697. 10838-10840.  
**UNBELIEF**, 12102-12106. 6557. 6603-6612. 8047. 9840. 9841. 9862.  
**UNCERTAINTY**, 6952. 7021-7024. 7902. 7903.  
**UNDERSTANDING**, 12107. 12108. 8379. 9937. 9938. 9944-9949. 10523. 10524.  
**UNFAITHFULNESS**, 12109-12111. 6532-6543. 7218. 8612. 8677. 10714-10718.  
**UNFRUITFULNESS**, 6686. 7601. 7682. 12102.  
**UNHAPPINESS**, 12112. 7598. 8057-8065. 9289. 9334. 9579. 10889. 10575-10584. 11621. 12155. 12156.  
**UNION**, 12113-12120. 6887. 7270. 8308. 9347. 9347. 12121. 6821. 6866. 6891. 7377-7379. 8112. 8113. 9072. 9493.  
**UNIVERSE**, 12122. 12123. 7612-7621. 9068. 9644. 10690-10711. 12284-12292.  
**UNKINDNESS**, 12124. 12114. 7668-7677. 8085. 11609. 10376.  
**UNRELIABILITY**, 10403. 9692-9709. 9837-9839. 9839. 12125. 6285. 9972. 7112. 7720.  
**UNSELFISHNESS**, 12126. 7883. 11889. 8080. 8081. 8484-8487. 11553-11559.  
**UNTHANKFULNESS**, 12127. 9900-9909.  
**UPRIGHTNESS**, 12128. 9942. 9943. 11527.  
**USEFULNESS**, 12129-12133. 7294. 8897-8899. 10537. 11832. 12152. 12261.  
**USELESSNESS**, 7929. 10493. 7682.  
**UTILITY**, 12134. 7067. 12129-12133.  
**VALOR**, 12135. 12136. 7579-7589.  
**VANITY**, 12137-12146. 6368. 6369. 6540. 6874-6879. 7330. 8254-8256. 8813. 8841-8843. 9322. 9609. 10880.  
**VARIETY**, 12147. 7284. 8712. 8959.  
**VVAUNTING**, 12148. 6874-6879.  
**VENGEANCE**, 12149. 12150. 7623. 7675. 8790. 11391-11398. 11474-11481. 12310-12314.  
**VERACITY**, 12151. 12076-12098. 7439.  
**VESSEL**, 12152. 11036.  
**VICE**, 12153-12156. 8167. 8409-8413. 8439-8450. 11692-11725. 12027.  
**VICISSITUDE**, 12157. 7021-7024. 6222. 7266. 8980. 9837-9839.  
**VICTORY**, 12158-12164. 6438. 6387. 6688. 7154. 7220. 7301. 9162. 9494. 10865. 12059. 12061.  
**VIGILANCE**, 12165. 9398. 12189-12191. 12197-12204.  
**VIRGINS**, 12166.  
**VIRTUE**, 12167-12169. 9608. 10639-10641. 9580-9596. 11520-11523. 12097. 12098.  
**VISITATION**, 12170. 12171. 11021. 6353-6356. 10578-10584. 8048-8056.  
**VISITING**, 12172. 10910-10914.  
**VOLITION**, 12173. 12233. 12234. 7106-7109. 7909-7920. 8859. 8860.  
**VOLTAIRE**, 9863. 11779.  
**VOWS**, 12174. 12175. 6534. 7441-7447. 7721. 7889. 8737. 9858. 10589. 10760. 10761. 12213.  
**WAITING**, 12176. 12177. 10915-10918.  
**WANTS**, 12178-12180. 8504. 9052. 10712. 10713. 11150. 11151. 7958. 10004.  
**WAR**, 12181-12188. 9537. 9598. 8738. 8739. 6687. 6688.  
**WARFARE**, 12189-12192. 7221. 7653. 11922-11933. 7289. 8261. 11760-11762.  
**WARNING**, 12193-12196. 6433. 6434. 6566. 7285. 7438. 7709. 7793. 7917. 8150. 9993. 10997. 12315.  
**WATCH-CARE**, 6489. 9000. 9051. 9517-9523. 11810. 9277. 9278. 11261-11280.  
**WATCHFULNESS**, 12197-12202. 9389. 11922-11933. 12165. 12189-12191.  
**WATCHING**, 12203. 12194. 7104. 7302. 8533-8540.  
**WATER**, 12205-12207. 6677, 11962.  
**WAX**, 7173. 7204. 9537.

- WAY OF LIFE, 9470. 10278.  
 WEAK, 12208. 8301. 8302. 8200.  
 WEAKNESS, 12209-12211. 7245. 7293. 7924.  
 7967. 8312. 8570. 9240. 9534. 9940.  
 WEALTH, 12212-12217. 6989. 8678. 9087-  
 9100. 9471. 10365. 10366. 11504-11518.  
 12029-12034.  
 WEDDING, 12218. 6940.  
 WEEPING, 11910. 7366. 7778.  
 WELCOME, 12219. 6421. 8219. 9464.  
 WESLEY, JOHN, 8676. 8864. 9612. 10852.  
 6338. 8523. 8602. 9251. 10628. 10653. 11129.  
 WICKED, 12220-12227. 6503. 7195. 7310.  
 11255. 11692-11725. 11730-11734. 12027.  
 WIFE, 12228-12231. 6552. 7732. 8606. 8941.  
 9066. 9687-9690. 10649-10655.  
 WILLINGNESS, 8190. 9828. 9959-9961.  
 WILLFULNESS, 12232. 8082-8084. 10786. 10787.  
 12104.  
 WILL, 12233. 12234. 8859. 8860. 9829.  
 11024. 12173.  
 WINE, 6329. 7684. 9950-9958.  
 WISDOM, 12235-12240. 11260.  
 WISDOM OF GOD, 8791.  
 WISHES, 12241. 6749. 6750. 9829. 7980-  
 7982. 6447-6462.  
 WIT, 12242-12245. 10022-10024. 11315.  
 WITNESS, 8744. 7388-7392.  
 WITNESSES, 12246. 12247. 6488-6495. 6939.  
 8522. 8437.  
 WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT, 12248. 12249. 6338-  
 6340. 6590-6599.  
 WIVES, 12250. 12228-12231.  
 WOMAN, 12251-12261. 9890. 10162. 10163.  
 10354. 10649-10655. 12228-12231.  
 WORD, 12262-12265. 11812.  
 WORDS, 12266-12270. 8220. 8227. 8228.  
 10168. 11148. 11837. 11838. 11899.  
 WORK, 12271. 12283. 6314-6325. 8037-8041.  
 8263. 8937. 9077. 9850-9856. 10145-  
 10159. 10279. 10790-10794. 11559. 11670.  
 11671.  
 WORLD, 12284-12292. 7612-7621. 8247-8253.  
 10690-10711. 12122. 12123.  
 WORLDLINESS, 12293-12297. 6987. 7269. 7671.  
 8248. 8892. 11654. 10361.  
 WORLDLING, 12298. 12299. 7892.  
 WORSHIP, 12300-12309. 6646. 6505. 6892.  
 8479. 8814. 8820-8823. 9018. 9368-9378.  
 10452. 10453. 11678.  
 WORTHLESSNESS, 9878. 8301. 8302. 9930.  
 11465.  
 WRATH, 12310-12304. 6496-6514. 8700.  
 10711. 11294-11300. 12193-12196.  
 WRECK, 12315. 6282. 6478-6482. 7020.  
 WRECKERS, 12316.  
 WRONG, 9911-9917. 8438-8453.  
 YEARS, 12317. 12318. 6527. 10740. 11997.  
 YES, 12319.  
 YOUNG, 12320. 12326-12334. 7072-7076.  
 YOUNG MEN, 12321-12325. 7779. 8093. 8940.  
 10378-10405. 10487-10495.  
 YOUTH, 12326-12334. 6712. 6923. 7621.  
 8467. 11847.  
 ZEAL, 12335-12347. 7039. 7252. 8241-8246.  
 8382-8388. 10236. 10361. 10587. 11132.  
 11733.  
 ZION, 12348. 7271-7301. 7225-7255.

# TOPICAL INDEX TO FIRST POETRY.

Reference is always made to the poems or extracts by number. The numbers refer to synonymous or related general subjects, or to scattered illustrations of the topic in the index. A dash between two numbers indicates that all between them are referred to.

- AARON, 1. 2. 1798.  
 ABILITIES, 3-6. 37. 382. 1039-1045. 1901. 1465-1467.  
 ABRAHAM, 7. 1480.  
 ABESALOM, 8.  
 ABSENCE, 9-11. 1890. 2453. 2454. 2264-2266.  
 ABSTINENCE, 12-15. 748. 931-938. 1151. 2843-2850. 2993-2995.  
 ACCIDENT, 92. 2601-2605. 319. 326.  
 ACCOMPLISHMENT, 230. 1000. 1454. 1455.  
 ACQUIESCENCE, 1617. 66. 227. 230. 501. 1190. 2312. 2313. 873.  
 ACTION, 18-28. 2084-2090. 3026-3035.  
 ACTIVITY, 93-92. 1173. 1179. 2294. 1949-1954. 1061. 1680.  
 ADAM, 65. 26. 667.  
 ADAM AND EVE, 23. 24. 1125-1193. 1032. 1033  
 ADAPTATION, 37. 855. 2829. 1780. 1093.  
 ADIEU, 38. 1275-1279. 1542. 2453. 2454.  
 ADMIRATION, 39. 1201.  
 ADOPTION, 1232. 2428. 2429.  
 ADORNMENT, 137. 140. 1280-1285. 924-930. 1475. 2797.  
 ADVENT, 40-42. 441. 2023. 1073-1077. 2049-2061. 3036.  
 ADVERSITY, 43-52. 64-72. 631. 864-872. 2789-2798.  
 AFFECTATION, 53. 118. 184. 185. 2735. 1454-1456.  
 AFFECTION, 54-63. 2174-2210. 1404-1426. 1692.  
 AFFLICTION, 64-72. 43-52. 504. 305. 2783-2788. 225-231. 2896. 1618-1623.  
 AGE, 74-81. 251-256. 2057-3065. 2116. 2128.  
 AGED, 82-85. 187. 356. 2413-2420.  
 AGENCY, 73. 879. 1396-1398.  
 ALLELUIA, 90. 2590-2595.  
 ALLOTMENT, 91. 92. 2601-2605. 853. 1218. 1616. 2136. 663.  
 ALLUREMENTS, 93-96. 180. 746-751. 779. 780. 1009. 2851-2856.  
 ALMS, 97. 192. 337-346. 221-224. 146.  
 AMBITION, 98-111. 444. 1066. 1245-1258. 1842-1850. 1602-1617.  
 AMERICA, 112-115. 1084. 2021. 2108.  
 AMABILITY, 2847. 1454-1456.  
 AMUSEMENTS, 116. 823. 2861. 2862. 683. 317. 1094. 1096.  
 ANCESTRY, 117. 118. 1616.  
 ANGELS, 119-126. 678. 2015. 1232. 1874.  
 ANGER, 127. 2457. 1673-1676. 1151.  
 ANIMALS, 128. 129. 534. 2974. 2288.  
 ANNIHILATION, 130-132. 699. 1931-1935. 2789-2798. ANTS, 132. 1931.  
 ANXIETY, 134. 310-316. 1159. 1160.  
 APOSTASY, 200. 437. 434. 2047. 2894. 2797.  
 APOSTLES, 125. 136.  
 APPAREL, 137. 128. 924-930. 1280-1285.  
 APPEARANCES, 139-141. 344.  
 APPLAUSE, 456. 1249. 1326-1332.  
 ARGUMENT, 142. 143. 739. 685. 890.  
 ARK, 424. 1553.  
 ARMOR, 144-146. 1001. 2777. 757. 758.  
 ART, 147. 148. 2814.  
 ARTIFICE, 149. 427. 746-751  
 ASCENSION, 150-152.  
 ASPIRATION, 153-153. 801-808. 2163. 2164.  
 ASSOCIATES, 461-464. 2774. 2775.  
 ASSOCIATION, 159-164. 407-470. 2270-2276.  
 ASSURANCE, 165. 152. 479.  
 ASTRONOMY, 166. 1769.  
 ATHLETISM, 167-170. 1040. 1065. 2975. 2916.  
 ATHEIST, 171. 172. 1457. 1878. 1066. 1067.  
 ATONEMENT, 172-177. 1. 583-604. 607-616. 2629-2632.  
 ATTAINMENT, 178. 179. 154. 465. 824. 1201. 1602-1617.  
 ATTRACTION, 180. 181. 1483. 1707. 1813. 2486.  
 AUTHORSHIP, 182. 183. 2337. 2153.  
 AUTHORITY, 184. 185. 651. 852.  
 AUTUMN, 186. 187. 2111.  
 AVARICE, 188-194. 557-561. 1021. 1525-1538. 676. 2736.  
 AVERSION, 195. 1673-1676.  
 AWAKENING, 516-521. 624. 531-534. 583. 584. 606.  
 BABE, 196-199. 1955-1964. 2973. 909. 2156.  
 BACKSLIDING, 200, 454. 534. 2047. 2894. 2797.  
 BANISHMENT, 201. 1240. 710. 1025. 1939. 2227.  
 BANNER, 425. 588-604. 2522.  
 BAPTISM, 202-204.  
 BATTLE, 205-207. 411. 1878. 2777. 2956-2964.  
 BEAUTY, 208-218. 261. 441.  
 BEGINNING, 1642. 1647. 1648. 2157-2162. 2898-2899. 2761.  
 BEING, 219. 220. 1180. 2109-2150.  
 BELIEVING, 16. 17. 473. 479. 1202-1232.  
 BELLS, 2338. 161. 2271. 2293.  
 BENEVOLENCE, 221-224. 237-246. 2103.  
 BENEVOLENCE, 227-246. 2103. 97. 192. 221-224. 1463-1472.  
 BEREAVEMENT, 225-221. 796. 498-503. 646-736.  
 BETSEYING SIN, 232. 2702. 2456. 1117.  
 BIBLE, 223-250. 2719-2723. 3021. 2643.  
 BIGOTRY, 251-253. 739. 781. 2405. 2730. 903. 1272.  
 BIRTHDAY, 254-256. 1708.  
 BIRTH OF CHRIST, 257-260. 1940. 417-424.  
 BLAME, 261. 321. 322. 647. 1603.  
 BLESSEDNESS, 262. 263. 366. 646. 664. 1880. 493-503.  
 BLESSINGS, 264. 1778. 1579.  
 BLINDNESS, 265-270. 695. 625-629.  
 BLISS, 2250. 271. 1700. 2042-2046. 1650-1668.  
 BODY, 272. 203-218. 1333. 1934. 1583. 1586. 2667-2673.  
 BOLDNESS, 278. 281. 544-551. 2927.  
 BOOKS, 274-280. 1485. 1799. 2624. 2397. 2298.  
 BRAVERY, 281. 412. 273. 1544-1551. 2327.  
 BREAD, 452. 1346-1348.  
 BRIBERY, 282-284. 1525. 535-541.  
 BROTHER, 285. 43. 657. 2071. 1423.  
 BROTHERHOOD, 286-300. 440. 447. 1385. 1386. 1877.  
 BUILDING, 291-294. 321. 439. 1172. 1173.  
 BURDEN, 295. 296. 906. 134. 310-316.  
 BURIAL, 297-300. 257. 1430. 2347-2350.  
 BURIAL-GROUND, 301. 442-444. 1583-1601.  
 BUSINESS, 302. 37. 848. 1063-1065. 1949-1954.  
 BUSYBODY, 303. 2694. 2635. 2715. 2759-2763.  
 CAIN, 2252. 919.  
 CALAMITY, 304. 305. 43-52. 453. 2319. 2320.  
 CALVARY, 306-308. 607-616.  
 CAPTIVES, 309. 1939. 2227.  
 CARE, 310-316. 134. 1159. 1160.  
 CASTE, 322. 601. 924. 925. 2496. 2232. 1108-1111.  
 CAUSE, 317-319. 2346. 180. 181.  
 CAUTION, 320. 1194. 2829. 2807.  
 CENSURE, 321. 322. 647. 1112. 1603. 261. 2763.  
 CEREMONY, 323. 324. 1820. 1362.  
 CHANGE, 319. 326. 92.  
 CHANGE, 325-329. 695. 1754. 1190-1134.  
 CHARACTER, 330-336. 291-294. 1771. 2109-2150.  
 CHARITY, 337-340. 97. 1467. 2026. 221-224. 2174-2210.  
 CHASTISEMENT, 347-349. 300. 864-873. 64-72.  
 CHASTITY, 350-353. 303. 2514-2517. 779.  
 CHEERFULNESS, 354-356. 2433. 2458. 2847.  
 CHILDHOOD, 357-363. 987-1000. 668.  
 CHILDREN, 364-378. 196-199. 617. 2156.  
 CHOICE, 379. 37. 1127. 1049-1051. 1396-1398.  
 CHRIST, 380-404. 1. 173-177. 583-604. 607-616. 727. 733. 1453-1463. 1920. 150-152. 257-300. 417-423. 902. 2024-2037. 2690. 2601. 2287-2293. 2714.  
 CHRISTIAN, 405-407. 233. 1388. 1439. 1523. 1524. 1202-1222.  
 CHRISTIANITY, 408. 409. 446. 1202-1222. 2496-2500.  
 CHRISTIANS, 410-416. 1522. 1523.

- CHRISTIAN UNION, 425. 440. 1421. 1425. 1654. 457-460.  
 CHRISTMAS, 417-423. 257-260.  
 CHURCH, 424-441. 411. 409. 781. 782. 1049. 2021-2023.  
 CHURCHYARD, 442-444. 1583-1601. 310.  
 CISTERNS, 445.  
 CIVILIZATION, 446. 447. 2509. 2510. 1039-1045.  
 CLERGY, 1. 53. 145. 146. 1165. 2304-2309. 2558-2566.  
 2608.  
 CLOSET, 448. 1146. 2553. 2526. 2537.  
 CLOUD, 449. 2620. 2621. 2242.  
 COMFORT, 450-454. 479. 498-503. 1067. 1068.  
 COMMANDMENTS, 455. 742.  
 COMMENDATION, 456. 472. 1249. 1326-1332.  
 COMMUNION, 457-460. 380. 381. 384. 522. 523. 1314-1318.  
 COMPANIONS, 461. 462. 1400-1416.  
 COMPANY, 463. 464. 2774. 2775.  
 COMPASSION, 1878. 2073. 2506. 2507.  
 COMPENSATION, 465-467. 265. 238. 221. 224. 2004.  
 COMPLAINT, 468-471. 1911. 1390. 2354.  
 COMPLIMENTS, 472. 456. 1226-1332.  
 CONCEIT, 473. 53. 118. 2735.  
 CONCENTRATION, 474.  
 CONDEMNATION, 475. 1228. 2653.  
 CONDUCT, 552-554. 429.  
 CONFESSION, 476. 477. 2633. 2025. 2598.  
 CONFIDENCE, 478. 479. 502. 1401. 1409. 1202-1232.  
 CONFLICT, 207. 539. 881-883. 1324.  
 CONSCIENCE, 480-490. 3007.  
 CONSECRATION, 491-496. 16. 17. 380. 381. 1687.  
 CONSEQUENCES, 667. 951. 1069. 1070.  
 CONSIDERATION, 686. 885. 752. 606. 507.  
 CONSISTENCY, 497. 1609. 334.  
 CONSOLATION, 498-503. 225-230. 450-453.  
 CONSTANCY, 504. 505. 1400. 2184. 1943. 1944.  
 CONTEMPLATION, 506. 507. 457-460. 686. 1603.  
 CONTENTMENT, 508-515. 1089-1093. 1650-1667. 1821.  
 2525.  
 CONTRITION, 516-521. 2482. 2483. 2008.  
 CONTROVERSY, 142. 143. 252. 739.  
 CONVERSATION, 522. 523. 739. 2832. 2833.  
 CONVERSION, 524-528. 1228. 1225. 2652.  
 CONVERT, 529. 530. 411. 2020.  
 CONVICTION, 531-534. 516-521. 2482. 2483. 2652.  
 CORRUPTION, 535-541. 282-284. 524. 840. 2512.  
 COUNSELS, 542. 364. 626. 1186. 2781.  
 COUNTRY, 543. 2469-2473. 2809. 2310.  
 COURAGE, 544-551. 281. 412. 273. 2927.  
 COURTESY, 552-554. 1454. 1455.  
 COURTSHIP, 555. 556. 2507.  
 COVENANT, 557. 491-496. 2622.  
 COVETOUSNESS, 558-561. 188-194.  
 COWARDICE, 562. 563. 1305-1311. 2680.  
 CREATION, 564-577. 33-36. 123. 1006-1023. 2221. 2373-  
 2384. 2922.  
 CREATOR, 578. 1481. 1507. 760-765. 1479-1521.  
 CREDULITY, 579. 2915.  
 CREED, 580. 581. 2730. 781. 782. 2642.  
 CRIME, 1113-1117. 1342. 1072. 1442.  
 CRISIS, 582-584. 2855. 2429-2434. 2406. 2885-2887.  
 CRITIC, 585. 1253. 1103.  
 CRITICISM, 586. 587.  
 CROSS, 588-604. 1680.  
 CROSSES, 605. 2783-2788. 64-72.  
 CROWN, 606. 981. 1069. 2253. 2583.  
 CRUCIFIXION, 607-616. 737. 738.  
 CRUELTY, 129. 2074. 2764.  
 CURIOSITY, 617.  
 CURSE, 618. 619. 1014. 2352.  
 CUSTOM, 620-623. 1280-1285.  
  
 DANCING, 629. 2776. 3017.  
 DANGER, 624. 533. 584. 920. 1015.  
 DARKNESS, 625-629. 1190. 1600. 1749.  
 DAUGHTER, 630. 65. 2215. 2216.  
 DAVID, 631-633.  
 DAY, 634-641. 782. 2123. 2151.  
 DAY OF JUDGMENT, 642. 643. 912. 2049-2061.  
 DAYS, 644. 645.  
 DEAD, 646-666. 1402. 1705-1765. 1770-1779.  
 DEATH, 667-736. 363. 369. 1413. 2305. 2334-2339. 887-  
 991.  
 DEATH OF CHRIST, 737. 738. 173-177. 588-604. 607-616.  
 1193.  
 DEBATE, 739. 142. 143. 952.  
 DEBT, 740. 741. 1205. 2629-2632.  
 DECALOGUE, 742. 453. 2064-2068.  
 DECAY, 743-745. 208-218. 1130-1334. 667-736.  
 DECEPTION, 746-751. 1117. 149. 779. 780. 1892-1898.  
 2754.  
 DECISION, 752. 893. 824. 885. 1325. 2618. 2619.  
 DECREES, 753. 820. 830. 1051. 1254. 1942. 1641.  
 DERBS, 754-756. 1543. 1788. 1069. 1211.  
 DEFENCE, 757. 758. 144-146.  
 DEGRADED, 759. 1112. 1041-2243.  
 DEITY, 760-765. 1479-1522. 2900. 2901.  
 DELAY, 766-771. 294. 583. 584. 772. 3053. 2335. 2386.  
 2555-2557.  
 DELIBERATION, 885. 686. 506. 507.  
 DELIGHT, 1488. 1765. 2042-2046.  
 DELUGE, 772-778. 657. 424. 1335. 1336. 746-751.  
 DELUSION, 779. 780. 686. 1090. 2043.  
 DENOMINATIONS, 781. 782. 251-253. 2720.  
 DEPENDENCE, 782-786. 2972.  
 DEPARTMENT, 552-554. 429.  
 DEPRAVITY, 787-796. 1691. 1688. 1697. 1237-1241.  
 DESERTION, 797. 2014.  
 DESIGN, 798-800. 89. 474. 2004.  
 DESIRE, 801-808. 857. 1056. 153-155. 2163. 2164.  
 DESOLATION, 809-819.  
 DESPAIR, 812-819. 2457.  
 DESPONDENCY, 820-828. 809-811. 1891.  
 DESTINY, 820. 830. 319. 582-584. 2119. 2883.  
 DESTRUCTION, 831. 839. 2609-2613. 910. 911.  
 DETECTION, 832. 978. 1545. 1894. 919. 643. 2049-2061.  
 DETERMINATION, 833. 834. 1325. 2618. 2619.  
 DETRACTION, 835. 1545. 2759-2763.  
 DEVIL, 836-840. 427. 754. 2700. 2710. 1038.  
 DEVOTION, 841-850. 16. 17. 360. 381. 457-459. 608. 3046-  
 3051. 2500.  
 DIGNITY, 851. 852. 1923. 2324-2326. 1026. 2396. 1842-  
 1850.  
 DILIGENCE, 1949-1954. 2487-2489.  
 DIRGE, 648. 962. 2778. 1430. 1502.  
 DISAPPOINTMENT, 853-863. 178. 179. 445.  
 DISCIPLINE, 864-873. 347-349. 439. 853. 1045. 1188.  
 DISCONTENT, 874-880. 641. 893-896. 1399.  
 DISCORD, 881-883. 897.  
 DISCOURAGEMENT, 884. 812-819. 853-863.  
 DISCRETION, 885. 37. 320. 2607. 2099-2093.  
 DISCUSSION, 142. 143. 252. 630.  
 DISEASE, 667. 669. 711. 876. 1910. 2744-2747.  
 DISENCHANTMENT, 886. 779. 760. 898. 978.  
 DISHONESTY, 887. 282-284. 535-541.  
 DISHONOR, 888. 1610. 2715.  
 DISOBEDIENCE, 889. 1045.  
 DISPUTANT, 890. 252. 2338.  
 DISQUIET, 891. 892. 1700. 2666.  
 DISSATISFACTION, 893-896. 445. 874-880. 1094-1096.  
 DISSENSION, 897. 881-883.  
 DISTANCE, 898. 2403. 2404.  
 DISTRUST, 914-917. 2824.  
 DIVINE UNION, 899-901. 380. 381. 383. 1654. 2024.  
 DIVINITY OF CHRIST, 902. 382. 380-404. 1920.  
 DOGMATISM, 903. 251-253.  
 DOING GOOD, 904-909. 29. 30. 340. 2321. 1046-1048.  
 DOING RIGHT, 19. 281. 2686. 2687.  
 DOING WELL, 910. 26. 268. 1163. 1078. 1079.  
 DOOM, 911. 912. 829. 830. 2756. 2776.  
 DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS, 913. 3042-3045. 2013. 1185.  
 DOUBT, 914-917. 2915-2916.  
 DREAMS, 918-923. 2016.  
 DRESS, 924-930. 137. 138. 1380-1285.  
 DRUNKENNESS, 931-938. 2001-2003.  
 DUTY, 939-955. 208. 1787. 1539. 465. 2321.  
 DYING, 956-986. 646-736. 1405. 2334-2339.  
  
 EARLY DEATH, 987-991. 368. 369. 689. 720. 3014. 856.  
 EARLY PIETY, 992-998. 357-378.  
 EARLY TRAINING, 999. 1000. 1043. 2840. 2841. 2781.  
 EARNESTNESS, 1001. 1005. 2121. 2123. 2129.  
 EARTH, 1006-1023. 1355. 1356. 564-577. 2373-2384. 3036-  
 3041.  
 EARTH AND HEAVEN, 1024. 1025. 1436. 1766-1768.  
 EARTHLY GLORY, 1026. 1245-1253. 1843-1854.  
 EASTER, 1027-1050. 684.  
 EATING, 1180. 1106. 1312. 13.  
 ECHO, 1051. 465-467.  
 EDEN, 1032-1038. 33-35. 2442-2446.  
 EDUCATION, 1039-1045. 232. 999. 1000. 1993-1995. 2078-  
 2083. 2099. 2100.  
 EFFORT, 1046-1048. 1001-1005. 939-955. 1071. 1072. 904-  
 910.  
 EGOTISM, 1326-1332. 13. 2735.  
 ELECT, 1049-1051. 439. 753. 879. 1396-1398.  
 ELIJAH, 1052. 1053. 1948. 1665.  
 ELOQUENCE, 1054-1058. 587. 2801. 2802.  
 ELYSIUM, 1059. 2442-2446. 1705-1705.  
 EMINENCE, 1060. 851-853. 1607-1617.  
 EMOTIONS, 1061. 1062. 2740. 1176. 1177. 1627. 2864.  
 EMPLOYMENT, 1063-1065. 802. 32.  
 EMULATION, 1066. 98-111. 1171-1173.  
 ENCOURAGEMENT, 1067. 1068. 962. 498-503. 1490. 450-454.  
 END, 1069. 1070. 474. 2487-2489.  
 ENDEAVOR, 1071. 1072. 1046-1048.  
 END OF THE WORLD, 1073-1077. 40-42. 642. 643. 910. 911.  
 1007. 2870.  
 ENDURANCE, 1078. 1079. 1363-1366. 1067. 1068. 1754. 2147.  
 2487-2489.



- ENEMIES, 1080. 1081. 1345. 1357-1361.  
ENERGY, 1082. 1083. 1097. 273.  
ENGLAND, 1084-1088. 1836.  
ENJOYMENT, 1089-1093. 1650-1668. 2043-2046. 2525-2528.  
ENNUI, 1094-1096. 896-896. 2712. 2713.  
ENTERPRISE, 1097. 910. 1873. 1082. 1083.  
ENVY, 1098. 1105. 2351. 2017-2019.  
EPICURUS, 1106. 1180. 13. 1312.  
EPITAPH, 1107. 2122.  
EQUALITY, 1108-1111. 690. 691. 704. 2496. 332.  
ERRING, 1112. 759. 1041.  
ERROR, 1113-1117. 1151-1161. 1910-1912.  
ESTEEM, 456. 39. 1201. 2725. 118. 2238-2231.  
ETERNITY, 1118-1129. 2965. 1490. 2054. 1921-1935.  
ETIQUETTE, 1454. 1455. 1820. 552-554.  
EVANESCENCE, 1130-1134. 2113. 2114. 325-329. 2364-2367.  
EVE, 1135-1138. 32-36.  
EVENING, 1139-1150. 636. 640.  
EVIL, 1151-1161. 286. 754. 1113-1117. 1392. 1540. 1910-1912. 2751-2754.  
EXAMINATION, 1162. 640. 2422. 2677.  
EXAMPLE, 1162-1170. 1402. 1789. 1609. 1551. 1968-1960. 20. 2474.  
EXCELLENCE, 1172. 1173. 1602-1617. 291-294. 2377.  
EXCELSIOR, 1171. 153-158.  
EXCESS, 1174. 1175. 2510. 1195. 1196.  
EXCITEMENT, 1176. 1177. 1061. 1062. 2912.  
EXCUSE, 887. 942. 1047.  
EXERCISE, 1178. 1179. 18-32. 1063-1065.  
EXILE, 201. 710. 1025. 1240.  
EXISTENCE, 1180. 219. 230. 2109-2150.  
EXPECTATION, 1181-1184. 318. 853-863.  
EXPENDENCY, 1185. 1186. 1564. 1465. 913.  
EXPENDITURE, 1187. 1194. 1427.  
EXPERIENCE, 1189-1193. 885. 451. 403. 1223. 2020. 2447.  
EXTRAVAGANCE, 1194. 1187. 1427. 920. 1289.  
EXTREMES, 1195. 1496. 1665. 1174. 1175.  
EYES, 1197-1200.  
FAILURE, 1204. 1605. 178. 179. 2814. 2815. 3941.  
FAITH, 1202-1232. 7. 580. 581. 1667. 1154. 1858. 2903. 2904. 478. 479.  
FAITHFULNESS, 1232-1236. 145. 1407. 1164. 1078. 1079.  
FALL OF MAN, 1237-1241. 34-36. 201. 619. 667. 1187. 1193. 787-796.  
FALSEHOOD, 1242-1244. 1340. 2929.  
FAME, 1245-1258. 75. 943. 98-111. 1060. 2055. 1026. 1602-1617.  
FAMILY, 1259-1267. 1817-1826. 1874-1876. 2071.  
FAMILY WORSHIP, 1268. 1269.  
FAMINE, 1270. 1271. 1346-1348.  
FANATICISM, 1272. 579. 251-253. 1783.  
FANCY, 1273. 1274. 1916-1919.  
FAREWELL, 1275-1279. 38. 964. 965. 1542.  
FASHION, 1280-1285. 431. 924-930. 620-623. 2797.  
FASTING, 1286-1290. 2101.  
FATE, 1291-1293. 582. 583. 693. 829. 830. 1367-1377.  
FATHER, 1294-1299. 59. 752. 1866. 2071. 1432. 2449-2452.  
FAULTS, 1300-1302. 1332. 1603.  
FAVOR, 1303. 1304. 22. 1612. 1566-1576.  
FEAR, 1305-1311. 723. 134. 410. 480-490. 2457. 562. 563.  
FEAST, 1312. 1313. 1180. 1106. 2092. 2093. 2338.  
FELLOWSHIP, 1314-1318. 425. 440. 457-460. 2827.  
FIDELITY, 1319-1323. 945. 1233-1236. 2487-2489.  
FIGHT, 1324. 839. 881-883. 2956-2964.  
FIRMNESS, 1325. 833. 752. 2641. 2618. 2619.  
FLATTERY, 1326-1332. 472.  
FLESH, 1333. 1334. 272. 2667-2673.  
FLOOD, 1335. 1336. 772-778.  
FLOWERS, 1337-1344. 1471. 2091.  
POES, 1345. 1080. 1081. 1357-1361.  
FOOD, 1346-1348. 452. 2239.  
FOOL, 1349-1351. 973. 2152.  
FORBEARANCE, 1352. 1353. 2755. 2278-2283.  
FOREORDINATION, 1354. 753.  
FOREST, 1355. 1356.  
FORGETFULNESS, 695. 2402. 1790. 815. 979. 2153.  
FORGIVENESS, 1357-1361. 2447. 2448. 1935. 1986.  
FORMALITY, 1362. 323. 324. 2544.  
FORTITUDE, 1363-1366. 1073. 1079.  
FORTUNE, 1367-1377. 91. 92. 1291-1293. 2601-2605.  
FOUNDATIONS, 1373. 1379. 1726. 2690. 2691. 2497.  
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, 1380. 506. 1568. 2705. 2750.  
FRAGILITY, 1381-1384. 23-4-2399.  
FRATERNITY, 1385. 1386. 286-290. 1423.  
FREEDOM, 1387-1394. 112-115. 286. 1066. 1228. 2104-2108.  
FREE GRACE, 1395. 432. 759. 1228. 2363. 1051. 1566-1576.  
FREE WILL, 1396-1398. 73. 879. 1239. 1089. 2383.  
FRETFULNESS, 1399. 468-471. 1399.  
FRIENDS, 1400-1416. 600. 2827.  
FRIENDSHIP, 1417-1426. 504. 2598. 1727.  
FRUGALITY, 1427. 1187. 1194. 1427.  
FRUITFULNESS, 1428. 1429. 1669-1671. 2263.  
FUNERAL, 1430. 297-300. 2347-2350.  
FUTURE, 1431-1441. 1781. 1782. 2889. 2890.  
GAIN, 1442. 1443. 967. 1522.  
GAMBLING, 1444. 1445.  
GAYETY, 1446. 254-256. 892. 2312.  
GENEROSITY, 1447. 2109. 231-234. 337-346.  
GENIUS, 1448-1453. 1996-2000.  
GENTLEMAN, 1454. 1455. 552-554.  
GENTLENESS, 1456. 2847. 2069-2075.  
GEOLOGY, 1457. 567. 1017.  
GENTLEMAN, 1458-1463. 1095. 2155.  
GHOSTS, 1474. 2802-2806. 754.  
GIFTS, 1465-1467. 37-7-46. 407.  
GIVING, 1468-1472. 97. 221-242. 337-346. 97. 908.  
GLORY, 1473-1478. 650. 685. 690. 1495. 1570. 1729. 1026. 1245-1258.  
GOD, 1479-1521. 757. 760-765. 1730. 1942. 1473. 1611. 573. 2900. 2901. 2423-2426.  
GODLINESS, 1522. 1523. 405-416. 2124. 2496-2500.  
GOLD, 1525-1538. 188-194. 676. 1878. 2317-2319. 2323.  
GOLDEN RULE, 1539. 959-955.  
GOD, 1540. 1541. 904-908.  
GOOD-BY, 1542. 38. 1275-1279.  
GOOD DEEDS, 1543. 754-756. 1550. 2363.  
GOOD NAME, 1544. 1545. 2654.  
GOODNESS, 1546-1551. 1523. 1524. 1004. 1605. 1872.  
GOODNESS OF GOD, 1552. 668. 1547.  
GOOD WORKS, 1553. 2284-2286. 2688. 2689.  
GOSPEL, 1554-1562. 421. 1566-1575.  
GOVERNMENT, 1563-1565. 1615. 1186. 2809. 2810. 2457.  
GRACE, 1566-1576. 1913. 1795. 2278-2283.  
GRACES, 1577. 327-346. 1851-1873. 2174-2205.  
GRATITUDE, 1578-1582. 2859. 1981-1984.  
GRAVE, 1583-1600. 297-301. 1261. 1926.  
GRAVEYARD, 1601. 442-444.  
GREAT MEN, 1602-1606. 1014.  
GREATNESS, 1607-1617. 1235. 1236. 1497.  
GRIEF, 1618-1623. 225-231. 651. 2347-2350. 64-73. 1633.  
GROUND, 1624. 1660. 1663. 2094.  
GROWTH, 1625. 1626. 2939. 1420. 791. 2467.  
CRUMBLING, 463-471. 1399. 2254.  
GUIDANCE, 1637-1641. 2571. 2601-2605.  
GUILT, 1642-1644. 34-36. 1237-1241. 703. 2751-2754. 2233.  
HABIT, 1645. 13. 1151. 1115.  
HABITS, 1646-1649. 1117.  
HAPPINESS, 1650-1668. 1089-1093. 2042-2046.  
HARVEST, 1669-1672. 1428. 1429.  
HATRED, 1673-1676. 127.  
HEALTH, 1178. 1179.  
HEARING, 1677-1679. 337. 429.  
HEART, 1680-1702. 2789-2798.  
HEATHENISM, 1703. 1704. 699. 1059. 2411. 1902-1905.  
HEAVEN, 1705-1765. 751. 1059. 2023. 646-666. 2021-2023.  
HEAVEN AND EARTH, 1766-1768. 1436. 1024. 1025.  
HEAVENS, 1769. 166. 2922. 2936.  
HELL, 1770-1779. 732. 837. 1914. 2011. 2609-2613.  
HELP, 1780. 904-908. 944. 2827.  
HEREAFTER, 1781. 1782. 1431-1441.  
HERESY, 1783. 1272. 251-253.  
HERITAGE, 1784. 1595. 1021.  
HERMIT LIFE, 1785. 565. 1255. 2779. 2780.  
HEROES, 1786-1794. 1060. 1245-1258.  
HEROINE, 1795.  
HEROISM, 1796. 1797. 1602-1617.  
HIGH PRIEST, 1798. 1. 2.  
HINDRANCES, 1172. 845. 1844. 2703.  
HISTORY, 1799. 264-270.  
HOLINESS, 1800-1805. 938. 1649. 491-496.  
HOLY SPIRIT, 1806-1816. 2548.  
HOME, 1817-1826. 643. 1733. 1259-1267. 1774-1776. 2071. 1657. 1655. 1733. 2473.  
HONESTY, 1827-1841. 2353. 2527. 2232.  
HONOR, 1842-1850. 407. 415. 674. 1026. 1245-1258. 1414.  
HOPE, 1851-1873. 50. 960. 970. 1734. 2457. 1437.  
HOUSEHOLD, 1874-1876. 1259-1267. 1817-1836. 2240-2251.  
HUMANITY, 1877-1879. 2316-2318. 2320-2328. 2490-2492.  
HUMILITY, 1880-1889. 2924. 1812. 1336. 2326.  
HUSBAND, 1890. 10. 2867-2902.  
HYPOCHONDRIA, 1891. 800-819. 2267-2269.  
HYPOCRISY, 1892-1898. 746-751. 1352. 2309. 2434.  
IDEAS, 1899. 2294-2303. 2863-2366.  
IDLENESS, 1900. 1901. 1194-1196. 1945-1948. 2773. 2098.  
IDOLATRY, 1902-1905. 840. 1524. 1703. 1704.  
IDOLS, 1906. 1907.

- IGNORANCE, 1908. 1909. 2078. 2080. 1997. 1070. 1431. 1425. 1441.  
 ILLNESS, 1910. 667. 669. 673. 2744-2747. 2440.  
 ILLS, 1911-1913. 1151-1161. 2440. 2744-2747. 2319-2320.  
 ILLUSION, 1914. 779. 780. 746-751.  
 ILLUSTRATION, 1915. 1043. 2516-2519.  
 IMAGINATION, 1916-1919. 1273. 1274. 780.  
 IMMANUEL, 1920. 1940. 902. 280-404.  
 IMMORTALITY, 1921-1925. 130-132. 1113-1129. 705. 1705-1779. 2763-2798.  
 IMPARTIALITY, 704. 2064-2068. 1108-1111.  
 IMPATIENCE, 1936-1938. 2464-2468. 2949-2953.  
 IMPENITENCE, 2327. 2386. 2417.  
 IMPRESSIONS, 1627. 1061. 1062.  
 IMPRISONMENT, 1939. 2327. 1018. 201. 2206.  
 INCARNATION, 1940. 257-260. 1578.  
 INCOMPLETENESS, 1941. 2085. 2115. 1901.  
 INCOMPREHENSIBLE, 1942. 1498-1500. 1519. 2368. 2369.  
 INCONSISTENCY, 234. 497. 1609.  
 INCONSTANCY, 1943. 1944. 1155. 325-329. 1130-1134. 2364-2367.  
 INCORRUPTIBILITY, 1735. 505.  
 INDECISION, 2013. 324. 1948. 913.  
 INDEPENDENCE, 2298. 2501. 1325.  
 INDOLENCE, 1945-1948. 133. 542. 1900. 1901. 1063. 2773.  
 INDUSTRY, 1949-1954. 18-28. 1063-1065.  
 INFANTS, 1955-1964. 196-199. 671. 2973. 999.  
 INFIDELITY, 1965. 167-172. 130-132. 2915. 2916.  
 INFIDELS, 1966. 1967. 1151. 171. 172.  
 INFLUENCE, 1968-1980. 1695. 1607. 1162-1170. 2297. 2917.  
 INGRATITUDE, 1981-1984. 2232. 1443. 2747.  
 INHERITANCE, 1538. 1593. 1594. 1784.  
 INHUMANITY, 2764. 1525. 2074. 2237. 1163.  
 INJURIES, 1985. 1986. 1357-1361.  
 INNOCENCE, 1987. 1988. 1446. 250-253.  
 INQUIRIES, 1989. 1663. 1638.  
 INSANITY, 1990. 2043. 779. 730. 2236.  
 INSPIRATION, 249. 240. 2719-2723.  
 INSTINCT, 1991. 1992. 2379. 2073. 1565.  
 INSTRUCTION, 1993-1995. 1039-1045. 999. 1000. 2336-2341.  
 INTEGRITY, 1935. 1454. 505. 1827-1841. 2284.  
 INTELLECT, 1996-2000. 1443-1453. 2294-2303.  
 INTemperance, 2001-2003. 951-993. 2993-2995. 2693.  
 INTENTION, 2004. 26. 793-800. 89. 2346. 2618. 2619.  
 INTERCESSION, 2005. 2005. 1738. 1.  
 INTERMEDIATE STATE, 2007. 2011.  
 INVENTION, 2717. 2774.  
 INVITATION, 2008-2012. 770. 1737. 2755. 1504. 1395.  
 IRRESOLUTION, 2013. 334.  
 ISOLATION, 2014. 809-811. 1250. 1409. 2073. 2779. 2780.  
 JACOB, 2015. 2016. 1225.  
 JEALOUSY, 2017-2019. 2453. 1038-1105.  
 JERUSALEM, 2020. 769-765. 1479-1521.  
 JERUSALEM, 2021-2023. 2372.  
 JESUS, 2024-20 7. 1355. 780-401. 617-616. 2742. 2743.  
 JERMS, 2028-2040. 175. 2021. 2022. 2230. 1501.  
 JOHN, 2041.  
 JOY, 2042-2046. 979. 1080-1093. 1650-1658. 2448. 2458. 1541. 1483. 1765. 2275.  
 JUDAS, 2047.  
 JUDGING, 2048. 321. 322. 336. 2520. 1613. 1616. 2053. 2246.  
 JUDGMENT, 2049-2061. 6. 642. 643. 1073-1077. 2741.  
 JUST, 2062. 2033. 2658. 2659. 2031.  
 JUSTICE, 2064-2068. 1160. 2033. 2018-2061.  
 KINDNESS, 2039-2075. 1080. 1081. 1456. 2347.  
 KING, 2033.  
 KINGDOM OF CHRIST, 389. 390. 2287-2293. 2023.  
 KISSES, 2073. 2077.  
 KNOWLEDGE, 2078-2083. 1039-1045. 2009. 2100. 2009-3003.  
 LADDER, 2084-2090. 18-31. 1063-1065. 1949-1954. 3026-3033.  
 LADIES, 2091. 2215. 2216. 3009-3020.  
 LAMB, 2032. 2031.  
 LAND, 2034. 1624. 1663.  
 LANGUAGE, 2035. 522. 523. 1054-1058. 2801. 2802.  
 LAUGHTER, 2132. 823. 1446.  
 LAW, 2034. 2037. 455. 2034-2068.  
 LAZINESS, 2038. 1509. 1901. 1945-1948. 2773.  
 LEARNING, 2090. 2100. 1059-1045. 2078-2083.  
 LENT, 2101. 1266-1270.  
 LEFEI, 2102. 2270. 2055. 927.  
 LIBERALITY, 2103. 221-224. 1468-1472.  
 LIBERTY, 2104-2103. 1787-1804. 2559-2595.  
 LIFE, 2109-2150. 20. 24. 1013. 1180. 706. 219. 2220-2225.  
 LIGHT, 2151. 2152. 269. 413. 433. 1100. 2917. 2944.  
 LIMBO, 2153. 1349-1351.  
 LITANY, 2154. 1811. 2155. 292. 612.  
 LITTLE CHILDREN, 2156. 196-199. 1955-1964.  
 LITTLE THINGS, 2157-2162. 1236. 2898. 2899.  
 LONGING, 2163. 2164. 666. 801-808. 153-158.  
 LORD'S PRAYER, 2165. 2166. 850.  
 LORD'S SUPPER, 2167. 2168.  
 LOSSES, 2169-2171. 639. 644. 2247. 853.  
 LOT, 2172. 1574. 1770-1779. 2797.  
 LOST, 2173. 1616. 91. 92. 2229-2605. 663.  
 LOVE, 2174-2210. 54-63. 853. 1502. 237-346. 2480. 2490-2492.  
 LOVE OF CHRIST, 2209. 2200.  
 LOVE OF GOD, 2182. 1396. 1486. 1502. 1520. 1693. 2012.  
 LUST, 2211. 2212. 2512.  
 LUXURY, 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2973-2978. 2450.  
 LYING, 1243-1244. 1840. 2920.  
 MAIDEN, 2215. 2216.  
 MADNESS, 1349-1351. 2152. 1990.  
 MAGNANIMITY, 237-246. 1447. 1357-1361.  
 MALEVOLENCE, 1098-1105. 1073-1076. 127.  
 MALICE, 1673-1676. 127.  
 MAMMON, 2217-2219. 188-194. 557-561. 1525-1538. 2682. 2683. 2973-2978.  
 MAN, 2220-2225. 565. 1507. 1877-1879.  
 MANIA, 2226. 1282. 2043. 1990.  
 MANKIND, 2227. 2228. 1877-1879. 2277.  
 MANNA, 2229. 753.  
 MARRIAGE, 2240-2251. 33-35. 1890. 1874-1876. 2987-2992.  
 MARTYRDOM, 2252-2255. 2702.  
 MARTYRS, 2256-2262. 945. 1476.  
 MARY MAGDALEN, 2263. 1200.  
 MATURITY, 1742. 1635. 1636. 1171-1173. 2484-2486.  
 MEANNESS, 1610. 2290. 2736. 2737.  
 MEDIATION, 506. 507. 2015. 1126. 1461. 1462. 1756. 1761. 2005. 2006.  
 MEekNESS, 1236. 1473. 1880-1889.  
 MEETING, 2264-2306. 1744. 2678. 2679.  
 MELANCHOLY, 2267-2269. 2457. 809-819.  
 MEMORIES, 2270-2276. 285. 1774. 2645. 2604. 2277.  
 MEN, 2277. 2220-2225. 2237. 2923.  
 MERCIES, 1573. 1579. 264.  
 MERCY, 2278-2283. 740. 741. 1518. 1395. 1566-1576. 2629-2632.  
 MERIT, 2284-2286. 604. 1172. 1173. 1602-1617.  
 MESSIAH, 2287.  
 MILLENNIUM, 2288-2293. 436. 2023.  
 MIND, 2294-2303. 31. 1603. 1996-2000. 2632.  
 MINISTER, 2304-2309. 1. 53. 145. 146. 273. 1745. 2462. 2463. 2608. 1249.  
 MIRACLES, 2310. 2311. 135. 267. 2102. 2314.  
 MIRTH, 2312. 542. 323. 1446.  
 MISERY, 2313-2315. 188-194.  
 MISERY, 2116-2318. 809-819. 1877-1879. 2227.  
 MISFORTUNE, 2319. 2320. 1911-1913. 2169-2171. 2227.  
 MISSIONS, 2321-2325. 400. 437. 2287-2293. 1703. 1704.  
 MODERATION, 542. 946. 1174. 1171.  
 MODESTY, 2326. 553-554. 1880-1885.  
 MOMENTS, 2327. 2867-2854.  
 MONEY, 2328. 158-164. 557-561. 1525-1538.  
 MONUMENTS, 2375. 2284.  
 MORALITY, 455. 611.  
 MORNING, 2329-2333. 634. 636.  
 MORTALITY, 2334-2339. 1020. 1021. 2131. 646-736. 956-956.  
 MOSES, 2340. 2341. 2233.  
 MOTHER, 2342-2345. 57-63. 658. 671. 2191. 2449-2452.  
 MOTIVES, 2346. 192. 2004. 189. 181.  
 MOURNING, 2347-2350. 8. 225-231. 263. 373. 1506. 1964.  
 MURDER, 2351-2353. 919. 2820. 2047.  
 MURMURING, 2354. 463-471.  
 MUSIC, 2355-2363. 123. 1356. 1792. 2782. 2303.  
 MUTABILITY, 2364-2367. 325-329. 1120-1134. 1944.  
 MYSTERY, 2368. 2369. 614. 1023. 2642. 1431. 1435. 1578. 1942.  
 NAAMAN, 2370.  
 NAME, 2371. 1544. 1545. 112. 1476. 2054. 2910.  
 NATIONS, 2372. 112-115. 633. 1084-1085.  
 NATURE, 2373-2384. 400. 1006-1023. 1355. 1356. 564-577. 506-504. 2920.  
 NEED, 1664. 1578. 1014. 2032. 2054. 2955. 2270.  
 NEGLECT, 2385. 2386. 204. 947. 706-711. 1466. 1772. 2585-2587.  
 NEIGHBOR, 2387. 1002. 1166.  
 NEW YEAR, 2388-2390. 2421. 2422. 3054. 3055.  
 NIGHT, 2391-2395. 625-629. 1749.  
 NOAH, 772-773.  
 NOBILITY, 2396. 1548. 2228. 851. 852. 1602-1617. 2624.  
 NOVELS, 2397. 2398. 276-280.  
 NOW, 2399. 2567-2570. 2367-2888.  
 OATHS, 2400. 1249. 836. 2825.  
 OBEDIENCE, 2401. 459. 752. 845. 889. 945.

- OBLIGATION**, 939-955. 2659. 1396-1398.  
**OBLIATION**, 2402. 695. 979. 2153.  
**OBSERVATION**, 2402. 2404. 981. 1162. 2346. 2378. 898.  
**OBSTINACY**, 2405. 251-253. 1116. 1188.  
**OCCASION**, 2406. 552-581. 2429-2434.  
**OCEAN**, 2407-2409. 1088. 2724-2727.  
**OFFERINGS**, 2410-2412. 7. 192. 1701. 401-496. 2498. 2551.  
**OLD AGE**, 2412-2420. 74-85. 187. 2111. 1179.  
**OLD YEAR**, 2421. 2422. 2388-2390. 3054. 3055.  
**OMNIPOTENCE**, 2423. 1479-1521. 2552.  
**OMNIPRESENCE**, 2424. 2425. 1491. 1509. 2376. 1511. 2033. 2376.  
**OMNISCIENCE**, 2426.  
**ONWARD**, 2427. 2428. 2110. 2081.  
**OPINIONS**, 1186. 2403. 2134.  
**OPPORTUNITY**, 2429-2434. 583-584. 2406. 2522. 2523. 2321.  
**ORDER**, 2435. 2436. 2006. 2007. 2692.  
**ORIGINAL SIN**, 2437. 34-36. 1237-1241.  
**ORPHANS**, 2438. 2439. 1737.  
**PAIN**, 2440. 1903. 1062. 1911-1913.  
**PALESTINE**, 2441.  
**PARADISE**, 2442-2446. 1032-1038. 2021-2023.  
**PARDON**, 2447. 2448. 740. 1357-1361.  
**PARENTS**, 2449-2452. 57-63. 2342-2345. 1294-1299.  
**PARTING**, 2453. 2454. 38. 1275-1279. 1413. 1419. 1542. 2741. 2263-2266.  
**PASSION**, 2455. 2456. 127. 1151.  
**PASSIONS**, 2457-2459. 1700.  
**PAST**, 2460. 2461. 3056. 2421. 2422. 2867-2884.  
**PASTOR**, 2462. 2463. 2553-2556. 2304-2309.  
**PATIENCE**, 2464-2468. 2398. 227. 1936-1938. 2949-2953. 2399.  
**PATRIOTISM**, 2469-2473. 1085. 1087. 1186. 2810.  
**PATTERN**, 2474. 1162-1170.  
**PAUPER**, 2475. 2476. 340. 2524-2529.  
**PAYMENT**, 221. 224. 465-467. 2675. 2676.  
**PEACE**, 2477-2481. 406. 1752. 1732. 2660-2665.  
**PEEVISHNESS**, 468-471. 1399.  
**PENITENCE**, 2482. 2483. 516-521. 2009. 834. 2651-2653.  
**PERFECTION**, 2484-2486. 1493. 1800-1805.  
**PERSEVERANCE**, 2487-2489. 1078. 1079. 2081. 1067. 1068.  
**PHILANTHROPY**, 2490-2492. 286-290. 2764. 1877-1879.  
**PHILOSOPHY**, 2493-2495. 1942. 2035. 2717. 2718.  
**PIETY**, 2496-2500. 405-416. 2637-2640.  
**PILGRIM**, 2501-2505. 1015. 1023.  
**PITY**, 2506. 2507. 1878. 1493.  
**PLEASURE**, 2508-2516. 444. 748. 1016. 682. 1446.  
**POTRY**, 2516-2519. 1918. 2582. 1167. 1766.  
**POLITENESS**, 552-554. 1454. 1455. 1283. 1892.  
**POSITION**, 2520. 91. 92. 1060. 1607-1617. 2525.  
**POSSESSION**, 2521. 2169.  
**POSSIBILITY**, 2522. 2523. 2429-2434.  
**POVERTY**, 2524-2529. 2252. 2475. 2476. 91. 896.  
**POWER**, 2529. 1068-1980. 2439. 2997.  
**PRAISE**, 2530-2535. 91. 1510. 764. 1521. 1482. 1406. 1505. 2859. 2860.  
**PRAYER**, 2536-2557. 875. 377. 756. 1146. 1225. 1461. 2016. 1001. 1575. 2165. 2166.  
**PREACHER**, 2558-2562. 1. 53. 2462. 2463. 2304-2309.  
**PREACHING**, 2563-2566. 2608. 2801. 2802.  
**PRESENT**, 2567-2570. 2398. 2864-2887.  
**PRESENTIMENT**, 2571. 2572. 2404. 919. 922. 2965.  
**PRESS**, 2573. 274-280. 2559.  
**PRIDE**, 2574-2581. 444. 2450. 2515.  
**PRINCIPLES**, 1186. 2403. 2134.  
**PRISON**, 1939. 2227. 1018. 201.  
**PRIVACY**, 2582. 2674. 883. 2779. 2780.  
**PRIZE**, 2583. 606. 465-467.  
**PROBATION**, 2584. 1396-1398. 2230. 1998. 1137.  
**PROCRUSTINATION**, 2585-2587. 766-771. 1574. 2511. 719.  
**PROFANITY**, 826. 1249. 2100. 2825.  
**PROFESSION**, 2588. 1226. 2598. 1897.  
**PROGRESS**, 2589-2595. 1114. 1363. 2400. 2634. 2588. 2963.  
**PROMISE**, 2596. 2424.  
**PROMISAL**, 2597. 556.  
**PROSPERITY**, 2598. 2599. 1652.  
**PROTECTION**, 2600. 757. 758. 144-146. 920.  
**PROVIDENCE**, 2601-2605. 1011-316. 722. 753. 2015. 2136. 2352. 1631-1641.  
**PROVOCATIONS**, 2606.  
**PRUDENCE**, 2607. 320. 133. 1187. 2999-3003.  
**PULPIT**, 2608. 2553-2566. 2304-2309.  
**PUNISHMENT**, 2609-2613. 450-490. 1934. 947. 1770-1779.  
**PURITY**, 2614-2617. 928. 350-353. 1800-1805. 2500.  
**PURPOSE**, 2618. 2619. 68. 471. 798-800. 204.  
**QUARRELS**, 1416. 1418. 2244. 1638.  
**QUESTIONS**, 1989. 1063.  
**QUIETNESS**, 842. 2177. 2782. 1147. 1655. 2477-2481. 2660-2665.  
**RAIN**, 2620. 2621. 641. 449.  
**RAINBOW**, 2622. 557. 1989.  
**RATIONALISM**, 2623. 1965-1967.  
**READING**, 2624. 276-280. 2719. 2397. 2398.  
**READINESS**, 723. 730. 396. 1113. 679. 715.  
**REASON**, 2625. 1237. 1942. 1996-2000. 1489. 1992.  
**RECOGNITION**, 2626. 2627. 2670.  
**RECONCILIATION**, 2628. 516-521. 1357-1361.  
**RECORD**, 755. 2421. 3056.  
**RECOVERY**, 673. 1363.  
**REDEMPTION**, 2629-2632. 173. 174. 2642. 2049. 399. 740/741.  
**REFLECTION**, 2677. 1139. 1763. 506. 507. 2863-2866.  
**REFORM**, 2633. 2634. 14.  
**REFUGES**, 2635. 2600. 870.  
**REGENERATION**, 2651. 524-530. 1046. 2020.  
**REJOICING**, 2636. 2042-2046. 2641.  
**RELIGION**, 2637-2644. 405-416. 1523. 1524. 1202-1232. 2496-2505.  
**REMEMBRANCE**, 2645. 2270-2276.  
**REMEMORE**, 2646-2649. 480-490. 812-819. 971. 1643.  
**RENOWN**, 2650. 2654. 1249-1258.  
**REPENTANCE**, 2651-2653. 2041. 1286. 516-521. 2482. 2483.  
**REPROOF**, 47. 1403.  
**REPUTATION**, 2654. 674. 1544. 1545. 2371. 1245-1258.  
**RESENTMENT**, 2655. 1985. 1986. 1357-1361.  
**RESIGNATION**, 2656-2658. 16. 17. 450-453. 223-231. 2312. 2313. 2401.  
**RESOLUTION**, 2618. 2619. 833. 834. 764. 752.  
**RESPONSIBILITY**, 2659. 1239. 73. 1396-1398. 2584.  
**REST**, 2660-2665. 16. 17. 310-316. 1737. 1597. 1600. 2477-2481.  
**RESTLESSNESS**, 2666. 891. 892. 1709. 1094-1096.  
**RESULTS**, 607. 951. 1069. 1070. 2799. 2800. 3056.  
**RESURRECTION**, 2667-2673. 707. 1034. 2736. 2310.  
**RESURRECTION OF CHRIST**, 684. 1028-1030.  
**RETALIATION**, 1157. 1674. 1676. 1985. 1986.  
**RETIREMENT**, 2674. 383. 2582. 2779. 2780.  
**RETRIBUTION**, 2675. 2676. 843. 2004. 703. 2609-2613.  
**RETROSPCTION**, 2677. 1162. 2372-2376.  
**REUNION**, 2678. 2679. 700. 1719. 1727. 2264-2266.  
**REVENGE**, 2680. 2081. 2457. 1385. 1986. 1357-1361. 2933.  
**REWARD**, 2553. 2945. 221. 224. 465-467. 952. 1432. 1433. 1705-1705.  
**RICHES**, 2682. 2683. 444. 91. 896. 905. 2213. 2214.  
**RIDICULE**, 2684. 2685.  
**RIGHT**, 2686. 2687. 511. 2589. 19. 281. 2460.  
**RIGHTOUSNESS**, 2688. 2689. 399. 971. 2020. 2303.  
**ROCK OF AGES**, 2690. 2691.  
**ROMANISM**, 441. 477.  
**RUIN**, 743. 744. 831.  
**RULES**, 2692. 2425. 2436. 2096. 2097.  
**RULING PASSION**, 2456. 1117. 2703.  
**RUM**, 2693. 2001-2003. 2868-2885. 2914.  
**RUMOR**, 2694. 2695. 2758-2763.  
**SABBATH**, 2696-2701. 1758. 2821. 2822.  
**SACRAMENTS**, 2692-2704. 2167. 2168.  
**SACRIFICE**, 2702. 1476. 7. 2252-2262. 2046.  
**SAFETY**, 920. 1076. 2301. 2600-2606. 2946.  
**SAILORS**, 2703. 920. 718. 2341.  
**SAINTS**, 2704. 2050. 1759. 1736. 1980. 899-901. 2252-2262.  
**SALVATION**, 2705-2708. 2709. 1193. 2020. 2629-2632.  
**SANCTIFICATION**, 526. 2616. 1800-1805.  
**SATAN**, 2709-2711. 826-840. 2895. 1038. 1137. 1138.  
**SATIETY**, 2712. 2713. 893-896. 1094-1096.  
**SAVIOUR**, 2714. 380-404.  
**SCANDAL**, 2715. 2694. 2695. 2759-2763.  
**SCPTICISM**, 167-172. 1935-1967. 2015. 2016.  
**SCHOLAR**, 111. 992-998. 2836-2841. 2277.  
**SCHOOL**, 2716. 1072-1045.  
**SCIENCE**, 2717. 2718. 166. 567. 844. 2493-2495. 1039-1043.  
**SCRIPTURES**, 2719-2723. 223-250. 2744.  
**SEA**, 2724-2727. 2407-2409.  
**SEASONS**, 2728. 186. 187. 2307. 2996-2998.  
**SECRETS**, 2729. 2582.  
**SECTS**, 2730. 251-253. 781. 782.  
**SEEKING GOD**, 834. 2706. 1512. 1513. 1516.  
**SELF**, 2731-2733. 524.  
**SELF-CONTROL**, 2732. 1615. 1792. 2457.  
**SELF-DENIAL**, 2734. 1850. 2738.  
**SELF-ESTEEM**, 2735. 53. 118.  
**SELF-EXAMINATION**, 640. 1162. 2422.  
**SELFISHNESS**, 2736. 2737. 1422. 2731-2733.  
**SELF-KNOWLEDGE**, 2738. 2731.  
**SELF-LOVE**, 2739. 2174.  
**SELF-RIGHTOUSNESS**, 971. 1352. 1359. 2703.  
**SELF-SACRIFICE**, 1476. 2702. 2253-2262.  
**SENSIBILITY**, 2740. 2000. 2835. 1061. 1062.  
**SEPARATION**, 2741. 9-11. 1419. 2453. 2454.  
**SHAME**, 588. 2025. 2947.  
**SHEPHERD**, 2742. 2743.  
**SHEROUD**, 2744. 2815.

- SICKNESS, 2744-2747. 678. 1910. 2440.  
 SILENCE, 2748. 2749. 473.  
 SILEAM, 2750. 1380. 2705.  
 SIN, 2751-2754. 435. 1119-1117. 1151-1161. 1642-1644. 1461.  
 1462. 2984. 2985. 2461.  
 SINNER, 2755-2757. 1440.  
 SISTER, 657. 2071.  
 SKY, 2758. 1769.  
 SLEAVERY, 2759-2763. 2694. 2695. 703. 835. 2715.  
 SLEAVERY, 2764. 2913. 2957. 1387-1394.  
 SLEEP, 2765-2772. 872. 980. 2016.  
 SLEGGARD, 2773. 1900. 1901. 1945-1948. 2098.  
 SOCIETY, 2774. 2775. 150-164. 461-464.  
 SODOM, 2776.  
 SOLDIER, 2777. 2778. 425. 1001. 2956-2964.  
 SOLITUDE, 2779. 2780. 460. 809-811. 2014. 1785. 2582.  
 SON, 2781. 1784.  
 SONGS, 2782. 2516-2519. 2355-2363. 848.  
 SORROW, 2783-2788. 43-52. 64-72. 1832. 2806-2807. 2250.  
 SOUL, 2789-2798. 583. 157. 1514. 1600. 128. 129. 1680-1702.  
 1118-1129. 584-600.  
 SOWING, 2799. 2800. 1980. 1669-1672. 2202.  
 SPEECH, 2801. 2802. 1054-1058. 1456. 2832-2834. 2300.  
 SPIRIT, 2803-2806. 662. 2769-2798.  
 SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS, 16. 17. 269. 400. 450. 457-459.  
 SPRING, 2807. 2738. 2996-2998. 841.  
 STAR, 2808. 2917.  
 STATE, 2809. 2810. 1186.  
 STEWARDSHIP, 2814. 2820. 2831.  
 STRENGTH, 2811. 1566. 382.  
 SUBMISSION, 2812. 2813. 16. 17. 2554. 501. 1190. 2658-2658.  
 SUCCESS, 2814. 2815. 2829. 853. 3024. 3025. 2469.  
 SUFFERING, 2816-2819. 43-52. 64-72. 206.  
 SUICIDE, 2820. 514. 819. 2047.  
 SUNDAY, 2821. 2822. 2836-2701. 1758.  
 SURRENDER, 2823. 491-496. 533.  
 SUSPICION, 2824. 914-917. 2916. 1160.  
 SWEARING, 2825. 536. 1249. 2100.  
 SYMPATHY, 2826-2828. 286. 460. 1632. 1879. 2143. 2507.  
 TACT, 2829. 37. 320. 1194. 1186.  
 TALE-BEARING, 2694. 2695. 303. 2758-2763.  
 TALENTS, 2850. 2831. 2-6. 376. 2284. 910.  
 TALKING, 2832-2834. 532. 523.  
 TASTE, 2835. 2740. 2518.  
 TEACHER, 2836-2839.  
 TEACHING, 2840. 2841. 378. 1915. 999. 1000. 1993-1995.  
 TEARS, 2842-2846. 520. 1199.  
 TEMPER, 2847. 1399.  
 TEMPERANCE, 2848-2850. 13-15. 447. 931-938.  
 TEMPTATION, 2851-2856. 836-840. 2709-2711. 2431.  
 TEST, 2857. 2858. 231. 2162.  
 THANKFULNESS, 2859. 1578-1582.  
 THANKSGIVING, 2860. 1669. 1771. 2530-2535.  
 THEATRE, 2861. 2862.  
 THOUGHT, 2863-2866. 460. 1694. 1763. 1899. 2297. 2294-  
 2303.  
 TIME, 2867-2884. 26. 582-584. 2888-2890. 2421. 2327. 2888-  
 2890. 3056. 2567-2570. 2585-2587.  
 TO-DAY, 2885-2888. 1747. 2398. 2567-2570.  
 TO-MORROW, 2889. 2890. 1160. 2010. 1431-1441. 2511.  
 2583-2587.  
 TRANSFORMATION, 1138. 1394. 2073.  
 TRANSMIGRATION, 2891. 2892. 2895.  
 TRAVEL, 2893. 1023. 1177. 2738.  
 TREACHERY, 2894. 434. 918. 2047.  
 TREASON, 434. 918. 2894.  
 TREE OF LIFE, 2895.  
 TRIALS, 2896. 2897. 64-72. 225-231. 347-349. 863-873.  
 1232.  
 TRIFLES, 2898. 2899. 1422. 897. 954. 2157-2162.  
 TRINITY, 2900. 2901. 760-765. 1578.  
 TRIUMPH, 981. 2940. 2941. 1786-1797.  
 TROUBLE, 2902. 43-52. 64-72. 2783-2788.  
 TRUST IN GOD, 2903. 2904. 310-316. 29. 1190. 1202-1232.  
 TRUTH, 2905-2911. 217. 1793. 2406.  
 TUMULT, 2912. 1176. 1177. 882.  
 TYRANNY, 2913. 2764. 2452.  
 TYRE, 2914.  
 UNBELIEF, 2915. 2916. 1217. 914-917. 167-172. 1965-1967.  
 UNFAITHFULNESS, 2917. 905. 2830. 2809.  
 UNFRUITFULNESS, 2918. 1003. 1670.  
 UNHAPPINESS, 2919. 1659. 874-880. 891-896. 1094-1096.  
 UNION, 2920. 2921. 404. 1084.  
 UNITY, 435. 440. 1421. 1425. 1654. 2228. 2963.  
 UNIVERSE, 2922. 564-577. 1769. 2373-2384.  
 UNREADINESS, 1574. 2109. 701.  
 UNTHANKFULNESS, 2923. 1981-1984. 1443.  
 UNWORTHINESS, 2924. 3862. 1880-1889. 2535.  
 USEFULNESS, 2925. 2926. 956. 1650. 2399. 2702.  
 USELESSNESS, 1180. 1690. 1947. 24.  
 VACILLATION, 913. 2013. 1185. 1943. 1944. 234.  
 VALOR, 2927. 1786-1797. 1544-1551. 281. 273.  
 VANITY, 2928-2931. 445. 852-863. 1008. 2234. 2602.  
 VARIETY, 2932. 5. 91. 332. 2149.  
 VENGEANCE, 2933. 2934. 919. 2049-2061. 2776. 2966.  
 VERACITY, 494.  
 VICE, 2935-2939. 1113-1117. 1642-1644. 2751-2754. 2984.  
 2955.  
 VICISSITUDE, 295-329. 2364-2367. 1130-1134.  
 VICTORY, 2940. 2941. 724. 984. 706. 1786-1797.  
 VIGILANCE, 441. 434. 1077. 2967-2970.  
 VIRTUE, 2942-2947. 1668. 2886. 2687. 2506. 2284.  
 VOLUPTUOUSNESS, 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2973-2978.  
 VOWS, 2948. 2747. 2410-2412. 491-496.  
 WAITING, 2949-2953. 447. 2420. 1067. 1068. 1078. 1079.  
 1518.  
 WANTS, 2954. 2955. 1014. 1538. 1664. 2218. 3052.  
 WAR, 2956-2960. 206. 1394. 1878. 2251. 1476-1478.  
 WARFARE, 2961-2964. 207. 1688. 1324.  
 WARNING, 2965. 624. 922. 919. 1934. 715. 1075. 1600.  
 WATCHCARE OF GOD, 2966. 1487. 1579. 2119.  
 WATCHFULNESS, 2967-2970. 441. 1077. 434. 2429-2434.  
 WATER, 2971.  
 WAY, 296. 1645. 1800. 1975. 831. 2504.  
 WEAKNESS, 2972. 951. 1225. 1540. 1702. 1791. 2601.  
 WEALTH, 2973-2978. 905. 2213. 2214. 2682. 2683. 2000.  
 WEDDING, 2979-2981. 2092. 2093.  
 WEEPING, 665. 2982. 2983. 2842-2846. 2347-2350.  
 WICKEDNESS, 2984. 2985. 2052. 2495-2499. 1113. 1114.  
 1642-1644. 2351-2353.  
 WIDOWHOOD, 2986. 225-231.  
 WIFE, 2987-2992. 1890. 1029.  
 WILFULNESS, 1116. 1188. 2405.  
 WILL, 73. 1306-1398.  
 WINE, 2993-2995. 2001-2003. 931-938. 12-15.  
 WINTER, 2996-2998. 2728. 2820.  
 WISDOM, 2999-3003. 2233. 1192. 885. 2078-2083. 37.  
 WISDOM OF GOD, 2999. 873. 1507.  
 WISHES, 3004. 801-808. 3005. 152-158. 2163. 2164.  
 WIT, 3006. 3007. 1996-2000. 2498.  
 WITNESS, 3008. 1188-1193.  
 WOE, 2756. 2757.  
 WOMAN, 3009-3020. 1285. 2308. 2500. 1135-1137. 2091.  
 WONDER, 1769. 1928. 194. 176. 2368. 2369.  
 WORDS, 3021-3025. 986. 269. 2801. 2802. 2095. 2832-  
 2834.  
 WORK, 3026-3033. 18-31. 1063-1065. 2084-2090.  
 WORKS, 3034. 3035. 1069. 1553. 2814. 2815. 2275.  
 WORLD, 3036-3041. 1073-1077. 1768. 564-567. 2373-2384.  
 WORLDLINESS, 3042. 93-96. 430. 913. 188-194. 1280-1285.  
 WORLDLING, 3043-3045. 2131.  
 WORSHIP, 3046-3051. 936. 566. 765. 1521. 841-850. 2530-  
 2557. 2380.  
 WORTH, 3052. 509. 1426. 1616. 1171-1173. 2284-2286.  
 WRATH, 3053. 911. 947. 2933. 2134. 2776.  
 WRONG, 951. 1113-1117. 1151-1161. 2751-2754.  
 YEAR, 3054. 3055. 2388-2390. 2421. 2422.  
 YESTERDAY, 3056. 2460. 2461.  
 YOUNG LADY, 2215. 2216.  
 YOUTH, 3057-3065. 81. 327. 885. 955. 1132. 1192.  
 ZEAL, 3066-3068. 145. 742. 885. 1001-1005. 842. 1082.  
 1083.  
 ZION, 3069-3071. 424-441. 2021-2023. 2283-2293. 2325.

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND AUTHORS TO FIRST POETRY

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
A babe in a house is a well-spring	<i>Tupper</i>	999	Alas! our young affections run	<i>Byron</i>	2450
A babe in glory is a babe forever	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1963	Alas! they had been friends in	<i>Coleridge</i>	1418
A barking sound the shepherd	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1234	Alas! what differs more than man	<i>Wordsworth</i>	5
A beggar asked an alms	<i>R. Browning</i>	224	A life of honor and of worth	<i>Manrique, tr</i>	2123
A beggar of Shiraz once had a	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1331	A little bird I am	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	1939
Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee	<i>H. B. Stowe</i>	380	A living, breathing Bible	<i>Woodbridge</i>	233
Abide with me; fast falls the	<i>Lyte</i>	381	A little flock! Yes, even so	<i>Bonar</i>	436
A boat at midnight sent	<i>Moore</i>	11	A little learning is a dangerous	<i>Pope</i>	1039
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe	<i>Hunt</i>	2491	A little longer still—patience		1079
About the joys and pleasures of	<i>Pollok</i>	1522	A little theft, a small deceit		2935
Above all things railery decline	<i>Stillingfleet</i>	554	A little while, and He shall come		2949
Above the seas of gold and glass	<i>Howe</i>	67	A little word in kindness	<i>Whittier</i>	2069
A bright or dark eternity in view	<i>Wilcox</i>	2109	All are architects of Fate	<i>Longfellow</i>	291
Absurd longevity! More, more it	<i>Young</i>	82	All are but parts of one	<i>Pope</i>	220
A callow bird of not so many days	<i>Aldrich</i>	602	All are not taken! there are left	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2656
A change from woe to joy, from	<i>Nicoll</i>	700	Alleluia, alleluia!	<i>Tr. by Bonar</i>	90
A Christian is the highest style	<i>Young</i>	1842	All evils natural and moral	<i>Young</i>	1912
A creature of a more exalted kind	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	2226	All hail! thou noble land	<i>Allston</i>	1084
A critic was of old a glorious name	<i>Churchill</i>	586	All hail! Thou noblest Guest	<i>Luther, tr.</i>	260
A day, a day of glory	<i>Tr. by Neale</i>	417	All hope on earth forever fled	<i>Dale</i>	1863
A deadly paleness in her cheeks	<i>Tooke</i>	1105	All is dying; hearts are breaking	<i>Spitta, tr.</i>	2036
A Deity believed, is joy begun	<i>Young</i>	765	All is of God; if He but wave His	<i>Lovell</i>	2603
Adieu! adieu! what means adieu	<i>Montgomery</i>	38	All is vanity which is not honesty	<i>Tupper</i>	1829
Admire the goodness of	<i>Pollok</i>	2659	All knowledge is not nourishment	<i>Willis</i>	1040
A dreary place would be this earth		365	All may be heroes: "The man	<i>Keble</i>	1792
Ae fond kiss and then we sever	<i>Burns</i>	1277	All nature a sermon may	<i>Spegel, tr.</i>	315
A faithless heart, how despicably	<i>Young</i>	1608	All nature seems at work	<i>Coleridge</i>	3029
A few days may—a few years must	<i>Burns</i>	1433	All night the lonely suppliant	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	519
A fool! a fool! I met a fool! the	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1351	All-potent Flattery, universal lord	<i>Pope</i>	1329
A fount-ershadowng tree stands	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	94	All powerful is the penitential	<i>Hayes</i>	517
A fragrant piece of earth salutes	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	160	All praise to Thee, my God	<i>Ken</i>	636-
After the Christian's tears		1439	All's for the best; be sanguine	<i>Tupper</i>	2126
After the joys of earth		1440	All that in this wide world we	<i>Bryant</i>	1504
A furloughed soldier, here I	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1599	All that I was—my sin—my guilt	<i>Bonar</i>	2285
A good that never satisfies	<i>Drummond</i>	2089	All that's brightest must fade	<i>Moore</i>	1134
A government on freedom's basis	<i>Hale</i>	1564	All the world's a stage	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2135
Ah! child! the stream that brings	<i>Barnes</i>	908	All things are altered, nothing is	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	2366
Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling		2413	All things are big with	<i>Herbert</i>	3006
Ah! dying sinner, think on death		2965	All things that are on earth	<i>Tr. by Bryant</i>	2182
Ah! five-and-twenty years ago	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	3063	All things that we ordained	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2320
Ah! how unjust to nature and	<i>Young</i>	1096	All thought—They once were	<i>Pollok</i>	880
Ah! hush now your mournful	<i>Prudentius, tr.</i>	1589	All truth is calm	<i>Bonar</i>	2905
Ah! look thou largely with lenient	<i>Mrs. Whitney</i>	321	All vice to which man yields	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2613
Ah me! this is a sad and silent	<i>Bethune</i>	1601	Almighty God, Thy piercing eye	<i>Watts</i>	794
A home in heaven! what a joyful	<i>Hunter</i>	1733	Almighty, hear Thy children raise	<i>Bryant</i>	1019
A host of angels flying	<i>D. Smith, tr.</i>	671	Almighty Judge, how shall	<i>Herbert-</i>	2049
Ah! silly man, who dream'st	<i>Fletcher</i>	2732	Alone, amid life's griefs and perils		907
A husband who many years		2953	Alone I walked the ocean strand	<i>Gould</i>	2402
Ah! what would the world be to	<i>Longfellow</i>	374	Alone to land upon that shore	<i>Faber</i>	956
Ah! whence yon glare	<i>Shelley</i>	2959	Alone with Thee! alone with Thee	<i>R. Palmer;</i>	383
Aim at the highest prize	<i>Mant</i>	89	A Lord I had; to Him I brought	<i>Herbert</i>	526
A jewel is a jewel still, though	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2286	A lowly man—He takes my sins	<i>Robertson</i>	382
A just man cannot fear	<i>Jonson</i>	1987	A man I knew who lived upon a	<i>Young</i>	1927
A king, who by the public mouth	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1611	A man in his carriage was riding		896
Alas! how light a cause may move	<i>Moore</i>	897	A man may cry church! church!	<i>Hood</i>	1362
Alas! how neglectful	<i>Swinin</i>	769	A man once sat with his good wife	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	343
Alas! I have nor hope nor health	<i>Shelley</i>	895	A man there came, whence none	<i>Attingham</i>	2858

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
A man through Syria's deserts	<i>Rückert, tr.</i>	2131	A novel was a book	<i>Pollok</i>	2397
A man to-day the glory of his	<i>Pollok</i>	2236	Answer me, burning stars of night	<i>Hemans</i>	662
Ambition is the vice of noble souls	<i>Mant</i>	100	Anywhere with Jesus, says the		2024
Am I a coward	<i>Shakespeare</i>	562	A parent ask'd a priest his boy to		477
Amid all life's quests	<i>Bailey</i>	2238	A pen to register; a key	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2276
A mighty realm is the land of	<i>Bryant</i>	921	A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	470
A million beats of man's united	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1493	A pining sceptic towards a	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2499
A milestone and the human	<i>Von Logau, tr.</i>	1680	A present Deity in all	<i>Grahame</i>	2276
A moaning cry as the world rolls		1071	A priest by Heaven ordained	<i>Dewart</i>	2516
Among the beautiful pictures	<i>A. Cary</i>	285	A plague upon them! † herefore	<i>Shakespeare</i>	618
Among the sons of men how few	<i>Churchill</i>	2017	Apollyon, Baalim, Beelzebub	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1704
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	336	A rare thing is faith, and friendship	<i>Tupper</i>	1409
Amy died—Dear little Amy	<i>Ingelow</i>	357	Are old people bow'd by weak'ning	<i>Barnes</i>	1742
A mystic cup was mixed of	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2437	Are there on earth (let me not call	<i>Young</i>	131
An aged Sultan placed before his	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1495	Are virtue, then, and piety	<i>Young</i>	2497
An atheist is ever the most	<i>Tupper</i>	2915	Are we not brothers	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1110
And all these lines are underscored	<i>Greenwell</i>	1163	Are we not creatures of one hand	<i>Manzoni, tr.</i>	283
And all you men, whom greatness	<i>Cowley</i>	2338	Art may tell a truth	<i>R. Browning</i>	147
And art Thou grieved, sweet and	<i>Herbert</i>	1808	Art thou weary, art thou languid	<i>Stephen, tr.</i>	397
And as the waxing moon can take	<i>Ingelow</i>	1483	As Adi, with the youthful	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1596
And at Oriël's signal came	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1732	As a girl with ready smile	<i>Hove</i>	2246
And can it be, that I should	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1228	As a thief bent to unhoard the	<i>Milton</i>	2595
And can then true philosophy	<i>Ragg</i>	245	As by the churchyard yew my	<i>Mant</i>	443
And could we choose the time	<i>Chaucer</i>	674	As by the shore, at break of day	<i>Moore</i>	2105
And did He rise	<i>Young</i>	152	Ascend, beloved, to the joy	<i>Bonar</i>	2092
And first of dying friends	<i>Young</i>	225	As custom arbitrates, whose	<i>Byron</i>	622
And freedom thus, of old, so often	<i>Perceval</i>	1290	As felt the gross Material	<i>Pollok</i>	2647
And greedy avarice by him did ride	<i>Spenser</i>	191	As frost to the bud, and blight to	<i>Tupper</i>	1422
And have I measured half my	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1513	A shipwrecked sailor on a desert	<i>Dewart</i>	2417
And how I bless night's consecrating	<i>Young</i>	2295	Ask what prevailing, pleasing	<i>Moore</i>	2932
And is there care in heaven	<i>Spenser</i>	122	Asleep in Jesus! Blessèd sleep	<i>M. Mackay</i>	980
And is this the prime	<i>Coleridge</i>	2731	As 'mid the ever-rolling sea		2063
And lo! the glories of the	<i>Louth</i>	631	A smith at the loom and a weaver	<i>Tupper</i>	37
And lo! upon the extreme verge	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1706	As one in days of old would fly	<i>Townsend</i>	3049
And may I still get there	<i>Hunter</i>	823	As 'plains the homesick ocean	<i>Osgood</i>	2163
And messages from shipwrecked	<i>Ingelow</i>	1818	As precious gums are not for	<i>Dryden</i>	723
And next to him malicious Envy	<i>Spenser</i>	1103	A sprout of evil, ere it has struck	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1158
And Noah went up into the ship	<i>Ingelow</i>	772	As some of us, in trust, have made	<i>Butler</i>	540
And now, unvelled, the toilet	<i>Pope</i>	1280	As some rare perfume in a vase	<i>Stowe</i>	1686
And oh! what changes we all	<i>Barnes</i>	2267	As the heart-strings only render	<i>Adam of St. Victor, tr.</i>	867
And O! if perchance there should	<i>W. A. Butler</i>	926	As the rose doth its fragrance	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	167
And on the throne	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2052	As through the artist's intervening	<i>Prior</i>	1751
Androcles from his injured	<i>Cowper</i>	2075	As through the land at eve	<i>Tennyson</i>	2628
And shall I e'er again thy features	<i>Mant</i>	2670	As 't pleases God, so it pleases me	<i>J. Friedrich</i>	501
And since in God's recording book	<i>Alexander</i>	475	A strong and mailèd angel		1078
And slight withal may be the	<i>Byron</i>	2270	A strong tower is the Lord our God	<i>Luther, tr.</i>	757
And sometimes in my house	<i>P. Cary</i>	2972	As two embracing palms, whose	<i>Ken</i>	2990
And so the Word had breath	<i>Tennyson</i>	1556	As we do turn our backs	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1410
And still from Him we turn away	<i>Clinch</i>	1902	As wrapt and hidden in the stone's	<i>Mant</i>	1042
And thou, gray voyager to the	<i>Whittier</i>	3655	A tender mother lives	<i>More</i>	2191
And there lives not a victim of	<i>Dewart</i>	1437	At evening to myself I say	<i>C. Wesley</i>	640
And there were hypocrites	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1771	At every motion of our breath	<i>Montgomery</i>	584
And these vicissitudes tell best in	<i>Byron</i>	1189	Atheist, forbear: no more	<i>Watts</i>	171
And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd!	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	322	A thing of beauty is a joy forever	<i>Keats</i>	212
And what art thou, thou idol	<i>Shakespeare</i>	523	A thought lay like a flower	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2864
And whence, then, came these		439	A thousand gnats make up	<i>R. Browning</i>	2606
And when the fadeless crown	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2259	A thousand years, and years on	<i>Coze</i>	1125
And when Time sweet opiates	<i>Clinch</i>	502	A thousand years a poor man	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2434
And who, that walks where men of	<i>Wordsworth</i>	162	At midnight, in his guarded tent	<i>Halleck</i>	1476
And wilt thou now, that God	<i>Mant</i>	2847	A traveller through a dusty road	<i>C. Mackay</i>	2161
And yet, fair brow, no fabling	<i>Campbell</i>	2622	A true good man there was	<i>Chaucer</i>	2462
And yet the fate of all extremes	<i>Pope</i>	2403	A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer	<i>Young</i>	2142
And yet, what god-like gifts	<i>Watts</i>	1466	At summer eve, when Heaven's	<i>Campbell</i>	898
An Eastern prince his vizirs once		3010	Auspicious hope! in thy sweet	<i>Campbell</i>	1863
Angels are men of a superior kind	<i>Young</i>	121	Authority intoxicates,	<i>Butler</i>	185
An honest man is still an	<i>Davenport</i>	1841	Avant thee, horrid War	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2954
An orphan, through the world	<i>P. Cary</i>	2438	Ave Maria! blessed be the hour	<i>Byron</i>	1144
Another feature in the ways of God	<i>Pollok</i>	91	Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd	<i>Milton</i>	2262
Another hand is beckoning us	<i>Whittier</i>	1402	A very little goodness goes for much		1549

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
A vintner at the point of death	<i>Bürger, tr.</i>	88	Be useful where thou livest	<i>Herbert</i>	2926
A voice from the desert comes	<i>Drummond</i>	396	Beware of doubt—faith is the	<i>E. O. Smith</i>	2638
A void a villain as you would a	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	464	Beware of too sublime a sense	<i>Cowper</i>	2835
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	<i>Ken</i>	2330	Beyond life's raging fever		957
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes	<i>Barbault</i>	345	Beyond these chilling winds	<i>Priest</i>	1728
Awake, my soul! not only	<i>Coleridge</i>	1605	Beyond the smiling and the	<i>Bonar</i>	1754
Away from his home and the	<i>Hunter</i>	1321	Bikásur had of penance	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2004
Away, then, causeless doubts and	<i>Lyte</i>	940	Bitter, indeed, the waters are	<i>Newton</i>	593
Away with custom! 'tis the plea	<i>Layard</i>	622	Black horror! speed we to the	<i>Southey</i>	671
Away with death—away	<i>White</i>	1927	"Blessed are they that mourn	<i>Mant</i>	64
Away with my fears	<i>C. Wesley</i>	254	Blessed Bible! how I love it	<i>P. Palmer</i>	234
A weaver sat one day at his loom	<i>P. Cary</i>	2474	Blest Charity! the grace long-	<i>Ken</i>	341
A wife's a man's best piece; who	<i>Shirley</i>	2992	Blessed credulity, thou great	<i>Machen</i>	579
A wind came up out of the sea	<i>Longfellow</i>	637	Blessed, yet sinful one, and	<i>Bryant</i>	2262
A wretched thing it were to have	<i>Trench</i>	1694	Blest are the pure in heart	<i>Dana</i>	2614
A year has ended—let the good	<i>Perceval</i>	2676	Blest be the God of love	<i>Herbert</i>	1159
Ay, Justice, who evades her	<i>Hale</i>	2053	Blind, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus	<i>Graham</i>	267
Ay, thou art for the grave	<i>Bryant</i>	2845	Blow, blow, thou winter wind	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1984
A young maiden's heart	<i>Kemble</i>	1692	Blue bends the sky above		1698
A youngster at school, more sedate	<i>Cowper</i>	887	Blynde obstynacye	<i>Huntingdon</i>	1783
Bear Thou my burden, Lord, who	<i>Bonar</i>	827	Bold spirit! who art free to rove	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1097
Beats there a heart within that	<i>Tr. by Falconer</i>	1701	Boast not the titles of your	<i>Jonson</i>	117
Beautiful, beautiful childhood	<i>Wills</i>	361	Bound upon the accurs'd tree	<i>Milman</i>	612
Beautiful, sublime, and glorious	<i>Barton</i>	2724	Break Oblivion's sleep	<i>Sigourney</i>	1995
Beautiful Zion, built above	<i>Gill</i>	1709	Breathes there the man with soul	<i>Scott</i>	2471
Beauty and Truth, though never	<i>Buchanan</i>	158	Brethren, arise	<i>Bonar</i>	1010
Beauty is but vain and doubtful	<i>Shakespeare</i>	213	Bright as the pillar rose at	<i>Campbell</i>	1448
Beauty—may that of holiness be	<i>Gould</i>	803	Bright as the skies that cover thee	<i>Wills</i>	630
Be calm in arguing: for fierceness	<i>Herbert</i>	142	"Bright portals of the sky	<i>Drummond</i>	151
Be firm! one constant element	<i>Holmes</i>	1325	Bring then these blessings to a	<i>Pope</i>	1610
Before Elisha's gate	<i>Newton</i>	2370	Bring the thrilling scene	<i>Sigourney</i>	1463
Before the seas, and this terrestrial	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	569	Bring us the higher example	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	446
Before us now it rose, build'd	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1717	Brittle beauty, that Nature	<i>Earl of Surrey</i>	211
Begin the day with God	<i>Bonar</i>	625	Brutus and Cæsar, what	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2371
Be great in act as you have	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1609	Build'st thou on Wealth? its		1379
Behold an emblem of our human	<i>Wordsworth</i>	891	But all in vain: no fort can be	<i>Spenser</i>	2856
Behold a patriarch of years, who	<i>Tupper</i>	65	But all our praises why should	<i>Pope</i>	223
Behold, fond man	<i>Thomson</i>	2996	But as his joys are double	<i>Herbert</i>	2902
Behold that daughter of the world	<i>Tupper</i>	1284	But as I mus'd, there crowded	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2956
Behold the bed of death		676	But as it sometimes chanceth	<i>Wordsworth</i>	826
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh	<i>Tr. by Moultrie</i>	40	But conscience, in some awful	<i>Cowper</i>	490
Behold the child, by Nature's	<i>Pope</i>	116	But deem not thou some	<i>Southey</i>	2372
Behold the happy man, his face	<i>Tupper</i>	2915	But despite as their doom whom	<i>Beattie</i>	812
Behold the inexorable hour at	<i>Young</i>	695	But dream not helm and harness	<i>Whittier</i>	1786
Behold! the mountain of the	<i>Bruce</i>	2325	But first Messiah spake	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2672
Behold the sun, that seem'd but	<i>Wither</i>	1145	But happy they, the happiest of	<i>Thomson</i>	1876
Behold the world—Rests, and her	<i>White</i>	2394	But if there be who follow Paul	<i>Kelce</i>	1319
Behold where yon pellucid	<i>Smart</i>	2494	But man He made of angel form	<i>Pollok</i>	2223
Be kind to each other	<i>Swain</i>	2072	But me, not destined such delights	<i>Goldsmith</i>	1177
Be kind to thy father, for when		2071	But mightiest of the mighty	<i>Bonring</i>	2573
Believe me, if all those endearing	<i>Moore</i>	2184	But never more than once	<i>Euripides, tr.</i>	303
Belov'd, it is well		1209	But no, alas! we've never seen	<i>Moore</i>	2242
Beneath Moriah's rocky side	<i>M'Cheyne</i>	2850	But not even pleasure to excess	<i>Thomson</i>	2510
Beneath this stony roof reclined	<i>Warton</i>	1785	But now the fourth day	<i>Bickersteth</i>	564
Be not afraid to pray	<i>Coleridge</i>	2550	But one of our household number	<i>P. Cary</i>	2453
Be not proud, but now incline	<i>Herrick</i>	327	But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell	<i>Byron</i>	1066
Be patient! oh, be patient!		2467	But scarce observ'd the knowing	<i>Johnson</i>	2217
Best unbar the doors	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2103	But see where, in the clear	<i>Follen</i>	2391
Be thou clad in russet weed	<i>Burns</i>	2527	But soft, my friend; arrest the	<i>Cotton</i>	2569
Be thrifty but not covetous	<i>Herbert</i>	1187	But strange indeed the distribution	<i>Pollok</i>	1997
Better than gold is a thinking		2866	But there was one in folly father	<i>Pollok</i>	2314
Better though life barefooted	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2988	But these young scholars	<i>Emerson</i>	566
Between a wise magician	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2598	But the unfaithful priest	<i>Pollok</i>	2309
Between broad fields of wheat	<i>Read</i>	1830	But 'tis some justice to ascribe	<i>Davenant</i>	1908
Between divine and human life	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1524	But to my mind—though I am	<i>Shakespeare</i>	620
Between the acting of a dreadful	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1906	But true religion, sprung from	<i>Henry More</i>	2637
Between the dark and the daylight	<i>Longfellow</i>	59	But what of all the joys of earth	<i>Pollok</i>	1541
Between two breaths what	<i>Holmes</i>	2113	But what or who are we, alas!	<i>Wither</i>	1469
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	1252	But when good Saturn, banish'd	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	79

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
But when I go—to my lone bed	<i>Sigourney</i>	658	Come, ye thankful people	<i>Alford</i>	1669
But when the silence and the	<i>Wills</i>	1998	Companion none is like	<i>Vauz</i>	2865
But when we in our viciousness	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2936	Compared with this amazing	<i>Montgomery</i>	3035
But where to find the happiest	<i>Goldsmith</i>	2470	Composed of many thoughts	<i>Pollok</i>	276
By all means use sometime to	<i>Herbert</i>	1162	Congenial HOPE! thy passion	<i>Campbell</i>	3060
By ceaseless action all that is	<i>Cowper</i>	1179	Conscience, what art thou? thou	<i>Young</i>	487
By day she woos me, soft	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	3041	Consider, man, weigh well thy	<i>J. Gray</i>	1109
By myself walking	<i>Lamb</i>	1891	Corruption is a tree, whose	<i>Beaumont</i>	536
By nature peaceable and frail	<i>Southey</i>	1428	Could I command with voice or	<i>Montgomery</i>	1467
By nature's law what may be	<i>Young</i>	768	Could I, from heaven inspired	<i>Cowper</i>	2390
By Nebo's lonely mountain	<i>Alexander</i>	2340	Could not that wisdom which	<i>Herbert</i>	2644
By no means run in debt	<i>Herbert</i>	1427	Could the wine-cup tell its story		2994
By Satan's subtlety beguiled	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2450	Could we with ink the ocean fill		1486
By the poor widow's oil and meal	<i>Newton</i>	1348	Countless chords of heavenly	<i>Mackay</i>	157
By trifles, in our common ways	<i>Punshon</i>	292	Courage, O faithful heart	<i>Littlewood</i>	2980
By weakest ministers, the Almighty	<i>Jenner</i>	2565	Crabbed age and youth	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2240
Call back the dew	<i>Dickens</i>	2180	Creation, which had groan'd	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2290
Call now to mind what high	<i>Akenside</i>	4	Creator! let Thy Spirit shine	<i>Burleigh</i>	2525
Can I not sin, but Thou wilt be	<i>Herrick</i>	3008	Cross, most adored, to thee I give	<i>Tr.</i>	1689
Can I see another's woe			Custom does often reason overrule	<i>Earl of Rochester</i>	622
Canst thou tell me what is	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	190	Custom forms us all	<i>Gill</i>	622
Canst thou thy body on thy bed	<i>Mant</i>	2542	Custom, 'tis true, a venerable	<i>Thomson</i>	622
Careful without care I am	<i>C. Wesley</i>	313	Cyrus, the dreaded arbiter, a		1617
Careless seems the great Avenger	<i>Lowell</i>	2966	Dare to do right	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	19
"Carry me across!"	<i>Craik</i>	906	Dare to think though others frown		281
Ceaselessly the weaver, Time	<i>Burleigh</i>	2883	Dark is the night, and fitful	<i>Duryee</i>	1825
Cease, ye tearful mourners	<i>Clemens, tr.</i>	299	Daughter of Jove, relentless	<i>T. Gray</i>	51
Chains of my heart, avanut, I say	<i>Kebble</i>	181	Day and night my toils	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2666
Cheerful, O Lord! at Thy		2501	Day by day the manna fell	<i>Conder</i>	783
Child, amidst the flowers at play	<i>Hemans</i>	2539	Day dawned; within a curtained	<i>Procter</i>	2122
Child, by God's sweet mercy given	<i>Syrus, tr.</i>	229	Day divine, when in the temple	<i>Gill</i>	1807
Child of day, thou knowest not	<i>Landor</i>	1961	Day of vengeance, without	<i>Thomas of Celano, tr.</i>	643
Child of my love, "LEAN HARD"		295	Days come and go	<i>Bonar</i>	1129
Child of sin and sorrow	<i>Hastings</i>	2282	Day-stars! that ope your eyes at	<i>Smith</i>	1241
Children are what the mothers are	<i>Landor</i>	2343	Dead. There's an answer to	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	647
Children of wealth or want	<i>Holmes</i>	1111	Deal gently with us, ye who read	<i>Holmes</i>	1941
Children, that lay their pretty	<i>Craik</i>	2658	Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd	<i>Cotton</i>	1821
Christian, to arms! behold in sight	<i>P. Palmer</i>	144	Death have we hated, not	<i>Morris</i>	2117
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1027	Death in the pot! 'tis always	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1347
Cities have been, and vanished	<i>Perceval</i>	743	Death is a fearful thing	<i>Shakespeare</i>	694
Cities of proud hotels	<i>Emerson</i>	793	Death is here in spirit, watcher	<i>Tupper</i>	717
Clad in a robe of pure and spotless	<i>Neale</i>	428	Death is short and life is long	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	958
Cleon hath a million acres	<i>Mackay</i>	2525	Deathless principle, arise	<i>Toytady</i>	672
Clime of the forgotten brave	<i>Byron</i>	1387	Death opens her sweet white	<i>Bailey</i>	705
Cling to the Crucified	<i>Bonar</i>	2027	Death's at my door, walks to my	<i>Zwingli, tr.</i>	673
Close the door lightly		721	Death, the old serpent's son	<i>Taylor</i>	2937
Close up the Ledger, Time		2421	Death, thou wast once an uncouth	<i>Herbert</i>	663
Columbia, Columbia, to glory	<i>Dwight</i>	114	Death worketh	<i>Bonar</i>	1952
Come and deck the grave with	<i>Monseil</i>	1590	Deem not that they are blest alone	<i>Bryant</i>	65
Come and sit by me	<i>Byron</i>	815	Deep is the sea, and deep is hell	<i>Tupper</i>	2879
Come away	<i>Herbert</i>	912	Delay not, delay not, O sinner	<i>Hastings</i>	770
Come, be happy! sit near me	<i>Shelley</i>	2316	Delightful task! to rear the tender	<i>Thomson</i>	378
Come, blessed of my Heavenly		221	Desire himself runs out of breath	<i>Raleigh</i>	805
Come, bring thy gift. If blessings	<i>Herbert</i>	494	Desire of every land! The nations	<i>Pollok</i>	3069
Come, disappointment, come!	<i>White</i>	860	Despair not, Virtue, who in	<i>Prince</i>	818
Come forth! come on, with	<i>Sach, tr.</i>	1430	Detraction 's a bold monster, and	<i>Massinger</i>	825
Come hither, ye faithful		418	Dim as the borrow'd beams of	<i>Dryden</i>	2623
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire		1814	Ding dong! ding dong	<i>Holmes</i>	2912
Come labor on		2487	Disappointment rather seem'd	<i>Pollok</i>	854
Come! let us arise, and press to		904	Discord, a sleepless hag, who never	<i>Wolcot</i>	881
Come, Lord, and tarry not	<i>Bonar</i>	41	Dismissed to glory with a kiss of		668
Come, O come! in pious lays	<i>Wither</i>	764	Does the dark and soundless river	<i>Cooper</i>	660
Come, O my soul, thy certain ruin		1934	Does the road wind up-hill	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	2147
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1225	Domestic happiness, thou only	<i>Cowper</i>	1657
Come then, Affliction, if my	<i>Swain</i>	72	Domestic Love! not in proud palace	<i>Croly</i>	1527
Come, then, tell me, sage divine	<i>Akenside</i>	1477	Do no sinful action	<i>Alexander</i>	364
Come to Calvary's holy mountain,	<i>Montgomery</i>	306	Do not, as some ungracious	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2463
Come to the land of peace		1737	Don't catch the fidgets; you have	<i>Holmes</i>	1176
Come, ye faithful, raise the	<i>John of Damascus, tr.</i>	1023	Dost thou not know—That of all	<i>Mors</i>	1303



	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
As thou thy precious secrets	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2729	False friends, like insects in a	<i>Quarles</i>	1408
Doubt is the eternal shade by	<i>Harris</i>	916	False world, thou ly'st	<i>Milton</i>	1257
Dread is the leisure up above	<i>Ingelow</i>	1518	Fame, the great ill, from small	<i>Tooke</i>	1253
Dream on! Though Heaven may	<i>Hemans</i>	1719	Farewell, a long farewell, to all	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1615
Dream'st thou of heaven	<i>Fletcher</i>	520	Farewell, farewell! is often heard	<i>Cook</i>	1542
Drop, drop, slow tears		1973	Farewell! if ever fondest prayer	<i>Byron</i>	1278
Drop follows drop, and swells	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2478	Farewell, ye gilded follies	<i>Quarles</i>	180
Drums and battle-cries	<i>Bonar</i>	1553	Far from these narrow scenes of	<i>Steele</i>	1716
Dust receive thy kindred	<i>Tupper</i>	2671	Fashion, leader of a chattering	<i>Cowper</i>	1281
Dust to dust, it mingleth well	<i>Wordsworth</i>	955	Fate is a hand—It lays two fingers	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	693
Duty, like a strict preceptor	<i>Young</i>	132	Father of all! in every age	<i>Pope</i>	2557
Duty! Religion! These, our duty	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2143	Father of heaven and earth	<i>Hemans</i>	1149
Each creature holds an insular	<i>Massey</i>	1235	Fathers alone a father's heart can	<i>Young</i>	1294
Each day his face grow thinner		941	Father, who to us hast given	<i>Farningham</i>	1413
Each day its duty brings	<i>Alger</i>	2138	Faults in the life breed errors in	<i>Cowper</i>	1302
Each day you have is but a steed	<i>Young</i>	2327	Fear no more the heat o' the sun	<i>Shakespeare</i>	649
Each night we die	<i>Johnson</i>	1563	Fear ye the festal hour	<i>Hemans</i>	2312
Each petty hand—Can steer a	<i>Pollok</i>	287	Few are the clear, strong spirits	<i>Percival</i>	1050
Early from heaven it was revealed	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1236	Fierce was the wild willow	<i>Anatolius, tr.</i>	2477
Earth fainted at her children's	<i>Silesius, tr.</i>	401	Fight thou with shafts of	<i>Herrick</i>	2328
Earth has nothing sweet or fair	<i>Bowring</i>	573	First appetite enlists him	<i>Cowper</i>	1116
Earth hath its gems around	<i>White</i>	2265	First Envy, eldest born of hell	<i>Porteus</i>	2351
Earthly things—Are but the	<i>Bryant</i>	1006	First, mightiest Deity! Eternal	<i>Meléndez, tr.</i>	1498
Earth's children cleave to Earth	<i>Pollok</i>	1008	First offer incense; then thy field	<i>Herrick</i>	87
Earth's cup—Is poisoned	<i>Byron</i>	776	First seek an object worthy	<i>Tr. by Dryden</i>	2201
Earth shall be ocean	<i>Croly</i>	1594	First time he kissed me	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2076
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust	<i>Bonar</i>	1007	First, what is true ambition	<i>Young</i>	110
Earth, what a sorrow lies before	<i>Whittier</i>	1889	Five hundred princely guests	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	1312
Easier to smite with Peter's	<i>Fortunatus, tr.</i>	594	Flattery sticketh like a burr	<i>Tupper</i>	1930
Eating of the Tree forbidden	<i>Herrick</i>	2974	Fling out the banner! let it float	<i>Doane</i>	2322
E'en all religious courses to be	<i>Cowper</i>	1087	Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom	<i>Montgomery</i>	1989
"England, with all thy faults I love	<i>Byron</i>	1085	Flung to the heedless winds	<i>Luther, tr.</i>	2256
England, with all thy faults I love	<i>Cowley</i>	1100	Fly drunkenness, whose vile	<i>Randolph</i>	931
Envy at last crawls forth from	<i>Judson</i>	1957	Fly, envious Time, till thou run	<i>Milton</i>	2580
Ere last year's moon had left the	<i>Bryant</i>	1584	Foiled by our fellow-men	<i>Arnold</i>	1432
Erewhile, on England's pleasant	<i>Tupper</i>	1243	Fool, again the dream, the fancy	<i>Tennyson</i>	2592
Error is a hardy plant; it	<i>Phillips</i>	1414	For all that God in mercy sends	<i>E. I. Tupper</i>	2859
Essential honor must be in a	<i>Campbell</i>	1857	For aught that ever I could read	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2173
Eternal Hope! when yonder	<i>Lucretius, tr.</i>	892	For beauty hideth everywhere	<i>Tupper</i>	215
Eternal troubles haunt thy	<i>Wulfer, tr.</i>	1113	For Destiny does not like	<i>Emerson</i>	2590
Eternity! eternity! how long	<i>Montgomery</i>	1127	Foremost Old Age, his natural	<i>Porteus</i>	669
Eternity! eternity! Thou	<i>Young</i>	1128	Forever with the Lord	<i>Montgomery</i>	1923
Eternity's vast ocean lies before	<i>Young</i>	2054	For forms of government let fools	<i>Pope</i>	2857
Eternity, the various sentence	<i>Wesley, Jr.</i>	513	Forget them not: though now	<i>Hemans</i>	649
Even I—But I can laugh and	<i>Arnold</i>	1173	Fer I dip into the future, far as	<i>Tennyson</i>	2292
Even in a palace, life may be led	<i>Lytton</i>	2247	For look again on the past years	<i>Bryant</i>	1114
Even in the happiest choice	<i>Tupper</i>	725	For me He left His home on high		386
Even to the best, the wise, and	<i>Swain</i>	468	For right of freedom when man	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1794
Ever complaining	<i>Swift</i>	2876	For shamefast harm of great and	<i>Wyatt</i>	814
Ever-eating, never cloying	<i>Keats</i>	1274	For thee was a house built	<i>Longfellow</i>	1593
Ever let the fancy roam	<i>Pauflin</i>	2424	For them the fulness of His might	<i>Jenner</i>	135
Ever with Thee, Almighty Love	<i>Tupper</i>	1069	For though the judge, Conscience	<i>Davenant</i>	483
Every end is happiness, the	<i>Barnfield</i>	2319	For to-day the lists are set, and	<i>Tupper</i>	2857
Every one that flatters thee	<i>Byron</i>	1364	Fortunes are made, if I the facts	<i>Crabbe</i>	1377
Existence may be borne, and the	<i>Hayes</i>	1725	Fortune the great commandress of	<i>Chapman</i>	1371
Eye hath not seen		529	For when I feel my virtue fail	<i>Watts</i>	109
Faint, and worn, and aged	<i>Clark</i>	2615	For within the hollow crown	<i>Shakespeare</i>	687
Fair girl! by whose simplicity	<i>Mant</i>	1267	Fountain of song, its prayer	<i>Hogg</i>	1858
Fair is the sight, by Israel's	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	2022	Four infernal rivers, that disgorge	<i>Milton</i>	1779
Fair shines the moon, Jerusalem	<i>Hemans</i>	1059	Frail art thou, O man	<i>Tupper</i>	2552
Fair wert thou, in the dreams	<i>Tupper</i>	2927	Frail creatures are we all	<i>Coleridge</i>	1383
Faith, firmness, confidence	<i>Fortunatus, tr.</i>	597	Fresh glides the brook and blows	<i>Lytton</i>	2700
Faithful cross! above all other		1474	Friend after friend departs	<i>Montgomery</i>	1412
Faith, Hope, and Love were		1232	Friends counsel quick dismissal	<i>Young</i>	1623
Faith is a living power from	<i>Davenant</i>	1219	Friendship is no plant of hasty	<i>Baillie</i>	1420
Faith lights us through the	<i>Tupper</i>	3030	Friends, I have breathed	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2213
Faith like a mustard-seed	<i>Fry</i>	1204	From Adam to his youngest	<i>Montgomery</i>	2060
Faith, like an unsuspecting child	<i>Faber</i>	1223	From a dark cloud a drop of rain	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1883
Faith of our fathers! living still					

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
From dcsolated hearths, from		1823	Good name in man and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1545
From his brimstone bed	<i>Coleridge</i>	838	Good name was dear to all	<i>PoUok</i>	1544
From lips divine, like healing		1625	Good striving	<i>Oriental</i>	32
From Nature's constant or	<i>Prior</i>	762	Go, silly worm, drudge, trudge	<i>Sylvefter</i>	21
From realm to realm, with cross	<i>Darwin</i>	2492	Go, soul, the body's guest	<i>Raleigh</i>	749
From that day forth no place	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2353	Go thou in life's fair morning		994
From the bough	<i>Milton</i>	36	Go to thy rest, my child	<i>Sigourney</i>	989
From the eternal shadow	<i>Whittier</i>	654	Go when the morning shineth	<i>Bell</i>	2553
From the recesses of a lowly spirit	<i>Bowring</i>	2546	Go, worship at Immanuel's feet	<i>Watts</i>	1920
From the throne of the highest	<i>Knox</i>	577	Grace 'tis a charming sound	<i>Doddridge</i>	1576
From this hour the pledge is	<i>Moore</i>	2248	Grace, triumphant on the throne	<i>Cowper</i>	2689
From thy false tears I did distil	<i>Byron</i>	1675	Great day! for which all other	<i>Young</i>	2056
Full many mischiefs follow	<i>Spenser</i>	127	Great honors are great burdens	<i>Jonson</i>	851
Full of vows and full of labor		1002	Great man! the nations gazed	<i>PoUok</i>	2712
Full short his journey was	<i>Lowell</i>	667	Great prophet of our God	<i>Watts</i>	394
Gather up, O earth! thy dead	<i>Bowring</i>	298	Great system of perfections	<i>Young</i>	1492
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may	<i>Herrick</i>	3064	Great truths are dearly bought	<i>Bonar</i>	2908
Genius! thou gift of Heaven	<i>Crabbe</i>	1449	Great truths are portions of the	<i>Lowell</i>	1969
Gentle pilgrim, tell me why	<i>Barbauld</i>	2504	Green be the turf above the	<i>Halleck</i>	1426
Gently I took that which ungently	<i>Coleridge</i>	1300	Guard thy faith with holy care	<i>Whitman</i>	1216
Gird Thy sword on, mighty		389	Guilt is the source of sorrow	<i>Rowe</i>	1644
Give! as the morning that flows		1468	Habitual evils change not	<i>Rowe</i>	1646
Give me enough, saith Wisdom	<i>Tupper</i>	2976	Had he lived and fallen	<i>D. Gray</i>	988
Give me—Leave to enjoy myself	<i>Fletcher</i>	280	"Had I a thousand hearts I'd	<i>Von Plattenbaus, tr.</i>	1687
Give me honors, what are these	<i>Herrick</i>	1844	Had not the milder hand	<i>Quarles</i>	2283
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet	<i>Raleigh</i>	2502	Had the cat wings, no sparrow	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	3005
Give me the lowest place	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	1887	Had this effulgence disappeared	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1148
Give me the panoply of war	<i>Talbot</i>	2964	Hail, friendship; since the world	<i>Holford</i>	1417
Give me three grains of corn	<i>Mrs. Edwards</i>	1270	Hail, heavenly voice, once heard	<i>Mant</i>	664
Give thy thoughts no tongue	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1416	Hail, holy love! thou word that	<i>PoUok</i>	2190
Glory and praise to Jehovah on	<i>Lyte</i>	2530	Hail, thou head! so bruised	<i>Bernard of Clavaux, tr.</i>	738
Glory of God! thou stranger	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	1473	Hail to the day, which He	<i>Mant</i>	2698
Go and dig my grave to-day	<i>Arnold, tr.</i>	666	Hail to the Lord's anointed	<i>Montgomery</i>	1560
Go boldly on. Do what is right	<i>Upham</i>	2686	Half a league, half a league	<i>Tennyson</i>	550
Go, buy thee new lands	<i>Hunter</i>	2683	Half mankind maintain	<i>Cowper</i>	2631
Go, climb the rugged Alps	<i>Juvenal, tr.</i>	99	Hallelujah! I believe	<i>Milnes, tr.</i>	1207
Go count the sands that form	<i>Upham</i>	2189	Happy soul! thy days are ended	<i>C. Wesley</i>	960
God and the soul are two birds free	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1514	Happy the child whose youngest	<i>Watts</i>	992
God beholds thee, wretch, though	<i>Scott</i>	1894	Happy the man, and happy	<i>Horace, tr.</i>	2568
God entrusts to all	<i>Edmeston</i>	376	Happy the man who wisdom can		3003
God fashioned man from out	<i>Aldrich</i>	3015	Happy the man whose wish and	<i>Pope</i>	2137
God gives us men. A time like		3052	Happy the spirit released from	<i>Hunter</i>	984
God hath a voice that ever is	<i>Cook</i>	1517	"Hard by Truth's temple		2907
God, in the Gospel of His Son	<i>Beddom</i>	1571	Hark, how the watchmen cry	<i>C. Wesley</i>	839
God is a name my soul adores	<i>Watts</i>	1503	Hark, my soul, how everything	<i>Austin</i>	2532
God is Good! Each perfumed		1552	Hark! the faint bells of the sunken	<i>Mueller, tr.</i>	2271
God keeps a niche	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1907	Hark the rustle of a dress	<i>Lowell</i>	2576
God-like shapes, and forms	<i>Milton</i>	840	Harks of eternity! begin the song	<i>PoUok</i>	1483
God liveth ever	<i>Zehn, tr.</i>	1490	Haste, my spirit, fly away		677
God loves from whole to parts	<i>Pope</i>	2203	Haste not! the flying courser	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2468
God might have made the earth	<i>Hovatt</i>	1343	Haste, traveller, haste! the night	<i>Collyer</i>	624
God moves in a mysterious	<i>Cowper</i>	2604	Hast thou attempted greatness	<i>Herrick</i>	2489
God of mercy, God of grace	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	476	Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad	<i>Bowring</i>	1699
God of the thunder! from whose	<i>Milman</i>	1501	Hast thou named all the birds	<i>Emerson</i>	1353
God's boundless mercy	<i>Herrick</i>	2279	Hast thou not seen, impatient	<i>Watts</i>	1016
God sends His teachers into every	<i>Lowell</i>	1993	Has virtue charms? I grant her	<i>Young</i>	2942
God's ways seem dark, but, soon	<i>Whittier</i>	2051	Have you never felt the pleasure of		1361
Go, feel what I have felt		2002	Have you not heard the poets tell	<i>Aldrich</i>	196
Go from me. Yet I feel that I	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2177	Have you not seen how pent	<i>Mant</i>	2669
Gold! gold! gold! gold	<i>Hood</i>	1527	Have you read in the Talmud	<i>Longfellow</i>	2005
Gold! gold! in all ages the curse	<i>Benjamin</i>	1526	Hal' yon burst of crystal splendor	<i>Bonar</i>	1701
Gold is the greatest god	<i>Juvenal, tr.</i>	1529	Heap on more wood! the wind is	<i>Scott</i>	420
Gold is the woman's only theme	<i>Anacreon, tr.</i>	1535	Heard you that knell		2869
Gold many hunted—sweat	<i>PoUok</i>	1536	Hear, Father! hear and aid	<i>Hemans</i>	1903
Go, let me weep—there's bliss	<i>Moore</i>	2482	Hear, Gracious God	<i>Medley</i>	2706
Go, little Book! from this my	<i>Southey</i>	274	Hearken unto a verser	<i>Herrick</i>	2517
Good-by, proud world! I'm going	<i>Emerson</i>	543	Heart gazing mournfully		25
Good deeds in this world done	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1543	Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heaven	<i>Pope</i>	1196
Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1622	Hear, then, what faith	<i>PoUok</i>	1208

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Hear thou, in brief	<i>Pollak</i>	2577	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God	<i>Heber</i>	2901
Heaven from all creatures hides	<i>Pope</i>	1431	Home's not merely four square	<i>Swain</i>	1817
Heavenly Father, I would wear	<i>Larcom</i>	938	Honey in the lion's mouth	<i>Trench</i>	2167
Heavier the cross, the nearer	<i>Schmolk, tr.</i>	605	Honor and shame from no	<i>Pope</i>	1616
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon	<i>Dryden</i>	1375	Honor's a sacred tie—the law of	<i>Addison</i>	1849
He came a leper, all unclean and	<i>Bonar</i>	2035	Hope, eager hope, the assassin	<i>Young</i>	1868
He foreknew—That arch-imperial	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1241	Hope evermore and believe	<i>Clough</i>	1061
He gave me back the bond		740	Hope humbly, then, with	<i>Pope</i>	1859
He had a two-fold nature	<i>Percival</i>	1606	Hope leads the child to plant the	<i>Adams</i>	1869
He hath built up, glorious	<i>Tupper</i>	182	Hope, of all ill that men endure	<i>Crowley</i>	1870
He is a good divine that follows	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1994	Hope of all passions most befriends	<i>Young</i>	1864
He is a noble gentleman withal	<i>Ford</i>	1455	Hope sets the stamp of vanity on	<i>Cowper</i>	1861
He is a path, if any be misled	<i>Fletcher</i>	400	Ho, sailor of the sea!	<i>Dobell</i>	2342
He is a poor warder of his	<i>Tupper</i>	2654	How awful is that hour, when	<i>Percival</i>	489
He is the freeman whom the truth	<i>Cowper</i>	1838	How backward man himself	<i>C. Wesley</i>	261
He is the happy man whose life	<i>Cowper</i>	1658	How beautiful is genius when		1452
He lives who lives to God alone	<i>Cowper</i>	2124	How beautiful it is for man to die	<i>Willis</i>	2207
He liveth long who liveth well	<i>Bonar</i>	2127	How blest the sacred tie that binds	<i>Barbauld</i>	1315
He loves this world of strife	<i>Bazier</i>	3043	How cheap—is genuine happiness	<i>Barker</i>	1664
Hence, all you vain delights		2269	How'er it be, it seems to me	<i>Tennyson</i>	1548
He prayeth well who loveth well	<i>Coleridge</i>	2538	How'er tis well, that while	<i>Wyatt</i>	2511
Heralds of creation! cry	<i>Montgomery</i>	575	How false are men, both in their	<i>Crown</i>	1242
Here are the prude, severe, and gay	<i>Blair</i>	1588	How false is found, as on in life	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	1188
Here, as her home, from morn to	<i>Smart</i>	1581	How goes the fight with thee	<i>Bonar</i>	207
Here bliss is short, imperfect	<i>More</i>	1025	How great the task to guard thee	<i>Ingelow</i>	2185
Here in Thy royal presence, Lord	<i>Bonar</i>	1802	How great (while yet we tread	<i>Young</i>	506
Here is no bootless quest		1721	How idly of the human heart	<i>Willis</i>	2079
Here is one that wishes to live	<i>Jonson</i>	84	How is it o'er the strongest mind	<i>Swain</i>	2898
Here is the free spirit of mankind	<i>Bryant</i>	2108	Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish	<i>B. Taylor</i>	2914
Here is the spring where waters		2720	How, like a mounting devil in	<i>Willis</i>	102
Here, like a shepherd gazing from	<i>Young</i>	103	How many feel, this very moment	<i>Thomson</i>	2317
Here may the band that now	<i>Fletcher</i>	1731	How meanly dwells the immortal	<i>Watts</i>	1334
"Here," might they say, "shall	<i>T. Moore</i>	113	How oft that virtue, which some	<i>Froude</i>	779
Her suffering ended with the	<i>J. Aldrich</i>	982	How poor, how rich, how abject	<i>Young</i>	2220
He sat within a silent cave	<i>Croley</i>	507	How proud we are! how fond of	<i>Watts</i>	929
He's Christ's ambassador	<i>Mant</i>	2206	How sad a sight is human	<i>Young</i>	1652
He sleeps, forgetful of his once	<i>Percival</i>	1453	How seldom, friend, a good	<i>Coleridge</i>	1604
He slept beneath the desert skies		2016	How shall I describe	<i>Pollak</i>	2611
He that from dross would win the	<i>Montgomery</i>	68	How shall I speak thee, or thy	<i>Cowper</i>	2573
He that has nature in him must	<i>Madan</i>	1580	How shall my cold and lifeless	<i>Ariosto, tr.</i>	532
He that is proud eats up himself	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2581	How shalt thou bear the cross that	<i>Faber</i>	1126
He that negotiates between God	<i>Cowper</i>	2562	How shocking must thy summons	<i>Blair</i>	701
He that of greatest work is finisher	<i>Shakespeare</i>	318	How sleep the brave, who sink to	<i>Collins</i>	2472
He that shall rail against his	<i>Creech</i>	2715	How speaks the present hour		3028
He to His own a comforter will	<i>Milton</i>	1809	How sweet it were, if without	<i>Hunt</i>	1874
He took—Some handfuls of the	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2321	"How sweetly," said the trembling	<i>Moore</i>	858
He transgresseth yet again	<i>Tupper</i>	2984	How sweet the days we yearn for	<i>Lytton</i>	856
He was a man—Who stole the	<i>Pollak</i>	1898	How vain a thing is man	<i>Dryden</i>	585
He was of that stubborn crew	<i>Butler</i>	252	How wisely Nature did decree	<i>Marvel</i>	1199
Hew Atlas for my monument	<i>D. Gray</i>	106	Humble we must be, if to heaven	<i>Herrick</i>	1884
He who ascends to mountain-tops	<i>Byron</i>	1250	Humility is the softening shadow	<i>Tupper</i>	1886
He who flies, in war or peace	<i>Thomson</i>	2489	Hurrying on, hurrying on		2428
He who once sins, like him	<i>Juvenal, tr.</i>	1642	Husband and wife! no converse	<i>Dana</i>	1922
He who once wept with Mary	<i>Willis</i>	62	Hush the loud cannon's roar	<i>Johns</i>	1877
Higher, yet, and higher	<i>Duchanan.</i>	156	Hypocrisy, the only evil that	<i>Milton</i>	1895
High on the world, see where	<i>Holmes</i>	2643	"I am almost there!"		991
High walls and huge the body	<i>Garrison</i>	2296	I am he!—It is enough to	<i>Bailey</i>	826
Him God beholding from His	<i>Milton</i>	1229	I am not old—I cannot be old	<i>Tupper</i>	2414
Him there they found	<i>Milton</i>	1128	I am old and blind	<i>Lloyd</i>	269
His courtiers of the caliph crave	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	1222	I am waiting by the river		725
His eloquence is classic in its style	<i>Hale</i>	1058	I asked an aged man, with hoary	<i>Maradeu</i>	2884
His eye no more looked onward	<i>Lytton</i>	2649	I asked of Time from whom those		2877
His lecture to the sad young	<i>E. Rowes</i>	1052	I asked the heavens, "What foe to	<i>Montgomery</i>	608
His name was Doubt, that had a	<i>Spenser</i>	917	I ask—What He would have this	<i>Holland</i>	44
His nature is too noble for the	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1837	I believe in God the Father		580
His real habitude gave life and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	330	I bring fresh showers for the	<i>Shelley</i>	449
His youth was innocent	<i>Bryant</i>	2415	I came and saw, and hoped to	<i>Bonar</i>	1324
Ho, all who labor, all who strive	<i>Orne</i>	1949	I cannot, cannot say		231
Holy Bible! book divine		2719	I cannot coldly pass him by	<i>Montgomery</i>	1108

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
I cannot find Thee! Still on	<i>Scudder</i>	1516	I live among the cold, the false	<i>Chandler</i>	746
I cannot make him dead	<i>Pierpont</i>	360	I'll carve our passion on the bar	<i>Watts</i>	2030
I charge thee, fling away ambition	<i>Shakespeare</i>	107	I'll do my best to win, whene'er	<i>Herrick</i>	2210
I count the hope no day-dream	<i>Mant</i>	2626	I'll give my heart to Jesus,	<i>Pollard</i>	533
Idle causes, noised a while	<i>Tupper</i>	2694	I'll go to Jesus, though my sin	<i>Jones</i>	834
I do believe, you think what now	<i>Shakespeare</i>	799	I'll introduce thee to a single	<i>Pollok</i>	1668
I do confess that I abhor and	<i>Hood</i>	2496	I'll tell thee what is hell	<i>Starkey</i>	1774
I fain would be thy pupil	<i>Sigourney</i>	2727	I look to Thee in every need, and		1515
If apostolic gravity be free	<i>Cowper</i>	1165	I love and have some cause to love	<i>Quarles</i>	1488
If dead, we cease to be; if total	<i>Coleridge</i>	1922	I love to muse when none are	<i>Barton</i>	1598
I feel the mighty current sweep	<i>Dryant</i>	1434	I love to tell the story		403
I feel within me unsubdued	<i>C. Wesley</i>	787	I'm a lonely traveller here		1023
If, gracious God, in life's green	<i>Bembo, tr.</i>	516	I may not hope from outward	<i>Coleridge</i>	1093
If hoarded gold possess'd the	<i>Anacreon, tr.</i>	676	I'm fading away to the land of	<i>Hunter</i>	961
If in thy heart no sunlight lingers	<i>Dewart</i>	629	Immortal Love, forever full	<i>Whittier</i>	393
If it must be; if it must be, O God	<i>D. Gray</i>	726	Immortal were we, or else mortal	<i>Young</i>	1445
If little labor, little are our	<i>Herrick</i>	2088	I'm not too young to sin	<i>Noel</i>	998
If loftier posts superior state	<i>Mant</i>	1715	I mourn no more my vanished	<i>Whittier</i>	356
If man or costly dresses through	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	924	Impelled with steps unceasing	<i>Goldsmith</i>	859
If men of good lives	<i>Middleton</i>	1170	In age and feebleness extreme	<i>C. Wesley</i>	83
If the celestials daily fly	<i>Ingelov</i>	2572	In all men, from the monarch	<i>Tupper</i>	1251
If there is happiness below	<i>Fitzarthur</i>	1266	In all my wanderings round	<i>Goldsmith</i>	1822
If the wanderer his mistake	<i>Cowper</i>	596	In all our way through life the		1557
If this great world of joy and	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2064	In alms regard thy means, and	<i>Herbert</i>	97
If this mute earth—Of what it	<i>Wordsworth</i>	178	In amaze I asked what meant such	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1745
If thou art merry, here are airs	<i>Heylyn</i>	225	In ancient records it is stated	<i>Longfellow</i>	754
If thou, O Death, a being art	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	985	In ancient times, the sacred plough	<i>Thomson</i>	86
If thou wert by my side, my	<i>Heber</i>	2987	In bower and garden rich	<i>Doane</i>	504
If thou wouldst have thy charms	<i>Moore</i>	2176	In colleges and halls in ancient	<i>Cowper</i>	1045
If to-day thou turn'st aside	<i>Lynch</i>	393	In days of old, on Sinai, the Lord	<i>Cosmas, tr.</i>	1494
If we cannot have all we wish	<i>Swain</i>	509	In days of old, when holy prophets	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	1352
If we knew the woe and heartache		1936	Induce not precocity of intellect	<i>Tupper</i>	1043
If well I knew the tuneful art	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2359	In due observance of an ancient	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1955
If we with earnest efforts could	<i>Trench</i>	843	I need a cleansing change within	<i>Coleridge</i>	526
If what I wish is good	<i>C. Wesley</i>	264	I need not follow the similitude	<i>Willis</i>	1115
If when the Lord of Glory is in	<i>Keble</i>	1904	I need Thee, precious Jesus	<i>Whitefield</i>	2032
If ye tell of the sadness and evil	<i>Cook</i>	2422	In either hand the hastening	<i>Milton</i>	1033
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns	<i>Jenner</i>	1816	In every object here I see	<i>Newton</i>	2725
If yon bright stars, which gem	<i>Leggett</i>	2678	In evil long I took delight		615
If you cannot on the ocean	<i>Gates</i>	2321	In good King Charles's golden		1185
I gave my life for thee		909	In his furrowed fields around us	<i>Allis</i>	2027
I gazing up, a glorious pile beheld	<i>Pope</i>	1258	In hope of that immortal	<i>C. Wesley</i>	226
"I give and I devise" (Old Euclid)	<i>Pope</i>	189	In man or woman, but far most in	<i>Cowper</i>	53
I go to life and not to death	<i>Donar</i>	697	In May, when sea-winds pierced	<i>Emerson</i>	209
I had a dream. A narrow		831	In mind, in matter, much was	<i>Pollok</i>	1949
I had a friend that lov'd me	<i>Dryden</i>	1425	In my boy's loud laughter ringing	<i>Craig</i>	63
I had a seeming friend	<i>Tupper</i>	1472	In nature there's no blemish	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1546
I have a fancy ladies are like	<i>Hale</i>	2001	In paths unknown we hear	<i>Whittier</i>	795
I have a never-failing bank		1203	In proud humility a pious	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1880
I have learned—This doctrine	<i>Coze</i>	1930	Inquirer cease! petitions	<i>Johnson</i>	2543
I have neither the scholar's	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2238	In restless pain we heave and	<i>Punshon</i>	1037
I have seen—A curious child	<i>Wordsworth</i>	213	In science, learning, all	<i>Pollok</i>	2642
I have seen the objects of	<i>Tupper</i>	1226	In seasons of grief to my God		2690
I have ships that went to sea	<i>B. Gray</i>	1873	In Shiraz grows a tree, within	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2037
I hate dependence on another's will	<i>Crown</i>	785	In silence wise men oft	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2649
I heard a bell!—There is a	<i>Ingelov</i>	373	In slumbers of midnight the	<i>Dimond</i>	920
I hear it singing, singing sweetly		2940	Inspiring thought of rapture	<i>Campbell</i>	1871
"I hear thee speak of the better	<i>Hemans</i>	2094	In that home was joy and sorrow	<i>Craig</i>	675
I hold the sceptre in my hand	<i>Upham</i>	2202	In the beginning was the Word	<i>Longfellow</i>	3022
I knew that age was enriched	<i>Tupper</i>	1192	In the bonds of Death He lay	<i>Luther, tr.</i>	684
I know He is Almighty	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2709	In the corrupted currents of	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2068
I know myself now, and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	852	In the cross of Christ I glory	<i>Bowring</i>	505
I know not if the dark or bright	<i>Dean of Canterbury</i>	478	In the dark winter of affliction's	<i>Jewsbury</i>	71
I know not what the future	<i>Whittier</i>	2605	In Thee my powers, my treasures	<i>Scudder</i>	1712
I know not what will befall me		16	In the floods of tribulation	<i>Pearce</i>	499
I know that my Redeemer lives	<i>Medley</i>	479	In the good man's breast	<i>Lyard</i>	549
I know that thou hast gone to	<i>Hervey</i>	698	In the hour of trial	<i>Montgomery</i>	2155
I lay me down to sleep		314	In the hours of my distress	<i>Herrick</i>	1811
Like the ancient, Saxon phrase	<i>Longfellow</i>	301	In their midst I saw	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2261

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
In them, we—Who, but for them	<i>Lytton</i>	279	It is a weary hill <sup>1</sup>	<i>Trench</i>	824
In the nine heavens are eight	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	263	It is in one choice handful	<i>Crashaw</i>	2555
In the quiet nursery chambers		375	It is in vain,—I see, to argue	<i>Butler</i>	143
In the silent midnight	<i>Coze</i>	531	It is my natal day! Another year	<i>Mant</i>	256
In the still air music lies unheard		869	It is not, as you conceive, a	<i>Ford</i>	2267
In this one passion man can	<i>Pope</i>	2456	It is not death to die	<i>Malan, tr.</i>	680
In thy discourse, if thou desire to	<i>Herbert</i>	523	It is not from his form, in which	<i>Cowper</i>	1999
In thy fair brow there's such a	<i>Dryden</i>	350	It is not growing like a tree	<i>Jonson</i>	1636
In time of service seal up both	<i>Herbert</i>	1677	It is not they who idly dwell		910
In token that thou shalt not fear	<i>Alford</i>	203	It is not well to brood	<i>Dinwles</i>	877
In vain do men	<i>Spenser</i>	515	It is the constant revolution	<i>Cowper</i>	1094
In vain doth the assassin dark	<i>C. Wesley</i>	758	It must be so. Plato, thou	<i>Addison</i>	1931
In vain the sage, with	<i>Pope</i>	2246	It needs not guards in front and	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	195
In weariness and pain	<i>C. Wesley</i>	308	I too have poised the heart of	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1530
I often say my prayers	<i>Burton</i>	2544	It opened the niggard's purse	<i>Pollak</i>	111
I once was a stranger to grace	<i>McCheyne</i>	2020	I travell'd once a rocky road	<i>Upham</i>	948
E place an offering at Thy shrine	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	495	Its bitterness the heart alone	<i>Percival</i>	1682
I praised the earth, in beauty	<i>Heber</i>	1024	It's my honest conviction	<i>White</i>	334
I pray thee, cease thy counsel	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1633	It's not the martial host	<i>Mackintosh</i>	1797
I remember the days when my	<i>Cook</i>	1819	It travels onward, this old world	<i>Bonar</i>	1077
I said to sorrow's awful storm	<i>Stoddard</i>	544	I turned to thee, to thousands, of	<i>Byron</i>	1632
Is all the counsel that two have	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1421	It was a brave attempt	<i>Watts</i>	1123
I sat, and gazed upon my sunny		905	It was a golden eventide. The sun	<i>Bickersteth</i>	150
I saw a Moslem work upon	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2844	It was a time of sadness—and my		591
I saw, and lo! a countless throng	<i>Toplady</i>	1049	It was good, it was kind, in the	<i>Cook</i>	1441
I saw one man, armed simply	<i>Norton</i>	2566	It was, his own, the subject of	<i>Pollak</i>	1089
I saw two maids at the kirk	<i>Stoddard</i>	2979	It was noon	<i>Willis</i>	7
I say to thee, do thou repeat	<i>Trench</i>	1595	It was withal a highly polished	<i>Pollak</i>	1892
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall	<i>Bonar</i>	610	It were a goodly and glorious sight	<i>Mant</i>	426
I see through the gathering	<i>A. Cary</i>	1167	I've a mighty part within	<i>Watts</i>	2682
Is fasting then the thing that God	<i>Quarles</i>	1286	I've been thinking of home	<i>Kirby</i>	1763
Is he not sailing	<i>Tegner</i>	1673	I've found a joy in sorrow	<i>Crewdson</i>	451
"I should be happy," with a look	<i>Ingelow</i>	2241	I've known the pregnant thinkers	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1054
Is it indeed so? If I lay here	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	60	I venerate the man whose heart	<i>Cowper</i>	2561
Is it in words to paint you	<i>Young</i>	1966	I walk as one who knows that he is	<i>Bonar</i>	1015
Is it not strange, the darkest	<i>Keble</i>	453	I want to be an angel		906
Is it well to wish thee happy	<i>Tennyson</i>	2243	I was no stranger in a strange	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1760
Is not the way to heavenly gain	<i>Lyte</i>	2896	I waste no more in idle dreams	<i>Osgood</i>	1945
I sought Thee round about	<i>Heywood</i>	1512	I watch the circle of the eternal	<i>Lowell</i>	1392
I sought to do some mighty act of		954	I wear not the purple of earth-born	<i>Cook</i>	2872
Is sparking wit the world's	<i>Cowper</i>	2498	I weep but do not yield	<i>Bonar</i>	347
I stand like one has lost his way	<i>Howard</i>	1639	I weigh not fortune's frown or	<i>Sylvester</i>	512
I stand without here in the porch	<i>Longfellow</i>	781	I will not dream in vain despair	<i>Whittier</i>	2350
Is the Bridegroom absent still	<i>Bonar</i>	441	I worship Thee, sweet Will of God		2401
Is there a brilliant fondling	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2106	I would have gone; God bade me	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	872
Is there a little orphan child	<i>Alexander</i>	2439	I would not enter on my list	<i>Cowper</i>	2074
Is there for honest poverty	<i>Burns</i>	2232	Jesus is in my heart, His sacred	<i>Herbert</i>	70
Is this a fast—to keep	<i>Herrick</i>	1238	Jesus, lover of my soul	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2714
Is this a time to be cloudy and	<i>Bryant</i>	2375	Jesus—name all names above	<i>Theoclistus, tr.</i>	2031
Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis		1638	Jesus, and shall it ever be	<i>Grigg</i>	2025
Is this thy place, sad city, this	<i>Heber</i>	2021	Jesus, Saviour, Son of God	<i>Bonar</i>	2629
Is thy cruse of comfort falling	<i>Mrs. Charles</i>	338	Jesus' holy Cross and dying	<i>Bonaventura, tr.</i>	509
I stood outside the gate	<i>Pollard</i>	527	Jesus, I my cross have taken	<i>Lyte</i>	600
I stood within the grave's	<i>Clive</i>	1591	Jesus is God! the solid earth	<i>Faber</i>	902
It adeth immortality to dying	<i>Tupper</i>	183	Jesus is our Shepherd	<i>Stovell</i>	2842
It came upon the midnight clear	<i>Sears</i>	423	Jesus lives, and so shall I	<i>Gellert, tr.</i>	1655
It came upon us by degrees	<i>Aldrich</i>	198	Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone	<i>Cennick</i>	1890
I tell you hopeless grief is	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1629	Jesus, still lead on	<i>Zinsendorf, tr.</i>	1637
It fortifies my soul to know	<i>Clough</i>	2906	Jesus, the friend of human	<i>Barbauld</i>	2037
I thank Thee, Lord, for using	<i>Bonar</i>	2308	Jesus, while He dwelt below	<i>Hart</i>	1461
It happened on a solemn	<i>Cowper</i>	458	Jesus, whither shall I go	<i>C. Wesley</i>	200
It happen'd when a plague	<i>Swift</i>	6	Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move	<i>Hunter</i>	727
It hath pleas'd the devil	<i>Shakespeare</i>	936	Joyful words—we meet again	<i>Montgomery</i>	2265
I think of thee! my thoughts do	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	56	Joy is a fruit that will not grow	<i>Newton</i>	2045
I think that a little bird will sing	<i>Craik</i>	692	Joy is a goblet that soon is	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	2273
I think we are too ready with	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	469	Joyous and far shall our	<i>Hemans</i>	565
I think when I read that sweet	<i>Luke</i>	367	Just, and strong, and opportune	<i>Tupper</i>	466
It is a dang'rous thing	<i>Shakespeare</i>	480	Just as I am—without one plea	<i>Elliott</i>	2008
It is a monitory truth, I ween	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	691	Justice herself, that sitteth	<i>Lilly</i>	538

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Justice, when equal scales she	<i>Denham</i>	2067	Like other tyrants, Death delights	<i>Young</i>	3058
Just such is the Christian; his	<i>Watts</i>	405	Like to a bride, come forth, my	<i>Herrick</i>	275
Keep your undrest, familiar style		1320	Like to the falling of a star	<i>King</i>	2114
Kneel down by the dying sinner's	<i>Ware, Jr.</i>	959	Linger not long, Home is not home		1590
Know, he that—Foretells his	<i>Davenant</i>	304	Listed into the cause of sin	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2355
Knowledge and wisdom	<i>Cowper</i>	2083	Listen! the Master beseecheth	<i>Punshon</i>	3026
Knowledge holdeth by the hilt	<i>Tupper</i>	2078	List to the dreamy tone that	<i>Cook</i>	850
Knowledge is not happiness	<i>Byron</i>	2080	"Little by little," the tempter said		2162
Know that Holiness keeps her	<i>Weltham, tr.</i>	1803	Little children, young and aged		362
Know then this truth (enough for	<i>Pope</i>	1668	Little drops of water		2159
Know well, my soul	<i>Whittier</i>	2119	Little I ask; my wants are few	<i>Holmes</i>	2954
Labor in the path of duty	<i>Cranch</i>	214	Little of all we value here	<i>Holmes</i>	1132
Labor with what zeal we will	<i>Longfellow</i>	2085	Live for something; be not idle		1064
Lamb of God, I look to Thee	<i>C. Wesley</i>	370	"Live while you live," the	<i>Doddridge</i>	2144
Land of the West, though passing	<i>Herrick</i>	112	Lo! a hundred proud pagodas	<i>Trench</i>	1906
Last night I drew up my account	<i>Herrick</i>	2629	Lo! here spread out the plains	<i>W. Holmes</i>	3045
Last night, on coughing slightly	<i>D. Gray</i>	689	Lo, I am watching quietly every		2951
Late, late, so late! and dark the	<i>Tennyson</i>	767	Long did I toil, and knew no	<i>Lyte</i>	1654
Late to our town there came a	<i>Perkins</i>	1968	Long pored St. Austin o'er the		761
Launch thy bark, mariner	<i>Southey</i>	2703	Long while I sought to what I	<i>Spenser</i>	1200
Laws, as we read in ancient	<i>Beattie</i>	2097	Look aside to lack of faith, the	<i>Tupper</i>	1217
Lay down thy burden here	<i>Bonar</i>	296	Look at the selfish man	<i>Holmes</i>	2836
Lead, kindly Light, amid	<i>Newman</i>	1640	Look humbly upward, see His	<i>Dryden</i>	177
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce	<i>Young</i>	1012	Look in my face; my name	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	2523
Learn from yon orient shell	<i>Hafiz, tr.</i>	1935	Look Nature through: 'tis	<i>Young</i>	1924
Learn more reverence, not for	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2231	Look not upon the wine when	<i>Willis</i>	2993
Leaves have their time to fall	<i>Hemans</i>	702	Look on this beautiful world	<i>Bryant</i>	2593
Lemira's sick; make haste; the	<i>Young</i>	3018	Look on this edifice of marble	<i>Benjamin</i>	431
Let Baalim his empire	<i>Bickersteth</i>	537	Look round our world; behold	<i>Pope</i>	568
Let come what will, I mean to	<i>Shakespeare</i>	833	Look up, my soul, pant toward	<i>Watts</i>	1741
Let falsehood be a stranger to thy	<i>Havard</i>	1244	Lord! come away	<i>J. Taylor</i>	42
Let him that will ascend the	<i>Seneca, tr.</i>	2582	Lord, how could'st Thou so much	<i>Herbert</i>	1205
Let me go where saints are	<i>Hartsough</i>	1718	Lord, how I am all ague, when I	<i>Herbert</i>	783
Let me not to the marriage of	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2186	Lord, I believe thy precious blood	<i>J. Wesley</i>	174
Let no man trust the first false	<i>Young</i>	1642	Lord, I have lain	<i>Quarles</i>	1429
Let not your heart be faint	<i>Latrobe</i>	406	Lord, I have shut my door	<i>Atkinson</i>	443
Let others boast them as they	<i>Coe, Jr.</i>	1404	Lord, in my silence how do I	<i>Herbert</i>	1381
Let pensive memory trace	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	1264	Lord, in the strength of grace	<i>C. Wesley</i>	496
Letters joined make words		2158	Lord, many times I am a	<i>Trench</i>	2924
Let them that would build	<i>Harvey</i>	1378	Lord of the harvest! Thee we	<i>Gurney</i>	1671
"Let there be light!" O'er	<i>Hoffman</i>	1553	Lord, the lights are gleaming from		605
"Let there be light!" The	<i>Hoffman</i>	2152	"Lord, Thou art great!" I cry	<i>Seidel, tr.</i>	1497
Let the wind blow, and billows	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1851	Lord, what am I, that with	<i>De Vega, tr.</i>	2010
Let to-morrow take care of	<i>Swain</i>	1160	Lord, when we search the human	<i>Montgomery</i>	1691
Let us be content to work	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	2157	Lord! who art merciful as well as	<i>Southey</i>	2551
Let us love while life is young	<i>Perceval</i>	2183	Lord, with what bounty and rare	<i>Herbert</i>	1578
Lie down, frail body, here	<i>Bonar</i>	1597	Lord, with what care hast Thou	<i>Herbert</i>	232
Lie in the lap of sin, and not	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2855	Lost in darkness, girt with	<i>Tersteegen, tr.</i>	625
Life, believe, is not a dream	<i>Brontë</i>	354	Lost! lost! forever lost	<i>Longfellow</i>	2047
Life, death, and hell, and worlds	<i>Watts</i>	753	Lost! lost! lost	<i>Stourmey</i>	639
Life! I know not what thou art	<i>Barbauld</i>	2152	Lo! the feast is spread to-day	<i>Alford</i>	2168
Life is much flatter'd, death is	<i>Young</i>	706	Lo the poor Indian, whose	<i>Pope</i>	1762
Life is onward; use it		2010	Love and Time with reverence	<i>Dryden</i>	2205
Life is coming, Death is going	<i>Bonar</i>	2591	Love God, love truth, love virtue	<i>Pollak</i>	1656
Life is too short to waste	<i>Emerson</i>	23	Love has neither past nor future	<i>Howe</i>	2197
Life's cares are comforts; such by	<i>Young</i>	1065	Love is not to be bought	<i>Swain</i>	2207
Life's gayest scenes speak	<i>Young</i>	2336	Love is the root of creation	<i>Longfellow</i>	2179
Life's mystery—deep, restless	<i>Stowe</i>	2368	Love me if I live	<i>Procter</i>	2199
Life's sunniest hours are not	<i>Whittier</i>	914	Love not the world	<i>Bonar</i>	3038
Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul	<i>Montgomery</i>	230	Love strong as death, nay	<i>Bonar</i>	2200
Light for the Persian sky	<i>Sigourney</i>	2324	Love thou thy land, with love far	<i>Tennyson</i>	1180
Light human nature is too lightly	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	875	Love! what a volume in a word	<i>Tupper</i>	2175
Like as the culver on the	<i>Spenser</i>	9	Lower the sails of pride, rash	<i>Tupper</i>	3059
Like as the damask rose you see	<i>Wastell</i>	2255	Lo! when the boatman stems	<i>Holmes</i>	1210
Like a toad within a stone	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	2311	Lo! when the buds expand	<i>Crabbe</i>	218
Like a vessel at sea, amid	<i>Hervey</i>	141	Lo, where the Stage, the poor	<i>Sprague</i>	2861
Like doctors too, when much	<i>Pope</i>	143	Lo! where yon cottage whitens	<i>Dances</i>	1831
Likeness of heaven	<i>Shea</i>	2408	Madam, withouten many words	<i>Wyatt</i>	2597
Like one, who doom'd o'er distant		861	Made of dust—And thus allied	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2220

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Make haste, O man, to live	<i>Donar</i>	30	My fairest child, I have no song to	<i>Kingsley</i>	358
Man at home, within himself	<i>Smart</i>	849	My faith looks up to Thee	<i>R. Palmer</i>	394
Man hard of heart to man	<i>Young</i>	2933	My friend is shipwreck'd on the	<i>Persius, tr.</i>	343
Man hath a weary pilgrimage	<i>Southey</i>	874	My God, how wonderful Thou	<i>Faber</i>	1520
Man hath two attendant angels	<i>Prince</i>	126	My God, I heard this day	<i>Herbert</i>	2224
Man (ingenious to contrive his woe	<i>Bally</i>	1296	My God, is any hour so sweet	<i>Elliott</i>	2545
Man is an animal unfedged	<i>Montgomery</i>	2222	My God once mixed a harsh cup	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	48
Man is a watch, wound up	<i>Herrick</i>	2235	My hair was black, but white	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	329
Man is no star, but a quick coal	<i>Herbert</i>	1063	My heart leaps up when I	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2146
Man is responsible for ills received	<i>Young</i>	1913	My Jesus has gone up to heaven	<i>Mason</i>	1746
Mankind is mad	<i>Young</i>	2043	My latest sun is sinking fast	<i>Haskell</i>	2941
Mankind's a monster, and the	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	778	My life is like the summer rose	<i>Wilde</i>	1384
Manna to Israel well supplied	<i>Newton</i>	2229	My life's a shade, my days	<i>Crossman</i>	651
Man of conscience—man of reason	<i>Brontë</i>	1247	Mylo, forbear to call him blest	<i>Watts</i>	1613
Man's greatest strength is shown	<i>Young</i>	1655	My mother! when I learned that	<i>Couper</i>	2344
Man shall be blessed, as far as man	<i>Young</i>	73	My native land! 'mid thy cabin	<i>Burleigh</i>	2003
Man's home is everywhere	<i>Sigourney</i>	1829	My rest is in heaven, my rest is	<i>Lyle</i>	69
Man's life's a book of history	<i>Masson</i>	2112	My sins, my sins, my Saviour	<i>Monsell</i>	521
Man's plea to man is, that he	<i>Quarles</i>	2536	My son, thou wilt dream the	<i>Hale</i>	1826
Man's work—how much the word	<i>Hale</i>	3034	My soul, amid this stormy world	<i>T. C. Chapman</i>	1120
Man, the caged bird that owned	<i>Trench</i>	2227	My soul forecasts	<i>Bickersteth</i>	427
"Man wants but little here below	<i>Adams</i>	2955	My soul is growing sick	<i>Gould</i>	1356
Man with raging drink inflam'd	<i>Butler</i>	935	My soul, there is a country	<i>Vaughan</i>	1752
Many believed, but more the	<i>Pollok</i>	242	My spirit lost all consciousness of	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1293
Man yields to custom as he	<i>Crabbe</i>	622	My stock lies dead, and no	<i>Herbert</i>	1573
Many there are and dry		430	My sweet wee nursing	<i>Richardson</i>	57
Many things having full reference	<i>Shakespeare</i>	474	My trust is in the cross; and there	<i>Quarles</i>	592
Mark the soft-falling snow	<i>Doddridge</i>	1554	My whole though broken heart	<i>Baxter</i>	493
Matron! the children of whose	<i>Bryant</i>	2172	Napoleon, Frederic, Charles, and	<i>Percival</i>	105
Meanwhile on earth the quick	<i>Bickersteth</i>	3056	Nature and Nature's laws lay	<i>Pope</i>	2374
Meanwhile the earth increased	<i>Pollok</i>	2985	Nature has placed thee on a	<i>Holmes</i>	485
Meanwhile the Son	<i>Milton</i>	571	Nature hath framed strange	<i>Shakespeare</i>	335
Medals, ranks, ribands, lace	<i>Byron</i>	1475	Naught of merit, or of price		2620
Meeting with Time, "Slack thing,"	<i>Herbert</i>	410	Nay deem not thus—no	<i>Holmes</i>	1112
Men—Can counsel, and speak	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1621	Nay, shrink not from the word	<i>Barton</i>	1276
"Men may live fools, but fools	<i>Pollok</i>	678	Nay, stoop not thus! Thou	<i>Judson</i>	2304
Mercy for all Thy hands have	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1051	Nay, 'tis not that we fancied it	<i>Bonar</i>	855
Men said at vespers: All is well	<i>Whittier</i>	1879	Nearer, my God, to Thee	<i>S. F. Adams</i>	847
Methinks, if ye would know	<i>Southey</i>	305	Never go gloomily, man with a	<i>Tupper</i>	832
Methinks it is good to be here	<i>Knowles</i>	444	Nevertheless, O sinner, harden	<i>Tupper</i>	152
'Mid pleasures and palaces though	<i>Payne</i>	1823	Never was a marvel done upon	<i>Tupper</i>	1211
'Mid pleasure, plenty, and success	<i>Cook</i>	45	Never with blast of trumpets		2848
'Mid visions of eternal light		2006	New occasions teach new duties	<i>Lowell</i>	2406
Mild as the glances of angel eyes		186	Next him was Fear, all arm'd	<i>Spenser</i>	1307
Mind is as the quicksilver, which	<i>Tupper</i>	1899	Next him went Grief and Fury	<i>Spenser</i>	1630
Mind of nobler stamp	<i>Tupper</i>	2298	Night is the time for rest	<i>Montgomery</i>	2232
Mine and yours	<i>Emerson</i>	1021	Nobody's healthful without	<i>Azeyn</i>	1173
Mine eyes have seen the glory	<i>Howe</i>	206	No fearing, no doubting, Thy	<i>T. Gray, Jr.</i>	551
Mine eyes He closed, but open	<i>Milton</i>	1135	No gain, but by its price	<i>Tupper</i>	3022
Mine!—what rays of glory bright		2596	"No God! no God!" the simplest	<i>Sigourney</i>	163
Moderate tasks and moderate	<i>Arnold</i>	1174	"No, I cannot, cannot yet	<i>Hunter</i>	1574
Money, thou bane of bliss, and	<i>Herbert</i>	660	No joy is true save that which	<i>Bonar</i>	1725
More strange than true	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1918	No matter whether 'twas a sharp	<i>Watts</i>	1739
More sweet than odors caught	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1217	No more a charnel-house, to-fence	<i>Keble</i>	1587
More things are wrought by	<i>Tennyson</i>	2540	No more at Delos or at Delphi	<i>Bethuns</i>	1905
Morn came: but the broad light	<i>Proctor</i>	774	No more to hear, no more to see	<i>Inglis</i>	2286
Morn is the time to act	<i>Embury</i>	1142	None are so surely caught when,	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1350
Mother Earth, are the heroes dead	<i>Proctor</i>	1789	None sends his arrow to the mark	<i>Couper</i>	2013
Much beautiful and excellent and	<i>Pollok</i>	1407	No night shall be in heaven		1749
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	<i>Witte</i>	2932	No, no, it is not dying	<i>Malan, tr.</i>	674
Must I not do all I can	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1202	No pause, no rest, no visual line	<i>Burleigh</i>	3054
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	<i>Allen</i>	588	No radiant pearl, which, crested	<i>Darwin</i>	2823
My author and disposer	<i>Milton</i>	1126	Nor custom, nor example, nor	<i>Mastinger</i>	2612
My conscience is my crown	<i>Southwell</i>	510	Nor exile I, nor prison, fear	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	1567
My crimes awake, and hideous fear	<i>Watts</i>	534	Nor happiness, nor majesty	<i>Shelley</i>	1615
My days pass pleasantly away	<i>Saxe</i>	2419	Nor riches boast superior worth	<i>Cotton</i>	2213
My dear Redeemer and my God	<i>C. Wesley</i>	173	Nor time, nor place, nor chance	<i>Quarles</i>	899
My drunkenness is not a fault of	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	934	Nor was the general aspect	<i>Pollok</i>	2239
My dwelling had been situate	<i>Bickersteth</i>	125	No shadows yonder	<i>Bonap</i>	1713

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
No single virtue we could most	<i>Dryden</i>	2014	O fierce desire, the spring of sighs	<i>Brandon</i>	802
No stern recluse	<i>Bickersteth</i>	391	Of its own beauty is the mind	<i>Byron</i>	1916
Not all at once—He yielded to	<i>Pollok</i>	1948	Of lunacy—Innumerable were the	<i>Pollok</i>	1990
Not all in vain do sorrows	<i>Dewart</i>	1619	Of man immortal! hear the lofty	<i>Young</i>	1921
Not at once—In men or angels	<i>Bickersteth</i>	790	Of oil and cassia one the	<i>Persius, .</i>	2411
Not at the battle front—writ of in	<i>Craik</i>	1787	Of olden times, the fashion was	<i>Tupper</i>	1044
Not from his head was woman took	<i>C. Wesley</i>	5011	Of old sat Freedom on the	<i>Tennyson</i>	1086
Not from the flowers of earth	<i>Cooper</i>	1781	O for the coming of the end		3071
Not from the dust my sorrows	<i>Watts</i>	165	O for the peace which floweth	<i>Crewdson</i>	1068
Nothing but may be better, and	<i>Tupper</i>	1201	O of pleasure next the final	<i>Young</i>	2513
Nothing comes free-cost here	<i>Herrick</i>	467	O Freedom!—thou art not as poets	<i>Bryant</i>	1391
Nothing fails of its end. Out of	<i>Whittier</i>	1976	Of all the trees that in earth's	<i>Pollok</i>	1804
Nothing is dead but that which	<i>Young</i>	1932	Oft expectations fail, and most	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1182
"Nothing to do!" in this world		942	Oft have I wished a traveller	<i>Harvey</i>	2838
No; 'tis the tale which angry	<i>Churchill</i>	481	Of the deep learning in the schools	<i>Little</i>	2560
Not myself, but the truth	<i>Bonar</i>	2275	Oft in my mansion would	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1714
Not now, my child—a little more		2399	Oft in the stilly night	<i>Moore</i>	2274
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a	<i>Mercer</i>	1146	Oft weeping memory sits alone		1727
Not on the gory field of fame	<i>Dewart</i>	1791	O gather roses while they blow	<i>Gleim, tr.</i>	771
Not so quickly, fretted spirit	<i>Bonar</i>	542	O glorious paradise! O lovely	<i>Theophanes, tr.</i>	2445
Not to the ensanguined field	<i>Smollett</i>	548	O glorious world! thou art deck'd		670
Not to the swift nor to the strong	<i>Whittier</i>	2687	O God! how beautiful the	<i>Cook</i>	1569
"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	2535	O God! methinks it were a	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1061
No war, or battle's sound	<i>Milton</i>	259	O God! my sins are manifold	<i>Heber</i>	1357
Not with the light and vain	<i>Bonar</i>	461	O God, thou bottomless abyss	<i>Breithaupt, tr.</i>	1484
Not words alone it cost the Lord	<i>Cowper</i>	1226	O great bard!—Ere yet that	<i>Coleridge</i>	1607
Now came still evening on	<i>Milton</i>	2090	O happiness of blindness! now	<i>Denham</i>	265
Now I feel—Of what coarse metal	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1101	O happiness! our being's end and	<i>Pope</i>	1665
"Now I lay me"—say it, darling		377	O happy house! Where thou art	<i>Spitta, tr.</i>	1875
Now let us repose from our care	<i>Edmeston</i>	2099	O happy soul that lives on high	<i>Watts</i>	1666
Now shall the mangled stump	<i>Tupper</i>	3056	O, have you not heard of a		1561
Now sober industry, illustrious	<i>Bruce</i>	1954	Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	3065
Now starting up among the	<i>Pollok</i>	2668	Oh! bring us home at last		1753
Now that the sun is gleaming		2233	Oh, cursed, cursed Sin	<i>Pollok</i>	2282
Now the sun	<i>Bowering</i>	1141	O hearts that break and give no	<i>Holmes</i>	2318
Now the third and fatal conflict	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	1229	O hearts that never cease to yearn		651
Now Thon, by whom the world	<i>Gerhardt, tr.</i>	388	Oh! extravagance saileth in	<i>Swain</i>	1194
Now was the sun in western	<i>Milton</i>	619	Oh for the robes of whiteness	<i>Smith</i>	673
Now with the cross, as with the	<i>Herbert</i>	409	Oh, happy once in Heaven's	<i>Heber</i>	2441
No wrath of men or rage	<i>Herrick</i>	2619	Oh happy thy who reach that		2443
Number the grains of sand		659	Oh happy you! who blessed with	<i>Tyge</i>	1653
O Antioch, thou teacher of the	<i>Chester</i>	414	Oh! have ye not marked on		2688
Oaths terminate, as Paul observes	<i>Cowper</i>	2400	Oh! how impatience gains upon	<i>Tyge</i>	1184
O birds from out the east		2660	O how portentous is prosperity	<i>Young</i>	2549
O blest of heaven, whom not the	<i>Akenstide</i>	1917	Oh, how the thought of God	<i>Faber</i>	2486
O blest repentance, in thy	<i>Mitchell</i>	2652	Oh, how will crime engender	<i>Colman</i>	1155
Observe the dying father speak	<i>Swift</i>	2920	Oh, how wondrous is the story	<i>More</i>	1940
Observe the rising lily's snowy	<i>Thomson</i>	1337	Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule	<i>Cook</i>	2529
O child! O new-born denizen	<i>Longfellow</i>	1959	Oh, if we are not bitterly deceived	<i>Willis</i>	1333
O come in life's gay morning		993	Oh, is it not a noble thing to die	<i>Willis</i>	145
O could I hope the wise and	<i>Bryant</i>	703	Oh it is excellent	<i>Shakespeare</i>	184
O could thy grave at home	<i>Arnold</i>	297	Oh, it is very sweet to live	<i>Judson</i>	1013
O day of rest and gladness	<i>C. Wordsworth</i>	2696	Oh! it is worse than mockery to	<i>Whittier</i>	1332
O Death! thou great invisible	<i>Colton</i>	709	Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air	<i>Strode</i>	2358
O Death! with what an eye of	<i>Pollok</i>	728	Oh! my offence is rank	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2646
O'er life's humblest duties throwing	<i>Whittier</i>	1191	Oh! never wear a brow of care		823
O'er the rocks we climb		879	Oh, no—not even when first we	<i>Moore</i>	2192
O ever-earnest sun	<i>Bonar</i>	1003	O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	<i>Elliott</i>	384
Of age's avarice I cannot see	<i>Denham</i>	188	O how happy are they	<i>C. Wesley</i>	530
O fairest of creation	<i>Milton</i>	35	O how weak—Is mortal man	<i>White</i>	2650
O faith, thou workest miracles	<i>Faber</i>	1215	Oh, Paradise must fairer be	<i>Rückert, tr.</i>	2446
Of all antagonists, most charity	<i>Davenant</i>	1104	Oh, say not thou art left of God	<i>Newman</i>	797
"Of all good works of men	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1553	Oh! selling of rum is the best	<i>Burleigh</i>	2693
Of all the causes which conspire	<i>Pope</i>	2575	Oh, that I could but mate him	<i>Maturin</i>	1676
Of all the creatures both in sea and	<i>Herbert</i>	2531	Oh! the brave and the good	<i>Bailey</i>	1605
Of all the notable things on earth	<i>Saxe</i>	118	Oh! the world is but a word!	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1447
Of all the phantoms fleeting in	<i>Pollok</i>	1249	Oh think, my son, how wild	<i>Dale</i>	1060
Of comely form she was	<i>Pollok</i>	2512	Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's	<i>Moore</i>	1628
O fear not thou to die		1309	Oh! timely happy, timely wise	<i>Kobler</i>	2331



	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Oh troubled soul, why thus	<i>Cpham</i>	2600	Onward, Christian soldiers	<i>Baring-Gould</i>	425
Oh! weep for those that wept by	<i>Byron</i>	2028	On what foundations stand the	<i>Johnson</i>	104
Oh, weep not for the dead	<i>M. E. Brooks</i>	666	On what strange grounds we	<i>Dryden</i>	1292
Oh what stupendous mercy shines	<i>Rippon</i>	1259	O opportunity! thy gull is	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2431
Oh, what terror in thy forethought	<i>P. Damiani, tr.</i>	732	O Paradise! O Paradise!	<i>Faber</i>	2444
Oh! who can strive	<i>White</i>	1119	Opening the map of God's	<i>Cowper</i>	2126
Oh! who shall lightly say that	<i>Baillie</i>	1254	Open thine arms, O death, thou		703
Oh, who would cease to love	<i>Judson</i>	2304	O poverty of pride! O foul	<i>More</i>	2574
Oh! who would cherish life	<i>White</i>	893	Oppressed with noonday's	<i>Bonar</i>	601
Oh, why should the spirit of	<i>Knox</i>	2334	Order is Heaven's first law	<i>Milton</i>	2436
Ch, yet we trust that somehow	<i>Tennyson</i>	1540	Orpheus, with his lute, made	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2361
O, I have passed a miserable	<i>Shakespeare</i>	918	O sacred Head! now wounded	<i>Gerhardt, tr.</i>	699
O Imperial Babylon! where is the	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1120	O safe at home, where the dark	<i>Bonar</i>	646
O innocence, the sacred amulet	<i>Chapman</i>	1958	O Saviour! whose mercy sever in	<i>Grant</i>	856
O jealousy—Thou ugliest fiend	<i>More</i>	2019	O send me down a draught of love	<i>Erskine</i>	1890
O King of earth, and air, and sea	<i>Ileber</i>	1346	O serpent heart, hid with a	<i>Shakespeare</i>	750
"O lady fair, these silks of mine	<i>Whittier</i>	250	Or shall I say, Vain word	<i>Clough</i>	1048
Old friends and true friends	<i>Scrantom</i>	1411	O shame to man! Devil with Devil	<i>Milton</i>	883
Old Ironsides at anchor lay	<i>Morris</i>	752	O sometimes gleams upon our	<i>Whittier</i>	2400
Old men that on their staff	<i>Pollok</i>	2673	O streams of earthly love and joy	<i>Bonar</i>	93
O! learn that it is only by the		1881	O that estates, degrees, and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	541
O, life and all its charms decay	<i>Percival</i>	2120	O that mine eye might closed be	<i>Lithood</i>	803
O, life is not perfect with	<i>Massey</i>	2250	O the burdens of the dreams that	<i>Alger</i>	2522
O life misspent! O foulest waste	<i>Ward</i>	561	O there are gardens of the	<i>Watts</i>	2442
O Life! without thy checkered	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1227	O! there is one affection which no	<i>Percival</i>	54
O little feet! thirt such long years	<i>Longfellow</i>	372	O, the wrath of the Lord is a	<i>Knox</i>	2352
O! lives there, heaven! beneath	<i>Campbell</i>	169	O thou child of many prayers	<i>Longfellow</i>	2316
O loss of sight, of thee I most	<i>Milton</i>	266	O Thou eternal One: whose	<i>Derzhavin, tr.</i>	1507
O love-destroying, curs'd Bigotry	<i>Pollok</i>	259	O Thou great Power! in whom I	<i>Wolton</i>	2616
O luxury—Bane of elated life	<i>Dyer</i>	2213	O Thou most terrible, most	<i>Tighe</i>	652
O man, forget not thou earth's		2837	O Thou Patron God	<i>Young</i>	628
O man, while in thy early years	<i>Burns</i>	2343	O, Thou so weary of Thy self-		2067
O momentary grace of mortal man	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1304	O thou sweet king-killer, and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1528
On a fair ship, borne swiftly	<i>Tr. by Trench</i>	201	O Thou unutterable Potentate	<i>Boron, tr.</i>	763
On Alpine heights the love of God	<i>Krummacher, tr.</i>	1479	O Thou! whose balance does the	<i>Young</i>	760
O Nature! what had'st thou to do	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1893	O thou world, great nurse of		1328
Once in the light of ages past	<i>Montgomery</i>	2173	O Time! who know'st a lenient	<i>Doules</i>	2367
Once more in the matter of	<i>Tupper</i>	1201	O treacherous conscience! while	<i>Young</i>	485
Once (says an author, when I need	<i>Pope</i>	2023	O unexpected stroke, worse than	<i>Milton</i>	1036
Once staggering blind with folly	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2281	O universal mother, who dost	<i>Shelley</i>	1011
Once Sultan Nushirvan the Just	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1169	O unseen Spirit! now a calm	<i>Sterling</i>	624
Once the demon enters	<i>Chellis</i>	2001	Our aim is happiness	<i>Armstrong</i>	1051
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's	<i>Bryant</i>	2911	Our blest Redeemer, ere He	<i>Auber</i>	1813
Once to every man and nation	<i>Lowell</i>	582	Our Father	<i>Bernard</i>	2166
One adequate support	<i>Wordsworth</i>	503	Our Father, God, who art in	<i>A. Judson</i>	2165
One cross the less remains for me	<i>Bonar</i>	604	Our funeral tears from different	<i>Young</i>	2256
One day a blind man chanced to	<i>Gellert, tr.</i>	1780	Our habits, costlier than Lucullus	<i>Cowper</i>	924
One family we dwell in Him	<i>C. Wesley</i>	440	Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its	<i>Byron</i>	923
One Father, God, we own	<i>Frothingham</i>	782	Our lives are rivers gliding free	<i>Manrique, tr.</i>	2150
One foot on earth, and one on sea	<i>Dale</i>	2870	Our many deeds, the thoughts that	<i>Faber</i>	1977
One more unfortunate	<i>Hood</i>	819	Our purses shall be proud, our	<i>Shakespeare</i>	123
One said, "Better a single drop	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2515	Our remedies oft in ourselves do	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1033
One sole baptismal sign	<i>Robinson</i>	1314	Our waking dreams are fatal	<i>Young</i>	271
One struggle of might, and the		633	Our youth is like the opening day	<i>Loud</i>	2123
One sun by day, by night ten	<i>Young</i>	166	Out of shadow into sunlight	<i>Chellis</i>	627
One sweetly solemn thought	<i>P. Cary</i>	1747	Out of the fertile ground He can'st	<i>Milton</i>	1024
One sweet word of holy meaning	<i>Newbury</i>	2903	Out of the shadows of sadness	<i>Ryan</i>	983
O, never from thy tempted heart		1265	Over the river they beckon to me	<i>Priest</i>	1744
On every human soul there lies	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	791	O watch and pray! for thou hast		2368
One year among the angels	<i>Larcom</i>	1708	O what a patrimony this	<i>Young</i>	1929
On high, where no hoarse winds	<i>Garth</i>	1273	O what a thing is man! how far	<i>Herbert</i>	1944
On his pale brow the drops are	<i>Dale</i>	1458	O what a treasure is a virtuous	<i>Chapman</i>	2969
On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood		1053	O, what is man, great Maker	<i>Dantes</i>	2228
Only a few more burdens must we	<i>Ormsby</i>	1067	O, what is woman—what her smile		3012
Only a tomb, no more	<i>Bonar</i>	1595	O where are kings and empires now	<i>Coze</i>	428
Only to Satan true	<i>Baxter</i>	789	O, when will death	<i>Young</i>	710
Only waiting till the shadows		2420	O, who can hold a fire in his hand	<i>Shakespeare</i>	780
O North, with all thy vales of		390	O world, O life, O time	<i>Shelley</i>	1090
On Truth's substantial rock	<i>W. Holmes</i>	1352	O world thy slippery turns	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1415

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
O worship the King	<i>Grant</i>	1521	Rest, weary dust, lie here an hour	<i>Bonar</i>	1586
O worthy gift of heavenly love	<i>Schoyn</i>	1562	Rest, weary soul		2663
O years gone down into the past	<i>P. Cary</i>	511	Return, my soul, unto thy rest	<i>Montgomery</i>	2664
O ye who are sœe guid yoursel'	<i>Burns</i>	332	Ridicule is a weak weapon	<i>Tupper</i>	2684
O ye, whose hearts in secret	<i>Stgourney</i>	2465	Right from the hand of God	<i>Lowell</i>	2500
Pain and sin are convicts, and toil	<i>Tupper</i>	1153	Ring out, wild bells, to the wild	<i>Tennyson</i>	2388
Pain, my old companion, pain	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2440	Rise from your dreams of the		3067
Pain's furnace-heat within me	<i>Sturm, tr.</i>	68	Rise, my soul! and stretch thy	<i>Seagrave</i>	416
Passion, when deep, is still	<i>Percival</i>	2455	Rise, said the Master, come	<i>Alford</i>	2011
Patiently received from Thee	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1156	Rock'd in the cradle of the deep	<i>Willard</i>	2407
Patriots have toil'd and in their	<i>Cowper</i>	2254	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	<i>Toplady</i>	2692
Pause not to dream of the	<i>Osgood</i>	2084	Roll on, thou sun, forever roll	<i>Goethe</i>	2922
Peace be to this habitation	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1263	Roll round, strange years	<i>Craik</i>	2371
Peace, peace; it is not so. Thou	<i>Vaughan</i>	864	Rome, whose majesty	<i>May</i>	1799
Peace upon peace, like wave	<i>Bonar</i>	2479	"Room for the leper! room	<i>Willis</i>	2102
Peace! what can tears avail	<i>Procter</i>	2454	Rude was his garment, and to	<i>Spenser</i>	312
Pearls before swine: this is an old	<i>Tupper</i>	950	Sabbaths are threefold	<i>Herick</i>	2701
Perceiv'st thou not the process of	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	2141	Sad is our youth, for it is ever	<i>De Vere, tr.</i>	2140
Perhaps thou dost but try me	<i>Lillo</i>	2853	Said I not so—that I would sin	<i>Herbert</i>	2943
Perishing splendors, pass away	<i>Hastings</i>	745	Saint Augustine! well hast thou	<i>Longfellow</i>	1172
Perseverance, dear my Lord	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1846	Salvation! oh the joyful	<i>Watts</i>	2707
Perseverance is a virtue	<i>Havard</i>	2489	Satan is busy in planting	<i>Quarles</i>	2711
Persuade them then	<i>Wither</i>	1311	Saviour, is there anything	<i>Kimball</i>	2410
Philosophy—Did much	<i>Pollok</i>	2495	Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee	<i>Grant</i>	2154
Physician of my sin-sick soul	<i>Newton</i>	792	Say, is your lamp burning		2917
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin		2508	Say, my soul, what preparation	<i>Spitta, tr.</i>	1029
"Pity" thee! So I do	<i>Willis</i>	2506	Say thou not sadly, "never," and	<i>Kemble</i>	1856
Placed for his trial on this	<i>Cowper</i>	2584	Say, what is gospel-preaching	<i>Mant</i>	2564
Place me on some desert shore	<i>Tupper</i>	2201	Say what is honor	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1843
Pleasantly comest Thou	<i>Gallagher</i>	1140	Say, where full instinct is the	<i>Pope</i>	1992
Pleasure admitted in undue	<i>Cowper</i>	1117	Say, who can mourn	<i>Stgourney</i>	661
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal	<i>Young</i>	2509	Say why was man so eminently	<i>Akenside</i>	2302
Poet and seer that question caught	<i>Drown</i>	2293	Scattered o'er various fields by	<i>Dowring</i>	1265
Pointing to such well might	<i>Rogers</i>	371	Sceptic, who'er thou art, tell, if	<i>Glynn</i>	486
Policy counselleth a gift, given	<i>Tupper</i>	1465	Science moves, but slowly, slowly	<i>Tennyson</i>	2594
Poor frightened men at sea	<i>Howard</i>	1850	Scorn not the slightest word or		1046
Poor heart, lament	<i>Herbert</i>	845	Searching those edges of the	<i>Ingelow</i>	1457
Poor indeed thou must be	<i>List</i>	1974	Search starry mysteries overhead	<i>Allingham</i>	1425
Poor in my youth, and in	<i>Cowper</i>	2975	Securely cabined in the ship	<i>Lynch</i>	2904
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful	<i>Shakespeare</i>	137	See Aaron, God's anointed priest	<i>Newton</i>	1
Power above powers! O	<i>Daniel</i>	1057	See before us in our journey	<i>Bryant</i>	712
Praise a fool, and slay him; for	<i>Tupper</i>	456	See, high in air the sportive	<i>Young</i>	1872
Praise my soul, the King of	<i>Lyle</i>	1510	See its power expand	<i>Sprague</i>	617
Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise	<i>Browne</i>	2524	See Judah's promised king, bereft	<i>Cowper</i>	652
Praise to God, immortal praise	<i>Barbauld</i>	2860	Seekest thou rest, O mortal	<i>Tupper</i>	2663
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	<i>Montgomery</i>	2548	Seemeth not Love at times	<i>Trench</i>	2209
Prayer surpasses human	<i>Barton</i>	2557	See the professor laboring	<i>Holmes</i>	913
Prayer, the Church's banquet	<i>Herbert</i>	2541	See the rivers flowing	<i>Procter</i>	1471
Present example gets within our	<i>Young</i>	1168	See the shining dew-drops		1547
Press to the mark (the Spirit)	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2484	See where the tree its richest	<i>Holmes</i>	2854
Primæval Hope, the Aonian muses	<i>Campbell</i>	1865	See yonder cloud along the west	<i>Beecher</i>	1131
Productive was the world	<i>Pollok</i>	278	"Servant of God, well done	<i>Montgomery</i>	730
Profounder, profounder	<i>Emerson</i>	328	Serve not thy belly with such	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1106
Prudence, thou virtue of the	<i>Nabb</i>	2670	Service, there is rest	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1720
Pupil, genuine wisdom learn	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2983	Shall I be slave to every noble	<i>Ingelow</i>	2134
Quævedo, as he tells his sober	<i>Cowper</i>	3007	Shall I desert him now	<i>Hentz</i>	2181
Rabia, sick upon her bed	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	349	Shall man alone, whose fate	<i>Young</i>	2061
Rashly, nor oft'times truly	<i>Tupper</i>	2048	Shallow artifice begets suspicion	<i>Congreve</i>	149
Receive thy scourge by others	<i>Earl of Surrey</i>	348	She had seen—All of earth's year	<i>Bickersteth</i>	197
Redeem we time	<i>Young</i>	26	Sheik Schuhlî, taken sick, was	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1424
Regard no vice as small	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2160	She is coming, my own, my sweet	<i>Tennyson</i>	2194
Rejoice for a brother deceased	<i>C. Wesley</i>	667	She saw; she took; she ate	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1197
Rejoice though storms assail thee		2636	She stood outside the gate of		2490
Religion, first, be made your	<i>S. Wesley, Jr.</i>	2893	She taught us how to live	<i>Burleigh</i>	1551
Religion's all. Descending from	<i>Young</i>	2640	Should the well-meant songs	<i>Ken</i>	2357
Rent were at once the floodgates	<i>Mant</i>	424	Should you ever be one of a	<i>Cook</i>	2971
Repent! repent! repeat	<i>Longfellow</i>	2041	Shrink not from suffering	<i>Upham</i>	871
Reserve will wound it; and	<i>Young</i>	1400	Shun delays, they breed remorse	<i>Southwell</i>	766
Best of the weary	<i>Monzell</i>	357	Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever	<i>Hood</i>	2578

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Shm such as lounge through	<i>Holmes</i>	2879	Spite of all the fools that pride	<i>Stillington</i>	2580
Sickness is a school severe	<i>Elliott</i>	2846	Sporting through the forest wide	<i>Hovitt</i>	2156
Silence ! though the flames	<i>Craig</i>	2252	Stand but your ground, your	<i>Ken</i>	545
Since Adam's family, from first	<i>Young</i>	2055	Stand the omnipotent decree	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1076
Since brass, nor stone, nor carth	<i>Shakespeare</i>	210	Stand up for the cold-water	<i>G. L. Taylor</i>	12
Since o'er Thy footstool here	<i>Mühlenberg</i>	1729	Stars are of mighty use : the night	<i>Vaughan</i>	413
Six years had passed, and forty ere	<i>Crabbe</i>	74	Stay, mortal, stay ; nor heedless		933
Slight those who say amidst	<i>Herbert</i>	2692	" Stay till I bring the cup which	<i> Homer, tr.</i>	2905
Slowly fashioned, link by link	<i>Davis</i>	1649	Stern Daughter of the Voice of God	<i>Wordsworth</i>	949
Smiling, a bright-eyed scraph		1958	Stern Duty rose, and frowning	<i>Wolfe</i>	959
Smite on ! It doth not hurt me	<i>Upham</i>	2897	Still hope ! still act ! Be sure	<i>Sterling</i>	1953
So artists melt the sullen ore of		1081	Still shines the light of holy	<i>Whittier</i>	1164
So build we up the being that we	<i>Wordsworth</i>	331	Still seems it strange that thou	<i>Young</i>	1928
So, Christian ! though gloomy	<i>Patterson</i>	500	Still, still without ceasing	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	1230
So dear to heaven is saintly	<i>Milton</i>	351	Strange glory streams through	<i>Massey</i>	736
So dying men receive vain	<i>Davenant</i>	454	Stronger than thunder's winged	<i>Horace, tr.</i>	1525
So fair is man, that death	<i>Quarles</i>	2234	Study with care, politeness	<i>Stillington</i>	552
So fallen ! so lost ! the light	<i>Whittier</i>	2894	Such dupes are men to custom	<i>Cowper</i>	621
So from the heights of will	<i>Holmes</i>	1398	" Suffer that little children come	<i>Grahams</i>	366
Softly !—she is lying	<i>Eastman</i>	662	Summer ebbs ; each day that	<i>Longfellow</i>	2118
Softly, softly falleth the snow	<i>Chapman</i>	2230	Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour	<i>Keble</i>	1143
Softly the penitent		2483	Surely, yon heaven, where	<i>Bonar</i>	1748
Soldiers of Christ, arise	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1001	Survey the magnet's sympathetic	<i>Smart</i>	2493
Solemnly, mournfully	<i>Longfellow</i>	2293	Suspended on the cross ! On His	<i>Layard</i>	607
Solemn praise—And prayers	<i>Lettice</i>	1559	Sweet are the joys of Home	<i>Bowring</i>	1824
So live that when the mighty		1124	Sweet are the thoughts that	<i>Greene</i>	2295
So many good lessons	<i>Skelton</i>	645	Sweet babe !—She glanced	<i>Cunningham</i>	199
So many worlds, so much to do	<i>Tennyson</i>	120	Sweet baby, sleep ! what ails	<i>Wilder</i>	1962
Some angel guide my pencil	<i>Young</i>	1523			
Some are serving, some	<i>Horne</i>	2149	Sweet Eden was the arbor of	<i>Fletcher</i>	1032
Some deluded minds	<i>Hayes</i>	516	Sweet is the pleasure	<i>Dwight</i>	2665
Some dreams were useless—moved	<i>Pollok</i>	922	Sweet peace, where dost thou dwell	<i>Herbert</i>	2481
Some fretful tempers wince at	<i>Cowper</i>	1399	Sweet Sensibility ! thou keen	<i>More</i>	2840
Some go to church, proud humbly	<i>Young</i>	425	Sweet stream, that winds through	<i>Cowper</i>	2215
Some love the glow of outward	<i>Sicain</i>	463	Sweet the moments, rich in	<i>Shirley</i>	603
Some of their chiefs were princes	<i>Dryden</i>	1943	Swiftly and straight each tongue	<i>Keble</i>	1566
Some of your hurts you have cured	<i>Tr. by Emerson</i>	1159	Take of some bitter tree a shoot	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2773
Some other kind of wits must	<i>Dryden</i>	2398	Talents angel-bright	<i>Young</i>	2284
Some play for gain ; to pass	<i>Heath</i>	1444	Tauler, the preacher, walked one	<i>Whittier</i>	1218
Some say that kissing 's a sin		2077	Tears are not always fruitful	<i>Bonar</i>	2928
Some seem to live—Whose hearts	<i>Bailey</i>	1690	Tell him that his very longing	<i>Dscheladeddin, tr.</i>	153
Some spot there is, some cherished	<i>Bowring</i>	1828	Tell me not in mournful numbers	<i>Longfellow</i>	20
Something light as air—a look	<i>Moore</i>	2244	Tell me, some god ! my guardian	<i>Young</i>	719
Sometime, O Lord ! at least in	<i>Wilder</i>	1443	Tell me the old, old story		395
Sometimes a light surprises	<i>Newton</i>	452	Tell me the song of the beautiful	<i>Massey</i>	2427
Sometimes I upward lift mine	<i>Upham</i>	1801	Tell me, where is fancy bred	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1273
Sometimes we feel the wish across	<i>Bailey</i>	1009	Tell me why the ant	<i>Prior</i>	1991
Son of the carpenter, receive	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2086	Tell me, ye winged winds	<i>Mackay</i>	1663
Soon and forever	<i>Monseil</i>	498	Ten poor men sleep in peace on	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	508
Soon as himself man knows	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1349	Thank God for little children		2973
Sore was the famine throughout	<i>Grahams</i>	1271	That awful, that tremendous day	<i>Hodgson</i>	672
Sorrows humanize our race		2169	That fair female troop thou saw'st	<i>Milton</i>	3020
Sorrow, suspense, desire	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2873	That Garden, where of old our		1460
Sorrow was a ship, I found	<i>Ingelov</i>	1062	That glorious burst of winged	<i>Tupper</i>	2023
So said, he raised, according to	<i>Ingelov</i>	2151	That great Day of wrath and	<i>Tr. by Neat</i>	642
Soul of the world, All-seeing Eye	<i>Peter</i>	2426	That mighty faith on me bestow	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1222
Souls of men ! why will ye scatter	<i>Faber</i>	2012	That monster, Custom	<i>Shakespeare</i>	13
Sounds the trumpet from afar	<i>Bonar</i>	2961	The abuse of greatness is, when	<i>Shakespeare</i>	108
Sour discontent, that quarrels	<i>Blackmore</i>	877	The advocate for him who offered	<i>Pollok</i>	284
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	<i>Zyland</i>	1254	The Almighty King	<i>Hayes</i>	2423
So when of old the Almighty	<i>Dryden</i>	2632	The angry word suppressed, the	<i>More</i>	1854
So willingly doth God remit	<i>Milton</i>	557	The animals as once in Eden	<i>Pollok</i>	2258
Sow on in faith		1971	The appearance, instantaneously	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1705
So work the honey-bees	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1565	The ark received her freightage	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1325
Spake full well in language quaint	<i>Longfellow</i>	1339	The Assyrian came down like	<i>Byron</i>	2964
Speak not of vengeance	<i>Layard</i>	2681	The Author God Himself	<i>Pollok</i>	249
Speak the height of honor	<i>Massinger</i>	1848	The Autumn is old	<i>Hood</i>	187
Speak gently ! it is better far	<i>Bates</i>	1456	The band of thy resolve is a fine	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	806
Spirit ! whose life-sustaining	<i>Hemans</i>	3048	The Banyan of the Indian isle		437

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
The bell strikes on e. We take no	<i>Young</i>	2574	The good man's hope is laid	<i>White</i>	1572
The bigot theologian in minute	<i>Pollok</i>	251	The good man suffers but to gain	<i>Goatsmith</i>	49
The bird, let loose in eastern skies	<i>T. Moore</i>	155	The gospel's glorious hope	<i>Stowrney</i>	1555
The birds, against the April wind	<i>Whittier</i>	2957	The great human whirlpool	<i>Craik</i>	2931
The bird that soars on highest	<i>Montgomery</i>	1888	The Greeks said grandly, in	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1659
The bird that to the evening sings	<i>Swain</i>	1970	The groves were God's first temples	<i>Bryant</i>	1255
The black camel, Death, kneeleth	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	733	The hand that rounded Peter's	<i>Emerson</i>	293
The blessings which the poor and	<i>Talfourd</i>	346	The happy Christmas comes once	<i>Tr. by Krauth</i>	432
The Book is opened and the seal	<i>Baily</i>	2059	The harp at Nature's advent	<i>Whittier</i>	2380
The book of God! And is there a	<i>Mant</i>	246	The harvest dawn is near	<i>Burgess</i>	1672
The boy stood on the burning deck	<i>Hemans</i>	1320	The harvest of the earth is fully	<i>Pollok</i>	1074
The branch is stooping to thy hand	<i>Smedley</i>	748	The heart has tendrils like a vine	<i>J. Bowring</i>	1041
The brave man is not he who feels	<i>Baillie</i>	546	The heart is like the sky	<i>Byron</i>	1685
The breaking waves dashed	<i>Hemans</i>	2505	The heart—the heart! oh! let it	<i>Cook</i>	1318
The bright, black eye, the melting	<i>Holmes</i>	1198	The heavenly home is bright and	<i>Hunter</i>	1743
The brightest blossom soonest	<i>Percival</i>	900	The heavens are a point from	<i>Jones</i>	572
The brooks rush downward to the	<i>Upham</i>	901	The highest glory is not where	<i>Punshon</i>	2702
The business of the world is child's	<i>Trench</i>	302	The husbandman, who sluggishly	<i>Pollok</i>	2286
The chariot! the chariot	<i>Milman</i>	2057	The ills that darken life	<i>Eastburn</i>	1700
The charms of eloquence	<i>Embury</i>	1056	The immortal gods	<i>Massinger</i>	846
The cheerful supper done	<i>Burns</i>	1269	Their glory faded, and their race	<i>Cowper</i>	2039
The child leans on its parents	<i>Williams</i>	1206	Their lost they have, they hold	<i>Ingelow</i>	2043
The child-like faith, that asks	<i>Keble</i>	1221	The keenest pang the wretched	<i>Byron</i>	1900
The Christian's faith hath many	<i>Pollok</i>	408	The king was on his throne	<i>Byron</i>	829
The churl who holds it heresy	<i>Sprague</i>	553	The lady lay in her bed	<i>Hood</i>	340
The clock is on the stroke of six	<i>Hovvitt</i>	1293	The lamp of revelation only shows	<i>Cowper</i>	243
The cloud-capt towers, the	<i>Shakespeare</i>	744	The latter rain—it falls	<i>Very</i>	2620
The cocoa-palm leaves infidels	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	799	The leaves around me falling	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	2111
The cows are lowing along the		362	The Life above, the Life on high	<i>St. Teresa, tr.</i>	661
The crisis of man's destiny is now	<i>Tupper</i>	2885	The light-house founded on a rock	<i>Montgomery</i>	423
The cross it standeth fast	<i>Bonar</i>	598	The lion craved the fox's art	<i>J. Gay</i>	878
The curfew tolls the knell of	<i>T. Gay</i>	442	The lion's feet, the lion's lips	<i>Buchanan</i>	2258
The daily labor of the bee	<i>J. Gray</i>	2279	The little children on the stairway	<i>Larcom</i>	944
The day is cold, and dark, and	<i>Longfellow</i>	641	The lopped tree in time may grow	<i>Southwell</i>	326
The death-bed of the just! is yet	<i>Young</i>	679	The Lord our God is clothed with	<i>White</i>	1508
The deeds of reasonable men	<i>Pollok</i>	755	The Lord will grace and glory	<i>Montgomery</i>	1570
The deeds which selfish hearts	<i>Dewart</i>	1226	The lost days of my life until	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	644
The deed ye do is the prayer ye	<i>Burleigh</i>	756	The love of praise, how'er	<i>Young</i>	2533
The distaff, needle, and domestic	<i>Pollok</i>	1385	The man, perhaps	<i>Daily</i>	46
The distant prospects always seem	<i>White</i>	1181	The marriage supper of the	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2693
The doors, that knew no shrill	<i>Thomson</i>	1946	The master came one evening	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2223
The dust instead of water drank	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1073	The man that doth wed a	<i>Skelton</i>	2245
The earth gave symptoms of	<i>Pollok</i>	1075	The melancholy days are come	<i>Bryant</i>	1338
The earth is full of discords, for		882	The mightier man, the mightier	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1009
The earth is full of life	<i>Dana</i>	2129	The might of one fair face	<i>J. E. Taylor</i>	3009
The earth sad-sweet is deeply		1014	"The mighty power that formed	<i>Watts</i>	2251
Thee have thousands sought in	<i>Trench</i>	1395	The mind has no to-day	<i>Hervey</i>	2294
The epoch ends, the world is still	<i>Arnold</i>	75	The mind that broods o'er guilty	<i>Byron</i>	488
Thee we adore, eternal Name	<i>Watts</i>	678	The miser must make up his	<i>Prior</i>	594
The fairest action of our human	<i>Carew</i>	1986	The mistakes of my life are many	<i>Locke</i>	1883
The fairest pearls that northern		2198	The moon was shining yet	<i>Willis</i>	1459
The Fallen looked on the world	<i>Carmichael</i>	1522	The Moor's abused by some	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2610
The family is a little book		1259	The morning flowers display their	<i>S. Wesley, Jr.</i>	369
The feeble sea-bird, blinded	<i>Holmes</i>	2718	The mother in her office holds the		2345
The fine and noble way to kill a foe	<i>Aleyn</i>	1080	The multitude of angels with a	<i>Milton</i>	123
The fire of God is soon to fall	<i>Keble</i>	911	The muse disgusted at an age	<i>Berkeley</i>	115
The first time that the sun rose on	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	61	Then before all they stand	<i>Rogers</i>	2991
The flags of war-like storm-birds	<i>Whittier</i>	2960	Then ceremony leads her bigots	<i>Cowper</i>	324
The flying rumors gather'd	<i>Pope</i>	2695	Then is the time—For those	<i>Thomson</i>	1337
The foe behind, the deep before	<i>Neale</i>	1030	The noble heart that harbors	<i>Spenser</i>	515
The foolish camel begged of Allah	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1102	Then straight to Envy's cell she	<i>Tooke</i>	1699
The fountain of my heart dried up	<i>Maturin</i>	809	Then to side with Truth is noble	<i>Lowell</i>	1793
The gift to King Amphion	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2260	Then why this ceaseless, vain	<i>Horace, tr.</i>	2515
The glories of our birth and state	<i>Shirley</i>	685	The oak-tree's boughs once touched		1635
The glorious sun is gone	<i>Ware, Jr.</i>	626	The ocean looketh up to heaven	<i>Whittier</i>	2409
The God of Abraham praise	<i>Olivers</i>	1480	The old Scythians—Painted blind	<i>Chapman</i>	1376
The God of nature and of Grace	<i>Montgomery</i>	574	The oracles are dumb	<i>Milton</i>	258
The golden age was first; when	<i>Tr. by Dryden</i>	76	The outworn rite, the old	<i>Whittier</i>	2634
The golden opportunity		2420	The owl Atheism	<i>Colebridge,</i>	179

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
The pall was settled	<i>Willis</i>	8	There is a time, we know not when	<i>Alexander</i>	583
The Paradise below, well named	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2443	There is a twilight dawning	<i>Percival</i>	2107
The parlor spaniel, when he	<i>Southery</i>	2313	There is no death! The stars go	<i>Lytton</i>	714
The past is a dream	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2145	There is no flock, however watched	<i>Longfellow</i>	227
The path of sorrow, and that path	<i>Cowper</i>	865	"There is no God," the foolish saith	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1878
The pilgrim and the stranger, who	<i>E. J. Whittier</i>	232	There is no greater evil among	<i>Tupper</i>	2977
The pious man—In this bad	<i>White</i>	1214	There is no joy unmixed with	<i>Dewart</i>	2044
The Poet sees	<i>Longfellow</i>	2621	There is no pause in the vast		2562
The poor man counteth not the	<i>Tupper</i>	465	There is no power in holy men	<i>Byron</i>	483
The potter must have his day	<i>Tupper</i>	2717	There is no spot, or high or low	<i>Bowering</i>	1823
The preacher's merit rate not by	<i>Brown</i>	2559	There is to whom all things	<i>Tupper</i>	2999
The present! what is it?		2570	There is some soul of goodness	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1161
The Prophet once, sitting in	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	3001	The rich man's son inherits lands	<i>Lowell</i>	1784
The pulpit, therefore (and I name	<i>Cowper</i>	2608	The roots of fairest bloom lie	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2655
The pure, the bright, the beautiful	<i>Dickens</i>	2973	The roseate hues of early dawn	<i>Alexander</i>	1767
The quality of mercy is not	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2273	The rout is Folly's circle, which	<i>Cowper</i>	1283
The rascal, thinking from his	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	333	There's a charm in deliv'ry	<i>Welby</i>	1055
There are a number of us creep	<i>Watts</i>	1180	There's a fount about to stream	<i>Mackay</i>	2589
There are a sort of men, whose	<i>Shakespeare</i>	473	There's a good time coming, boys	<i>Mackay</i>	447
There are dark hours of sadness	<i>Novalis, tr.</i>	817	There's a grim one-horse hearse	<i>Noel</i>	2476
There are gains for all our losses	<i>Stoddard</i>	3062	There's music ever in the kindly	<i>McKellar</i>	2063
There are hopes—Promising well	<i>Willis</i>	179	There's no dearth of kindness	<i>Massey</i>	2073
There are in this loud, stunning	<i>Keble</i>	1696	There's not a star the heaven can	<i>Keble</i>	821
There are moments in life	<i>Percival</i>	2677	There's naught so monstrous but	<i>Lillo</i>	2938
There are points from which we	<i>Bailey</i>	2494	There's winter on the hills	<i>Punshon</i>	2101
There are three lessons I would	<i>Schiller, tr.</i>	1577	There wanted yet the master-work	<i>Milton</i>	2221
There are who fondly call upon	<i>Bickersteth</i>	653	There was a people once by wisest	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1847
There are who sigh that no fond	<i>Keble</i>	311	There was a time when meadow	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1925
There be three grand principles	<i>Tupper</i>	2900	The sacred book, its value	<i>Cowper</i>	2257
There be who have made themselves	<i>Tupper</i>	2219	The saints on earth, when sweetly	<i>Ken</i>	1738
There breathes no being but	<i>Holmes</i>	2518	The saints should never be	<i>Cowper</i>	1806
There came a little child, with		670	The scale—of being is a graduated	<i>Willis</i>	352
Therefore, love and believe	<i>Longfellow</i>	1221	These are the crowns that we	<i>Bonar</i>	1734
Therefore, now a last good-night	<i>Arnold, tr.</i>	664	The seas are quiet when the winds	<i>Waller</i>	80
Therefore, their latter journey	<i>Morris</i>	2418	These are Thy glorious works	<i>Milton</i>	578
There hand in hand, firm	<i>Bonar</i>	2983	The seasons came and went	<i>Pollak</i>	2382
There in her den, lay pompous	<i>May</i>	2214	These, as they change, Almighty	<i>Thomson</i>	2728
There is a book, who runs may	<i>Keble</i>	1485	The seed, the insentient seed	<i>Thomas</i>	2667
There is a bird who, by his coat	<i>Bourne, tr.</i>	2713	The seraph Abdül, faithful found	<i>Milton</i>	1233
There is a calm for those	<i>Montgomery</i>	1600	These stars though unbeheld	<i>Milton</i>	129
There is a dungeon in whose dim	<i>Byron</i>	55	These violent delights have	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1195
There is a fairy skiff	<i>Tupper</i>	2890	The sexton tolling his bell at	<i>Emerson</i>	1166
There is a family on earth	<i>Keley</i>	415	The shades of night were falling	<i>Longfellow</i>	1171
There is a fire-fly	<i>P. J. Bailey</i>	31	The sick in body call for aid	<i>Young</i>	796
There is a fire that has its birth	<i>Percival</i>	1614	The sickliest leaf	<i>Sigourney</i>	1340
There is a fountain fill'd	<i>Cowper</i>	2705	The silent volume listeneth	<i>Tupper</i>	2624
"There is a God," all nature cries	<i>Montgomery</i>	1965	The sixth, and of creation last	<i>Milton</i>	128
There is a heaven yet to rest my	<i>Shirley</i>	450	The slaves of custom and	<i>Cowper</i>	1645
There is a holy city		1736	The smallest bark on life's	<i>Douton</i>	1978
There is a land, of every land the	<i>Montgomery</i>	2473	The solemn hymn, to ancient	<i>Bogart</i>	2556
There is a land of pure delight	<i>Watts</i>	1765	The solemn mountain lifts its		1967
There is a lamp whose steady light	<i>Betts</i>	229	The space of sev'n continued	<i>Milton</i>	1038
There is an eye that never sleeps		2547	The spacious firmament on high	<i>Addison</i>	576
There is an hour of peaceful rest	<i>Tappan</i>	1757	The Spirit of God	<i>Hay</i>	1813
There is a joy, which angels well	<i>Mant</i>	3050	The spirits I have raised	<i>Byron</i>	810
There is a place in a black and	<i>Ford</i>	1776	The spring-tide hour	<i>Monseil</i>	841
There is a place where my hopes	<i>Hunter</i>	1726	The stall-fed ox, that is grown fat	<i>Quarles</i>	1981
There is a power—Mightier than	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1643	The star is not extinguished when	<i>Bonar</i>	707
There is a power—Unseen, that	<i>Thomson</i>	2601	The stately homes of England	<i>Hemans</i>	1836
There is a precious day	<i>Montgomery</i>	638	The stoutest armor of defense is	<i>Tupper</i>	355
There is a pure and tranquil wave	<i>Ball</i>	2139	The strong right arm is only		2639
There is a Reaper, whose name is	<i>Longfellow</i>	368	The sun gives ever; so the earth		1470
There is a River, deep and broad	<i>Hurn</i>	1815	The sun of justice may withdraw	<i>Bally</i>	2065
There is a solemn hymn goes up		2284	The tempting stream, with	<i>Milton</i>	1775
There is a spot of consecrated	<i>Elliott</i>	1575	The theatre was from the very first	<i>Pollak</i>	2862
There is a story told	<i>Whittier</i>	2480	The thing we long for, that we are	<i>Lowell</i>	2164
There is a stream, which issues	<i>Mason</i>	1810	The thirsty rivers drink their	<i>A. Bronzè</i>	2130
There is a stream whose narrow tide		729	The time for toil has passed	<i>Akers</i>	1670
There is a tide in the affairs of	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2429	The tongue is the key of the	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2300

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
The tongues of dying men	<i>Shakespeare</i>	986	This Book unfolds Jehovah's mind		3021
The trodden worm will turn again	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1157	This holy book I'd rather own		230
The true friend is not he who holds	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1403	This is not my place of resting	<i>Bonar</i>	2661
The trump of God by Michael	<i>Bickersteth</i>	3047	This is the desert, this the	<i>Young</i>	1030
The unbeliever—Despising reason	<i>Pollok</i>	172	This is the hour when memory	<i>Wilson</i>	1139
The valley stream is frozen	<i>B. Taylor</i>	2998	This is the slowest, yet the	<i>Davies</i>	1679
The value of a thought can	<i>P. J. Bailey</i>	24	This man of half a million	<i>Southey</i>	344
The venom clamors of a jealous	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2019	This pretty bird, oh! how she flies	<i>Bunyan</i>	915
The very elements, though each be	<i>Cowper</i>	832	This world is all a fleeting show	<i>Moore</i>	751
The voice of free grace cries	<i>Thorndy</i>	1568	This world is but the rugged	<i>Manrique, tr.</i>	2148
The waking cock, that early	<i>Gascoigne</i>	2332	This world that we so highly prize	<i>Raffles</i>	445
The wall said to the nail	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	317	Those evening bells! those	<i>T. Moore</i>	161
The weakness we lament	<i>Johnson</i>	1305	Those that fly may fight again	<i>Butler</i>	563
The wheels of fortune, rapid in its	<i>Warren</i>	1374	Those we love can never perish	<i>Bedell</i>	2266
The wicked giant, Bali, had	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	139	Thou art gone to the grave	<i>Heber</i>	1592
The wild woods are my chosen	<i>Percival</i>	460	Thou art in heaven, and I am	<i>Bonar</i>	652
The winds that played, now brisk	<i>Darnes</i>	1853	Thou askest why Christ, so lenient	<i>Lytton</i>	1212
The winter being over	<i>Collins</i>	2997	Thou blind man's mark; thou	<i>Sidney</i>	801
The winter night of the world		2963	Thou can'st not to thy place by	<i>Trench</i>	92
The wise and active conquer	<i>N. Rowe</i>	1082	Though all our violets, sweet	<i>Craik</i>	2416
The wise man, said the Bible	<i>Pollok</i>	2323	Though all the precious	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2588
The Wise (minstrel or sage), out	<i>Lytton</i>	277	Though earth has still many a	<i>Barton</i>	1707
The witnesses are heard: the	<i>Young</i>	1933	Though hearts brood o'er the	<i>Massey</i>	2567
The woman singeth at her	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	848	Though history on her	<i>Montgomery</i>	27
The word of the Lord by night	<i>Emerson</i>	1389	Though its inhabitants	<i>Bickersteth</i>	2007
The world can neither give nor	<i>Mason</i>	868	Though the mills of God grind	<i>Tr. by Longfellow</i>	2675
The world for sale, hang out the	<i>Hayt</i>	3040	Though they, each tome of human		442
The world goes up and the world	<i>Kingsley</i>	325	Thought is deeper than all speech	<i>Cranch</i>	2014
The world in all its boasted	<i>Hayes</i>	1026	Thou hast a charmed cup	<i>Hemans</i>	1256
The world is full of poetry	<i>Percival</i>	2519	Thou hast a mind; intellect	<i>Tupper</i>	2229
The world is still deceived with	<i>Shakespeare</i>	140	Thou hast seen many sorrows	<i>Tupper</i>	134
The world is too much with us	<i>Wordsworth</i>	3042	Thou hop'st with sacrifice of	<i>Persius, tr.</i>	192
The world is very evil	<i>Bernard of Morlaix, tr.</i>	2023	"Thou know'st the words, King	<i>Aytoun</i>	1633
The world is wise, for the world	<i>Faber</i>	2919	Thou, Lord! art all in all, and	<i>Bowring</i>	1500
The worlding first of all	<i>Pollok</i>	3044	Thou, Lord, who rear'st the	<i>Sterling</i>	1481
The world's a room of sickness	<i>Keble</i>	2070	Thou must be true thyself		497
The world wants men—large		2277	Thou must chain thy passions	<i>Cook</i>	2457
The world with stones instead		2928	Thou palsied earth, with noonday	<i>Heber</i>	613
The wounded heart is prone	<i>Southey</i>	2254	Thou'rt passing hence, my	<i>Hemans</i>	657
They, and they only, amongst all	<i>Cowper</i>	2040	Thou sail'st with others in this	<i>Herrick</i>	2946
They are all gone into the world	<i>Vaughan</i>	650	Thou shalt have no gods	<i>Watts</i>	455
They are gathering homeward	<i>Leslie</i>	675	Thou shalt have one God only	<i>Clough</i>	742
They are God's minst'ring spirits	<i>Mant</i>	124	Thou sparkling bowl	<i>Pierpont</i>	15
They are mockery all—these skies	<i>Hoffman</i>	1095	Thou, too, O Church! which here		432
They came on—Bearing a body	<i>Willis</i>	2310	Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of	<i>Longfellow</i>	2921
They eat—Their daily bread and	<i>Lamb</i>	167	Thou to whom the world unknown	<i>Collins</i>	1310
They err who measure life by	<i>Procter</i>	2123	Thou that would'st find	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2733
They gave to Thee	<i>Jeremy Taylor</i>	2412	Thou unrelenting Past	<i>Bryant</i>	2461
They grew in beauty, side by side	<i>Hemans</i>	1261	Three hungry travellers found a	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	1533
They hear His voice	<i>Bonar</i>	2843	Threescore and ten, by common	<i>Planché</i>	2116
They know, who thus oppress me	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	457	Thrice blessed is the man with	<i>Hood</i>	2303
They love their blessed Leader	<i>Upham</i>	404	Thrice happy nation! Favorite	<i>Hudson</i>	2040
They say that esteem is a diamond	<i>Percival</i>	39	Thrice happy! thrice blest the	<i>Pollok</i>	2291
They say this life is but a wreath	<i>Judson</i>	2125	"Through me, ye go into the	<i>Dante, tr.</i>	1777
They say, who know the life divine	<i>Keble</i>	2253	Through night to light! And	<i>Kosegarten, tr.</i>	603
They talk of short-lived pleasure	<i>Bryant</i>	2364	Throughout the world if it were	<i>Wyatt</i>	472
They tell me a solemn story, but it		715	'Through the blue immense'	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	28
They tell me I am shrewd with	<i>Howe</i>	1406	Through the love of God our	<i>Bowly</i>	1667
They that have power to hurt	<i>Shakespeare</i>	535	Thundering and bursting	<i>Arnold</i>	73
Thick as billows of the seas	<i>Bungray</i>	938	Thus began—Outrage from lifeless	<i>Milton</i>	1238
Th' infernal serpent; he it was	<i>Milton</i>	837	Thus came—The day that many	<i>Pollok</i>	2050
Think, and be careful what thou	<i>Byron</i>	807	Thus did a choking wanderer	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2973
Think deeply, then, O man	<i>Young</i>	2225	Thus ever in the steps of grief	<i>Woodbridge</i>	1628
Think not too meanly of thy low	<i>Holmes</i>	379	Thus far did I come laden with	<i>Bunyan</i>	2447
Think'st thou there are no serpents	<i>Baillie</i>	1896	"Thus it is written." Where?	<i>Allingham</i>	903
Think'st thou there is no tyranny	<i>Byron</i>	2013	Thus runs Death's dread	<i>Young</i>	683
Think'st thou to be concealed	<i>Stourney</i>	2645	Thus said Jesus: "Go and do	<i>Roscoe</i>	1539
Think you, indeed, Fate is unkind		2526	Thus some retire to nourish	<i>Cowper</i>	2674
This book is all that's left me now	<i>Morris</i>	241	Thus stood they mixed	<i>Pollok</i>	2341

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Thus-then to man the voice	<i>Pope</i>	2378	Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral	<i>Sigourney</i>	1951
Thus they the representative of	<i>Pollok</i>	1032	To Jehovah, God of might	<i>Bonar</i>	1496
Thus was beauty sent from	<i>Akenstide</i>	217	To keep the lamp alive	<i>Cowper</i>	786
Thy functions are ethereal	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1678	To languish for his native air	<i>C. Wesley</i>	688
Thy great name—In all its	<i>Bailey</i>	1516	To live in darkness—in despair	<i>Colton</i>	1740
Thy life's a warfare, thou a	<i>Quarles</i>	547	Toll for the fair	<i>Percival</i>	208
Thy mother's joy, thy father's	<i>Dobell</i>	359	To me remains nor place nor time	<i>Bonar, tr.</i>	900
Thy neighbor? It is he whom		2887	To mortal men great loads	<i>Herrick</i>	2524
Thyself and thy belongings	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2944	To-morrow, and to-morrow, and	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2585
Thyself first know—then love	<i>Young</i>	2839	To-morrow, didst thou say?	<i>Colton</i>	2586
Thy thoughts are here, my God	<i>Bonar</i>	237	To-morrow, whispereth weakness	<i>Tupper</i>	2889
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	<i>Bonar</i>	2657	Too late I stayed—forgive the	<i>Spencer</i>	2881
Thy word is like a garden, Lord	<i>Todder</i>	248	To other sight of horrible dismay	<i>Pollok</i>	947
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	<i>Bonar</i>	399	To overcome in battle, and subdue	<i>Milton</i>	1794
Till love appear, we live in	<i>Waller</i>	2196	To picture that cold pride so harsh	<i>Hood</i>	1897
Time hath a wallet at his back	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1983	To purchase heaven, has gold the	<i>Johnson</i>	1537
Time is earnest, passing by		1004	Torches were blazing clear	<i>Hemans</i>	889
Time is like a fashionable host	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1279	Tossed with rough winds, and		2033
Time is weeping on the earth for	<i>Burleigh</i>	724	To see what gems lie hidden	<i>Massey</i>	1938
Time's glory is to calm contending	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2878	To tell the Saviour all my wants	<i>Cowper</i>	385
'Tis a blessing to live, but a	<i>Mitchell</i>	1855	To tell thy mis'ries will no	<i>Randolph</i>	471
'Tis a fearful building upon	<i>Smith</i>	2851	To the sound of timbrels sweet	<i>Milman</i>	2981
'Tis but in that <i>which doth create</i>	<i>Lytton</i>	2863	To think for aye! to breathe	<i>Allston</i>	1935
'Tis but one family—the sound is	<i>Edmeston</i>	1262	To thy heart take faith	<i>Hooper</i>	1220
'Tis coming up the steep of time	<i>Massey</i>	1386	To weary hearts, to mourning	<i>Whittier</i>	2466
'Tis education forms the common	<i>Pope</i>	1043	To what am I reserved? Great	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1641
'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus		856	To what gulf—A single deviation	<i>Byron</i>	1642
'Tis first the true and then the	<i>Bonar</i>	2435	To whom do lions cast their	<i>Baillie</i>	2655
'Tis from high life high	<i>Pope</i>	2520	To whom thus Michael: "Death	<i>Milton</i>	668
'Tis granted, and no plainer truth	<i>Cowper</i>	1000	To whom thus Michael with	<i>Milton</i>	1509
'Tis heaven begun below	<i>Swain</i>	1316	To you, your father should be as a	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1299
'Tis her privilege	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2377	Tread softly—bow the head	<i>Dowles</i>	2475
'Tis home where'er the heart is		1695	Trembling before Thine awful	<i>Hillhouse</i>	1358
'Tis just, that God should not be	<i>Guyon, tr.</i>	2174	Trip lightly over trouble		820
'Tis night, and the landscape is	<i>Beattie</i>	844	Triumphant faith	<i>Tatham</i>	1224
'Tis night: behold, as if by death	<i>Mant</i>	272	Trouble, and loss, and grief, and	<i>C. Wesley</i>	853
'Tis not because I sprung from	<i>S. Wesley, Jr.</i>	1882	True faith and reason are the	<i>Quarles</i>	1227
'Tis not for man to trifle	<i>Bonar</i>	2121	True faith nor biddeth nor	<i>Bailey</i>	3651
'Tis not the food, but the content	<i>Herrick</i>	1313	True happiness has no localities	<i>Pollok</i>	1660
'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp		2038	True happiness is not the	<i>Sheridan</i>	1662
'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by	<i>Rowe</i>	731	True liberty was Christian	<i>Pollok</i>	2104
'Tis not the want of time, nor		3053	True love is but a humble	<i>Lowell</i>	2206
'Tis not the wealth that makes	<i>Seneca, tr.</i>	2396	True modesty is a discerning	<i>Cowper</i>	2926
'Tis not to cry God mercy	<i>Quarles</i>	2633	Trust is great in either world	<i>Tupper</i>	2916
'Tis past—the sultry tyrant of the	<i>Barbauld</i>	1769	Trust not these seas again	<i>Bonar</i>	862
'Tis pleasant purchasing our	<i>Byron</i>	539	Trust payeth homage unto truth	<i>Tupper</i>	1838
'Tis religion that can give	<i>Masters</i>	2641	Truth is eternal, but her effluence	<i>Lowell</i>	2909
'Tis said that a lion will turn	<i>Byron</i>	2617	Truth is in each flower	<i>Bacon</i>	2910
'Tis sweet to think when	<i>Curry</i>	1782	Truth, Modesty, and Shame	<i>Tr. by Dryden</i>	77
'Tis the last rose of summer	<i>Moore</i>	462	Tumble me down, and I will sit	<i>Herrick</i>	2369
'Tis the sultriness of man	<i>Coleridge</i>	1385	Turn thou thine eyes from each	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	95
'Tis thus we gain by losing	<i>Bonar</i>	2170	Turn to the prudent ant thy	<i>Jonson</i>	133
'Tis time this heart should be	<i>Byron</i>	813	'Twas a lovely thought to mark	<i>Hemans</i>	1342
'Tis with our judgments as	<i>Pope</i>	2058	'Twas in the prime of summer	<i>Hood</i>	919
'Tis woman's to nourish affection's		3017	'Twas when the sea's tremendous		1225
'Tis your office, spirits bright	<i>Rist, tr.</i>	119	Two altars are upreared in	<i>Churchill</i>	3046
To aim at thy own happiness	<i>Tupper</i>	1650	Two barks met on the deep mid-sea	<i>Hemans</i>	1419
To be or not to be, that is the	<i>Shakespeare</i>	663	Two birds within one nest		1825
To cheer, to help us, children of	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	2464	Two faithful needles, from the	<i>Akenside</i>	163
To close the eyes on earth	<i>Mant</i>	1773	Two hands upon the breast	<i>Craik</i>	884
To critic cold and sly God never	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1489	Two of far nobler shape	<i>Milton</i>	33
To-day is added to our time	<i>Montgomery</i>	2888	Two spirits met	<i>P. Palmer</i>	2305
To-day while the sun shines	<i>Clark</i>	2886	Two went to pray? O, rather say	<i>Crashaw</i>	2556
To do or not to do; to have	<i>C. Wesley</i>	17	Two worlds there are. To one our		1768
To gild refined gold, to paint	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2485	Tyme is a thing that no man	<i>Skelton</i>	2423
To heaven approached a	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2704	Types of eternal rest, fair buds	<i>Barton</i>	2637
To him who, in the love of Nature	<i>Bryant</i>	2339	Ulysses, sailing by the Siren's isle	<i>Trench</i>	96
Toil, and be glad I let Industry	<i>Thomson</i>	1750	Unconfined—By shroud or coffin	<i>Aldrich</i>	1464
Toil on, faint not, keep watch	<i>Bonar</i>	2488	Under a spreading chestnut-tree	<i>Longfellow</i>	2087

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Unfading Hope! when life's last	<i>Campbell</i>	669	We sat by Babel's waters; and	<i>Hervey</i>	309
Unfathomable sea! whose waves	<i>Shelley</i>	2868	We scatter seed with careless hand	<i>Keble</i>	1980
Unhappy he who does his	<i>Persius, tr.</i>	2587	We see but half the causes of our	<i>Lowell</i>	319
Unhappy he! who from the first	<i>Thomson</i>	811	We shape ourselves the joy or fear	<i>Whittier</i>	1438
Unto fair conclusions argueth	<i>Tupper</i>	885	We sing the praise of Him who	<i>Kelley</i>	589
Unwelcome insight	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2571	We speak of the realms of the blest	<i>Mills</i>	1724
Up above the thoughts that know		1766	We strive with earthly imaginings	<i>Curry</i>	1122
Up and down his gardens paced	<i>Trench</i>	987	We tread one path to glory	<i>Spitta, tr.</i>	1405
Up from the meadows rich	<i>Whittier</i>	2469	We've no abiding city here	<i>Kelly</i>	1022
Upheaving pillars, on whose tops	<i>A. Cary</i>	1450	We wait beneath the furnace-blast	<i>Whittier</i>	1294
Up higher like aerial vapors	<i>Milton</i>	2153	We watched her breathing through	<i>Hood</i>	677
Upon that burning wall	<i>Pollak</i>	1772	We wear the chains of pleasure	<i>Young</i>	2514
Upon the white sea sand	<i>Brown</i>	2171	We weep when we are born	<i>Aldrich</i>	2595
Up! 'tis no dreaming time	<i>Sigourney</i>	3068	What a poor value do men set on	<i>Shirley</i>	1722
Up! up, my friend! and	<i>Wordsworth</i>	2381	What are these in bright array	<i>Montgomery</i>	1759
Upward they toiled the mountain	<i>Stualey</i>	775	What are we set on earth for	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	13
Varia, there's nothing here that's	<i>Watts</i>	876	What art Thou, mighty One?	<i>White</i>	1511
Vast chain of being! which from	<i>Pope</i>	219	What blest examples do I find	<i>Watts</i>	995
Verily, there is nothing so true	<i>Tupper</i>	2710	What boots the oft-repeated tale	<i>Byron</i>	1478
Verily, they are all thine; freely	<i>Tupper</i>	129	What different dooms our	<i>Hood</i>	1370
Vice is a monster of so frightful	<i>Pope</i>	2937	Whate'er I ask, I surely know	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2554
Vilest of the sinful race	<i>C. Wesley</i>	493	Whate'er man's destiny may be	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	820
Violent fires soon burn out	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1175	Whate'er my God ordains is right	<i>Rodgast, tr.</i>	873
Virtue alone can give true joy		2046	Whate'er our thoughts or purpose	<i>Upham</i>	953
Virtue! how many, as a lowly	<i>M. Brooks</i>	2947	Whate'er the anguish of my	<i>Daron von Canitz, tr.</i>	2034
Vishnu asked Bal to take his choice	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2002	Whate'er the passion, knowledge	<i>Pope</i>	514
Vital spark of heavenly flame	<i>Pope</i>	734	Whate'er thou purposeth to do	<i>Tr. by Bouring</i>	294
Virtue distressed to Faith applied		345	What equal torment to the grief	<i>Spenser</i>	1631
Virtue, like God, whose excellent	<i>Pollak</i>	2943	Whatever hypocrite austere	<i>Milton</i>	2249
Voices familiar as my mother	<i>Dickerteth</i>	2627	Whatever lies—in earth, or flits in	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	2801
Voracious learning, often	<i>Young</i>	2099	Whatever sceptic could inquire for	<i>Butler</i>	890
Wait, Abstainers, every year		14	What feels the body when the soul	<i>Ovid, tr.</i>	2892
Wait, for the day is breaking	<i>Townsend</i>	2952	What has this bugbear death to	<i>Lucretius, tr.</i>	699
Wait thou for time: the slow	<i>Hooper</i>	1937	"What hast thou for thy scattered	<i>Hove</i>	1072
Want sense, and the world will	<i>Swain</i>	1538	What hid'st thou in thy	<i>Hemans</i>	2726
War, famine, pest, volcano	<i>Young</i>	2237	What horror seest thou in that	<i>Lucretius, tr.</i>	1778
Warp'd by the world in	<i>Byron</i>	1674	What household thoughts	<i>Hemans</i>	238
Warriors and statesmen have their	<i>Norton</i>	3016	What if the little rain should	<i>Cutter</i>	1047
Watch, for the time is short		2969	What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious	<i>Willis</i>	98
Watch! watch! the subtle peril	<i>Punshon</i>	434	What is a trifle? a thoughtless		2899
Watch, ye saints, with eyelids	<i>P. Palmer</i>	2970	What is death? oh! what is death		713
Weak and irresolute is man	<i>Cowper</i>	1583	What is death? 'Tis to be free	<i>Croly</i>	690
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven	<i>Pope</i>	2945	What is death—To him who meets	<i>Hurdts</i>	716
Weak is the will of man, his	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1919	What is eternity? Can aught	<i>Gibbons</i>	1121
We all are children in our strife	<i>Hale</i>	1092	What is fanatic phrenzy scorn'd	<i>Cowper</i>	1272
We are living, we are dwelling	<i>Ep. Coze</i>	1005	What is genius? 'Tis a flame		1451
We are not worst at once		1648	What is hallow'd ground	<i>Campbell</i>	1634
We are standing on the threshold		2389	What is hope? The beautiful sun	<i>Swain</i>	1854
Wearied and worn with earthly		606	What is its earthly victory	<i>Willis</i>	2081
We clutch our joys as children do	<i>Craik</i>	223	What is man—If his chief good	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1901
We come not with a costly store		421	What is it that you would	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1345
We drive the furrow with the	<i>A. Cary</i>	1397	What is that which I should turn to	<i>Tennyson</i>	282
Weep for the dead! God bids you	<i>Mant</i>	2347	What is the existence of man's	<i>King</i>	2120
Weep not for them! it is no cause		1964	What is the good man and the wise	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2285
We find the fiercest things that	<i>Cook</i>	1982	What is the greatness of a fallen	<i>Trench</i>	1249
We gather up with pious care	<i>C. Wesley</i>	655	What! is the joy more precious than	<i>Shakespeare</i>	925
We grant although he had	<i>Butler</i>	3	What is the little one thinking	<i>Holland</i>	1956
Weigh me the fire: or canst thou	<i>Herrick</i>	1519	What is there like a father to a son	<i>Knowles</i>	1297
Welcome, dear book, soul's joy	<i>Vaughan</i>	2721	What if the sinner's magazines	<i>Blackmore</i>	2938
Welcome, dear feast of Lent	<i>I Herbert</i>	1287	What is the world? tell, worldling	<i>Spenser</i>	3039
We leave now behind us	<i>Donar</i>	411	"What is thy creed?" a hundred	<i>Holmes</i>	581
Well does Jacob's ladder suit		2015	What is thy worship but a vain	<i>Trench</i>	148
We look at man, and wonder at	<i>Cowley</i>	704	What is true knowledge	<i>Mant</i>	2082
We must behold no object	<i>Byron</i>	2260	What laws, my blessed Saviour	<i>Heermann, tr.</i>	176
We overstate the ills of life	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1911	What made the man of envy what	<i>Pollak</i>	1098
We're drawing near to Jesus	<i>Farmer</i>	3023	What man so wise, what earthly	<i>Spenser</i>	747
We're going home, we've had		1710	What may this mean	<i>Milton</i>	1137
Were I as base as is the lowly	<i>Sylvester</i>	1322	What makes a hero?—not success	<i>H. Taylor</i>	1783
Were we as rich in charity of deed	<i>Lytton</i>	329	What men gain fairly—that they	<i>Shelley</i>	2521



	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
What might be done if men were	<i>Mackay</i>	1423	When the black-lettered list to	<i>W. R. Spencer</i>	1260
What multitudes the curse shall	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1947	When the dang'rous rocks are		718
What no human eye hath seen	<i>Lange, tr.</i>	1764	When the first larvæ on the	<i>Holmes</i>	2297
What place can be for us	<i>Milton</i>	1760	When the frantic raptures in your	<i>Armstrong</i>	937
What's fame? a fancied life in	<i>Pope</i>	1255	When the hours of day are numbered		656
What shall I do to be forever	<i>Schiller, tr.</i>	943	When these brief trial-days are	<i>Gellert, tr.</i>	1426
What shall I do with all the days	<i>Kenble</i>	10	When the sky is black and	<i>Luther, tr.</i>	825
What! since the prætor did my	<i>Persius, tr.</i>	1393	When the sun sets, shadows that	<i>Lee</i>	1308
What then? Why, then another	<i>Creudson</i>	310	When this passing world is done	<i>McCheyne</i>	741
What though before me it is dark		1190	When those we love on earth	<i>Montgomery</i>	2249
What though the ancient dragon	<i>C. Wesley</i>	759	When thou a fast would'st keep	<i>Barton</i>	1289
What use the preacher's truth and	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	337	When Thou dost favor any action	<i>Herbert</i>	22
What 'vailleth them to skip	<i>Wyatt</i>	1091	When thou dost purpose aught	<i>Herbert</i>	2618
When a deed is done for Freedom	<i>Lowell</i>	286	When thou hast drained	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2609
When adversities flow	<i>Lilly</i>	1401	When thou would'st take a lazy	<i>Persius, tr.</i>	194
When adverse winds and waves	<i>Sigourney</i>	2811	When through the deep waters		1566
When all the year our fields	<i>Wither</i>	2002	When time seems short and death	<i>Bethune</i>	1193
When all Thy mercies, O my God	<i>Addison</i>	1579	When to the common rest that	<i>Bryant</i>	2062
When Amrual describes	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2095	When urged by strong temptation	<i>Baillie</i>	473
When another life is added		1070	When we are young, this year we	<i>Morris</i>	52
When at first from virtue's	<i>Scott</i>	1647	When we hear the music ringing		1755
When by the bed of languishment	<i>Young</i>	679	When wounded sore the	<i>Alexander</i>	2703
Whence, but from Heaven, could	<i>Dryden</i>	240	When young, and full of sanguine	<i>C. Wesley</i>	273
When clouds are seen wise men put	<i>Shakespeare</i>	320	Where are the heroes of the ages	<i>White</i>	1790
When cruel deeds are done	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2648	Where art Thou? Thou! Source	<i>Townsend</i>	1499
When Death strikes down the	<i>Dickens</i>	696	Where'er a human heart doth wear	<i>Lowell</i>	289
When doom'd to poverty's	<i>Campbell</i>	1866	Where'er I turn my restless eye	<i>Melendez, tr.</i>	1491
When every scene, this side the		43	Where'er the power of ridicule	<i>Alenside</i>	2685
When fain to learn, we lean	<i>Ingelow</i>	2369	Wherefore, it is wise and well	<i>Tupper</i>	1915
When first my soul enlisted	<i>Newton</i>	146	Where high the heavenly temple	<i>Logan</i>	1798
When first thou camest, gentle	<i>Norton</i>	58	Where is comfort? in division	<i>Tennyson</i>	2273
When first thy eyes unvell, give	<i>Vaughan</i>	2229	Where is the fame—Which the	<i>Shelley</i>	1246
When first, to make my heart His	<i>Newton</i>	524	Where is the fire which once	<i>Herbert</i>	136
When flowing garments I behold	<i>Herrick</i>	927	Where is the troubled heart	<i>Campbell</i>	59
When Fortune smiles and looks		1267	Where is your heathen brother	<i>Sigourney</i>	2225
When fumes of wine do once the	<i>Lucretius, tr</i>	932	Where no shadow shall bewilder	<i>Bonar</i>	2679
When gathering clouds around I	<i>Grant</i>	806	Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's	<i>Lynch</i>	2115
When God came down from	<i>Milman</i>	2311	Where shall we bury our shame	<i>Moore</i>	888
When gratitude o'erflows the	<i>Lillo</i>	1582	Where that innumerable throng	<i>Grinfield</i>	1758
When haughty expectations	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1182	Where the fair valley spread her	<i>Rolls</i>	777
When I consider how my life is	<i>Milton</i>	268	Where, thy true treasure	<i>Young</i>	2000
When I gaze on the light of yon		1756	Which is the weakest thing	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1702
When I survey the wondrous cross	<i>Watts</i>	500	While in this sacred rite of thine	<i>Smith</i>	204
When I was young! Ah, woful	<i>Coleridge</i>	81	While thirst of praise and vain	<i>Montague</i>	352
When Jordan hushed his waters	<i>Campbell</i>	257	While this immortal spark of	<i>Blacklock</i>	2923
When languor and disease	<i>Toplady</i>	1910	Whither leads the path	<i>Lowell</i>	205
When lovely woman stoops to	<i>Goldsmith</i>	253	Who after wisdom flies must guard	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2508
When man in error groops	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1154	Who are the bless'd	<i>Prince</i>	262
When man is born anew	<i>Grinfield</i>	2651	Who art thou so wondrous fair		1248
When man is waxing frail	<i>Brown</i>	2268	Who calleth thee, Heart	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1684
When, march'd on the nightly	<i>White</i>	402	Who can believe w' th common	<i>Stoff</i>	1290
When mortal man resigns his	<i>C. Wesley</i>	722	Who can forget, never to be	<i>Fletcher</i>	419
When Moses waved his mystio	<i>Newton</i>	2241	Whoever fights, whoever falls	<i>Emerson</i>	2063
When Music, heavenly maid	<i>Collins</i>	2458	Whoever thinks a faultless piece	<i>Pope</i>	587
When nursed with skill what	<i>Shenstone</i>	2716	Who feels that God and Heaven's	<i>Lowell</i>	290
When o'er earth is breaking		2425	Who has good deeds brought well	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1550
When on a day, the gates of	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2188	Who has this Book and reads it not		2723
When once thy foot enters the	<i>Herbert</i>	429	Who is as the Christian great	<i>C. Wesley</i>	407
When one is past, another care	<i>Herrick</i>	316	Who is the Creator love, created	<i>Coleridge</i>	412
When one that holds communion	<i>Cowper</i>	1979	Who is the honest man	<i>Herbert</i>	505
When on my new-fledged wings I		1711	Who learns and learns	<i>Oriental, tr.</i>	2100
When on Sinai's top I see	<i>Montgomery</i>	307	Whole houses, of their whole	<i>Juvenal, tr.</i>	804
When on the fragrant sandal-tree	<i>Edmeston</i>	1360	Whom call we gay? That honor	<i>Cowper</i>	1446
When other things are broken	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1651	Whom do we dub as gentleman	<i>Cook</i>	1454
When prayer delights the least	<i>Trench</i>	2549	Whom first we love, you know	<i>Lytton</i>	2187
When remedies are past the griefs	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1624	Whom God hath made the heads		1368
When rising wind and		2625	Who shall guess what I may be	<i>Tupper</i>	3057
When shall Thy love constrain	<i>C. Wesley</i>	491	"Who shall be greatest in Thy		997
When shall we meet again		2264	Who that a watcher doth remain	<i>Trench</i>	1627

	AUTHOR	NUMBER		AUTHOR	NUMBER
Who that I as feelings would	<i>Clare</i>	2449	Wouldst the honey still taste	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	2583
Who, that surveys this span	<i>Moore</i>	1245	Wouldst thou from sorrow	<i>Wilcox</i>	29
Who, think'st thou, in the courts	<i>Mant</i>	159	Wouldst thou hear what man	<i>Jonson</i>	1107
Who, when the pilot warns	<i>Mant</i>	2493	Wouldst thou inherit life	<i>Dach</i>	2834
Who would be cleansed from every	<i>Allis</i>	1805	Wouldst thou learn the depths of	<i>Monzell</i>	1462
Who would rely upon these	<i>Webster</i>	784	Wouldst thou the mansions	<i>Mant</i>	3066
Who wrapt destruction up in	<i>Young</i>	553	Wrapt in a Christless shroud	<i>Bonar</i>	300
Why art thou cast down, my	<i>Sachs, tr.</i>	2528	Wrapt in impervious mists	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1017
Why comes this fragrance on the	<i>Davies</i>	1502	Wretched, helpless, and distressed	<i>C. Wesley</i>	518
Why life, a moment? infinite	<i>Young</i>	430	Ye are stars of the night, ye are	<i>Moore</i>	3019
Why should I fear the darkest	<i>Newton</i>	870	Ye bold to explain, describe	<i>C. Wesley</i>	1572
Why should immortal bow to	<i>Judson</i>	1133	Ye golden lamps of heaven	<i>Doddridge</i>	665
Why should we count our life	<i>Hale</i>	255	"Ye have a land of mist and	<i>Sigourney</i>	2009
Why this longing, this forever	<i>Winslow</i>	2925	Ye mariners of England	<i>Campbell</i>	1088
Why this—Will lug your priests	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1534	Ye mindful merchants, that with	<i>Spenser</i>	216
Why thus longing, thus forever	<i>Winslow</i>	952	Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the	<i>Pope</i>	2287
Will Fortune never come with	<i>Shakespeare</i>	1368	Ye paint me old! and why	<i>Withius, tr.</i>	2575
Wisdom divine! who tells the	<i>C. Wesley</i>	3000	Ye powers who rule the tongue	<i>Cowper</i>	739
Wisdom, whose fruits are purity	<i>Moore</i>	2099	Ye quietists in homage to the	<i>Young</i>	842
Wise men ne'er sit and wail their	<i>Shakespeare</i>	363	Yes, better 'tis to die		945
Wise in his day, the heathen	<i>D. Gray</i>	711	Yet send—E'v'n then, in silent	<i>Hemans</i>	1275
Wishing, of all employments	<i>Young</i>	3004	Yes—flowers have tones—God	<i>Mrs. Esling</i>	1344
With blood—but not his own	<i>Conder</i>	175	Yes! I answered you last night	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	556
With caution taste the sweet	<i>Cowper</i>	1151	Yes, it was the mountain echo	<i>Wordsworth</i>	1031
With creeping, crooked pace forth	<i>Spenser</i>	1909	Yes—loving is a painful thrill	<i>Tr. by Moore</i>	2195
With eloquence innate his tongue	<i>Dryden</i>	2563	Yes! rather than be poor	<i>Horace, tr.</i>	1531
With equal foot, rich friend	<i>Horace, tr.</i>	1291	Yes, Thou didst die for me, O Son		737
With fatal and disastrous	<i>Bickersteth</i>	34	Yes, thou mayest weep, for Jesus		1620
With God 'tis one	<i>Baillie</i>	1693	Yes, 'tis a mine of precious	<i>Mant</i>	247
With him went Hope in rank	<i>Spenser</i>	1867	Yes, 'tis God's presence gives	<i>Mant</i>	1730
Within the gates of hell sat Sin	<i>Milton</i>	1770	Yes, 'tis the hand—Of death I feel	<i>White</i>	636
Within the heart of ev'ry man	<i>Tr. by Alger</i>	1697	Yes, we do differ when we most	<i>Coleridge</i>	2730
Within the old cathedral dim		2722	Yet cease I not to struggle	<i>Wordsworth</i>	154
Within this ample volume lies	<i>Scott</i>	244	Yet be not surety if thou be a	<i>Herbert</i>	1296
Within this lowly grave a	<i>Bryant</i>	1795	Yet disappointed joys are woes	<i>Byron</i>	863
With joy—with grief, that healing	<i>Young</i>	611	Yet do thy work; it shall	<i>Whittier</i>	951
With notions fraught, the	<i>C. Wesley</i>	2452	Yet grieve thou not, nor think	<i>Bryant</i>	3061
Without haste! without rest	<i>Goethe, tr.</i>	946	Yet heaven hath angels watching	<i>Whittier</i>	1708
With scanty line shall reason	<i>Bally</i>	2625	Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt	<i>Herbert</i>	193
With scrupulous care exact, he	<i>Pollak</i>	283	Yet is there one more cursed than	<i>Spenser</i>	2018
With silence only as their	<i>Whittier</i>	1618	Yet man, fool man! here buries	<i>Young</i>	1018
With the year—Seasons return	<i>Milton</i>	270	Yet not with man His Holiness	<i>Weid</i>	616
With trembling hand	<i>Sigourney</i>	2	Yet, O! the thought that thou art	<i>Cowper</i>	2451
With what an awful world	<i>Thomson</i>	570	Yet there be others, that will	<i>Tupper</i>	1840
With what clear guile of gracious	<i>Wilkinson</i>	459	Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the	<i>Byron</i>	1366
With what unknown delight	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	1900	Yet within thy human bosom		1975
Woe came to man in Eden		202	Ye writers of what none with	<i>Cowper</i>	2208
Woe to thee, wild Ambition! I	<i>M. A. Brooks</i>	101	You have already gone too far	<i>Prior</i>	1113
Woe to the worldly man, who	<i>King</i>	559	You may as well go stand upon	<i>Shakespeare</i>	2405
Women are angels wooing	<i>Shakespeare</i>	555	Your boards are great, your	<i>Whittier</i>	1442
Woman's heart and gentle hand	<i>Hale</i>	3613	Your voiceless lips, O flowers	<i>Longfellow</i>	567
Wonder of wonders! On the	<i>R. Palmer</i>	614	You satisfy your anger	<i>Massinger</i>	2630
Words are mighty, words are		3025	You say to me—wards your affection	<i>Herrick</i>	2193
Words are things of little cost		3024	Youth is not rich in time; it may	<i>Young</i>	2882
Work for time is flying	<i>Bonar</i>	3031	Zion is our home	<i>Bickersteth</i>	1722
Would I describe a preacher	<i>Cowper</i>	2558			

# FOSTER'S CYCLOPÆDIAS.

BY REV. ELON FOSTER, D.D.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Mythology, Analogies, Legends, Parables, Emblems, Metaphors, Similes, Allegories, Proverbs, Classic, Historic, and Religious Anecdotes, &c. Vol. I.

This volume contains a vast and valuable collection of illustrations. The second volume cannot supersede, but only supplement it.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF PROSE ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Allegories, Analogies, Anecdotes, Aphorisms, Emblems, Fables, Legends, Metaphors, Parables, Quotations, Similes, Biblical Types and Figures, &c. Vol. II.

This volume contains the latest and freshest prose illustrations in great variety.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS adapted to Christian teaching; embracing Poems, Odes, Legends, Lyrics, Hymns, Sonnets, Extracts, &c. Vol. I.

This is the only Cyclopædia of Poetry extant, and is the latest and best poetical work for preachers' use. It covers the abstract themes of religion and literature with whole poems and extensive extracts, and makes it possible to study any subject in the poet's light.

NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS; comprising Descriptive Poems of the Scenes, Incidents, Persons and Places of the Bible. Vol. II.

This book is the poet's commentary on the most interesting historical passages of the Bible; it also contains analytical, authors', descriptive and textual indexes to the entire four volumes.

These works have been proved to be well adapted to their design, and have won a permanent place among the preacher's requisites. Their advantage appears in the following particulars:

1st. *Their copiousness.* Smaller books could only give a few illustrations, and would be confined to the common topics. These works embrace a great variety of every kind, drawn from all available sources, and illustrate an unprecedented number of subjects. No one need look in vain for a beautiful presentation of any moral or religious theme. Their possessor has always at hand the best illustrations, either prose or poetic, which literature affords.

2d. *The excellence of their matter.* The imperishable coined thought of six hundred poets and two thousand prose-writers cannot fail to give these works great interest and value to all readers. Mankind is richer and better because they have lived. Linked with truth, their words become immortal. No books are more important for the library of the student, or attractive for the centre-table of the household. They form a delightful commentary on moral and religious truths.

3d. *Their facility of reference.* A miscellaneous collection of such treasures as these could not be valueless; but the thorough analysis, classification, and alphabetical method here found, make the works easily available. By the various indexes it is possible to find all that relates to any person or subject. The textual index connects about fifteen thousand illustrations with pertinent texts. These indexes must add greatly to the utility of the volumes.

*The economy of these books* is an important consideration. The preacher must keep himself fresh on all themes: he cannot afford to buy a treatise on each topic. In these works he can turn to any subject he wishes to present, and find the most available material for use,—illustrations of every kind, from all sources, and on all themes. One of these in a sermon or speech is often of more value than the cost of the books. We have a great number of assurances from those who have used them, that they are the most useful books in their libraries, which they would not be without at any price. Uniform royal octavos, bound in cloth, \$5 per volume; sheep, \$6; half morocco, \$7. Order of your bookseller, or send direct to the publishers.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., 13 Astor Place, New York.

# POEMS PUBLISHED

*By T. Y. CROWELL & CO., 13 Astor Place, New York.*

Aytoun's Poems.  
Burns' Poems.  
Byron's Poems.  
Campbell's Poems.  
Chaucer's Poems.  
Coleridge's Poems.  
Cowper's Poems.  
Crabbe's Poems.  
Dante's Poems (Cary's Translation).  
Dryden's Poems.  
Favorite Poems.  
Goldsmith's Poems.  
Hemans' Poems.  
Homer's Iliad (Pope's Translation).  
Homer's Odyssey (Pope's Translation).  
Hood's Poems.

Ingelow's Poems.  
Keats' Poems.  
Milton's Poems.  
Moore's Poems.  
Ossian's Poems.  
Owen Meredith's Poems.  
Pope's Poems.  
Procter's Poems.  
Rogers' Poems.  
Sacred Poems.  
Scott's Poems.  
Shakespeare's Poems.  
Shelley's Poems.  
Tennyson's Poems.  
Thomson's Poems.  
Wordsworth's Poems.

*By A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., New York.*

At the Beautiful Gate.  
Heart to Heart.

Palace of the King.  
Unto the Desired Haven.

*By ROBERT CARTER & BRO., New York.*

Lays of the Holy Land.  
Scotia's Bards.  
Bickersteth's Yesterday, To-day and  
Forever.

Bickersteth's Two Brothers.  
Bonar's (H.) Hymns of Faith and  
Hope, 1st, 2d, and 3d Series.  
Bonar's (H.) Hymns of the Nativity.

*By C. D. COLESWORTHY.*

A Group of Children.

*By N. B. SMITHERS.*

Translations of Latin Hymns of the Middle Ages.

*By DODD, MEAD & CO., New York.*

Library of Religious Poems: Schaff & Gilman.

*By ROBERTS BROS., Boston.*

Alger's (W. R.) Oriental Poetry.  
Barnes' (William) Rural Poems.  
Morris' (William) Earthly Paradise,  
3 vols.  
Rossetti's (C. G.) Poems.

Rossetti's (D. G.) Poems.  
Buchanan's (Robert) Poems.  
Gray's (David) Poems.  
Swain's Poems.

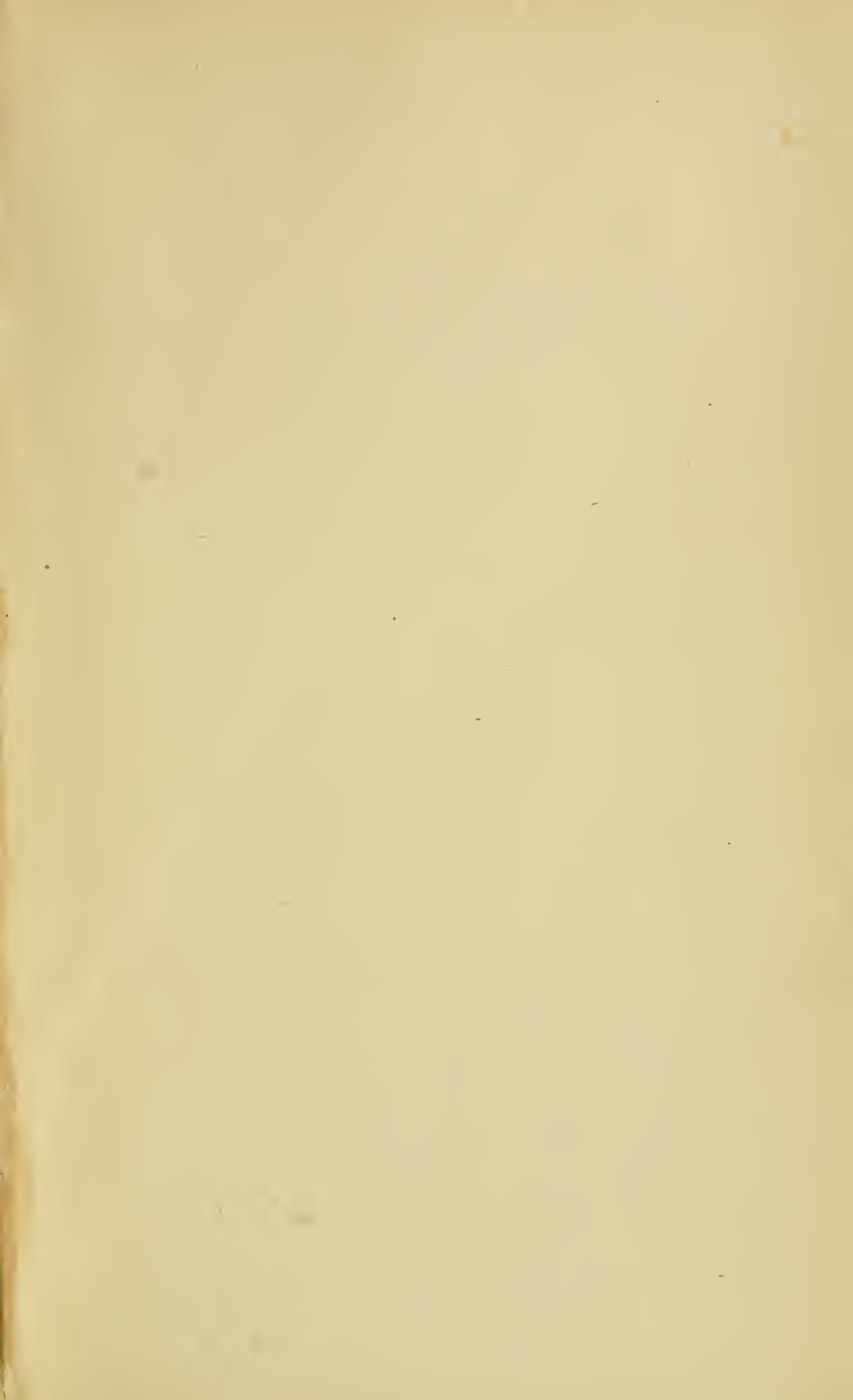




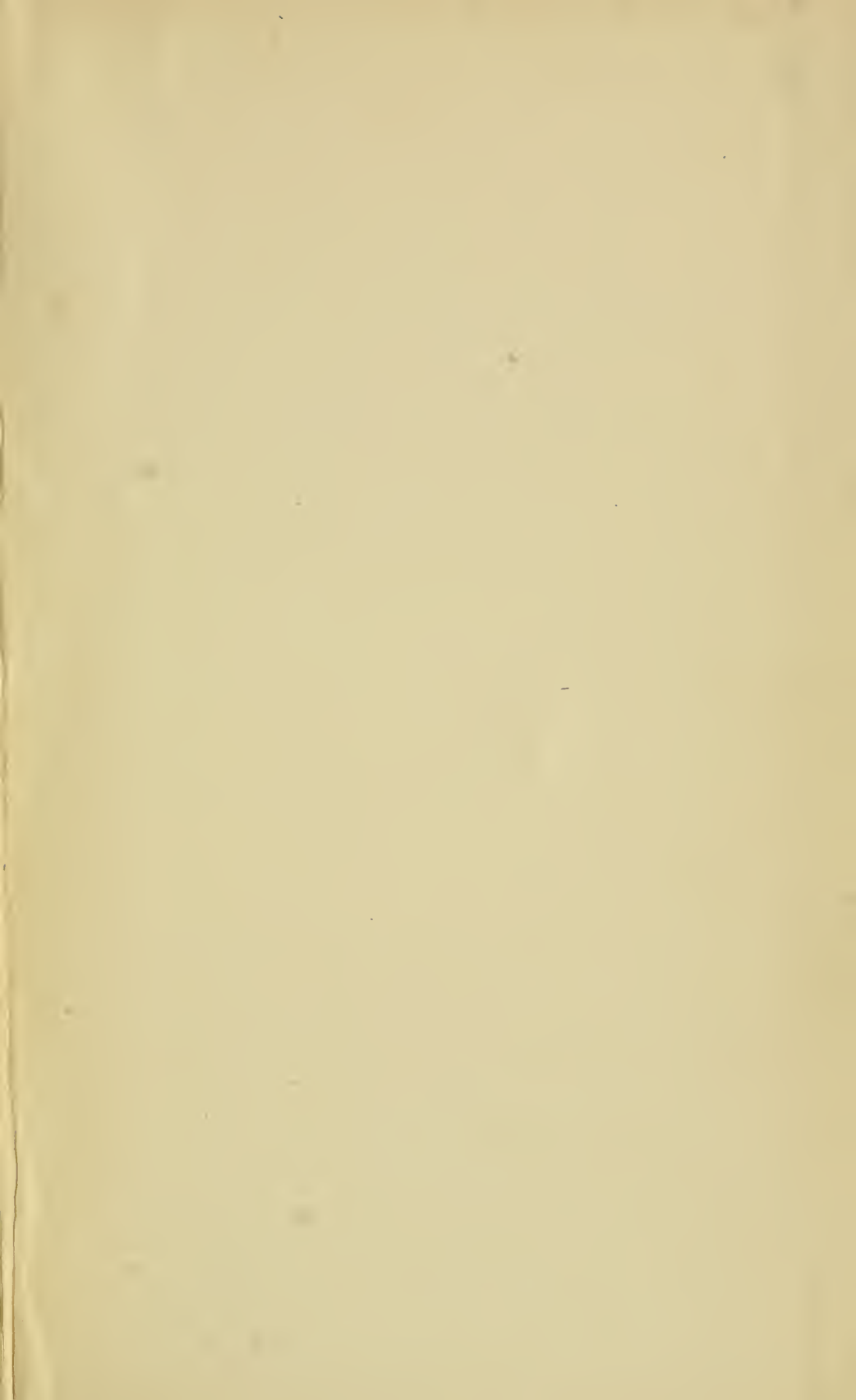




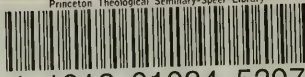








Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01034 5207